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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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By an Open Grave.

The trouble with the *California Weekly*, which like many another imitator in journalism—"much like the *Argonaut*, only snappier"—has entered into its final rest, was two fold. First, it was founded upon a wrong principle; second, its "flame lacked oil." It began with high pretensions and to the end it was clean, thus much may be said to its credit. But its outlook was negative; it was an apologist and defender of a transient cause rather than a champion of sound principles in whatever field or in whatever cause they were to be found. As a partisan, and the paper was bound to partisanship by its financial foundation, it found it expedient, perhaps we should say imperative—since necessity must ever be subservient—at times to temporize, to palter, to shy at unpalatable truths. And we repeat, its "flame lacked oil." Never a single issue did the *California Weekly* exhibit in its make-up the workings

of a comprehensive and responsible editorial mind. If it had any real insight into events, any real grasp of essential principles, any true courage, they were not reflected in its pages. Its writing was "scrappy," personal, trivial, weak. Even in its best mood, and it was for the most part righteous-minded, it was without sparkle or force. Like the Rev. Amos Barton, it thought itself strong, but it did not feel itself strong. It was, of course, a disappointment to those who had helped to launch it, an object of contempt to those whom it was intended to embarrass and overwhelm. Ultimately, under the chagrin of neglect and disappointment, it acquired the vices which spring from the petulance of chronic ill-temper. But if the *Weekly* did not commend itself to a public used to stronger meat, if after wasting its subsidy it found itself without the wherewithal to live, the coterie of amiable gentlemen who have conducted and lived upon it this two years and a half have happily ingratiated themselves with certain powers that be. It is gratifying to know that they are to be taken care of by the incoming reform administration of State affairs. They are, we are told, to be given minor posts in the State service, places where limited powers and commonplace gifts will not serve as a bar to a reasonable prosperity, nor as an embarrassment in the face of high-blown pretensions.

Governor Johnson.

It would be pleasant to write cheerfully and hopefully of the new State administration which came into formal being on Tuesday night of the current week through the inauguration of Governor Hiram W. Johnson. But the truth of history compels the *Argonaut* to record that at the very outset of his official life Governor Johnson has exhibited the infirmities of judgment and the vices of political thought and habit which in serious minds discredited his candidacy last year. Even before taking office Mr. Johnson cut himself loose from the party in whose name he sought and won the governorship. In a semi-public address at San Francisco last week he declared that his reliance for support was not so much upon the Republican party as upon the "advanced" elements in it and in other parties; and the concluding remarks of his inaugural, delivered in the State Capitol on Tuesday night, reëcho this suggestion. We have, then, a governor claiming character as a Republican, who none the less rejects party obligation to the extent of announcing his dependence for counsel and support upon the more radical elements in all parties, the same being a minority even of that minority by which he was carried into office.

In his inaugural address Governor Johnson illustrates his character as a radical extremist by a sweeping plan to substitute appointive for elective officials in some half-dozen or more branches of the State government. The Attorney-Generalship is now, like the Governorship, an elective office; Governor Johnson would have the Attorney-General appointed by the Governor. Likewise, the Secretaryship of State is an elective office; Governor Johnson, sneeringly characterizing the Secretary as a "head clerk," would have that office filled by appointment at the hands of the Governor. And so with the State Printer, the Clerkship of the Supreme Court, the Surveyor-Generalship, the Superintendency of Public Instruction, "every attorneyship of the State that now exists, of commissions, boards and officials." All these Governor Johnson would have appointed by the Governor, to the end of consolidating and centralizing the authorities and powers of the State government in the executive office. In consideration of the fact that "theoretically at least" the State Controller is a "check upon the other officials of the State," he would leave that officer in his present independence. We may infer, since Governor Johnson does not specifically include the legislative and judicial departments, that he is willing for the present at least to permit the

Justices of the Supreme Court and the membership of the State Legislature to be chosen by the people in the good old way. When it is considered that the Governor of California now, through the Board of Examiners, through the appointment of governing boards for all public institutions, through the power of veto, and through his practical control of the public purse, is singularly the master of State affairs, Governor Johnson's scheme of still further augmenting his responsibilities would seem to be carrying the idea of centralization rather far. Far at least, it would seem, for one who noisily represents that brood of novel and questionable devices which has been planned to bring government "closer to the people."

Failing to distinguish between the proprieties of an official address and those of a stump speech, Governor Johnson makes his inaugural the vehicle for a highly wrought appeal in behalf of all the half-cooked political novelties which have been proposed by the bolder and least responsible element in the field of political tinkering. The Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall—all these, and whatever incidental "isms" go with them, Mr. Johnson would have set up in California in extreme forms, supplemented by amendments to our direct primary law, likewise calculated to break down and eliminate the strength and order which lie in political organization. He favors "the Oregon plan," a plan which has made political chaos in a neighboring State, which so far from enforcing the "will of the people" has given to a State overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment two Democratic governors in succession with one Democratic and one Populist senator in the national councils.

Equally extraordinary in Mr. Johnson's address is a direct and positive arraignment of one large business interest in California, the Southern Pacific Railroad. Now, the Southern Pacific Railroad may be derelict on various scores, and if so it is the duty of Mr. Johnson as Governor of the State to call it to account at proper times and in proper ways. As a lawyer, Mr. Johnson should know when are the proper times and what are the proper ways; as Governor he should hold himself in an attitude of judicial impartiality and reserve as well as in an attitude of judicial precision and severity. But is it in order that one who goes to the seat of judgment and authority should bring with him ready prepared, signed and sealed, a verdict of conviction and to declare it even in that brief interval between taking the oath of office and taking his seat in the governor's swivel chair? We speak not for the Southern Pacific Railroad; if that organization has abused its powers, let its crimes be determined and let it be penalized as it may deserve. But may not a business interest justly claim itself aggrieved when the Governor of the State in the first half-hour of his official life singles it out for direct and embittered assault? And is not such an assault more likely by its impropriety and frenzy to create sympathy even where sympathy may not be deserved, than to carry forward a cause of justice and righteousness?

But most extraordinary of all the features of this curiously aberrant inaugural is that in which the incoming governor pre-arraigns and pre-convicts officials of State for faults and crimes—in prospect. Creating not one bogey but many of official inefficiency and dereliction, the new governor declares his enmity to them all. "It matters not," he says, "how powerful the individual may be who is in the service of the State, nor how much wealth and influence there may be behind him. . . . I shall attack him the more readily because of his power and his influence and the wealth behind him." This heroic outburst might come with a certain approval upon the heel of delinquencies detected, but it is amazing truly when we remember that it relates to things still in the womb of the future. To the normally constituted mind it would appear quite sufficient in this modern St. George if he were to

defer slaying his dragon until after he catches him.

It may not unwisely be suggested that Governor Johnson will know more when he has been in office for awhile than he does now. Possibly he may discover that crimes are not punishable, not even censurable, until they are committed. Possibly, too, he may discover that there are other interests in California besides those of an intemperate political radicalism. And yet this may be doubted. A man capable of an utterance so illogical, so extravagant, so out of time, place, propriety, may never be able to get off his high horse and come near enough to solid ground, to see things in the light of reality and simplicity.

O'Keefe and Hawaii.

Commissioner of Labor O'Keefe, whose name gives a psychological impression of his views on industrial questions, is back from Hawaii with blood in his eye. Like his unionized predecessor, Mr. Sargent, he found a state of things there which, if he can not improve, he means to use as an irritant. In a recent conference with Mayor McCarthy and other economists of that ilk Mr. O'Keefe painted a very dismal picture. White labor, he said, had no show in Hawaii; pauper wages prevailed and the cost of living was 60 per cent greater than it is here. If the planters succeeded in importing enough more Filipinos the chance for white labor regaining lost ground would not be worth taking. Such an influx of undesirable aliens, the commissioner thought, ought to be stopped, so the planters might be forced to employ white men at "American wages," who, as he seemed to think, had been forced by coolies out of the right to hold the jobs. Not being a constitutional lawyer, Mr. O'Keefe did not say how the "little brown brothers" of President Taft could be kept by legal process from the pursuit of employment anywhere in American jurisdiction; and he also failed to quote specific cases of white Americans ever having worked in sugar-cane fields or wanting to at any wages. But perhaps these were unimportant matters of detail he meant to leave to the merely inquisitive.

Now let us understand the truth about the modern sugar industry. It is one that can only live by cheap labor. Formerly sugar was a luxury and cost a dollar a pound. Now the retail price ranges from fifteen to seventeen pounds for a dollar. Colored labor, of the kind inured to the tropics, brought this economic condition about and is maintaining it; and it is to the interest of all who consume sugar, particularly the poor, that the price should not materially advance.

Hawaii in its production of cane sugar competes with Louisiana, Brazil, the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, Java, India, and a few other hot countries. Negroes and Orientals do the wage work. If Hawaii were to adopt "American wages," meaning a union labor scale, it could not sell its dear sugar in competition with the product of Cuba, the Philippines, and Louisiana at all, and would have to go out of the business, with no recourse except to other specialized tropical products, including coffee, which also require cheap labor. There would, of course, be no gain to the white man by the change. Indeed, the thousands of white men in Hawaii who live directly or indirectly from the sugar business would either have to leave the islands or stay there with nothing to do; and in the end American influence would be represented in the group by a garrison isolated among tens of thousands of drifting Orientals.

The kind of white men for whom Commissioner O'Keefe affects to speak does not exist in Hawaii and never has. American white men no more clamor for work in Hawaiian cane fields than they do on Louisiana plantations. They do not want such work at any price. Effort has been made to draw them in, but it is no use. Some of the sugar estates will take, at a good figure, all the cane an American white man will raise and lend him the land to till; but they are yet to find one who will take hold and work, least of all one of the labor-union species. Such a man has been willing, in some instances, to accept land and hire Japanese to till it for him, but personally he regards work in the cane fields as fit for coolies only. Russian white men and Galicians have fallen down in efforts to make good; and Portuguese, only part Caucasian, of whom Hawaii has imported some thousands, invariably leave the cane fields when they have saved enough money to enable them to move into town or on to the American mainland.

This does not mean that the plantations ill-treat labor. The average wage, as the census of 1900

showed, is the same as that of unskilled laborers throughout the United States. In addition shelter, fuel, and medical attendance are given free. The lowest cash wage for the man with the hoe, about \$16 a month, is four times what the Japanese field hand gets at home; and he is enabled to save so much from it that one of the complaints made against him by former commissioner Sargent is that he has been annually sending to Japan from Hawaii from \$250,000 to \$500,000. There is, of course, no truth in O'Keefe's yarn about the cost of living being 60 per cent higher than it is in California. In the matter of clothes, shelter, and fuel it is lower—at least to the coolie class. Otherwise the prices are those of California with the ocean freight rate of \$3 a ton added.

These conditions, as compared with those in any other sugar-producing country, are ideal; and any attempt to disturb them along the lines advocated by Commissioner O'Keefe would be a crime against an industry from which the people of America, without doing harm to any white interest, are deriving the advantage of a cheap staple in an era of high prices. And if labor unionism finds that the white people of Hawaii have come to prefer Japanese artisans, who neither strike nor boycott, to the sort of organized mechanics who have produced the conditions under which San Francisco is suffering and which threaten Los Angeles, that is not a subject which Mr. O'Keefe will be at all likely to induce the government to legislate against.

Seattle Scores Against San Francisco.

On the 22d of December the Navy Department at Washington opened bids for two caissons, one to be built at Pearl Harbor, Hawaiian Islands, the other at the Puget Sound Navy Yard. There were many bids, but of this number two are of special interest here because they exhibit the relative prices for the same work at Seattle and San Francisco. For the Pearl Harbor job the bid of the Moran Company of Seattle was \$110,000; that of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, \$134,675. For the Puget Sound job the bid of the Moran Company of Seattle was \$125,000; that of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, \$141,695. Even allowing something on the score of proximity in the case of the Puget Sound job, we have here a striking showing of the relative dearness of the San Francisco market as compared with the Seattle market.

There is no mystery about this difference. It relates directly to labor conditions as they affect industry in the two cities. The industry of Seattle is organized upon a basis of relatively longer hours and relatively lower wages. In San Francisco industry is organized upon a basis of relatively shorter hours and relatively higher wages. We will not undertake to say where the rights and wrongs of this adjustment belong. Be that as it may, the city which pays the higher rates of wages for relatively shorter hours can not compete with the city which pays lower wages for longer hours of service. Wherever Seattle and San Francisco come into competition, and they come into competition with respect to Pacific Ocean work, Seattle will surely have the preference because her manufacturers can make better terms.

It is only a little while ago that San Francisco employed upwards of twenty-two thousand men in her metal works industries; today we are told she employs in the neighborhood of three thousand. The reason for this difference is that San Francisco has lost her business—lost it because she can not compete under the conditions of industry here with Seattle, Portland, and Los Angeles, under the conditions of industry at these points.

These truths are not new. They have been stated before. We restate them upon the basis of the bids above referred to simply for emphasis. It needs to be borne in upon our people—our manufacturers, our bankers, our individual capitalists, our real estate owners, our wholesalers, our retailers, even our politicians, that San Francisco under her present industrial arrangements stands at a disadvantage compared with her rivals at the north and at the south. We shall not regain our business unless one of two things shall happen; either our industrial conditions must be brought to match those of our rivals; or the conditions under which our rivals work must be brought to match ours. Otherwise we shall speedily lose even what remains to us of our metal works industries.

No good can come from shutting our eyes to facts under which one of the basic productive industries of

San Francisco is rapidly disintegrating. Unless something shall be done to equalize conditions up and down the coast, even the names of those great establishments which have so long stood as a support to San Francisco will be forgotten.

Ex-Governor Gillett.

The dinner given to Retiring Governor Gillett by some hundreds of citizens last week was a proper and fit recognition of service honorably rendered. Governor Gillett came into office in the year following the disaster, therefore under circumstance involving exceptional and trying problems. He has sustained the responsibility of his office with singular devotion and thoroughness. He turns over the affairs of the State to his successor in the best possible shape. There is no State debt; on the contrary there is a large surplus in the treasury. There have been no scandals in connection with State affairs. The tax rate is the lowest in many years. In brief, the administration of Governor Gillett has been prompt and efficient. At all points it has sustained the public responsibilities and given to enterprise the assurances which make for security and stability.

In saying thus much to the credit of an eminently worthy public official there must be added a word of regret that Governor Gillett should have followed the bad example of his predecessor in certain "snap judgment" appointments in the concluding days of his official life. The temptation was great, undoubtedly, and precedent appeared in a way to justify concession to it. None the less there would have been a higher dignity and a finer propriety in leaving these posts in the State government to expire by limitation and to be filled in due order by the new governor. If this criticism smacks of a counsel of perfection, it may nevertheless be in order, if for no other reason than that these appointments in some measure stand in contrast to the general character and tone of Governor Gillett's administration of State affairs.

Congress and the Tariff.

If anything in the line of systematic and wholesome reform of the tariff laws of the country is to be had in the near future it must come to pass within the next sixty days; for on the 4th of March Congress will become a body of separate counsels and divided purposes. The Republican party, in its last national platform, and through other mediums scarcely less authoritative, promised the country certain tariff revisions which it has not satisfactorily achieved and in some instances has not attempted to carry out. The common sense of the country has seen this in spite of the claims of party leaders, not excepting the President, and in the late elections the country clearly expressed its resentment. But there is time in the next two months for the Republican party to redeem its pledges and at least set going machinery calculated to revise the tariff downward. This can be done in certain conspicuous schedules, notably those of wool and woolen goods, where there is no question, even with Mr. Taft, as to what is needed. Concurrently the suggestion of revision schedule by schedule—a method which Messrs. Lodge, Aldrich, and Payne are said to have accepted—could be carried into practical effect. There is plenty of time. Indeed there is little else for Congress to do in the short session, as the programme of the executive, so far as given out, goes no further than to add a special policy of retrenchment.

But the work must not be postponed; the next Congress can give no promise of its fulfillment. The Democrats, by their victory, have only gained control of the House of Representatives. The Senate and the Presidency are in Republican hands. And the House majority, uncoordinated and by no means a unit for tariff revision, may be expected to hinder rather than help. The Democratic members stand each for some high protective schedule in his own district, a fact which had vivid illustration while the Aldrich-Payne tariff was being framed and which added measurably to its delinquencies. Besides, these Democrats have the habit of working apart. Their leadership is vague, they have no consistent party policy and no power to create one; and with all their high pretensions the outlook for practical results from them in the cause of tariff reform seems hopeless.

There is but one other vital question with which this Congress is called upon to deal and that is economy in government, a reform for which President Taft has pointed the way and to which his party might wisely

Γροφ
Παγ

By Henry C. Shelley.

The "Seven Stars" is an inn or public house in Manchester, England, which has held a license for five hundred and forty consecutive years. It served as the meeting-place for the Guy Fawkes band of conspirators.

THE LADY AND THE CIGARETTE.

New York Finds Difficulties in Sex Discrimination.

The mythical man from Mars who should learn that New York forbids women to smoke cigarettes—at least when any one is looking—and even regards the practice as sufficient cause for divorce would probably assume that New York is the most virtuous of terrestrial abodes. Which shows how mistaken first impressions may be. Now here is an illustration of sex discrimination in its most flagrant form, and it might be naturally expected that the suffragette would gird up her loins at the sight and wade into the fray. But not a bit of it. Consistency is not a female virtue, nor a male one for the matter of that, and it is usually safe to believe that no one ever does what he, or she, may be "naturally expected" to do. If you tell the average suffragette that some woman has been ejected from a restaurant for smoking a cigarette she will say "serves her right," or words to that effect, and she will have no complaint against an edict that forbids woman, as woman, to do what men may do without a murmur of reproach.

It was a restaurateur who began the trouble, although to a certain degree it is always with us, like the poor. He said that women might smoke to their hearts' content in his establishment and that any one daring to annoy them might reckon with him. Then the voice of the Puritan rose above the winter gales, and it may be said that much practice has given it a peculiarly penetrative power. To hear him fulminate, entreat, and threaten, one would suppose that the serpent of feminine indiscretion had for the first time raised its head in the chaste Eden of the metropolis and that the immaculate virtue of New York was about to experience its first temptation. Let us beware lest some worse thing befall us, he seems to say. *C'est le premier pas qui coute*. Once allow woman to smoke cigarettes and we may yet see open-work stockings in our midst, suggestive drapery, and all those other beguilements of the evil one that are designed for the ensnaring of youth. The prospect was a horrid one and the casual Broadway saunterer would look around him in the soft midnight glow and thank whatever gods there be for the continuing purity of metropolitan life. It was not a thing to be lightly lost, for how would it be possible to look the statue of purity squarely in the eye if we once planted our feet upon that broad road that leadeth to destruction. If woman were allowed to smoke they might eventually be led into Sabbath-breaking and to staying out after nine. The Puritans had other things in their minds, doubtless, but they were too bashful to mention them.

In order to discover to what extent the poison of feminine laxity is already coursing in our veins a canvass was taken of some of the more prominent, not to say notorious, restaurants of the Great White Way. It is gratifying to find that these centres of innocent merriment along Broadway will set their faces like flint against any such violation of decorum. If a lady, accompanied or unaccompanied, chooses to drink whisky out of a teacup that is a matter between herself, her God, and her teacup, but if she ventures to smoke a cigarette the pillars of the commonwealth will begin to rock and the bulwarks of our institutions be overthrown. Thank heaven for the Broadway restaurateur. He will stand between us and a moral deterioration that already threatens our fair fame. He will die in the last ditch and do all the other appropriate and heroic things.

For example, take the case of Rector's, henceforth to be numbered among the "uplift" institutions of New York along with the Y. M. C. A. and the Sabbath Observance Society. Hitherto no one has ever accused Mr. Rector of puritanism. He was never known to would be an angel and with the angels stand, and yet it is evident that under a deceptively frivolous exterior he holds himself inflexibly as a warden over feminine virtue. Who would have thought it? It was the occasion that called out the man. It always is. But for this assault upon the proprieties we might never have known that Mr. Rector is also among the prophets.

Mr. Rector did not wish to discuss the matter at all. The whole subject was "obnoxious" to him, and here Mr. Rector was distinctly heard to blush. He didn't even want to think about it, modest man. No woman should light, smoke, or carry a cigarette in his restaurant. Yes, she might drink a cocktail if she wanted to. Did he think that a cigarette was worse than a cocktail? That was an irrelevancy, and if there is anything that Mr. Rector hates worse than a cigarette it is an irrelevancy. Would he serve cocktails to a married woman and two bachelor friends? Now that was another irrelevancy. In fact it was a digression. Mr. Rector is not a bench of bishops, and he does not like these subtle hypothetical moralities.

Mr. George Considine is nearly as bad—I mean nearly as good. If a woman is found smoking a cigarette in his restaurant "she will get the outer door first in her face and then in her back," and so saying Mr. Considine preened his feathers and tried to look like a pilgrim father. If there is any one thing that lies close to Mr. Considine's palpitating heart it is feminine honor, but he was too wise to be led into an ethical discussion. It was his business to see that his customers were not annoyed, and they would be annoyed if he allowed women to smoke.

But there are other restaurateurs who look at the problem from a different point of view, but at first sight

it is hard to understand why the habitués of Rector's should hold up their pious hands in horror at the sight of a woman smoker while the management of the Ritz-Carlton should publicly avow not only its toleration but its approval of the fair nicotine devotees. But so it is. And as a sort of half-way house, a happy mean, we have Jack's. Mr. Jack Dunstan has ideas. He reasons why. He recognizes that there is a difference between one woman smoker and another, and that while the cigarette may be entirely inoffensive and without moral significance in one case it may be both offensive and significant in another. As a matter of fact, says Mr. Dunstan, the American woman does not know how to smoke. In her hands the cigarette ceases to be a mere luxury and becomes a means of obtrusiveness, a badge of rapidity, a sort of signal flag of an undesirable emancipation. And as his restaurant is frequented mainly by Americans he does not wish to have smoking. The European woman smokes for the same reason that a man smokes—because she likes to. She does not blow rings, flourish her cigarette conspicuously, nor make faces. She does not think it "sporty, or devilish." It is not a badge of anything. It is commonplace like a cup of tea or scandal. If American women would but smoke in the same way there would be no objection anywhere. In the meantime they must not smoke in his restaurant, where "sporty" women are not welcomed.

Then finally there is Captain Churchill. He goes further than Mr. Dunstan. He will welcome the smoking woman with open arms—figuratively speaking. But she must behave herself. If a woman smokes in his restaurant he "looks her over," and no one knows better than he "when a woman is all right." If his highly experienced eye recognizes that he has a lady who happens to like tobacco to deal with, then he will allow no one to make her uncomfortable. Smoking by women, says Captain Churchill, is bound to come, and he is ready for it. He says he "can take care of the rush."

P. S.—Just at the last moment comes a horrid story from Philadelphia. Bishop Paddock of Oregon has been lecturing and preaching there, and he implores the Philadelphia ladies to avoid gambling, smoking cigarettes, and saying "damn." Philadelphia, too. New York, December 30, 1910.

The holding of international fairs has become one of the fixed industries of Paris, yet they are in their way a tax upon the community and as such are opposed by certain elements. The question as to whether the city shall give such a fair in 1920 is now acute, and the government, by way of settling the question, has decided upon a referendum. To dispose of any allegation of prejudice or of hasty and unsupportable action, M. Jean Dupuy, the Minister of Public Works, has decided to ask for the opinion of those who are most directly interested in the question. Circulars are to be sent to both the municipal councils and the chambers of commerce of all towns with a population of upward of 30,000, and also to the principal industrial, commercial, and agricultural unions and associations, requesting them, first, to answer the question whether they are favorable to the idea of an exhibition or not; second, to state the principal reasons for giving their reply, and third, if they are in favor of an exhibition, to say when and in what season they think it advisable to hold it. On all hands, this is considered the most satisfactory solution of a difficulty which threatened to become interminable, and which was thought likely to cause much ill-feeling, as well as encouraging recourse to intrigue if it continued.

Lobsters at 7 cents a pair, bred under artificial conditions, are a probability, following experiments by a group of scientists, backed by Uncle Sam, at the lobster hatchery at Wickford, Rhode Island. For the first time in history the lobster is being hatched and raised under artificial conditions. Hitherto it has not been believed possible to raise in captivity lobsters from the egg to the adult stage. Essentially the method consists of confining the larval lobster in cans, either of porous material or provided with screen windows set into the ocean itself, and by mechanical means maintaining a continuous gentle current of water having a rotary and upward movement.

The movement for across-the-State highways is passing from State to State in the West. The commissioners of three counties in Colorado have started the demand for a great State road from Colorado Springs through Cañon City to Salida, and across the continental divide to the western slope. A State meeting of county commissioners in Denver is expected to indorse the project. The legislature will be asked to appropriate \$75,000 and the aid of convict labor toward carrying out of the plans.

The famous St. Bernard breed of dogs is extinct, the last pure-blooded animal having been crushed under an avalanche in 1816. The St. Bernard breed is said to have originated in the fourteenth century through a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a Scandinavian dog whose parents were a Great Dane and a Pyrenean mastiff. St. Bernard dogs are still employed along the famous pass, but they are a different

In Covington, Georgia, the mayor offers marriage licenses and wedding fees as

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Admiral Dewey has just passed the seventy-third anniversary of his birthday.

Sorolla, the famous Spanish artist, has announced his intention of again visiting this country with an exhibition of his paintings.

Jeremiah O'Donovan "Rossa," who started the Fenian movement forty years ago, has his home in New York, and is eighty years old.

Senator Beveridge is making the last frantic effort of his present career in Congress in an effort to prohibit the giving away of tobacco coupons.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, the government's food expert, has just been married. It is probable that he will now have much less to say about "poorly cooked meals," though he has never been a cautious man.

The Duke of Connaught was "mentioned" for governor-general of Canada, but King George vetoed the plan. It is unlikely that the duke's hope is shattered as badly as that of the social leaders in Ottawa.

Crown Princess Sophia of Greece, wife of Crown Prince Konstantinos, is the commander of one of the finest regiments of the army of Greece. She is the sister of the Emperor of Germany and ranks there as Princess of Prussia. She is the mother of five children.

Richard C. Adams is the hereditary chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians. He is a lawyer, and he is now pressing claims against the government aggregating \$20,000,000, in behalf of his tribe. If he recovers the money, or part of it, his fee will be between 10 and 25 per cent.

Chester H. Aldrich, governor of Nebraska, is a Methodist of the old-fashioned sort, and Lincoln had to forego the inaugural ball when he was inducted into office January 5. "There will be a reception, but there will be no dancing," said Mr. Aldrich. As a member of the Methodist Church he says he can not countenance a ball.

W. C. Gladstone, grandson of the famous Gladstone, has been appointed secretary to Ambassador Bryce at Washington, and will come to this country soon to begin his duties. He had a brilliant record at Cambridge, and is a zealous Liberal. It was thought that he would be a candidate in the recent parliamentary elections, but he was not ready to go into politics.

Richard Le Gallienne was born in Liverpool, England, in 1866. After seven years' experience with a firm of accountants, he went to London, where he acted as secretary to Wilson Barrett, later joining the staff of the *Star*. He made his literary debut with "The Book-Bills of Narcissus," which at once established his reputation, and evoked especially the admiration of Robert Louis Stevenson. Since then he has written many volumes of prose and poetry. In 1897 he came to America, and his name is now as familiar in this country as in England.

On the gold medal recently given to Mrs. Bessica Raiche by the Aeronautical Society is the inscription, "First woman aviator in America." Mrs. Raiche was born in Wisconsin and went to Paris to study art and was married there. Now she lives with her husband in Mineola, New York, and builds and sails aeroplanes. With no previous experience other than that gained by building the first two fliers, without ever having taken a lesson in aviation or made a flight, she took exclusive charge and control of the self-built mechanical steed and tried, incidentally to win the distinction of being the first woman to pilot an aeroplane.

The Right Reverend Bishop Kennedy, rector of the American college for Roman Catholic priests in Rome, was born in Conshohocken, Pennsylvania. He studied at various American seminaries and then at the college whose head he now is. On his return to America he was appointed professor of Latin at Overbrook Seminary and occupied that position until 1893, when he was chosen professor of dogmatic theology, a chair usually considered the most important in a Catholic seminary. In 1901 he was chosen rector of the American college. Six months later Pope Leo XIII made him a domestic prelate. Three years later Pope Pius X made him prothonotary apostolic, and in 1907 raised him to the bishopric as titular Bishop of Adrianople.

The actions of the Princess Louise of Belgium, Princess Stephanie, daughters of the late King of Belgium, against the Belgian government have come before the courts. King Leopold has offered \$3,750,000 to be divided among the princesses. It was discovered that, apart from the king's estate amounting to \$10,000,000, the princesses had an estimate made at the time of their father's death that they had now been appropriated.

The king's three daughters, the Princesses Stephanie, Louise, and Marie, are now in the hands of the government.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

How Kelly Fought for His Last Chance.

It was fifteen years since Kelly first began work on the *Sun*. Occasions there had been, of course, when differences of opinion with the city editor had sent him to other newspapers for short sojourns, but being an "outside man" of more than ordinary ability, he always came back, the *Sun* seeming to possess a sort of parental magnetism for him. During the last five years, except for accidents of too much good-fellowship (the kind to which newspaper men are addicted), he had not left the sheet, and had come to consider himself a necessary factor in its reportorial make-up.

But Kelly was growing old. Also had he grown fat and somewhat slovenly. Frequent bibbling had flushed his face and dulled his eye. His hands trembled from too much cigarette-smoking, and in a way that lacked impressment. He no longer wore his clothes neatly and at times even forgot to change his collar. In addition to all this he was becoming contented—which is no state of mind for a newspaper man. He had begun to ease down, as it were; the keenness had gone out of his glance and the power out of his bearing. His white hair that he used to wear close-cropped matted upon his head in tangles, and while his Irish affability perhaps had increased, every one but he, himself, realized that Kelly was no longer Kelly. Behind his back one or two of the reporters, who were proof against the charm of his friendliness, dared to call him "an old fogey." And lately the city editor had cast more than one shrewd glance at him.

Kelly was oblivious to it all. Fifteen years before he had been looked upon as one of the brightest newspaper men in the country. He had accomplished work that had been commented upon from ocean to ocean. He never forgot that, and while he never boasted in the manner of boasting he did not choose that others should forget. Besides the *Sun* office had become a home to him, and particularly in the last five years. It was during this period that he had aged so much. The newspaper game is perhaps the most nerve-racking of all. The moment a man slacks down in it, if he is no longer young, age grips him. But Kelly's was an optimistic temperament. He realized nothing.

For one thing, Darcy, the last city editor, always handled him with a certain degree of respect. When he took Kelly off his "feature" stuff and put him on the courts it was done smoothly and diplomatically. And when he took him off the courts and put him on the water-front the gentlest of reasons again served. Then Kelly rather liked the change, for the hours were better. On this "beat" he served about nine months. During this period there were occasions when he had achieved minor "scoops" on the other morning papers and other occasions when they had achieved rather important "scoops" on him. The latter Kelly always explained eloquently away to the city editor, concluding, at least, in his own satisfaction. One wet morning, the beginning of winter, the city editor called him over to his desk. He spoke kindly but to the point. The managing editor, he explained, had instructed him to cut down the staff, and after Kelly's long service he was going to give him a few months' rest. He needed it anyway. In the spring he would probably be able to take him on again.

Kelly was visibly perturbed. "But some one must do the water-front," he argued.

"Yes," admitted the city editor, "but there will not be much doing till spring and we can put on a fledgling at a low price. There are certain reasons that make it necessary for us to pare down our expenses this winter. I am giving you a week's notice, however; you need not quit till Tuesday, pay-day. You must have more than enough money saved up to see you through, haven't you, or perhaps some of the other papers—"

Noting the dumfounded embarrassment in Kelly's face, however, the city editor did not proceed. He pressed his hand in a kindly way and turned to his desk.

Kelly moved about the office the next few days in a kind of trance. At intervals he brightened artificially so that the unnaturalness of the good-fellowship he extended caused comment. But the most of the time he sat wrapped in a gray absorption. Something seemed to have gone out of him and something dank taken its place. Yet latent in him was that fighting Irish spirit that rebelled infinitely. If only would come some way, some way, in which he could again prove himself, some hope that ranged his mind. And in such moods he would stare at the grizzled head held at the desk, the head of the city editor, who was loitering around the desk on Monday night, practically the city editor, after a long absence, arose to his feet and went to his room.

He had even made a wry attempt to

stumble on a clew. The thing just keeps hinting, that's all. I am going to let it go to the devil, however, for there is nothing in it."

Kelly had straightened himself. "Pardon me, sir," he announced, "but outside of the 'desks' I consider myself the cleverest man on this sheet. After all there may be a clew."

The city editor looked him over with satirical interest. "Very well, damn you," he said, "go and get it."

"No further facts?"

"Not a thing. The detective department was just asking me if our men had found out anything. Said they had a hunch the story was true, but that they did not seem able to get the slightest leverage on it. The girl's father has reached town, it seems, and is stirring things up."

Kelly put on his hat. "You will leave this to me, will you, sir?" he said.

"Yes, but I know before you start that nothing can come of it."

"You'll oblige me by leaving that to me, too," answered Kelly, not quite respectfully. He went out.

An hour later he was installed with Wong Fu in a small Japanese hotel in Chinatown. He had rented a two-room apartment on the top floor for the appointment. Wong Fu, luckily found at home by telephone, had been lured there because Kelly had once done him a favor in the police court. Half-white, but living after the manner of an Oriental, Wong Fu was the one great broker in Chinatown. Making himself first master of its secrets, he then mastered its business. Possessing a higher intelligence, he was more cunning and deep even than a Chinese. He spoke perfect English. He and Kelly talked for perhaps twenty minutes together. Then they came to a point in their conversation when Wong Fu declared emphatically:

"I will not. No—for nothing. It would be drawing a whole tong down on my head."

Kelly had only one argument left. He drew a black-barreled Colt from his pocket and pointed it at the root of Wong Fu's nose. "Now," he enjoined quietly, "tell me and tell me right or I'll kill you. I promised not to betray you and I will not. I am going to keep you here all night and I will kill you in the morning if you do not tell me right. I will know by then. I will get to the bottom of this affair, savvy, if I have to kill a dozen of you. And I don't intend to be particular."

Wong Fu, looking into the barrel of the revolver, had cowered slightly, but he was no coward at that. His Oriental eyes, set like beads on Kelly's stern face, seemed to be summing up his chances. Finally he surrendered himself with a little sigh.

"I will tell," he said.

"Who, then?" commanded Kelly.

"Chee Yung."

"Of the On Yicks, eh, and the On Yick tong is behind him."

"Of course. Now will you let me go?"

"No." With the door locked and the gun still in his possession, Kelly walked over to the other side of the room. He returned with a glass half full of water. "I have put a powder in it," he explained to Wong Fu; "it will keep you asleep here till tomorrow noon—drink."

The broker shrank back.

"Drink, I say." Again the Colt was staring him in the face, the reckless, rampant will of the man before him breathing in every atom of him.

Wong Fu took the glass and put it to his lips. He hesitated and took it away again. The perspiration broke out on his brow; his face became ghastly. "I have told you wrong," he confessed weakly. "It is Lee Sam, not Chee Yung."

"Ha!" uttered Kelly in a sharp breath. "One of your respectable merchants, eh! So you lied to me. Perhaps you are lying to me now." The finger on the trigger of the revolver tensed visibly. Thoroughly frightened, Wong Fu held up his hands.

"It is Lee Sam, Lee Sam of the See Yups I swear," he declared.

"Very well," pronounced Kelly. "Drink on it."

His eyes fixed on the revolver, Wong Fu drank. Five minutes later he had sunk into a heavy sleep. Kelly carried him into an adjoining room and put him on a bed. He then went downstairs and telephoned for a messenger, whom he sent for Hop Sing, a Chinese actor he happened to know. Out of a job, Hop Sing had become a barber and was in hard luck. According to instructions, he arrived with a Chinese costume, wig, and complete make-up; also a pair of clippers to cut the reporter's hair. In half an hour Kelly was converted into the living picture of a Chinese.

"I just want to surprise my friends," he had explained to Hop Sing. And Hop Sing had smiled broadly.

With regard to an Oriental Kelly had one fixed rule: "Trust 'em only when they are unconscious," he was in the habit of saying. He had brought a bottle of sake upstairs with him, and when Hop Sing had completed his make-up he opened it.

"Drink with me," he said. And Hop Sing did. A few minutes later he was lying asleep in the same bed with Wong Fu.

Kelly locked the door and hurried out, keeping the Colt in his pocket. Chinatown and Chinese customs he knew. For more than two years it had been his newspaper "beat" and he had never lost sight of it. He had even made a wry attempt to

learn the language and a few of the phrases and words he could still recall. He had, at least, acquired a half sense of what a Chinaman was saying when speaking in his own tongue. The club of Lee Sam he knew by reputation. He had no difficulty in making his entrance, nor was his disguise penetrated. For an hour he sat in a dim corner, smoking a hookah and watching Lee Sam play fan tan. Then Lee Sam rose to his feet, glanced serenely, searchingly about, gathered his flowing mensum more closely about him, and glided easily through a pair of curtains at the rear of the room. An argument, started suddenly and evidently through Lee Sam's leaving enabled Kelly to slip behind the curtains unobserved. It was a long, dimly lit passageway they concealed, and under cover of them he watched Lee Sam. The latter, trotting stealthily along, paused instantly and struck the wall sharply with his clenched fist. It was like magic. He disappeared as if swallowed by one of the huge serpents of his worship. Kelly sped down the passageway on his tiptoes. It took him five minutes of careful thumping to find the secret spring, then a panel swung sideways and he stood on a narrow platform at the top of a flight of steps carved in the soil. Quietly he made his way down—perhaps thirty feet. A narrow corridor extended before him with an occasional bleary light. At the side a line of small apartments had been arranged, each with a wooden front. A few of them were lit and voices issued from them.

Finally, in the very last at the end of the alley, he recognized the voice of Lee Sam. The peek-hole was open here, too, and he beheld a white girl of beautiful appearance and in a condition of semi-lethargy, feebly warding off the Chinaman's advances. Kelly tried the door sharply. It swung open, and as his man turned he caught him by the throat. There was a gasp and a gurgle, and then the yellow face went livid and the body sank in a heap. Catching up in his arms the slender form of the girl, Kelly made out of the room. He had not done his work thoroughly, however. He was half way up the stairs to the secret door when a great, flaring, falsetto cry rent the silence and the dim form of Lee Sam staggered out of the room at the far end of the long corridor. Instantly doors flew open and half-dressed, excited figures appeared babbling high-pitched Chinese. Kelly took the last few steps of the stairs at a bound. A moment later he stood in the passageway leading to the clubroom and had closed the secret door behind him; but there was no way of fastening it. He paused for a moment to hoist the willowy form of the girl over his shoulder, then, revolver in hand, he trotted ahead. He was within a few yards of the clubroom when the pursuing horde of Chinese burst from the underground.

Kelly swept his gun at the group barring his exit. They stood aside with glowering faces and exclamations. He reached the entrance, shifted the body of the girl slightly to give himself more freedom, ordered those crouched nearest to stand back so that his way stood clear, put the revolver to the head of the door-keeper in the act of closing the door, and slipped out. Something on the sidewalk caused him to stumble. He fell at the feet of a big policeman in the act of parading his beat. But he had recovered himself in an instant and with one arm around the girl stood facing the pursuit that now gorged from the door ready to fling itself upon him. A shot fired tore into his scalp and a stream of blood ran down his face. The policeman glanced, swore, and brought his own gun into play as he roared thunderously at the mob and blew his whistle. Snarling they shrank back and scattered.

In spite of protests, they put Kelly and the girl in a Red Cross ambulance that proved handy, with instructions to the driver to deliver them at a hospital. Kelly held up the driver, compelling him to set them down at the *Sun* office. There he instructed the society editor to take care of the girl for the night so that none of the other papers would be able to reach her, and with a handkerchief tied about his head sat down to write the story he had succeeded in rousing her to tell him in the ambulance. The reporters gathered near him, gazing at his make-up, he did not see, nor the city editor who came out occasionally to take his copy with bright eyes and a smile as he tore it from the machine. He wrote and wrote—the most vividly worded story the *Sun* had ever published, the managing editor admitted himself; wrote till he had set down the last word and then he fainted, and removing the handkerchief from his head they saw how badly he was wounded. Regaining consciousness, it was to snatch up his last page of copy and in his half-dazed state hand it to the city editor, the rest of the staff grouped about. He did so with this remark:

"An Irishman may die, sir, but he never grows old. He is young and capable always—always."

Then he fainted again. Ten thousand dollars was the amount of the check that the girl's father presented him with next morning. On the strength of it Kelly resigned his position on the *Sun*, and no man, perhaps, ever had such difficulty in resigning from anything before. Today Kelly owns his own sheet in a town of fifty thousand inhabitants and is worth at least a hundred thousand dollars.

BILLEE GLYNN.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1911.

England might just as well settle down to the conviction that she must put up with American dollars. Even the Henry Irving statue, just erected in London, was made possible only by American subscriptions.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE.

An Unusual Study of the Development of a Musical Genius.

William De Morgan and Arnold Bennett are not the only novelists who are reverting to the large canvases which were common in the days of the "three-deckers." They have a companion in Romain Rolland, the French writer who has taken seven volumes to unfold the life-story of "Jean-Christophe," whose career is made the medium of a study of the development of a musician of genius. Four of these volumes have been translated by Gilbert Cannan, and are now available for the reader of English within the compass of a single book of some six hundred pages. Thus it is possible for those who know no French to form their own opinion as to how far there is reason in the high plaudits with which M. Rolland's achievement has been hailed.

In the present installment of this lengthy story the reader is able to follow the career of the hero from his birth to his flight to Paris from his native little Rhine town. There are several moving pictures of the boy's infancy, one of which introduces the musical motive of the story. We see him in his cradle, among his toys, and then in church with his grandfather:

He is bored. He is not very comfortable. He is forbidden to stir, and all the people are saying all together words that he does not understand. They all look solemn and gloomy. It is not their usual way of looking. He looks at them, half frightened. Old Lena, their neighbor, who is sitting next to him, looks very cross; there are moments when he does not recognize even his grandfather. He is afraid a little. Then he grows used to it, and tries to find relief from boredom by every means at his disposal. He balances on one leg, twists his neck to look at the ceiling, makes faces, pulls his grandfather's coat, investigates the straws in his chair, tries to make a hole in them with his finger, listens to the singing of birds, and yawns so that he is like to dislocate his jaw.

Suddenly there is a deluge of sound: the organ is played. A thrill goes down his spine. He turns and stands with his chin resting on the back of his chair, and he looks very wise. He does not understand this noise; he does not know the meaning of it; it is dazzling, bewildering, and he can hear nothing clearly. But it is good. It is as though he were no longer sitting there on an uncomfortable chair in a tiresome old house. He is suspended in mid-air, like a bird; and when the flood of sound rushes from one end of the church to the other, filling the arches, reverberating from wall to wall, he is carried with it, flying and skimming hither and thither, with nothing to do but to abandon himself to it. He is free; he is happy. The sun shines. . . . He falls asleep.

Although sensitive to nature's musical sounds, Jean was not exactly a musical prodigy. While still a lad, however, he accompanied his father and grandfather to the house of a neighbor who indulged in chamber music:

Jean-Christophe sat apart in a corner, which was his own, behind the piano. No one could disturb him there, for to reach it he had to go on all fours. It was half dark there, and the boy had just room to lie on the floor if he huddled up. The smoke of the tobacco filled his eyes and throat; dust, too; there were large flakes of it like sheepskin, but he did not mind that, and listened gravely, squatting there Turkish fashion, and widening the holes in the cloth of the piano with his dirty little fingers. He did not like everything that they played; but nothing that they played bored him, and he never tried to formulate his opinions, for he thought himself too small to know anything. Only some music sent him to sleep, some woke him up; it was never disagreeable to him. Without his knowing it, it was nearly always good music that excited him. Sure of not being seen, he made faces, wrinkled his nose, ground his teeth, or stuck out his tongue; his eyes flashed with anger or drooped languidly; he moved his arms and legs with a defiant and valiant air: he wanted to march, to lunge out, to pulverize the world. He fidgeted so much that in the end a head would peer over the piano, and say: "Hullo, hoy, are you mad? Leave the piano. . . . Take your hand away, or I'll pull your ears!" And that made him crestfallen and angry. Why did they want to spoil his pleasure? He was not doing any harm. Must he always be tormented! His father chimed in. They chid him for making a noise, and said that he did not like music. And in the end he believed it. These honest citizens grinding out concertos would have been astonished if they had been told that the only person in the company who really felt the music was the little boy.

For all that appreciation, Jean's efforts to learn the piano were fraught with much tribulation. He was beaten because he did not wish to keep at his lessons, or because he wished to go his own course in playing. But his essentially musical nature gains the upper hand at last:

He is at his old piano, in his garret, alone. Night falls. The dying light of day is cast upon his music. He strains his eyes to read the notes until the last ray of light is dead. The tenderness of hearts that are dead breathed forth from the dumb page fills him with love. His eyes are filled with tears. It seems to him that a beloved creature is standing behind him, that soft breathing caresses his cheek, that two arms are about his neck. He turns, trembling. He feels, he knows, that he is not alone. A soul that loves and is loved is there, near him. He groans aloud because he can not perceive it, and yet that shadow of bitterness falling upon his ecstasy has sweetness, too. Even sadness has its light. He thinks of his beloved masters, of the genius that is gone, though its soul lives on in the music which it had lived in its life. His heart is overflowing with love; he dreams of the superhuman happiness which must have been the lot of these glorious men, since the reflection only of their happiness is giving so much aflame. He dreams of being like them, of giving out such love as this, with lost rays to lighten his misery with a godlike smile. In his turn to be a god, to give out the warmth of joy, to be a sun of life! . . .

Alas! if one day he does become the equal of those whom he loves, if he does achieve that brilliant happiness for which he longs, he will see the illusion that was upon him. . . .

So swiftly did he become master of his art that at the age of fourteen Jean was the support of his family, playing at concerts and giving lessons. It was in his capacity as teacher that he made the acquaintance of Minna, the young daughter of a wealthy widow.

Minna seemed completely indifferent to her tutor and he to his pupil, but the inevitable spark was but smoldering in each:

One misty morning in March, when little flakes of snow were flying, like feathers, in the gray air, they were in the studio. It was hardly daylight. Minna was arguing, as usual, about a false note that she had struck, and pretending that it "was written so." Although he knew perfectly well that she was lying, Jean-Christophe bent over the book to look at the passage in question closely. Her hand was on the rack, and she did not move it. His lips were near her hand. He tried to read and could not; he was looking at something else—a thing soft, transparent, like the petals of a flower. Suddenly—he did not know what he was thinking of—he pressed his lips as hard as he could on the little hand.

They were both dumfounded by it. He flung backwards; she withdrew her hand—both blushing. They said no word; they did not look at each other. After a moment of confused silence she began to play again; she was very uneasy; her bosom rose and fell as though she were under some weight; she struck wrong note after wrong note. He did not notice it: he was more uneasy than she. His temples throbbed; he heard nothing; he knew not what she was playing; and, to break the silence, he made a few random remarks in a choking voice. He thought that he was forever lost in Minna's opinion. He was confounded by what he had done, thought it stupid and rude. The lesson-hour over, he left Minna without looking at her, and even forgot to say good-bye. She did not mind. She had no thought now of deeming Jean-Christophe ill-mannered; and if she made so many mistakes in playing, it was because all the time she was watching him out of the corner of her eye with astonishment and curiosity, and—for the first time—sympathy.

Minna found great delight in the discovery of her conquest, but Jean relapsed into his old indifference. Then there came a change in his mood, but the youth did not seem able to make any further advances:

A day came when it had rained all morning and part of the afternoon. They had stayed in the house without speaking, reading, yawning, looking out of the window; they were bored and cross. About four o'clock the sky cleared. They ran into the garden. They leaned their elbows on the terrace wall, and looked down at the lawns sloping to the river. The earth was steaming; a soft mist was ascending to the sun; little raindrops glittered on the grass; the smell of the damp earth and the perfume of the flowers intermingled; around them buzzed a golden swarm of bees. They were side by side, not looking at each other; they could not bring themselves to break the silence. A bee came up and clung awkwardly to a clump of wistaria heavy with rain, and sent a shower of water down on them. They both laughed, and at once they felt that they were no longer cross with each other. Suddenly, without turning her head, she took his hand, and said:

"Come!" She led him quickly to the little labyrinth with its hox-bordered paths, which was in the middle of the grove. They climbed up the slope, slipping on the soaking ground, and the wet trees shook out their branches over them. Near the top she stopped to breathe. "Wait . . . wait . . ." she said in a low voice, trying to take breath.

He looked at her. She was looking away; she was smiling, breathing hard, with her lips parted; her hand was trembling in Jean-Christophe's. They felt the blood throbbing in their linked hands and their trembling fingers. Around them all was silent. The pale shoots of the trees were quivering in the sun; a gentle rain dropped from the leaves with silvery sounds, and in the sky were the shrill cries of swallows.

She turned her head towards him; it was a lightning flash. She flung her arms about his neck; he flung himself into her arms.

"Minna! Minna! My darling! . . ."

"I love you, Jean-Christophe! I love you!"

They sat on a wet wooden seat. They were filled with love, sweet, profound, absurd. Everything else had vanished. No more egoism, no more vanity, no more reservation. Love, love—that is what their laughing, tearful eyes were saying. The cold coquette of a girl, the proud boy, were devalued with the need of self-sacrifice, of giving, of suffering, of dying for each other.

Minna's mother had observed more than the young people were aware, and shortly after the incident described above she had a serious talk with Jean and gave him to understand that Minna was not for him, a poor music teacher, but for a man who could give her wealth and position. This was Jean's first great sorrow, and its effect is seen in his outburst when in the company of his friend Leonard:

Night came down over the town. The seat on which they were sitting was in darkness: the stars shone out, a white mist came up from the river, the crickets chirped under the trees in the cemetery. The bells began to ring: first the highest of them, alone, like a plaintive bird, challenging the sky; then the second, a third lower, joined in his plaint: at last came the deepest, on the fifth, and seemed to answer them. The three voices were merged in each other. At the bottom of the towers there was a huzzing, as of a gigantic hive of bees. The air and the boy's heart quivered. Christophe held his breath, and thought how poor was the music of musicians compared with such an ocean of music, with all the sounds of thousands of creatures: the former, the free world of sounds, compared with the world tamed, catalogued, coldly labeled by human intelligence. He sank and sank into that sonorous and immense world without continents or bounds. . . .

And when the great murmuring had died away, when the air had ceased at last to quiver, Christophe woke up. He looked about him startled. . . . He knew nothing. Around him and in him everything was changed. There was no God. . . .

As with faith, so the loss of faith is often equally a flood of grace, a sudden light. Reason counts for nothing: the smallest thing is enough—a word, silence, the sound of bells. A man walks, dreams, expects nothing. Suddenly the world crumbled away. All about him is in ruins. He is alone. He no longer believes.

Christophe was terrified, and could not understand how it had come about. It was like the flooding of a river in the spring. . . .

Leonard's voice was still sounding, more monotonous than the voice of a cricket. Christophe did not hear it: he heard nothing. Night was fully come. Leonard stopped. Surprised to find Christophe motionless, uneasy because of the lateness of the hour, he suggested that they should go home. Christophe did not reply. Leonard took his arm. Christophe trembled, and looked at Leonard with wild eyes.

"Christophe, we must go home," said Leonard.

"Go to hell!" cried Christophe furiously.

"Oh! Christophe! What have I done?" asked Leonard tremulously. He was dumfounded.

Christophe came to himself.

"Yes. You are right," he said more gently. "I do not know what I'm saying. Go to God! Go to God!"

He was alone. He was in bitter distress.

"Ah! my God! my God!" he cried, wringing his hands, passionately raising his face to the dark sky. "Why do I no longer believe? Why can I believe no more? What has happened to me?" . . .

While still in this perturbed condition Jean's affections were laid siege to by the unattractive little Rosa who lived in his home. Her efforts to awaken his love were fruitless, but there came an hour when another girl roused his primitive passions:

One evening he was walking in the outskirts of a wood. His eyes were swimming with the light, his head was whirling: he was in that state of exaltation when all creatures and things were transfigured. To that was added the magic of the soft warm light of the evening. Rays of purple and gold hovered in the trees. From the meadows seemed to come a phosphorescent glimmer. In a field near by a girl was making hay. In her blouse and short skirt, with her arms and neck bare, she was raking the hay and heaping it up. She had a short nose, wide cheeks, a round face, a handkerchief thrown over her hair. The setting sun touched with red her sunburned skin, which, like a piece of pottery, seemed to absorb the last beams of the day.

She fascinated Christophe. Leaning against a beech-tree he watched her come towards the verge of the woods, eagerly, passionately. Everything else had disappeared. She took no notice of him. For a moment she looked at him cautiously: he saw her eyes blue and hard in her brown face. She passed so near to him that, when she leaned down to gather up the hay, through her open blouse he saw a soft down on her shoulders and back. Suddenly the vague desire which was in him leaped forth. He hurled himself at her from behind, seized her neck and waist, threw back her head and fastened his lips upon hers. He kissed her dry, cracked lips until he came against her teeth that bit him angrily. His hands ran over her rough arms, over her blouse wet with her sweat. She struggled. He held her tighter, he wished to strangle her. She broke loose, cried out, spat, wiped her lips with her hand, and hurled insults at him. He let her go and fled across the fields. She threw stones at him and went on discharging after him a litany of filthy epithets. He blushed, less for anything that she might say or think, but for what he was thinking himself. The sudden unconscious act filled him with terror. What had he done? What should he do? What he was able to understand of it all only filled him with disgust. And he was tempted by his disgust. He fought against himself and knew not on which side was the real Christophe. A blind force beset him: in vain did he fly from it: it was only to fly from himself. What would she do about him? What should he do tomorrow . . . in an hour . . . the time it took to cross the plowed field to reach the road? . . . Would he ever reach it? Should he not stop, and go back, and run back to the girl? And then? . . . He remembered that delicious moment when he had held her by the throat. Everything was possible. All things were worth while. A crime even. . . . Yes, even a crime. . . . The turmoil in his heart made him breathless. When he reached the road he stopped to breathe. Over there the girl was talking to another girl who had been attracted by her cries: and with arms akimbo, they were looking at each other and shouting with laughter.

That was by no means the last of Jean's temptations; shortly afterward he met a shopgirl of easier virtue, and his relations with her, while described with commendable restraint, constitute one of the most revealing episodes of the story. For M. Rolland never loses sight of his hero's character or drops the thread of his development in the terms of music. Although not wholly conscious of the fact, he was passing through a stage of revolt against all the idols of his childhood:

It was in the expression of love that Christophe was most rawly conscious of untruth: for he was in a position to compare it with the reality. The conventional love songs, lacrymose and proper, contained nothing like the desires of man or the heart of woman. And yet the people who had written them must have loved at least once in their lives! Was it possible that they could have loved like that? No, no, they had lied, as they always did, they had lied to themselves: they had tried to idealize themselves. . . . Idealism! That meant that they were afraid of looking at life squarely, were incapable of seeing things like a man, as they are.—Everywhere the same timidity, the same lack of manly frankness. Everywhere the same chilly enthusiasm, the same pompous lying solemnity, in their patriotism, in their drinking, in their religion. The *Trinklieder* (Drinking Songs) were prosopoeia to wine and the howl: "*Du herrlich Glas* . . ." ("Thou, noble glass . . ."). Faith—the one thing in the world which should be spontaneous, springing from the soul like an unexpected sudden stream—was a manufactured article, a commodity of trade. Their patriotic songs were made for docile flocks of sheep hasking in unison. . . . Shout, then! —What! Must you go on lying—"idealizing"—till you are surfeited, till it brings you to slaughter and madness! . . .

Christophe ended by hating all idealism. He preferred frank brutality to such lying. But at heart he was more of an idealist than the rest, and he had not—he could not have—any more real enemies than the brutal realists whom he thought he preferred.

He was hindered by passion. He was frozen by the mist, the anemic lying, "the sunless phantom ideas." With his whole being he reached upwards to the sun. In his youthful contempt for the hypocrisy with which he was surrounded, or for what he took to be hypocrisy, he did not see the high, practical wisdom of the race which little by little had built up for itself its grandiose idealism in order to suppress its savage instincts, or to turn them to account. Not arbitrary reasons, not moral and religious codes, not legislators and statesmen, priests and philosophers, transform the souls of peoples and often impose upon them a new nature: but centuries of misfortune and experience, which forge the life of peoples who have the will to live.

As will be obvious from the foregoing, the story has no plot in the ordinary sense of the word; it is a study of character from first to last, and a study of singular directness and unusual power. It is stated that the translation of the remainder of the work will depend upon the favor with which the present installment is received. Which is equivalent to a promise that in a very short time the whole of this remarkable novel will be accessible to readers of English.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

PARIS BY THE SEA.

A Fifty-Million-Dollar Scheme for the Seine.

When the railroads went out of business two or three months ago a few inquiring Parisians and imprisoned tourists made a discovery. The majority of those who wished to escape from the trainless capital took the line of least resistance: their minds had but one synonym for a locomotive, and that was a motor. Of course they were the people of automobile habits, to whom a hundred francs was neither here nor there, and they posted their way to Havre, or Calais, or Cherbourg by car.

But the minority were better students of geography. They remembered that Paris is on the Seine, that the Seine flows to the sea by way of Rouen and Havre, and that where there is a river there are boats. Of course even the unimaginative Parisian is conscious of the existence of the "hirondelles" of the Seine, the *Bâteaux Parisiens* which faithfully traverse the right and left banks of the river and carry the wayfarer from Austerlitz or Charenton to Auteuil at ten centimes a journey on week days and double that sum on Sundays and holidays. Nearly every bridge has its pier on either side of the river, and the "hirondelles" are faithful to their swallow name by the swiftness of their movement.

Parisians who are still more untrammelled by space dimensions are aware that Austerlitz and Auteuil are not the limits of Seine navigation. They will tell you of the boats which begin their voyages from the Tuileries, which call at the Concorde, Alma, Passy, and other piers, and extend their argosies beyond Auteuil to as far as the Suresnes westward. Those far-traveling vessels open up for the voyager a panorama of many charms, disclosing the banks of the Seine to the fortifications at Auteuil and then revealing the rich, bosky woods of Meudon and Bellevue and glimpses of the Bois de Boulogne. But beyond Suresnes the waterborne thought of the most imaginative Parisian rarely penetrates.

Yet Paris by the sea threatens to become a fact of geography. It is not a new idea by any means. Its inception antedates even the land-dividing dreams of the canal-building Lesseps. The creator of the Suez was a youth of but seventeen years when Admiral Thomasset commissioned the engineer Bouguet de la Grye to prepare plans for placing the French capital in direct communication with the sea. Those plans were duly made, and were constructed with such skill that they have been taken as the basis of the proposals which are soon to be advocated in the Chamber.

As a matter of fact the problem is restricted to that section of the Seine which twists and turns its way from Rouen to Paris. From Havre to Rouen there is practically nothing to be done. For some eighty-five miles inland from Havre the Seine is a perfect waterway for vessels of fully three thousand tons; at Rouen itself the quays, even at low tide, can boast a water-depth of some eighteen feet. But from Rouen onward the trouble begins, for the average depth of the Seine to Paris is but ten feet. Of course that is not sufficient; the scheme of Bouguet de la Grye provided for a depth equal to that obtaining from Havre to Rouen, and, in addition, the river will require to be considerably widened both in its straight reaches and in its curves. And there are other problems to be faced. The Seine floods of recent years have demonstrated how serious a danger the river is to Paris in periods of heavy rains, and no project would be entertained for a moment if it threatened to thwart the seaward flowing of the stream. To prevent such a defect the construction of a relieving canal is an essential part of the scheme. Then the eight existing barrages are to be replaced by four of greater efficiency, and the spans of railway bridges crossing the river are to be raised to a uniform and sufficient height.

Since Admiral Thomasset thought his way from Paris to the sea more than eighty years ago a new factor has entered into the situation. There is an enormous railway traffic between Havre and Paris, and what that means in the shape of opposition needs no exposition. In France, as in other countries, railway corporations look with little favor on inland waterways; they know them as their most formidable rivals. Here, however, for once the state ownership of railways has a beneficial tendency, and it is understood that no opposition need be anticipated on that score.

Inevitably the cost of creating Paris on the sea will be heavy. Even so, however, it will appear small to American minds accustomed to think in the terms of Panama Canal figures. According to the highest estimates of the government engineer the maximum outlay should not exceed fifty million dollars. And this, it is argued, is after all a small price to pay for the immense commercial and economic advantages which would result. With the Seine made as efficient a waterway from Rouen to Paris as it already is from Havre to Rouen, vessels carrying more than four thousand tons of cargo could reach the heart of the French capital, and fifty boats a day would bring the delivery up to the grand total of nearly a quarter of a million tons. According to the experts in such matters, such a consignment of foodstuffs would suffice to feed Paris's three million population for eighteen days. Who would then care for railway strikes, or be obsessed by the nightmare of food famines? But that is merely the utilitarian view. The aesthetic result will count for

much more with the majority. With salt waves lapping the quays of the Seine, what transformations will not take place in the city of pleasure! The vision is ravished with pictures of bathers and all the delights of social intercourse carried on with a minimum of convention. Fifty million dollars is a trivial price to pay for such a consummation. St. MARTIN.

PARIS, December 19, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Red Thread of Honor.

Eleven men of England
A breast-work charge in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripp'd and gash'd, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well.
Some twenty had been master'd,
When the last soldier fell.

The rohher-chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead:
"Bring here," at length he shouted,
"Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Ehli's blast forever
Their souls: if Allah will:
But We must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to hurn and slay:
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray:
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen:
The mountain laws of honor
Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We hind with green *one* wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
ONE crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting color,
The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honor'd graves, may wear
Their green reward," each noble savage said;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?"

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came:
Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
Roll'd hack its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true.
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?"

"These were not stirr'd by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold:
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved, and uncompaining,
The path it show'd they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you,
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They call'd him Mehrah Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light:
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrah Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the Hill?"

And they replied, "Though Mehrah Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run:
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these have never done."

"Enough!" he shouted fiercely:
"Doom'd though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men.
With none so deck'd in Heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?"

Then all the gallant robbers
Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised the slaughter'd sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten,
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

—F. H. Doyle.

The question of abolishing the pigtail in China is said to have three aspects—"the historico-political, the aesthetic, and the economic"—but the consensus of opinion among the educated classes is in favor of abolition. Viceroy Wu Ting-Fang found on a tour through Central and South America that nine-tenths of the Chinese population had given up their queues.

THE STORY OF THE MODERN BALLAD.

In a succinct historical retrospect recently published in London by Harold Simpson, we are helped to recognize how many generations had to elapse before the manufacture of the modern ballad was placed on a basis which afforded a proper scope for the talents of the lyric-writer and the tune-coiner. The London *Spectator* notes the work of Mr. Simpson and finds much entertainment in the book. From its review these paragraphs are chosen:

The English ballad started on lines which gave no earnest of its ultimate developments. There is no tinge of parlor pathos in "Summer is icumen in." The word itself was indistinguishable from ballet, and indicated a song to be danced to. The ballad as we now know it was long overshadowed by the madrigal, the words of which were generally informed by a pastoral sentiment or conveyed the praises of a sovereign in terms which would be regarded as unduly fulsome in a democratic age. Still, even in those benighted days there were signs and symptoms of progress, and Bishop Hall in his "Martin Marsixtus," published in 1592, declared that "scarce a cat can look out of a gutter, but out starts a halfpenny chronicler, and presently a proper new ballet of a strange sight is indited." But the world had to wait for a hundred and thirty years for a real revulsion of popular taste. "The Beggar's Opera" (1727) revived the old tunes of England. To its success is due the birth of ballad operas, operas into which a number of songs were introduced which had nothing to do with the plot, somewhat after the style of our modern musical comedies. Many a weary year, however, had yet to pass before the emergence of the real modern ballad, with its wide appeal and gigantic circulation. Dr. Arne compromised himself by setting Shakespeare's songs instead of encouraging contemporary talent, and Wagner's enthusiasm for the melody of "Rule, Britannia!" is, to say the least, a disputable testimony to its merit. Carey and Dibdin wrote voluminously, but their earnings were miserable when compared with the profits of modern publishers. Still, there was an advance; and such places of popular resort as Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and the Marylebone Gardens "did much to foster public appreciation of 'popular' ballads, and may be said, in fact, to have been forerunners of the ballad concerts of today."

With the nineteenth century the popular ballad at last began to come by its own. This was the golden age of Balfe and Fitzball, Bunn and Wallace, Haynes Bayly (to whose chaste Muse Mr. Andrew Lang once consecrated an inimitable essay), Crouch, Knight, and Wade, the author of "Meet Me by Moonlight." But the most notable landmark in the history of the ballad in the early Victorian epoch is connected with the name of Mme. Vestris, who demanded "a sum of £20 from Charles Dance, a composer, as a royalty for continuing to sing his song, being apparently the first singer to introduce this practice," a happy modern adaptation of the devotion to royalty displayed by the old madrigal writers. This was a period enriched by such masterpieces as "The Village Blacksmith," which is "still being sung by Hayden Coffin and other popular singers"; "The Banks of the Blue Moselle" and "Many Happy Returns of the Day," by John Blockley, which is "still sung at birthday parties"; "My Pretty Jane," and "I'm Saddest when I Sing," Bishop, Balfe, and Wallace were competent musicians; but the methods of some of the ballad composers are picturesquely described by Willert (not Willett) Beale in "The Light of Other Days." Beale wrote a number of songs under the alias of Walter Maynard, but he was acquainted with a certain composer "who used to whistle a tune to him, and get Maynard to write it down and put it into shape, adding the proper harmonies and accompaniments," the song when completed being always claimed by the whistler as his own. Another notable landmark in the evolution of the popular modern ballad was the introduction of the cornet accompaniment in "The Light of Other Days" and "When Other Lips," though John Hullah in a fit of ungracious veracity described the instrument as "a cheap and nasty trumpet." But Hullah, Hatton, and, to a greater extent than either, Sterndale Bennett, failed to assist in the development of the ballad on the lines laid down by Balfe. The commercial instinct seems to have been sadly imperfect in Bennett, and Hatton sold the entire copyright of "Simon the Cellarer" for only twice what Milton received for "Paradise Lost." With Henry Russell we enter on a new phase of the ballad—the descriptive and didactic "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," was described as "the anthem of optimism," and it held the town for two years, when it was superseded in popularity by "Pop Goes the Weasel." The genius of Ascher, the author of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" exhausted itself in that supreme effort; but "Claribel," who disputes with Mme. Vestris the honor of having been the first to introduce the royalty system, and Virginia Gabriel were voluminous composers of songs which linger in the memory of the middle-aged. A whole chapter is devoted to Sullivan's "Lost Chord," of which half a million copies were sold in twenty-five years. "A recent writer" describes it as "probably one of the six most popular songs ever penned," and the composer once said: "I have composed much music since then, but have never written a second 'Lost Chord.'"

In the 'seventies and 'eighties the reign of the ballad writer reached its climacteric. Those were the days of "Twickenham Ferry" and "Nancy Lee."

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Novel for Newly-Weds.

For those who can still derive sustenance and inspiration from love's young dream, there are novels a-plenty; the case of the newly-weds is different. Most purveyors of fiction are content to leave them to their fate, satisfied that they have served their turn up to the altar and wedding-bells. Yet, poor things, it is just then they most need the counsel of the wise men and women who specialize in human nature, for it's easy enough to get married, but too hard to find in that state all the bliss which fancy painted in courting days. Mr. Williams, then, is a benefactor, for he takes up his story after the wedding-bells have done ringing, the last slipper and handful of rice thrown, and the honeymoon has begun to wane.

Frederic and Molly Carroll are discovered in a sixteenth-century English manor house, in front of an antique fireplace, the lady, as is usual, on a low stool at her new husband's feet. Hardly have the two been discovered than Frederic yawns. That is the keynote of the story. "Like many a misled lover before him, here was a bridegroom who felt himself horribly lacking in the prime essentials of an orthodox husband, because he was rapidly becoming bored to death at being cooped up through a long, rainy season in a fascinating old manor house with the only girl he had ever really loved." Mr. Williams stands aside from his couple for a moment to appraise the situation. They had both made the mistake of looking forward to marriage as the grand consummation of things, the end, so to speak. But it was not the end. "It was only the beginning. That was love. This was marriage—civilization's attempt to compromise with nature, which smilingly refuses to take civilization so seriously as we do. Marriage follows love, sometimes; love would follow marriage more often if its neophytes weren't so misguided by those who tell about it—or discreetly decline to do so."

Perhaps the reader who is seasoned in knowledge of the usual type of novel will think this is a forbidding beginning. He may even imagine the advent of the dangerous woman and all sorts of scandals. Well, the other woman does appear on the scene, but there are no scandals really; on the contrary, the dangerous woman is a beacon light to the Carrolls and a ministrant to their happiness. She becomes, indeed, through Molly's unusual attitude to a woman rival, the means whereby Frederic begins to learn the genuine value of his wife. And then the children help some, for the problem of nesting and all the vistas it opens up contribute to that ideal union which every marriage may result in if used in the right way. Frederic is a fine example of Browning's "And the need of a world of men for him," but he develops so finely that his gregariousness for his own sex eventually takes its right place.

Frederic and Molly, however, are not the only occupants of the interesting world depicted in Mr. Williams's pages. He has a whole gallery of delightful characters, including Aunt Bella, who embodied all the traditions of the cultured Boston Carrolls, and such males as Irving Lawton and Horace Beck, the former a writer of stories and the latter an exploiter of their merits. Horace "wrote the advertisements of Irving's stories, showing how trenchant, gripping, and full of red corpses they were. It is much harder to advertise books than to write them. Ask any publisher." Of course all these people help the theme along, and help it in a fascinating manner. In fact, the book is a notable achievement, full of humor and sententious comment, and welcome most of all for its healthy spirit.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE FREDERIC CARROLLS. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Our House.

Paris's "Quarter" has occupied many pens; the "Quarter" of London has attracted few historians. Consequently Mrs. Pennell has an unhackneyed theme, and she handles it to great advantage. Whether, however, the old house in which "J." and she have had their London home for so long is situated in the real "Quarter" of the English capital is open to question. Most artists and writers would vote for Chelsea rather than for that backwater off the Strand which is the theme of this lively hook. Still, the fact that the outlook is over the Thames does link the Adelphi with Chelsea and at least constitutes it a suburb of the "Quarter." Besides, it does not need the testimony of Mrs. Pennell's pages to advertise the fact that the Adelphi is the chosen home of many well-known artists and writers, for the latter are of the kind which advertise their whereabouts with zealous persistence.

One of Mrs. Pennell's neighbors is Mr. Shaw, called "the Socialist" in these pages. "I can not, with any respect for truth, call him unassuming; modesty is not his vice. It is not his ambition to hide his light under a bushel—or rather a hog'shead; on the contrary, as he would be the first to admit, it could not flare on too many housetops to please him. When I first met him, years be-

fore we met again in the Quarter, the world had not heard of him, but he was quite frank in his determination that it should, though to make it hear, he would have to play a continuous solo on his own cornet, until he impressed somebody else with the necessity of blowing it for him. . . . As he courts, rather than evades, notice, I doubt if he would be embarrassed to learn how repeatedly I see him doing his hair in the morning and putting out his lights at night, or how entirely I am in his confidence as to the frequency of his luncheon parties and the number of his guests. Were I not the soul of discretion I could publish his daily menus to the world, for his kitchen opens itself so aggressively to my view that I see into it as often as into my own." So Mrs. Pennell could tell us whether G. B. S. is that austere vegetarian he pretends to be. What a pity the revelation is not given in these pages!

However, not all these entertaining chapters are concerned with the famous inhabitants of the "Quarter." There are admirable character sketches of the various servants and housekeepers and miscellaneous callers whose lives have been associated with the Pennell home. Perhaps the historian is a little hard on "our beggars," for, after all, they have provided excellent "copy."

OUR HOUSE AND THE PEOPLE IN IT. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Heroes of California.

In this volume devoted to the stirring deeds of the founders of the Golden State, Mr. James has allowed his subjects, in many instances, to tell their own story. Where personal narratives have failed, he has gleaned far and wide for anecdote, incident, or biographical detail. By these methods he has set forth the doings of such men as James O. Pattie, Jedediah Smith, John Bidwell, Charles T. Stanton, William Taylor, James Lick, and many others, not confining himself to the dead, but giving several chapters to the living. Throughout the narrative is fully illustrated from photographs, and the whole is a record in which Californians will find much of interest. One of the defects of the book is that it exemplifies in an irritating manner Mr. James's fondness for a preachy style of writing, while his watering down of ideas is carried to a painful extreme. The first page of his introduction is a pertinent example of the latter defect, for one solitary idea does duty through its three paragraphs. The book is well made and has a useful index.

HEROES OF CALIFORNIA. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

Panama and the Canal.

Now that the famous canal is in the last stage of its making there are certain to be large supplements to the literature dealing with the republic and the waterway which has spread its fame throughout the world, but it is difficult to see what additions can be made to the story as told by Mr. Lindsay. In the first section of his generously illustrated hook he relates the history of the canal from the time when its creation was first mooted, and gives an interesting and ample account of the work done by the French and the subsequent operations of American engineers. The second section is devoted to the country through which the canal passes, the actual state of affairs today being prefaced by a brief but comprehensive historical sketch. Mr. Lindsay declares that the climate, while tropical, is much less trying than is generally supposed, and he anticipates that many of the thousands of Spaniards and Italians now engaged on the canal works will remain in the republic when their task is finished and take up land. In the author's opinion, "there is nowhere in the world richer land," and he points out that any American of good character can secure title to a considerable tract of that land at a cost of \$2.50 per hectare on condition of fencing it and reducing it to cultivation in five years. Mr. Lindsay does not advise gold-seekers to go to Panama, but is confident that for agriculture the country offers splendid opportunities.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL TODAY. By Forbes Lindsay. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3.

Cuba.

All told, Miss Wright's picture of Cuba is not particularly attractive. It would have been different, no doubt, had she confined herself to her first impressions of Havana, but a residence of ten years in the island has broken the spell. Still, it is admitted that the situation in Cuba by reason of its very extraordinariness constitutes a rare opportunity for pioneers. When that is said not much remains, according to Miss Wright. And it is evident she writes from intimate knowledge, not only of the capital but also of the provinces. To the capital several chapters are devoted, which set forth in an interesting manner all the historical facts and most of the phases of present-day life. The true points of interest in and around Havana, we are told, are those which can not be foretold, nor found twice alike, but consist in a thousand sights and sounds trivial in themselves but cherished strangely in the memory of winter visitors, or "ducks of

Florida" as they are called. On the other hand, Miss Wright affirms that "to walk the streets of Havana is to court horror. Disease and deformity, in hideous variety, parade even Obispo. To me the beggars—the wry-limbed men, and especially the bleary-eyed women—are by no means the most offensive among what one encounters. In the parks and on the promenades one passes, too often, male humans whose condition certainly warrants their removal from the public thoroughfare; I have often seen American women cross the street rather than come close to such." And the political situation is no better. Miss Wright regards the republic as a spurious thing. "There it stands, tottering, and pregnant with militant trouble as was the Trojan horse of old." It should be added that the volume is fully illustrated from excellent photographs.

CUBA. By Irene A. Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Brief Reviews.

As a companion volume to "The Optimist's Good-Morning," Florence H. Perin has compiled "The Optimist's Good-Night" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net), which offers a wise selection of thoughts and aspirations suitable for meditation at the close of the day. The quotations are about evenly balanced between prose and verse.

Among the subjects discussed by Lyman Abbott in his "The Spirit of Democracy" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net) are the present conditions of industry, political socialism, the tendency of democracy, and the evolution of education. Throughout he assumes that democracy is something more than a form of government; he believes it is a spirit which should influence all phases of social life.

With an average of one illustration to five pages of text it will be obvious that C. Gasquoine Hartley's "Things Seen in Spain" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net) is primarily a book of pictures. With one or two exceptions the illustrations are from photographs of great technical excellence, all of which have been admirably reproduced. The text supplements the plates in an effective manner and between the two the little volume gives a pleasant and informing account of Spain and its people.

Originally published sixteen years ago, Henry C. Vedder's "American Writers of Today" (Silver, Burdett & Co.; \$1.50) has made many friends and will undoubtedly widen its constituency in its new and revised form. The list of authors has been enlarged by the inclusion of Mary E. Wilkins, but otherwise the roll is unaltered. The deaths of ten of the authors has necessitated additions to the original account of their work, and of course the dates have been corrected. In its present form, then, this study of contemporary literature in the persons of its chief producers has many claims upon the casual reader and the student.

Not merely golfers, but all who play games of any kind, will find Arnold Haultain's "The Mystery of Golf" (The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net) a fascinating volume—fascinating because it does, as the author hopes, throw much light on the psychology of all recreation. To the question, in what does the secret of golf lie? he answers: "Not in one thing; but in many. And in many so mysteriously conjoined, so incomprehensively interwoven, as to baffle analysis. The mind plays as large a part as the muscles; and perhaps the moral nature as large a part as the mind."

Ralph Waldo Trine's "The Land of Living Men" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.25) gives a survey of those present-day conditions which are "undermining the very foundations of free and efficient government," discusses the chief causes of those conditions, and describes some of the methods which have been proved effective as remedies. Mr. Trine's ambition is to aid in making the United States conform to his title, and throughout he writes with undoubted earnestness. His plea is that "government must be thoroughly and truly representative, or those in power will gradually get the agents of administration and of production" under their control.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Cottage Pie.

Having demonstrated to the satisfaction of a good many people that the lowly dwellers of cities can be made to serve the purposes of imagination, Mr. Lyons undertakes in these sketches to prove the same thing of rural cottagers. And he does it with that transformed realism which made his "Arthur's" such an enjoyable book. His vignettes are as sharply etched as ever, his climaxes as deftly managed, and his dialogue as native to its speakers. Phyllis is here in many forms, and each of them attractive. But Mr. Lyons knows where to stop, as in the following example: "Ethel Mary Parker is commonly regarded as the 'belle' of this village, an opinion which I do not share. I hold that there is far too much of Ethel Mary; too much figure, too much eyelash, too much complexion, too much smile, and, above all, too much—affability."

"At the same time I will admit that her hair, which is the color of red ale, is beautiful hair; I will admit that she is a beautiful person, if you can persuade your eye to comprehend her all at once, just as an election poster is beautiful—if you can persuade your eye to comprehend it all at once. And she certainly has an irresistible way with pigs."

At times, however, Mr. Lyons's chivalry deserts him, as when he met the lady with the fringe on a Sussex highway:

"She was forty years old, at a venture. She had lots of mouth and a salmon-colored face with a pretense of a nose, and small, watery eyes. All these amenities were built up upon a triple foundation of chin, which was well matched by an exceeding amplitude of bosom and waist."

Nor are the male characters less vividly portrayed. Mr. Tracey, the jobbing gardener, who makes frequent appearances on the scene, is a distinct addition to the gallery of fiction. His ways will touch responsive chords in the memory of all who have had occasion to employ men of his class. He would turn up bright and early and sharpen a lawn-mower under his employer's bedroom window. "When he had done with the lawn-mower he found a scythe and sharpened that. When he had done with the scythe he sharpened a pair of shears; and when he had sharpened the shears and every other cutting tool in my collection he captured an iron wheelbarrow and began to kick it." Still, Mr. Tracey is worth knowing—in a book—and the same verdict must be passed in relation to all these clearly seen rural characters.

COTTAGE PIE. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Plutarch's Cimon and Pericles.

All students and teachers of Greek history will rejoice that Professor Perrin has been able to follow up his translations of the lives of Themistocles and Aristides with equally admirable versions of the lives of Cimon and Pericles. It is good news, too, that he hopes to issue before long a third volume containing the lives of the Nicias and Alcibiades. With the publication of that volume Professor Perrin will have provided not alone an ideal text of Plutarch, but adequate material for the critical study of the greatest century in the history of Athens. For, as in his previous volume, the translations are prefaced by an introduction which examines with scholarly care the primary sources for Greek history for a period of nearly half a century—that is, from the battles of Plataea and Mycale to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. There is, in addition, a most useful chronological table of the events of the lives of Cimon and Pericles, an outline sketch of Greek history, and a discussion of the sources of the two lives. Nor should it be forgotten that the text is followed by copious notes of an extremely valuable character. Altogether the volume is one upon which Professor Perrin may be warmly congratulated, for it is a notable addition to American scholarship.

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. Newly translated by Bernadotte Perrin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

A French Country House.

Much of the romance of old France exhales from these pages. Perhaps that will survive in the country districts for many generations, despite the political innovations which are being tried. Such a survival is suggested by the curé who greets the reader in the opening chapter and tells with suppressed glee how the searchers for church property have been foiled in their quest. The modern note is struck again in the relation by the marquis of the sale of his ancestral home to a Parisian maker of umbrellas. "Figure to yourself, madame, that all the years this creature was making umbrella sticks, he was nourishing an ideal. This dream took the shape of a château, dating back to the time of Charlemagne. It must have four towers, and they must be intact—also, there must be a moat, with real swans." Upon these characters there enters a young and wealthy Poston widow, touring Normandy in her automobile, and with that twist in the narrative the reader gains an inkling of what is to happen. That, however, will not interfere with the delight of following the story

to the end, for it introduces so many charming people and offers so many alluring pictures of French country life that every page has its own appeal. And by way of illustration Robert Demachy contributes a series of photographs which show how, in competent hands, the camera can produce results which may be rightly described as artistic.

IN AND OUT OF A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.25 net.

Samuel Rogers and His Circle.

In view of the many books—and some of them comparatively recent—which retail the old anecdotes about Samuel Rogers and his friends, the present volume is entirely unnecessary. And the more so in that Mr. Roberts is a book-compiler of the smallest accomplishments, with an irritating weakness for indulging in the most fatuous comments. His efforts at poetical criticism are particularly feeble, while his attempts at character sketches of Byron, Wordsworth, and other immortals are saved from bathos merely by his quotations. Practically the only interest of the volume is in its portrait illustrations, but they are not sufficiently unique to justify their publication between three hundred pages of such text as Mr. Roberts supplies.

SAMUEL ROGERS AND HIS CIRCLE. By R. Ellis Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

The Basis of Musical Pleasure.

Wherein lies the power and charm of music, which enables it to lift its hearers from the prosaic to the ideal? Such is the question to which Mr. Gehring devotes his attention in this suggestive little volume. The problem, he reminds us, has given rise to five theories, which explain the charm of music as residing in its elementary effect, its formal elaboration, its associations, its symbolic properties, or its agreement with the operations of the mind. These theories are carefully examined in detail and subjected to searching analysis, with the result that in the end Mr. Gehring finds all the contributing factors shading off into the unknown. Hence, "although the charm of music has long been a subject of thought, the results in the way of positive insight have been surprisingly meagre. So impenetrable does the subject seem as to nourish the suspicion that we may be dealing with some of the deeper aspects of physical existence, and that an adequate solution might throw light on many hidden aspects of mind and emotion." In short, up to the present any attempt to formulate a musical vocabulary which shall correspond to a vocabulary of words has ended in failure.

THE BASIS OF MUSICAL PLEASURE. By Albert Gehring. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Björnson's son, in describing the last hours of his father, writes: "Now and then the bright flame of his humor flickered up; the doctor felt his pulse and said it was good. With his face beaming with humor he turned toward us, and said: 'I am the first man to die with a good pulse.' He said one evening—and it seemed as if an old, wise man was speaking with the weight of experience: 'Now I could write; yes, now I could write, for I have been in the realms of death and have felt the pain that attends death.' And when all of us thought that the indifference of death was upon him, my mother, who always gave him his food, which he would receive only from her, stood at the bedside with a brooch on her breast which she had worn at her confirmation—then he opened his eyes and looked at her. He smiled, lifted his hand, and touched the brooch. This was the last sign to the outer world he was able to give."

Three new volumes are to be added shortly to the uniform edition of the works of Nietzsche which the Macmillans have in course of publication under the general editorship of Dr. Oscar Levy.

Major McLaughlin's "My Friend the Indian" has been officially selected for supplementary reading in the Indian schools. In making the announcement Commissioner Robert G. Valentine says the book is one which he wishes all in the Indian service to study as a means of informing themselves in Indian traits.

Three relics of Charles Dickens which are to be sold in London shortly include the black leather writing-case used by the novelist during his reading tour in America in 1867. It bears a simple brass plate with his initials.

Mrs. French Sheldon is the latest author to enjoy the privilege of reading her own obituary notices. She will no doubt find much satisfaction in the fact that due emphasis was laid upon her translation of Flaubert's "Salambo," an edition de luxe copy of which, it will be remembered, was placed in Flaubert's tomb at Rouen by the French government.

Arnold Bennett evidently owes much of his ability to write such lengthy novels to early rising and a hasty cup of tea. That, at any rate, is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn

from the new preface to his "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day." Meeting the objections with which his plea for earlier hours is likely to be greeted by those who protest that they can not work on an empty stomach, he gives minute directions for the speedy preparation of a little light refreshment without the aid of servants. "The proper, wise balancing of one's whole life may depend upon the feasibility of a cup of tea at an unusual hour."

A representative of "the great uninformed mass of people" makes an appeal to men of letters to restore to readers the English of Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Steele, Gibbon, and Macaulay. When he sees in Shakespeare the most profound speculations in metaphysics expressed in words of two or three letters each he begins to suspect that the first way to get back to the grand old English of two or three centuries ago is for some writers to become a little more clear as to what they really understand.

Dr. Frederick A. Braun has in the press with Henry Holt & Co. a volume in which he has undertaken to show that Goethe exercised a powerful influence on Margaret Fuller in the formation of her religious beliefs and general conception of life.

Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, London, has been bought by an anonymous admirer who intends placing the building in the hands of trustees as a permanent memorial to Boswell's hero.

William J. Locke has ended his extensive tour in the United States and returned to England. But it is reassuring to be informed on high authority that although he was keenly interested in the various aspects of American life "he has no intention of passing snap judgments, or concerning himself with this new field in his forthcoming novel."

In the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica the following formed a complete article: "Woman—the female of man. See Homo." In the forthcoming edition "the female of man" will be otherwise represented, and notably by countless articles from her pen. To celebrate female coöperation in the work a dinner was given in London to a hundred of the women contributors, who, as a souvenir of the occasion, were presented with an imitation volume of the Encyclopædia containing chocolates. Some of the ladies, it appears, took literal advantage of the chairman's "Ladies and gentlemen, you may smoke."

Louis Rhead, the American artist whose drawings to special editions of "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" have so many admirers, has gone abroad to visit the actual scenes of another child's classic for which he is to make a bundled illustrations.

By far the most notable feature of the late Professor Griffin's life of Browning, which will undoubtedly be available in an American edition ere long, is its inclusion of the diary of Alfred Domett, the "Varing" of the poet. In that document the diarist relates how, when he expressed surprise at the poet having, in "Fifine" and "La Saisiaz," attacked Byron's assertion that the human soul was nothing in comparison to the ocean, Browning said he protested against it as a Christian. "I never heard him, I think," wrote Domett, "avow his Christianity distinctly in his own person, except on this occasion." Less controversial are the examples given of the poet's humor and the stories of his welcome to those who appreciated his work. When asked whether he objected to the adulation he was receiving, he rejoined, "Object to it! I have waited forty years for it."

"Grip," the raven of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," is declared by Harry T. Baker the most important source of Poe's "The Raven." He does not make the question into a matter of plagiarism, but insists Poe was indebted to the novelist for his essential idea, and this notwithstanding that essay in which the poet purported to explain fully the genesis and composition of "The Raven."

Queen Victoria's death in January, 1901, was set as the original limit of the Dictionary of National Biography, but early next year there is to be published a supplement which is to include all the notable people who have died between that date and the last day of 1910.

New Books Received.

MISSIONS AND MODERN THOUGHT. By William Owen Carver. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Attempts to define the relations of the missionary enterprise of the church to the thought of the present time, without taking for granted that modern thought is always right and that all that is not modern must either give place to what is new or adjust itself to it.

SOUTH AFRICAN FOLK-TALES. By James A. Honey. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1 net.

Many of these tales have been translated from the Dutch or have been written from childhood remembrance. The collection is full of interest, especially at the present time, when South Africa is at the dawn of a new development in its history.

CROW-STEP. By Georgia Fraser. New York: Witter & Klotner; \$1.50.

A romance of Gowanus Valley on Western Long Island at the time of the Revolution. To some extent the story is a sequel to "The Stone House at Gowanus."

THE CHRISTMAS TREASURY. Compiled by Temple Scott. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25 net.

An admirable anthology of song and verse, the selections of which are grouped under "The Christmas of the Home," "The Christmas of the Soul," "The Christmas of the Wanderer," "The Christmas of Religion," "Christmas Carols," and "Christmas Hymns."

PIANO TEACHING: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

Discusses the piano teacher's equipment, the rules and regulations of teaching, methods of instructing in technique, etc.

LITERATURE IN THE SCHOOL. By John S. Welch. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; \$1.25.

Designed for the use of the grade teacher who wishes to vitalize the instruction of literature in the elementary school.

MAKERS AND DEFENDERS OF AMERICA. By Anna E. Foote and Avery W. Skinner. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

A collection of historical biographies starting with the heroes of the close of the French and Indian war period and extending to recent times.

ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Emma Goldman. New York: Mother Earth Publishing Company; \$1 net.

Includes a biographical sketch of the author. The subjects discussed embrace woman suffrage, marriage and love, the hypocrisy of Puritanism, etc.

A SENATOR OF THE 'FIFTIES. By Jeremiah Lynch. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.50 net.

A biographical study of David C. Broderick from original sources and personal knowledge. There is a spirited account of the duel in which Broderick received his mortal wound.

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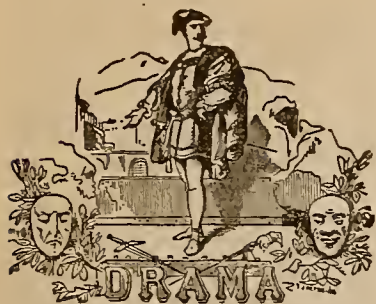
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MARY MANNERING IN A NEW PLAY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Strange to say, "A Man's World," which is written by a woman, and therefore from a woman's point of view, and, presumably, is supposed to re-arouse a woman's sleeping sense of the injustice of established conventions as hearing against the more yielding sex, seemed to awaken masculine approbation on Monday night. It was a good-sized holiday audience that had assembled at the Savoy Theatre, and it was therefore in an expansive holiday mood. An immense contrast it formed to that at the first hearing of the play in Buffalo, some little time back, so I was told by some one who was present on both occasions. It was there a case of trying it on the dog, and the Buffalo dog didn't take to it. It was a cold and unresponsive dog, and froze all the spontaneity of the players into ice; as a consequence, the play went in jerks, while on Monday night, the cosy, approbative attitude of the San Francisco audience warmed the cockles of the players' hearts. They played with freshness and zest, because their points took every time.

This improvement in the attitude of the audience is not, however, entirely due to our sun-warmed temperamental enthusiasm out here, but is partly because the play has been pruned, polished, and considerably altered.

As it now stands, "A Man's World," divested of its original preachiness and talkiness, while not exactly supple and unconscious in its gait, moves with tolerable swiftness and ease to its somewhat unconvincing dénouement. The title makes the nature of the theme apparent: it is the old contention over which women still seethe and boil ineffectually and inconsistently; the injustice of a different standard of morality for men and women. For some inexplicable reason women have a tendency to blame this state of things on the men, forgetting that of all intolerance that of the woman who has only a half knowledge of life is the most extreme. Yet if the power to make the balance exactly even between men and women lay with the latter, would they do it? I doubt it. Women of irregular pasts and culpable presents naturally would; but the woman of conventional tastes, the woman who lays down the canon of social laws, the woman whose say-so really counts, prefers things as they are. She is afraid of her socially independent sister; she doesn't understand her type, and prefers not to have her invading her own precincts. If she is a young maid, she thinks but little on the subject, unless she runs up against a suitor with a siren-hespangled past. If she is a wife, she wants to feel safe about her own little man. If she is a widow she foresees a future annexation that must be protected. In fact, the conventional-minded woman is like the non-public-spirited capitalist, who sometimes talks big, but always consistently looks out for number one.

As for the men, why, they have the point of vantage, and they are naturally going to hold it just as long as they can.

The good old question of preserving intact the family strain, whether with royalties or commoners, has been threshed out often enough and need not be discussed. The whole point seems to be that we are in the grip of a social code that is a part of our civilization. Some one has got to be the victim, and she who represents the physically weaker and handicapped sex naturally is. Sometimes she goes to her grave unknowing. Sometimes she does not discover it until youth has fled. Sometimes she knuckles under, and sometimes she rebels. But she rarely makes a stand. George Eliot was one of the few, the very few who have triumphed over social laws. But because she succeeded in establishing her right to love George Henry Lewes without marriage there were many who reproached her bitterly because, after Lewes's death, she married young Cross. Yet when one reads her biography one realizes her absolute need of congenial companionship, and smiles amusedly at the foolish accuser.

And for that matter, one can often hear women (generally single ones) inveigh bitterly against the widower who remarries, forgetting apparently that, in grasping at his own happiness, he is rounding out some one else's incomplete life.

But, to revert to "A Man's World," Rachel Crothers has evidently wished to present to our view some sort of reflection of the un-

easy revolt against the fixedness of this canon agitating a certain small proportion of self-supporting women of an independent order of mind. Rachel Crothers, however, did not have the courage to make her heroine an erring one. Frank Ware is impeccable, and only unwarranted suspicion stains her white robe. Suspicion is transferred from her to the man she loves, and then, when she learns his guilt, she makes her stand.

It is like dying for a lost cause. In the original version, Miss Crothers brings the lovers together again. I believe the woman is supposed to have a spiritualizing effect upon the man's dominating masculinity. But in this revised form, the play ends sadly; illogically, too, I think. The man gives a man's excuse; the woman he had apparently wronged knew what she was about. He had never been guilty of the dastardly desertion of her in her need that he was accused of, because he had never known she had a child. He is the first love of Frank Ware's life. She is rich in womanliness and strength, and she loves him with the ardor of a strong nature hitherto unawakened.

Yet she lets him go. The audience could scarcely believe their eyes and ears when the curtain fell on their parting. They stood up, hesitated, gazed perplexedly at the stage, at each other. It struck me that it was not the usual desire for a happy ending that affected them, but simply that they felt instinctively the incongruity of the woman's decision as contrasted with the kind of Frank Ware we had hitherto known in the play. In fact, Miss Crothers had pushed the simply human aside, in order to round out her contention, namely, that woman must make a stand in such cases.

Mary Mannering's type is well adapted to the rôle of the woman whose nature is both sweet and strong. She is not a compelling actress, in spite of her experience, and her popularity. She relies too much on technic and too little on natural feeling. Her emotionalism is always rather forced, and, like Blanche Walsh in "The Test," she gave, in the moment of Frank Ware's supreme anguish, an exhibition of emotional acting that was physical, instead of mental, and that reached the nerves instead of the feelings.

But she is still handsome, her crown of hair is beautiful, her voice still retains its caressing inflections, and she still expresses ardent love with that hack-thrown-head attitude that lends itself so admirably to the line of chin and throat.

We have a few glimpses of higher Bohemia in the play, and the types exhibited contain some touches of truth and realism. That of Clara, particularly, the poor, plain little spinster, struggling with an unprofitable talent through a lonely world full of indifferent people. Poor Clara! Another victim. What would her fate be if she had the emancipation she rashly demanded during her burst of revolt against life and its hard conditions? She would perhaps wear the flower of love a little, little while, and then no more. Alas! There have to be dull Claras in the world to serve as a foil to beauty and bright pleasure.

Helen Ormshee gave this rather pathetic little character sketch with intelligence, and her suppressed hysteria was true to life.

Ann Crewe, as the showy Leona, embittered by jealousy, had such effective lines and projected their sentiment so completely across the footlights that in spite of some incongruities in physical representation she won the favor of her audience.

Alphonz Ethier played the rôle of Frank's wooer, Malcolm Gaskell, a man who stands for sheer selfish, demanding masculine force. He did it, on the whole, very well, as the character is not embellished with any of those softer graces that win favor, and he did successfully convey the idea of the average sensual man who loves with his senses, and wins by appealing to that which is universal in man and woman.

A very good contrast is made in the pure, protecting, unselfish love of Fritz, who is very sympathetically impersonated by Charles Wynate.

Two minor male characters are cleverly individualized by Messrs. Berthelet and Bogel, although the author rather crippled her conception of the Frenchman's character by eliminating too many of his lines. He is trying to make clear his idea of the greater moral grandeur of the woman who, having once broken the moral law, has proudly risen superior to the weakness that betrayed her. But again Miss Crothers became faint-hearted and cut out much of his original lines, and his thought is only half expressed.

The ever popular figure of childhood is a softening element in a play, which players always insist on by too much embracing. If children were as often and as ardently embraced in real life as they are in stage life their young diaphragms would be permanently out of repair. The pretty little midget who played "Kiddie" is a miracle of distinctness, and acts his part out commendably.

The play as a whole is fairly interesting—less so, it seems to me, than Rachel Crothers's other plays—fairly bright in dialogue, and has plenty of action and plot. Its defect is the lack of spontaneity of action.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The management of the Columbia Theatre announces that Charles Frohman's great production of the melodious "The Dollar Princess" will remain the attraction at that playhouse for a third and last week, commencing with this Sunday night, January 8. Large audiences have attended the performances of the piece, already given, and the advance sale of seats for the remaining presentations is already so big as to presage the complete selling out of the seating capacity at all times during the engagement. From a musical standpoint "The Dollar Princess" surpasses any work brought West in a long time. The company, headed by Daphne Glennie and Franklin Farnum, is all that could be desired and individual success has been achieved in many instances. "The Dollar Princess" will be seen for the last time on Saturday night, January 14. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Mary Mannering will make her last appearance at the Savoy Theatre in "A Man's World" this Saturday evening, and on Sunday "The Nigger," Edward Sheldon's much-discussed play, dealing with the Southern race problem, will begin an engagement limited to eight nights. There are fourteen distinct characters in "The Nigger," and every part in the play is said to be of vital importance in developing the story. The central character, played by that great San Francisco favorite, Thurlow Bergen, is that of Philip Morrow, first the sheriff of his county and then the governor of his State, whose career as a white man is blasted by the discovery that he has colored blood in his veins, forced upon him by a distiller, Clifton Noyes, because of his refusal to veto a prohibition bill passed by the legislature. George Barhier plays the rôle of Noyes, and gives it an importance, it is said, second only to that of the "nigger." The rôle of Georgiana Byrd, Morrow's sweetheart, whom he first insists on marrying but relinquishes when he realizes that social ostracism must accompany his new condition, is in the hands of Miss Florence Roberts, who will undoubtedly receive an ovation on her appearance Sunday evening. The company provided by William A. Brady is said to be exceptionally strong in every particular, while the scenic investiture is described as both beautiful and true to the Southern locale of the story. Edward Sheldon's first play, "Salvation Nell," created a profound sensation here, and "The Nigger" is said to be even more absorbingly interesting.

Alice Lloyd continues to be the theatrical sensation of the week. No greater favorite has ever appeared at the Orpheum, and she is received at every performance with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. For next week, which will most positively be her last, Miss Lloyd promises a new repertory of songs. The entire programme for the coming week will be particularly attractive. Among the new acts will be Joseph Hart's "Bathing Girls," a pretentious girl review. It is perhaps the most novel and diverting series of musical specialties the ingenious Mr. Hart has evolved. The six scenes in it include a view of Madison Square Garden, the New York Roof Garden, an artist's studio, the beach at Long Branch, and an actual surf scene which proves a sensation. The cast of the "Bathing Girls" consists of Glenwood White, Albertine Benson, Fleurette De Mar, Nettie Uart, Majorie Mack, Anna Hall, May Fitzgerald, and Sylvia Lati. Bonita, one of the most popular and celebrated of musical comedy prima donnas, who is playing a brief engagement in vaudeville, will appear in a condensed musical comedy, "The Real Girl," which is a happy combination of melody and comedy. She will be supported by Lew Hearn and company. The Hanlon Brothers, erstwhile stars of "Superba" and "Fantasma," and other extravaganzas, will be included in the new bill. These famous brothers have invented more ingenious comedy effects than any other Pierrots. For their engagement here they will present a farcical pantomime which they call "Just-Phor-Phun," which abounds in agile comedy and originality. Elise, Wulff, and Waldo, a trio of German acrobats and comedians who are a novelty in their line, will introduce many novel feats and a finale which will prove a great surprise. Hibbert and Warren, two unique minstrels, will provide a pastime which they call "Colored but not Born That Way." "A Night in a Monkey Music Hall," presented by Maud Roche, will return for next week only. Next week will also be the last of the famous minstrel comedian, Lew Sully, who has set the town in a roar with his amusing burlesques of Alice Lloyd.

"The Traveling Salesman," James Forbes's comedy, based on the life of "the man of the grip," will play a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre commencing Monday night, January 16. The cast will be a particularly strong one.

Miss Maxine Elliott, who enjoys the distinction of being America's only actress manager, will follow "The Nigger" at the Savoy Theatre, presenting "The Inferior Sex," the

jolly nautical comedy in which she led to success in a spanking breeze during a long run at Daly's Theatre, New York, last season.

One of the big attractions for this city next month is Charles Frohman's production of "The Arcadians." All the principals of the London cast have been brought over for the American tour.

At the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on Monday evening of last week, after the presentation of Gluck's opera "Orfeo," the Russian dancers who were here recently made their reappearance and created the same sensation that accompanied their first introduction to a Manhattan audience. The "Bacchanale" dance is still considered the greatest achievement in their remarkable repertory.

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VANITY FAIR.

Chicago is to be saved regardless of cost. On the last day of the old year a thousand stalwart Gideons swooped down upon the hotels of the windy city bearing ominous packages. But they did not contain bombs; only Bibles. Each Gideonite carried six, and the volumes were handed in to the hotel clerks with a request that they be placed in the bedrooms, unchained, for all to read who wished. The Bible has invaded the hotel before. Whoso has traveled much in England will remember having hit upon many hostleries where a copy of the word of life lay upon the dressing-table, and in such apartments it is usual also to find the wall decorated with text leaflets suspended from a roller. If the traveler taxes his memory still further, he will recall that the hotels where Bibles and wall-texts are most plentiful are just those establishments which disprove the adage that cleanliness is next to godliness. It is to be hoped that Chicago will not furnish another illustration of that inconsistency, but in any case it might be advisable to equip each Bible-furnished bedroom with a corkscrew.

From the vantage-ground of New York a note-taking Britisher undertakes to dispel some of the illusions nourished by his countrymen about things American. He is specially explicit about the customs of the court of my Lady Nicotine. As thus:

"Men in this country have their code of social right and wrong, and it finds a curious expression in rules as to pipe-smoking. I shall never forget how, soon after my arrival, I sought out Fifth Avenue and innocently smoked my pipe for half the length of it. During the other half the pipe lay concealed in my pocket; so many disapproving eyes had been directed my way, and I could not find another pipe to keep it company.

"I thought probably pipes were taboo for outside use, so when I sat down in the New York Athletic Club to write a few letters I withdrew my briar from its hiding place, only to find that neither members nor guests were allowed to use pipes. The American man began to appear in a new light. He had frowned on my gaucherie for sinning on Fifth Avenue, and now he warns me, with delicacy, too, that I am a social criminal if—in a man's club, remember—I dare to foul the air with the fumes from an old briar.

"I became quite interested in the problem, and found that in the University Club the pipe-smoker was banished to a 'pipe-room.' For the life of me I do not know what the meerschmum and the briar have done to merit this legislation, but it shows an unexpected fastidiousness, and I hereby warn all pipe-lovers that if they wish to save their souls in America they must not be seen outside with a much-loved mouthpiece."

A more comprehensive view of American social manners and customs is offered the world by Katherine Busbey, who owns to a New England descent. In turning the spotlight onto the ways of Washington she reveals more than the tribulations of the society reporter on a newspaper at the capital, even though postulating that her daily mail rivals that of the Secretary of State. The society reporter, it appears, has cards for teas and receptions of every description, where it is hoped the hostess's manner and frock will not escape her attention, and she receives by post all sorts of stories about the affairs of those who wish to spread the idea abroad that they, too, are among the shining ones in the social life of the capital. There is really not much difference between the real article and the climber as far as the ease with which the society reporter gets her copy is concerned, for those who are sought are just as eager to contribute as those who blow their horn unurged, so that the melange in the two or three columns in a Washington daily devoted to social news in the height of a season is wonderful to behold. The climbers who have money, and the back-street hostesses who have only ambition—to put it politely—have their lists of "among the invited" sandwiched between an account of a White House musicale and a dinner at the British embassy. The wife of an attaché at one of the foreign embassies discovers that social heralding is free in the United States and the announcements of her "house-guests"; her own out-of-town visits and her return therefrom; her influenza; her recovery and fresh plunge into the social whirl; her frocks and her hospitality, appear with mysterious accuracy and promptness in these social columns. One would think the society reporter a most impertinent, curious individual, if one did not know that she is more often a phonograph than an investigator.

Woman as the destroyer, and love as the poison of life—these were the themes dilated upon in stentorian tones by the apostle of the "Futurists" the other day. He denounced the place of woman in history, and the evil blight of "romantic love" of which she has been the object throughout the centuries. That romantic love had been the poison in

which all the vice of men had been bred. The woman of beauty with her amorous desires, her erotic nature, her utter selfishness, her cruelty, her greed, her frailty, had been like the infamous woman of the Bible of whom young men were bidden to beware. Her snakelike coils have crushed and checked the noblest ideals of man. "We must get rid of this infamous womanhood," he shouted by way of climax. Now the curious thing about this diatribe is that it was delivered to women, daintily gowned, pretty women, who only "smiled." And it was still with a smile that they heard the new John the Baptist express his hope that the day would come when it would be possible to continue the human race by "mechanical means." Well might they smile; not a daughter of Eve in the crowd that did not realize that, given the suitable environment, she could twist the prophet round her little finger.

Really, all these voices crying in the wilderness come a little late. And they do take themselves so seriously and imagine they are the first in the field. If only they would read Lecky they would discover that many centuries ago there were stern moralists who were never happy save when they were singling out some new form of luxury, or some trivial custom, for their extravagant denunciation. Thus Juvenal exhausts his vocabulary of invective in denouncing the atrocious criminality of a certain noble, who in the very year of his consulship did not hesitate—not, it is true, by day, but at least by the sight of the moon and of the stars—with his own hand to drive his own chariot along the public road. Evidently the noble did not possess the union label. Then there was Seneca, who was scarcely less scandalized by the atrocious and, as he thought, unnatural luxury of those who had adopted the custom of cooling different beverages by mixing them with snow. Pliny assures us that the most monstrous of all criminals was the man who first devised the luxurious custom of wearing golden rings. Apuleius was compelled to defend himself for having eulogized tooth-powder, and he did so, among other ways, by arguing that nature has justified this form of propriety, for crocodiles were known periodically to leave the waters of the Nile, and to lie with open jaws upon the banks, while a certain bird proceeds with its beak to clean their teeth. If we were to measure the criminality of different customs by the vehemence of the patristic denunciations, we might almost conclude that the most atrocious offense of their day was the custom of wearing false hair, or dyeing natural hair. Clement of Alexandria questioned whether the validity of certain ecclesiastical ceremonies might not be affected by wigs; for, he asked, when the priest is placing his hand on the head of the person who kneels before him, if that hand is resting upon false hair, who is it he is really blessing? Tertullian shuddered at the thought that Christians might have the hair of those who were in hell upon their heads, and he found in the tiers of false hair that were in use a distinct rebellion against the assertion that no one can add to his stature, and, in the custom of dyeing the hair, a contravention of the declaration that man can not make one hair white or black.

Who that knows aught of France is unacquainted with the café concert, its foolishness and its charm, where stupid songs are sung by ill-paid artists, and where geniuses are born and flourish, as in the case of Yvette Guilbert? They are of all grades, from the flashy affairs of Paris with their high-sounding names, to the obscure, dim little places in the provinces, where the piano and the voices are both in a state of decay. As an almost invariable rule the words sung at those concerts are idiotic, but the music is often of a high and delicious quality. Why are they so popular? According to one analyst the cause is to be found in the "crowded existence of the average Parisian day" which makes it impossible for the pleasure-seeker to arrive at the theatre in time to enjoy the whole performance. Hence the convenience of the café concert, which can be visited with little preparation and at any hour. But is that the whole truth? Hardly. It is nearer the mark to find the explanation in the fact that the café concert gives greater opportunity for the delicate art of flirtation than the theatre. Perhaps the same might be said for the German beer-garden if any one had the courage to charge Hans with indulging in such a frivolous occupation as flirting.

These are sad days for the old aristocrats. It is all owing to the democratizing of society, which is said to be proceeding at a fearful pace in England and other old-world countries. The new state of things does not much affect the richer members of the old aristocracy; it is the poorer members who find themselves in difficulties. Their purses will not expand to meet the new demands which are made on them, they can not compete with the new members of society either with regard to their clothes, their cooks, or their carriages. They see hosts of strangers in Paris clothes and priceless jewels crowding the

doors and blocking the staircases of houses which used to be full of familiar faces, and where every other guest was a near relative. The style of living to which they have always been accustomed, and which they were wont to think adequate and dignified, suddenly seems old-fashioned, restricted, even a little sordid. While admitting that perhaps the new state of things had to come, there are some who feel it is a pity the old aristocracy have surrendered so quickly and completely. And they take some consolation in the thought that if the effect of democracy on society has been to make it more gorgeous, it has also made it infinitely more dull.

If any American descendant of an old English ancestral line is thinking of urging his right to carry a banner at King George's coronation in Westminster Abbey, or believes it is his special prerogative to support the monarch's right hand while he is holding his sceptre, or carry a cushion, or hand out the programmes, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace. For the Court of Claims is now in session, and it's a case of table your claims at once or have them usurped by some one else. It seems that the claims are coming in thick and fast, so that everything promises to be carried out in due form and order in the abbey next June. Peers and peeresses have already received instructions as to what they may and may not wear on the occasion. The details for the mere men are simple and brief. They are to wear full court dress or uniform and over all to sport their robes of crimson velvet, "the cape furred with miniver pure, and powdered with bars or rows of ermine, according to their degree." The quicksighted will be able to distinguish a baron from a viscount, or an earl from a marquis or a duke with as much certainty as though deeply read in Debrett. For barons are allowed only two rows of ermine, viscounts two rows and a half, earls three rows, marquises three and a half, and dukes four. If that sign should fail, count the balls on the coronets: six for a baron, sixteen for a viscount, and so on. The duke, of course,

must have his strawberry leaves, eight in all. Before the instructions for peeresses, the male mind reels in bewilderment, but it may be noted that the ladies are informed that "jewels may be worn." And also that kirtles used at the previous coronation may be utilized at the forthcoming ceremony. Which looks like providing provocation for such remarks as, "How well you have preserved your 1902 kirtle, dear!"

A society "for the protection of Islam" recently published an appeal to the Turkish women, which, as a sort of reflector, shows what a great change is going on among the women in Constantinople.

"If you wish to be true to the Islam," says the appeal, "you must not show your naked face to the believers and unbelievers while you walk through the streets, as you, to the shame and sorrow of all true believers, do now; nor ought you to continue to show your naked arms up to the elbow as you do now! It is generally observed that when you enter a shop you tarry there for a very long time enjoying yourselves among the many-colored textiles as if you were in a garden full of flowers.

"What is still worse, you chat with the shopkeepers as if they were relations, except from them many a *filjean* (cup without handle) of coffee, *rahatlokoum* (Turkish delight), *shekerlehmes* (bonbons), and even small glasses of different sorts of liquor! We call on you to give up such detestable habits, and to return to the modesty and simplicity of the women of the true faith!"

It appears from this that the Turkish women applied the new era of liberty to show the world outside their harems their pretty faces and arms and to break the monotony and the tediousness of their lives by frequent and lengthy visits to the fashionable shops. It seems also that the Stamboul emporiums offer their fair clients refreshments free of charge. At the same time it is evident that the religion loses its hold on women in Turkey, whereas in western Europe it has lost its hold on men only.

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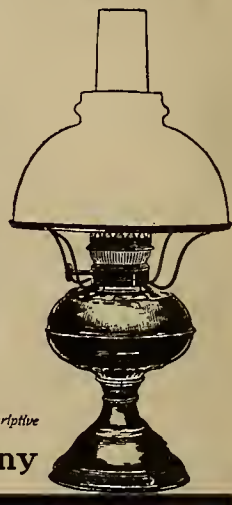
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The descriptive reporter of a certain daily paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

He was a very quiet boy, of a studious turn of mind, and that was probably why his fond parents apprenticed him to a naturalist. In his new sphere he was willing enough, but painfully slow. After giving the canary seed, a job that occupied two hours, he said: "What will I do now?" "Well," replied his master, reflectively, "I think you may take the tortoise out for a run."

When Fénelon was almoner to Louis XIV, his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and the priest. "What is the meaning of this?" said the king. "I caused it to be given out," replied the prelate, "that your majesty did not attend chapel today, that you might see who it was that came here to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

The new maid seemed eminently satisfactory, but the mistress of the house thought a few words of advice would be just as well. "And remember," she concluded, "that I expect you to be very reticent about what you hear when you are waiting at table." "Certainly, madam, certainly," replied the treasure. But then her face lit up with an innocent curiosity. "May I ask, madam, if there will be much to be reticent about?"

The proposed appointment of a coal officer for the London county council recalls the experience of a canvasser who was doing his best to win over a lady to the interest of the progressive candidate. Among other good works of the council in the cause of the people he mentioned the protection it gave to purchasers of coal by appointing inspectors to see that just weight was given by the street vendors. "And well I know it," screamed the lady, "they have ruined my poor father!" who had been a coal merchant.

Two women came before a certain magistrate with a fat pullet, each declaring that it belonged to herself. The magistrate from his high seat frowned heavily at the first woman. "Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Jones?" he asked her. "No, indeed, it doesn't, sir," she replied. Then he turned to the other woman. "Does this pullet belong to Mrs. Smith?" "It certainly does not," she replied. "The pullet," the magistrate then decreed, "does not belong to Mrs. Jones nor does it belong to Mrs. Smith. The pullet is mine. Take it round to the house and give it to my cook."

A distinguished Irish prelate was by nature a very keen sportsman, and though he never allowed his tastes in this direction to interfere with his many duties, there was nothing he enjoyed more than a day's shooting. On one of these occasions he was met by an old lady, who strongly disapproved of any member of the clerical profession, and especially one of the heads of the church, indulging in such pursuits. "I have never read in the Bible that any of the apostles went out shooting, my lord," she observed, severely. "Well, you see," returned his lordship, cheerfully, "all their spare time they spent out fishing."

Harvey W. Wiley, the government's brilliant food expert, was talking about a notorious case of food adulteration. "The morals of these people," he said. "It is incredible. But I know a little boy who will grow up and join them some day. I was walking one morning in a meadow when I saw this little boy gathering mushrooms. 'Have you had good luck?' I asked. 'Fair,' he answered, showing me his basket. But I gave a cry of alarm. 'Why, my lad,' I said, 'those are toadstools you've got. They're poison, deadly poison.' He tipped me a reassuring wink. 'Oh, they aint for eatin', sir,' he said; 'they're for sale.'"

Over the dessert a magazine editor reproached the author for the dreadful way he roasts the morals and manners of our millionaires in "The Jolly Corner." The author said they deserved roasting—and to prove it he told a story. He said a New York multimillionaire got converted one night at a revival meeting, and, standing up in his place, the rich convert declared that his conversion was retroactive, and he proposed to make restitution to any one he had ever wronged. Well, about two o'clock that morning the millionaire was awakened by a long ring at the bell. He put his head out of the window. "Who's that?" he said. "I am Thomas J. Griggs," was the reply. "I heard about your conversion and I'd like you to pay me back

\$200,000 you cheated me out of in the U. B. D. receivership." "All right, I'll pay you," said the millionaire. "But why the deuce," he added angrily, "do you want to ring me up at this hour?" "Well, you see," was the reply, "I thought I'd come early and avoid the rush."

One morning last summer President Taft, wearing the largest bathing suit known to modern times, threw his substantial and ponderous form into the cooling waves of Beverly Bay. That afternoon a newspaper correspondent sent the following to his paper: "There was mighty little swimming along the north shore today. The President was using the ocean."

The preacher had been eloquent in his remarks concerning the young girl over whose remains the funeral services were being held. Tears were in the eyes of all present. Even the speaker's voice trembled with the force of his emotion. He concluded his sermon with this outburst: "Can any one doubt that this fair, fragile flower has been transplanted to the hothouse of the Lord?"

The hour was one a. m. Inside the dimly lighted hallway stood Mrs. Dorkins with a grim smile on her face. The front door was bolted. "John," she said, in cutting accents, "you have been dissipating at the club again!" "Maria," spoke a voice outside, rapidly, clearly, and distinctly, "he blew lugubriously on the blooming bugle!" Instantly she unfastened and opened the door. Mr. Dorkins had not been dissipating.

A Detroit millionaire gave his little daughter, on Christmas, a superb doll's house—a doll's house lighted with electricity, that had baths and a garage and even, in one corner of its garage, a tiny doll monoplane. "Well, my dear, do you like your new doll's house?" the little girl's father asked her one day during Christmas week. "Oh, yes, papa; tremendously," she replied. "But I've let it furnished to Cousin Angela for \$10 a month."

A fashionably dressed young woman entered the postoffice in a large Western city, hesitated a moment, and stepped up to the stamp window. The stamp clerk looked up expectantly, and she asked: "Do you sell stamps here?" The clerk politely answered, "Yes." "I would like to see some, please," was the unusual request. The clerk dazedly handed out a large sheet of the two-cent variety, which the young woman carefully examined. Pointing to one near the centre, she said, "I will take this one, please."

This is an extract from the diary of the little heroine in Kate Trible Sharber's story, "The Annals of Ann," which proves the sharpness of youthful observation: "No matter how fine a doctor a lady's husband is she is never permitted to mention it to her friends, for this is called 'unethical.' But if she's expecting company of an afternoon she can happen to have a bottle with a queer thing inside setting on the mantelpiece, and when the company asks what on earth the thing is she can say, 'For goodness' sake! My husband must have forgotten that. Why that's Senator Himuck's appendix!'"

In Kentucky is a quaint character named Ezekiel Hopkins, who once gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken railway line and warning an excursion train in time to save disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch. The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave bow, said: "Mr. Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Kentucky that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with this watch, which they trust will ever remind you of their undying friendship." Without the least emotion, Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsome case, turned it over and over in his wrinkled hand, and finally asked, "War's the chain?"

A pretty schoolma'am once taught school in a Long Island village. All the young fellows for miles around were mad about her, but the schoolma'am was proud, and none of the boys seemed to stand the ghost of a chance. Young Jim Brown, the judge's son, was the best-looking chap in town, and probably loved the schoolma'am more than any of her other swains, but he never had the pluck to declare himself. One day the schoolma'am being away on a visit in New York State, Jim asked advice of the editor. The editor said: "Take the bull by the horns and insert an announcement of your forthcoming marriage in my society column. It will cost you only 50 cents." So Jim inserted an announcement to the effect that the schoolma'am and he would be married the next month and would spend their honeymoon at Atlantic City. A short time after this announcement appeared the schoolma'am came back home. Jim heard on all sides how furious she was. For several days he kept away from her. Then, one afternoon, as she was coming home

from school, he ran plump into her in the lane. She let him know at once what she thought of him and his outrageous conduct. She stormed and raged and her pretty eyes flashed fire. Jim stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally he blurted out: "Well, if you don't like it I can have the announcement contradicted." "Oh, bother it," said the schoolma'am, "it's too late now."

One of the cleverest bits of electioneering dodgery was devised by an agent who had been forbidden to corrupt the electors. He called a meeting and attended with his pockets full of gold. "I have to inform you, gentlemen," he began, "that there is to be no bribery on our side during this election. (Hear, hear.) For my part I do not intend to give away a penny piece. (Uneasy silence.) But I am afraid there are some d—d rascals in this room, and that presently they will lay me on the table and take 500 sovereigns out of my pockets." The next few minutes he spent upon the table.

Governor Martin F. Ansel, of South Carolina, and Governor W. W. Kitchen, of North Carolina, recently met at Louisville, Kentucky, and issued the following joint statement: "It has been the legend that the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina: 'It is a long time between drinks.' No such statement was ever made. The facts as told by an eyewitness of that famous meeting brand the whole story as a fabrication. This is what really happened: The governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina: 'Remember the fate of Montgomery?' 'Well, who in h— was Montgomery?' asked the governor of South Carolina. 'He was the man who died between drinks,' replied the governor of North Carolina."

THE MERRY MUSE.

At Table d'Hôte.

If you can't pronounce the name
Of the entree or the joint,
As your French is rather lame,
Point! —La Touche Hancock.

Vehicles.

It's Christmas, then it's New Year Day
So toss away the flagon;
One week it's good old Santa's sleigh,
And the next the water-wagon.
—New Orleans Picayune.

He Guessed.

Their love is now a turned-down page,
'Tis finished—close the lid;
She bantered him to guess her age,
And he did, the chump! He did!
—Boston Traveler.

A Sequestered Rosary.

The hours I spent with you, dear heart,
Were like a string of pearls to me
That's corralled by the Custom House
And made to pay the duty—see?
—Town Topics.

Killed by Kindness.

Once I had a little dog, little dog had fleas,
In addition to the fleas, he had a cheerful mind;
Fido wasn't hard to keep, wasn't hard to please—
Always wagged his tail, although a can might hang behind.
Fifty cents would represent much more than he was worth—
Barring fleas, though, Fido didn't have a care on earth.

In a burst of tenderness, once upon a time,
Recklessly I bought some powder for the insect pests;
Sprinkled it upon him—well, it only cost a dime;
Here, beneath this withered grass, faithful Fido rests!
Happy little Fido—how could anybody guess,
When the fleas deserted him he'd die of loneliness?
—Boston Traveler.

Lyrics of a Lonesome Lad.

Girls in the Subway and girls on the street,
Girls that are stunners and girls that are sweet,
Girls that are stately or small and petite—
Millions of girls—that I never will meet.
Clerks and stenographers—pleasant to view,—
Milliners, hairdressers, actresses too,
Nurses and maîtres—ah, what a crew! —
Millions of girls,—yet I'm girlless and blue!
Somehow it seems to me cruel and wrong,
Seeing so many of them in a throng,
Making me feel "Well, I'd like to belong."
Knowing I can't, though the yearning is strong.
Gee! but it makes me so lorn and alone
Thinking of all those girlies unknown,
Nary a one can I call on or phone—
Millions of girls—and I've none of my own!

Peaches who pass me by thousands each day,
Pippins who give me the visage glaucé,
Queens I could love if I just had my way,
Millions of girls—but the Fates chuckle "Nay!"
—Berton Bracey, in Puck.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The current week has been a gay one socially, as the calendar has been well filled with large and brilliant affairs that have occupied the attention of all the different sets in society. The New Year holiday was made the occasion of a number of pretentious affairs as well as of the usual number of small informal gatherings that always mark this season.

At the Presidio and at Fort Mason large official receptions, presided over respectively by Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen and General and Mrs. Tasker Bliss, were attended by the service set from all the posts about the bay.

The Barron ball, at which Miss Evelyn Barron was introduced to society, the Crocker dance at the Palace Hotel on New Year's Eve, and the fancy dress ball given by Mrs. George Boardman for her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, furnished pleasure for the younger dancing set, and the Christmas dance of the Neighborhood Club was designed for the entertainment of those of mature years.

Three notable engagements also have served to interest society—those of Miss Margaret Calhoun and Mr. Paul Foster, Miss Marian Lally and Mr. Louis Durkee, and Miss Katherine Pennell and Mr. Arthur Renton.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Margaret Calhoun, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, to Mr. Paul Foster, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thornton Lally have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian Lally, to Mr. Louis Durkee, of London. No definite date has as yet been named for the wedding, but it will probably take place after Easter.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Katherine Pennell and Mr. Arthur Renton. The bride-elect is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Pennell of Berkeley. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson announced the engagement this week of their daughter, Miss Maud Wilson, and Mr. Effingham Sutton of Berkeley. The announcement was made at the tea given in Miss Wilson's honor by Miss Louise McCormick on Saturday.

The wedding of Mrs. Jane Masten Ewell and Captain Thomas J. Powers, U. S. A., took place quietly on Monday. They will spend their honeymoon in New York and sail later for Manila.

Mrs. Edward Barron introduced her daughter Evelyn formally to society at a handsome ball on Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, at which she entertained several hundred guests. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ward Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Miss Evelyn Barron.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained at a dance at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening for their son, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., who is spending his holidays with his parents in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Gartenlaub entertained at a dinner at their home on Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlaacks, who have come here recently from Denver to make their home. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Shottwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plum.

Miss Florence Cluff entertained at a bridge party at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin.

The hop at the Presidio on Friday evening was given in the Officers' Club, which was gayly decorated with holly and mistletoe for the occasion. Those in the receiving party were Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, Colonel and Mrs. Charles Chubb, Major and Mrs. Gaston, and Major and Mrs. Edward Millar.

Miss Louise McCormick gave a tea on Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Maud Wilson. Those who assisted the hostess in receiving were Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Joy Wilson, and Miss Dorothy Woodworth.

Miss Gertrude Thomas was the guest of honor at a theatre party on Wednesday evening, given by Mr. E. M. Greenway. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Thomas, Miss Marian Miller, Mr. Bernard Ford, and Mr. George Willcutt.

Miss Constance McLaren was the complimented guest at a dinner and theatre party given on Wednesday evening by Mr. Harvey Wright and Mr. Edgerton Wright. Mrs. Norman McLaren chaperoned the party, which included Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Fredericka Otis, Miss Grace Town, Mr. Cordova de Garmendia, Mr. Gould Witter, Mr. Maurice Dore, and Mr. Loyall McLaren.

Miss Dora Winn was a dinner hostess preceding the Barron ball on Friday evening. She entertained at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. George Boardman, on California Street. Her guests included Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Louise McCormick, Mr. Harry Brett, Mr. Samuel Hamilton, Lieutenant McChord, Paymaster Skipworth, and Lieutenant Pegram.

Miss Helene Irwin was the complimented guest at Miss Florence Hopkins's dinner on Friday night. The guests included those who will compose the bridal party at the Crocker-Whitcomb wedding next month. They were Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Marion Newhall, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. Arthur Chesbrough, and Mr. Stewart Lowery.

Miss Merritt Reid's dinner on Friday evening was complimentary to Miss Marie Louise Elkins, and took place at the home of the hostess. The guests were Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka

Otis, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Jane Selby, Mr. Herbert Payne, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Felton Elkins, Mr. Judson Nickel, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Platt Kent, Mr. Paul Jones, Mr. Charles Pringle, Mr. Eyrre Pinckard, and Baron Henry von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Vandylin Stowe entertained at a dancing party on Monday evening at their home on Broadway, in honor of their son, Mr. Ashley Stowe, who is home for his Christmas holidays.

Miss Jennie Stone entertained at tea on Saturday in honor of her niece, Miss Harriet Stone. Among those present were Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Dunn, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Herbert Schmidt, Mr. Hillyer Deuprey, Mr. John Gallois, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Melville Bowman, Mr. John McMullen, Mr. Jack Geary, and Mr. George Willcutt.

Miss Jeanette Hooper was hostess at a luncheon followed by bridge and an informal tea on Friday in honor of Miss Lucy Stebbins. Among those at the luncheon were Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Joseph Thomas, Mrs. Oscar Beatty, Mrs. William Olney, Miss Annette Edwards, Miss Dorothy Greaves, and Miss Lucy Stebbins.

Mrs. Walter Greer was the hostess at a tea at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, on Wednesday.

The Christmas dance of the Neighborhood Club took place at the Arts and Crafts Building on Presidio Avenue. Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. A. D. Bullard and Mrs. J. K. Wilson.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller entertained at their home on Pacific Avenue on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. William Ashe and her fiancé, Mr. Walter H. Seymour.

Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald and Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis entertained at a bridge party at the Century Club on Saturday.

Mrs. William Tevis entertained a party of guests at dinner at the Fairmont Hotel and with them attended the Cinderella ball on Friday, January 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe were dinner hosts at the Fairmont Hotel preceding the Cinderella ball on Friday, January 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Smith presided at a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Friday in honor of Baron and Baroness von Turcke, who are here from Germany visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Okell, Dr. Millicent Cosgrave, Miss Erna St. Goar, Mr. Charles Kloerber, and Dr. Arnold Genthe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles St. John Chubb entertained at a reception at their quarters at the Presidio on New Year's Eve, at which several hundred guests were present.

Mr. James D. Phelan was host at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, prior to her departure for New York on Thursday. His other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, and Mr. Thomas Magee.

Mrs. Edward McCutcheon entertained at an informal reception on New Year's Day, at which she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Miss Sara Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained on New Year's Day at their suite at the Palace Hotel. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Edith Coleman, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Sterling Postley, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Mr. Walter Hobart, Lieutenant MacIntyre, Mr. Cordova de Garmendia, Mr. William Derry, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Harry Cuthbertson.

Mrs. Russell Selfridge entertained one hundred guests at a tea which she gave on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Charles Schoonmaker, who has just returned from abroad.

Miss Grace Gibson was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Wednesday.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Dr. Rupert Blue entertained at a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Thursday night in honor of Mrs. Frances Stewart and her fiancé, Mr. Clifford Cook.

Herman Brandt, formerly of San Francisco, one of the best-known violinists in the country and a composer, died last week at his home in New York of pneumonia. He was known in musical circles to the Coast and had been a member of the most prominent orchestras in the United States. For a number of years he was first violinist in Thomas's Orchestra in Chicago and conducted in San Francisco the Brandt String Quartet, regarded by musical critics as one of the best string orchestras ever formed in this country. Fifteen years ago he went to New York from the Coast, and since then has played first violin in the Philharmonic Orchestra.

The Belgian Benevolent Society of San Francisco, an institution of great usefulness, has just paid its first president, Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman, honorary consul for Belgium, now retired from active service in the society, a unique compliment. By unanimous vote it has elected him its "honorary president for life as a token of high consideration and esteem," and in recognition of "good work done to our countrymen in need" and for "charity without ostentation."

The Comédie Française is running short of dramatic material. Only forty plays have been submitted this year, the usual number being one hundred or more. Out of the number only four have any merit, and it is doubtful if they will be accepted.

A glass or two of choice Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO (red or white) will be enjoyed with your meals these brisk January days.

The Kocian Concerts.

Jaroslav Kocian, the Bohemian violin virtuoso, and one of the most important masters of that difficult instrument before the public, is announced by Manager Greenbaum for three concerts at Christian Science Hall, assisted by Maurice Eisner, a young American pianist, who will act as accompanist as well as soloist.

Kocian is one of those players who reach both the head and heart, and as it is quite a while since we have heard a great violinist the Kocian concerts will be more than welcome.

The opening concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 15, when the new concerto by D'Ambrosio, one of the younger Italian masters, will be given for the first time in this city. Other interesting works will be two Bach numbers, "Zephyr" by Hubay, "Adagio" by Ries, "Humoresque" by Kocian, and Paganini's tremendously difficult "I Palpitanti." Mr. Eisner's numbers will be "Sarabande" and "Rigaudon" by Rameau, arranged by Godowsky; "Nocturne," Op. 15, No. 2, Chopin, and an Etude by MacDowell.

The second concert will be given Thursday evening, January 19, with an entirely different programme, and the farewell programme is announced for Sunday afternoon, January 22.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday, January 12, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Kocian will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, January 20, at 3:30.

The Gerville-Reache Concerts.

Mme. Gerville-Reache, one of the greatest artists now before the public and the possessor of what is probably the most beautiful contralto voice in the world, will give her second concert at Christian Science Hall this Sunday afternoon, January 8, at 2:30, when she will offer a programme of rare interest and novelty.

The operatic numbers will include the "Air de Lia" from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," and the "Air du Tigre" from Masse's "Paul and Virginia," both new to our music lovers, besides "Stride la Vampa" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore," and "Les Stances" from Gounod's "Sapho."

The songs will include Schumann's "In der Fremde," Schubert's "Erl King," "Addio" by Parelli, "Plaisir d'Amour" by Martini, "Pensee d'Automne" by Massenet, "Desolation" by Mas Guss, "At Twilight" by De Koven, and "Love Is a Bubble" by Allitsen.

The final concert is scheduled for Tuesday night, January 10, when another splendid offering is promised.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

On Sunday the box-office will be open after ten a. m. at Christian Science Hall, and 'phone orders will receive courteous attention.

Gerville-Reache will repeat her great opening night programme for the music lovers of Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Wednesday afternoon, January 11, at 3:30. For this event seats will be ready Monday at Ye Liberty box-office.

Pepito Arriola.

Four years ago the critics of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London were astounded at the marvelous performances of Pepito Arriola, a nine-year-old Spanish lad, who appeared with the great symphony orchestras, playing the standard concertos and also giving recital programmes such as artists like Paderewski, Hoffman, or Rosenthal might offer. Since then the lad has appeared in nearly every country of Europe, and everywhere has won the hearts of both the critics and the public not only by his masterly and original interpretations, but by his charm of manner and personality as well. He has been called the "reincarnation of Mozart," the "wonder of wonders," and similar titles, but putting all these aside the fact remains that this lad, now twelve years of age, is a master of the piano and a true musical genius.

Manager Greenbaum announces three recitals by this lad at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Tuesday and Thursday nights, January 24 and 26, and Sunday afternoon, January 29.

In Oakland Arriola will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, January 27.

It is most likely that this marvelous lad will be the real musical sensation of the season.

For the last week of their engagement at the Broadway Theatre in New York, and the closing week of the year, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe produced seven Shakespeare plays—"The Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Twelfth Night." During the month that the two stars have been playing Shakespeare at the Broadway Theatre the audiences have filled the house at every performance, and the engagement has been a remarkably profitable one from the box-office point of view. Shakespeare does not yet "spell ruin."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. and Mrs. Paoli de Vecchi, who are now making their home in New York, celebrated their silver wedding last week at a dinner at the Wolcott. Among their guests from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss.

Miss Enid Gregg will arrive this week from Honolulu, where she has spent the past month.

Mrs. William Miller Graham left for the East a few days ago, but will return in about three weeks to her home at Santa Barbara. Later she will go abroad for the season in London.

Mrs. Sterling Postley, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Edith Cooke, and her brother, Mr. Clifford Cooke, arrived Monday from Paris, and will spend several months in San Francisco.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anna Peters have returned from Stockton, and will spend the remainder of the season at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., spent Christmas at Singapore en route to Europe, where they expect to spend the summer.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg have returned from the Presidio at Monterey, where they spent the holidays with Major and Mrs. McIvor.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean have returned from New York and will spend the remainder of the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Marguerite Hanford spent the Christmas holidays in Quebec and will return to San Francisco in the late spring.

Miss Amy Bassett will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wotkyns when they return to their home in Pasadena next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Othello Scribner have returned from their honeymoon trip in the East and are settled in their new home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus (formerly Miss Alice Rooney) spent the holidays in Switzerland.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, who has been spending the holidays with her parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, of Boston, left there Monday for San Francisco.

Mrs. Etienne Guittard and Miss Beatrice Guittard left Saturday for Coronado, and will spend several weeks in the South.

Mrs. Russell Lukens will entertain at a luncheon on January 12 in honor of Mrs. Louis Parrott, who has recently returned from abroad.

Miss Dorothy Boerickie spent Christmas and New Year's in New York, and will go this week to Albany and thence to Baltimore. She will return to San Francisco in the late spring.

Mrs. Lane Leonard, who has recently returned from a trip to the East, spent the Christmas holiday with Mrs. Phebe Hearst at Pleasanton.

Miss Lucy Seller and Miss Edith Hecht sailed last week for Germany, where the wedding of Miss Seller and Mr. Joel Hecht will take place in March.

Captain and Mrs. John Brice and Miss Elizabeth Brice will leave this month for their foreign trip, which will consume the greater part of the year.

General and Mrs. Macomb will arrive from Washington in a few days for a brief visit with General and Mrs. Tasker Bliss before sailing for Honolulu.

Miss Marguerite Doe, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and Miss Jane Hotelling at Santa Barbara, returned to her apartment at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver, who spent the holidays in New York with her son and daughter, will return to San Francisco next week.

Professor Charles M. Gayley, Professor Rudolph Scheville, and Professor Carl Plehn, of the University of California faculty, and R. E. Allerdice, professor of mathematics, spent the New Year's holidays at Del Monte, putting in a great deal of their time on the links. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler was also among the distinguished guests of the week, and was accompanied by Mrs. Wheeler and their son, Mr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, who are cruising in their yacht, spent Christmas at Havana.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding is in New York, after a delightful visit in Paris. He will return shortly to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Booth, and Miss Kadah Booth arrived at Del Monte in time for the New Year's Eve hop.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) have returned to their home in Portland, after having spent Christmas at the Pomeroy home.

Judge and Mrs. Marvin C. Sloss and their children arrived at Del Monte Thursday of last week. They will prolong their visit as long as possible after New Year's Day, and have as their guest Miss Frankenstein, also of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Pettigrew (formerly Miss Laura Doe) have returned from their honeymoon trip and are established in their new home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Fair Oaks, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Spencer of Menlo, and Miss Kempff of Mare Island, motored down to Del Monte last week and remained until after the New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson (formerly Miss Aileen Doe), who came from their home in Oregon to spend the holiday season with Mrs. Johnson's parents, will leave the latter part of this month for the East, where they will spend two months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhbs are at Del Monte, where they will remain for some time. Mr. Tuhbs is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and Miss Vera de Sahla came up from their home at El Cerrito for the Barron ball and remained at the Fairmont Hotel over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler with their daughters spent the New Year holidays at Del Monte.

Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page spent the week end at their San Rafael home.

Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, of the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Bliss, with Mr. F. P. Seudder, Mr. and

Mrs. J. E. Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon of New York, arrived at Del Monte Saturday and spent the week end.

Miss Eliza McMullen, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond in Washington, D. C., for the past two months, has gone to New York to visit Mrs. Norris. With her grandmother, Mrs. John McMullen, she will return to San Francisco in March.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters has returned from London, where he has spent the summer, and is now in New York. He is awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Peters from England on January 15 and will return with her to San Francisco.

Mr. W. H. Henderson Scott of London, a relative of Mr. Henry T. Scott, is visiting in San Francisco, and is at the Hotel St. Francis during his stay.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, last week were Dr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Clarke, Rev. and Mrs. Edward A. Wichner, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Schlesinger, Mr. E. McCallen, Mrs. Charles A. Cooke, Miss Hazel Cooke, Miss Ethel Pippy, Mrs. Anna Christie Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNab.

New Year's Eve at the St. Francis.

Eighteen hundred people sat down to the New Year's table d'hôte supper in the Hotel St. Francis and enjoyed the annual celebration that has made that hostelry famous all over the world. Reservations had been closed for two months, some of them coming from such remote points as London, China, Paris, Munich, and St. Petersburg. Seated at the tables were visiting noblemen, foreign consuls, army officers of high rank who are here to witness the military experiments during the aviation meet, dignitaries of the Chinese Six Companies in their gorgeous Oriental robes, and many beautiful women of San Francisco society.

Outside in Union Square and near a great throng surged in the traditional merry battle of flowers and serpentine; and crowds thronged in and out of the public rooms of the hotel to participate in the big festival entertainment that the St. Francis provides for the public every year.

Inside the hotel there was an orchestra of thirty-two musicians, two small orchestras, and in the tapestry room, where the distinguished Chinese guests were, was a genuine Chinese band. Later in the evening all the orchestras were changed around so as to appear in all the rooms.

Passing through the crowds and around through the tables continuously were twenty-nine entertainers—a troop of "coon" singers and buck and wing dancers, a Katzenjammer band, a vagabond band, a tapioca band with variegated instruments and make-ups, and a hand-organ grinder with a live monkey; the last feature being a novelty to San Franciscans, as it is the only instrument of its kind in the city. Two pretty Chinese girls in costume passed around souvenirs of heavy solid silver pin-plates to every lady at the tables.

The scheduled entertainment was merely an incident in the fun of the night; for the guests, as usual here, created their own play by throwing confetti, flowers, and serpentine paper, until pillars, chandeliers, and the revelers themselves were completely draped with flowing streamers; and all sorts of jolly banter burred along in a scene of blazing color. The merrymaking lasted till daylight.

Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, Knights Templar, led by Eminent Commander H. C. Sebaertzer and the other officers, visited the Hospital for Children on Sacramento Street New Year's Day and carried loads of gifts to the little ones at the institution. There were sixty Sir Knights in the ranks, and they were assisted in their mission by the lady managers of the hospital: President Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Vice-President Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. M. F. McGurn, Mrs. James Watt Kerr, Mrs. Rolla V. Watt, Mrs. Sophia E. Peart, Mrs. Wendell Easton, and Mrs. W. F. Fonda.

The first production of the seventieth play written by Henry Arthur Jones took place at the Nazimova Theatre, New York, January 2. Mr. Jones was asked why he called his play, "We Can't Be as Bad as All That." "I think," said he, "that it fits the piece. A good title never saved a bad play, and a bad title never killed a good play. If a play has a title that suggests humorous comparisons and is a good play, it makes little difference what people think about the title. If it is a bad play, the title doesn't make any difference anyway, so there you are."

Melville Delancy Landon ("Eli Perkins"), the humorist, is dead. Mr. Landon was seventy-one years old and had suffered for many years from locomotor ataxia. He was a veteran of the Civil War and at one time was head of the New York News Association. He served for some time as secretary to the United States legation at St. Petersburg and his first literary work was on the history of the Franco-Prussian War.

An automobile owned by Mr. Herbert Stockton backed off a ferry-boat in one of the slips last week, but was recovered from its resting-place thirty feet under water by the aid of a diver.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Three Cherry Trees.

There were three cherry trees once
Grew in a garden all shady.
And there for delight
Of so glad some a sight
Walked a most beautiful lady—
Dreamed a most beautiful lady.

Birds in its branches did sing,
Blackbird and thrush and linnnet;
But she walking there
Was by far the most fair,
Lovelier than all else within it,
Blackbird and thrush and linnnet.

But blossoms to herries do come,
All hanging on stalks light and slender;
And one long summer's day
Charmed that lady away.
With vows sweet and merry and tender,
A lover with voice low and tender.

Moss and lichen those green branches deck,
Weeds nod in its paths green and shady;
Yet a light footstep seems
Still to haunt there in dreams—
The ghost of that beautiful lady,
That happy and beautiful lady.
—Walter de la Mare, in *Saturday Review*.

Buddha.

Immutable as Fate and calm as Death;
Secure, upon his lotus-blazoned throne;
To whom world cataclysms are the breath
Which fans hoar Egypt's pyramids of stone.

Inscrutable, serene; man's hopes and fears
Encompass not his unobserving gaze;
Profundity of thought reck not the tears
Commingle with senescent India's praise.

To him the perfumed chanting of the East,
Is as the sea's resurgence in a shell;
Eternity, his temple; Silence, priest,
And Life, the tinkle of a muffled bell!
—Richard Butler Glaesner, in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

Requiem of Archangels for the World.
Hearts, beat no more! Earth's sleep has come!
All iron stands her wrinkled Tree,
The streams that sang are stricken dumb,
The snowflake fades into the sea.

Hearts, throb no more! your time is past!
Thousands of years for this pent field
Ye have done battle. Now at last
The flags may sink, the captains yield.

Sleep, ye great Wars, just or unjust!
Sleep takes the gate and none defends.
Soft on your craters' fire and lust,
Civilizations, Sleep descends!

Time it is, time to cease carouse!
Let the nations and their noise grow dim!
Let the lights wane within the house
And darkness cover, limb by limb!

Across your passes, Alps and plains
A planetary vapor flows,
A last invader, and enchains
The vine, the woman, and the rose.

Sleep, Forests old! Sleep in your beds
Wild-muttering Oceans and dark Wells!
Sleep be upon your shrunken heads,
Blind everlasting Pinnacles!
—Herbert Trench, in *Fortnightly Review*.

The Wildman.

But still the wildman calls the tameless boy;
Primeval instincts of the cave and tree.
The summons of the years that used to be
Ages before Achilles fought at Troy.
Call him abroad to his ancestral joy
With spear and belt and arrow; and he stands
Out on the rocks and peers with lifted hands
For wolf to flee or wigwam to destroy.

Thus, when I marked in our museums a lance,
A feathered stick, or twisted curio,
I think with pride in my omnipotence:
"I made these things ten thousand years ago,
Where the sun set on plains that now are France,
Upon my ways from Pyrenees to Po."
—W. E. Leonard, in *the Forum*.

Roses.

The Rose of Passion, heavy with desire,
And many-petaled, hangs upon the tree—
Miscalled fame—of brief mortality,
Whereunder strings are snapped of lute and lyre
By bleeding hands, the withering Rose's fee,
By maddened feet, scorched by the Rose's fire.

The Rose of the World grows by a shining pool
Where lily-nymphs dance daylong on gold sands,
Crying on man, who brings them with both hands
All he has found most rare and beautiful—
To hear the laughter of the fleeing hands,
And his own image cry to him: "Thou Fool!"

The Rose of Thought ever of woe bereaves
Him who still gazes on the unfolding grace
Of its dim blossom in a lonely place
Until into his inmost dream he weaves
The starry glory of its immortal face:
And no man sees the falling of its leaves.

The Rose of Love, the wildest flower, that grows
By peasant's hovel, and by queen's high bower,
Spends all its life to scatter in a shower,
On the gray wind that hither and thither blows,
The ripe seeds of the Universal Flower;
And, where the wind wills, there the seed it sows.
—Elizabeth Gibson, in *the Biblot*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Artist—Madam, it is not faces alone that I paint, it is souls! Madam—Oh, you do interiors, then?—Boston Transcript.

Ladies' Seminary Examiner—Miss Jones, state the chief impediment to marriage. Candidate—When no one presents himself.—Fliegende Blätter.

"You say the elopement was sort of forced upon you?" "Yes; after she came down the rope ladder her dad pulled it up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sophomore—What are you going to do when you leave college, old chap? Senior—Well, I haven't decided on anything definite for the first year, except to come back for the class reunion.—Puck.

She—Yes, we are all quite desperately in love with the new curate. He—Ah, it was just the dread of that sort of thing in my own case that prevented me going in for the church!—London Opinion.

The Cannibal King—See here, what was that dish you served up to me at lunch? The Cook—Stewed cyclist, your majesty. Cannibal King—It tasted very burnt. Cook—Well, he was scorching when we caught him, your majesty.—Sketch.

Bill—This paper says an effort is being made in France to form a great society for the protection of the big game of the world. Jill—Well, the big game is all right. What we want is a society for the protection of the umpires.—Youkers Statesman.

"Doctor, I've tried everything and I can't get to sleep," complained the voice at the other end of the telephone. "Can't you do something for me?" "Yes," said the doctor, kindly. "Just hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby."—Success Magazine.

Mr. Styles—I see that, on an average, over sixty reputed centenarians die each year, in England and Wales. Mrs. Styles—Oh, that's too bad! Do you suppose those heavy fogs they have over there have anything to do with it?—Youkers Statesman.

"Yes, indeed," responded the young lady in the hobble skirt. "When I go out in the country all nature seems to smile." "Gracious!" exclaimed the impudent youth, "I don't blame her. It's a wonder she don't laugh outright!"—Boston Globe.

Assistant—Great Scott! The next issue of ours is going to be simply rank. It'll never sell a copy. Editor—Brace up! There's one thing left to do: Summon the advertising manager, and we'll fake up a scheme to boom

the thing as some kind of a "special number."—Puck.

Mother—I suppose you'll be a soldier, too, when you grow up, Billy? Billy—How many hours a day shall I have to fight?—Punch.

Mrs. Nagleigh—I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me? Nagleigh—I made a mistake, all right, but I'm not satisfied.—Boston Transcript.

"What a blessing civilization has been to the world! Consider for a moment the bloody sports of ancient Rome—" "Why, what's the matter with an automobile cup race?"—Baltimore American.

"George," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday." "That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband; "I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke."—Chicago News.

Miss Chatterton (gushingly)—What a magnificent great Dane! And, of course, his name is Hamlet? Mr. Gaiety (the owner)—Not exactly; you see, I—er—couldn't consistently use that name. The best I could do was to call her Ophelia!—New Orleans Picayune.

"I hear they are building flats now that are provided with disappearing furniture." "I suppose that is for the purpose of providing more room." "That is understood to be the reason, but it will come in handy to have such a flat when the tax assessor makes his appearance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why did you let that thief get away with the automobile right under your eyes?" demanded the chief. "He acted as if he were the owner," explained the patrolman. "He took it unconcernedly and had as pleasant a face as if there were no doubt of his ownership." "A pleasant face!" roared the chief. "Don't you know yet what a worried look the automobile owner wears?"—Buffalo Express.

He was under the influence when he wandered into a downtown barber shop, and after being shaved sat down in the bootblack's chair. "How do you get paid? Wages?" he asked. "No, suh," answered the bootblack. "I work on a pulcentage—sixty pulcent of mine." "Shicksty p'cent yours," said he, deliberately. "Shicksty p'cent." "Yes, suh." "'F you take in a hundred dollars you keep shicksty?" "Yes, suh." "'F you take in a thousand, you keep shicks hundred?" "Yes, suh." "An' hundred thousan', you keep shicksty thousan'?" "Yes, suh." "My, my," said he in a puzzled manner, "what're you goin' t' do with so mush money?"—Cleveland Press.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Carnegie's Newest Bestowal.

The versatile and busy Mr. Carnegie, America's one and only Laird, grown weary of honors founded upon ready money, now reaches out for a new kind of distinction. He has gotten Professor George Huntington, late librarian at Carleton College, wherever that may be, to write a new jingle as a substitute for "America," which in its turn, if the truth be spoken for once, is a cheap parody—a case of trivial words set to noble hut stolen music. Mr. Carnegie's new hymn is all that a national anthem ought to be in the way of sentiment, but regarded as poetry it is not much, and it proposes like "America" to take on the tune of "God Save the King." Mr. Carnegie, we think, would better stick to his policy of cash contributions. Neither now nor in future more than in the past is any national hymn likely to come as a "promoted" product. You can no more go into the market, buy and establish a national hymn, than a domestic lullaby. These things come in their own time and in their own way and from unpromoted sources. Some day we shall, no doubt, find a hymn expressive of American spirit both in words and music. And when it shall be found, it will be a hymn with its own

dignities of inspiration in word and music, without, like "America," going to the primary benches for rhythm and to another country for melody. It will be unlike the "Star-Spangled Banner" in that a singer may reach its fifth note without possessing a phenomenal voice. But neither Mr. Carnegie's nor another man's money will be the means of finding and exploiting this much-desired embodiment of national feeling.

A Rump Victory and a New Boss.

The senatorial campaign at Sacramento which culminated on Tuesday in the election of Mr. John D. Works, of Los Angeles, has given to California a significant illustration of the practical workings of purified politics. Mr. Works was the candidate of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, a Republican faction which as a result of the recent election has become dominant in the party and in control of the State administration. It was the Lincoln-Roosevelt League which two years ago fathered and urged the direct primary system under which this senatorial election has assumed to be conducted. We have, therefore, the case of a reform scheme enforced by its friends—even by those who brought it into being.

Now let us observe the system in practice: Under the direct primary law it was provided by way of getting at "the people's choice" that there should be a popular vote in each of the forty senatorial and assembly districts into which California is divided, for candidates for the United States Senate to be elected subsequently by the State legislature. This vote was declared to be "advisory," none the less it was urged as morally binding upon members of the legislature. By the terms of the law each member of the legislature had the option of voting, (a) for the candidate of his party receiving the largest number of votes in his district, or (b) for that candidate of his party who should have a majority in the greater number of electoral districts. When the returns were counted it was found that Mr. A. G. Spalding, of San Diego, Republican candidate, had won twenty-four out of the forty districts, and that Mr. John D. Works, of Los Angeles, also a Republican candidate, had won in nine districts. The remaining districts were carried for Democratic candidates. But it appeared that in the aggregate Mr. Works had received 64,757 votes and Mr. Spalding 63,182 votes. Thus Spalding had won the districts, but Works had gotten a few hundred more votes in the aggregate. But since the law took no account of the voting other than by districts there was no legal or other value in the slight popular majority of one candidate over the other. Mr. Works himself in commenting upon the result declared that "the fact that a candidate carries the whole State is of no consequence under the law as affecting his right to support in the legislature."

Mr. Works was plainly beaten at the polls. But it so happened that in the same election his faction of the Republican party—the Lincoln-Roosevelt League—won the governorship and took over the Republican official organization. The popular expectation, based upon the pretensions of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, was that the new administration in State and party affairs would accept the result of the senatorial primary not because the election of Mr. Spalding was palatable to them, but because of their devotion to the principle of the direct primary law—a law of their own devising. But no sooner had the Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers gotten into the saddle of party authority than they began a systematic campaign for the election by the legislature not of the winner in the senatorial primary fight, but of the man who represented their own faction—none other than the defeated Mr. Works. The circumstance that upon comparison of totals Works had received 1575 votes in all the districts together above the vote of Mr. Spalding was urged as a reason why he should be favored by the legislature as against Spalding, even though the law directly laid down

another principle. In other words, it was proposed to set the law aside in the interest of the defeated candidate of the faction which found itself in party, administrative, and legislative authority.

When the legislature assembled there was practically no sentiment among its members for Mr. Works. Every lawyer in it and every man of common sense knew that under the law Works had been defeated. They knew that under the law Spalding had been elected. There were many who felt that the law being "advisory," no moral obligation upon members of the legislature grew out of it. But Mr. Meyer Lissner, Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguer and chairman of the reorganized Republican State Committee, had views of his own. For personal, factional, or other reasons, he desired the election of Mr. Works, and he set about with tremendous energy to enforce this result. He had the power of the official party organization in his hands; also he had such powers as attach to close association and sympathy with the governor—and the governor, bear in mind, has the power to veto bills, to cut down appropriations, to appoint a multitude of State officials large and small. With these resources of cajolery and compulsion in his hands, Mr. Meyer Lissner set up a headquarters in a Sacramento hotel and proceeded to gather in members of the legislature singly and in blocks. He did the work so thoroughly that not only most of the Republican members accepted his programme and voted for his man, but likewise all but three of the Democratic members. Manifestly Mr. Lissner, afraid to depend upon his hold on members of his own party, had made effective arrangements with members of the minority. Just what these arrangements are we shall have some hint later on as Governor Johnson's appointments are given out and as his favoring hand may be traced in dealing with the various appropriation bills.

The campaign as it has been waged by Mr. Lissner, with the figure and authority of his friend Governor Johnson in the background, has been in many ways the most extraordinary in the checkered history of our politics. The thing was done literally under whip and spur. No combination of party and legislative bosses was ever more direct, positive, and remorseless in action than Mr. Meyer Lissner, who aggregated all functions in his own person and was himself on the ground from start to finish. Of course, this ruthless game was not carried through without objection on the part of those simple souls who have taken the primary election law seriously and who have expected the reform administration to carry it out with consistency and fidelity. Senator Wright, the author of the law, burst out last week in an angry arraignment of Lissner and his methods, and the San Francisco *Call*, which ardently championed the primary election law and which has all along been a supporter of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League movement, broke through the bonds of factional subservency to pipe forth a feeble protest. From other sources criticism has been direct and emphatic, and a common comment at Sacramento and elsewhere is that when it comes to "raw work" your high-souled reformers can go to lengths far beyond the limits of the game as played by "regulars."

Mr. Works, who was elected on Tuesday as a result of all this effort, is a respectable but otherwise inconsequential citizen of Los Angeles. He is a lawyer of fair standing, and was for a period a justice of the Supreme Court of the State, where his most notable service was a persistent effort to substitute the laws of Indiana, the State of his former residence, for the laws of California. He is described as an irascible, prejudiced, and super-critical man, whose main interest lies in the promotion of various "isms" to which he is attached, Christian Science being prominent among them. He would never have been thought of for the senatorship or for any other representative office but

for the chance which the direct primary afforded him of pushing himself to the front. He declares himself to be a La Follette Republican, whatever that may mean, and he stands, of course, in sympathetic and cordial relations with the new official régime in California. He will no doubt, so far as his authority goes, coöperate politically with the present administration, which of course explains the eagerness of Mr. Lissner in his behalf. There was wanted a senator whose influence would contribute to the powers of the present régime. That this influence will count for much may well be doubted. A man who enters the Senate at Mr. Works's time of life, discredited by the terms of his election, one who announces himself in advance as an insurgent and a disturber—such a man is not likely to carry everything before him. Probably Mr. Works will fall into the character of a senatorial nobody. We have, apparently, at a time when senatorial power for the Pacific Coast is greatly needed, thrown away a great opportunity.

It is not forgotten that when the direct primary was being urged upon California two years ago the main argument for it was that it would bring "the people's choice" into the official life of the State, and again "the people's choice" in our representation at Washington. Now, let us see how this theory has worked out in practice. The total vote of California in the November election, representing about three-fourths of the registration, which itself represented about five-sixths of the voting citizenship, was 187,031. Mr. Spalding, who in spite of the direct mandate of the law has just been turned down at Sacramento, received 63,182 votes, or 29.3 per cent of the poll. So far as formal results could be secured by the primary election Mr. Spalding was the winner—"the people's choice." He received seven-tenths less than 50 per cent of three-fourths of five-sixths of the voting citizenship of California. Now, let us see where this inquiry brings us with respect to Mr. Works, who though defeated in the election has won in the legislature under direction of the new party boss, Mr. Lissner. The total vote in the November election, as we have seen, was 187,031. Of this vote Mr. Works polled 30.9 per cent. That is, he was supported by less than one-third of three-fourths of five-sixths of the voting citizenship of California. In the face of the result, likewise in the face of this analysis of the vote, how ridiculous becomes the claim that the direct primary system enforces "the people's choice"! And, in truth, it has not only failed to give us "the people's choice," but it has failed to give us any worthy or fit choice.

There arises in connection with this extraordinary event several pertinent inquiries: Who is Mr. Meyer Lissner? Under what arrangement does he find himself in a position of authority to enforce his will upon members of the State legislature? Where is his warrant for associating the powers of a legislative overseer, spur on boot and whip in hand, with the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee? At this distance Mr. Lissner looks wonderfully like another Abraham Ruef, minus certain superficial qualities of reserve, education, and quasi-breeding, plus a rough-riding and peculiarly offensive combination of assumption and aggressiveness.

Resurgam.

The followers of Mrs. Eddy are divided on the question of whether she will rise again. Mrs. Stetson, who in times past, did not get on well with the aged priestess, believes she will, but the fear may be mother to the thought. Others of the faith think that her triumph over the error called death will take the form of a personal manifestation, not necessarily soon, but in her own good time and way. Like Our Lady of many shrines, she may in one age choose a Neapolitan grotto or in another a Belgian fane or in still another a sanctuary in France. Or she may prefer to take mortal guise in the land of her fleshly birth. One can but wait in faith, believing, as a devout follower declares, that her position on earth "was precisely like that of Jesus." But other Christian Scientists, though they regard the late Mrs. Eddy as seer and revelator, do not think that she will burst the bonds of the tomb, but that her spirit, potent in higher forms of life than ours, will be felt through its occult influences rather than through a materialized form and voice. And they all say "time will tell."

The similarities between religions, in the matter of a personal resurrection of their founders and as concerns the trinity and the function of women in the basic

plan of theology, afford curious inquiry. The trinity is to be found in almost all the ancient Asiatic conceptions of the Deity, a resolving of the many gods of pantheism into three elements. A goddess, Isis, was the mother divinity of Egyptian worship, and from this myth, as a scholar of the Anglican church has lately declared, is derived that phase of Christian theology which superlatively exalts the Virgin Mother. As to the idea of resurrection, it probably grew out of metempsychosis, the supposed transmigration of one soul to another; and it appears, in the various forms in all the old religions and philosophies. Zoroastrianism defines the personal resurrection; Christianity affirms it; Buddhism accepts it as part of the scheme of reincarnation, and Mohammedanism as a possible expression of the supreme will. And almost without exception the newer religions teach that those who founded them shall live again in the flesh; or, if that principle is not found in the body of the doctrine, its believers supply it, as some of them are trying to do in the instance of the late Mrs. Eddy.

Thus the true Mormon believes that Joseph Smith will rise again when the lost ten tribes come out of the Far North to summon the latter-day saints, living and dead, to possess the earth. Teed, the founder of Koreshanism, promised to rise. Mme. Blavatsky taught her followers to expect her to revisit the glimpses of the moon, and they are faithfully awaiting the event.

Who shall say that none of the newer religions will not, in process of the centuries, lay claim to the fulfillment of the myth? The eye of faith is subject to strange illusions. Every few hundred years it makes those lesser deities called saints and credits them with miracles only less human in manifestation than the liquifying blood of Saint Januarias. Given time enough and it may easily see a risen god. A common expectation long held brings a sense of realization. In history many a wish has crystallized into fable and many a fable into a belief. And so may it not be that our own American seers will one day appear among those supernatural figures of a dim past for whom the tomb has opened its ponderous jaws and revealed them as the immortal almoners of a heavenly trust?

Are Americans Deteriorating?

Are Americans running down physically since so many of them have left the farms and the sea to gather in cities? We are moved to the inquiry because the Secretary of War in his report for 1909 says that of 100,996 men examined for the regular army, 81,878 were rejected as lacking either mental, moral, or physical qualifications. The physical lack was most in evidence; and, as the major percentage of the would-be recruits hailed from cities, where recruiting stations are handiest, the result of their physical tests would seem to bear directly on the matter of environment.

No such proportion as 80 per cent, probably no such proportion as 15 per cent, of young men was rejected during the Civil War on the Northern side, though the Confederacy, which "robbed the cradle and the grave," took more chances. City life at that time was more like a larger village life and city recruits were in high favor. They were lean of flesh, light on their feet, accustomed to rapid walking, more alert, and seemed to have more stamina than their logy, pork-and-corn fed plowman neighbors. They needed only a short military novitiate before they grew fit for marching and fighting. But in the soldier-making class now the country has the advantage, and for the sake of the morale of the army, recruiting offices might well be put on wheels and sent among the villages. City life with us is becoming what it was in England when somebody said, not without truth, that no one ever saw a Londoner of the fourth generation. The causes are various. Your city man, for one thing, lacks pure air. A million chimneys and fifty thousand sewer openings vitiate it. Consumers can not always be sure of pure water and the freshest food. In Eastern cities the city man lives in tight houses, heated by steam, and does it for six months of the year. Cheap and rapid transit tempt him off his feet; he grows sparing of exercise. He does not get the sleep of his country cousin. With him simplicity of life is the joke of the comic papers and the music halls. He himself leads a life which, in various ways, saps his vitality; makes him old at forty and begins to Oslerize him at fifty.

There is another cause of deterioration which applies to city and country alike, which might be classed as an evil of humanitarianism. In former days the Ameri-

can people represented, in large degree, the survival of the fittest. Those that had appendicitis died of inflammation of the bowels, for which the doctors had no cure. Consumption galloped to the grave. Bacilli went on with their deadly work unsuspected. Smallpox usually had its way, especially in the rural districts. Who cared about the drinking water so long as it was wet and cool? Doctors merely starved a fever. Remedies were few and knives unskillful; so the sick and injured soon went their way. Those who were left were the ones with toughness of fibre and special vitality of life. Now, through surgery and beneficence, the uses of the unfit are perpetuated. Scientifically braced up, the man with a half-ruined system lives to become the father of the ailing and the weak. There is no law about consumptives marrying and the issue is more consumptives.

Again, we have come upon a time when we no longer take in the best immigrants. Through old Castle Garden once marched in the pick of Europe's peasantry—the ruddy and agile Celt, the big-boned and broad-shouldered Englishman, the solid German, the clear-eyed Scandinavian, the long-lived Hollander. For a quarter of a century the riffraff of Europe has been coming instead. What of the Hungarian and Russian Jews, the lazzaroni of Naples? What kind of blood, what weight of brawn, have they been adding to the country? What of their future progeny?

And is there anything we can do about it? The gravity of the question should impress the sociologist, and, indeed, has done so. How are we going to bring the male American back to his physical birthright? How are we going to make him a man again? As the *Argonaut* has already pointed out, the American woman is improving physically and mentally, the city woman most of all. She is exercising more, dressing and eating with better sense, cultivating the out-of-door life. Must she finally take her men in hand and attempt to counteract the debilitating effects of their city life. If she doesn't what is there to induce them to undertake it for themselves?

Inside the Trades Unions.

When union labor men fall out the public hears something it ought to know, and the quarrel between the flagrant Mr. Haywood and the fragrant Mr. Gompers is doing its part to prove the fact. Both men are apostolic leaders of organized labor whose individual services to the sacred cause have cost the one an indictment for murder and the other a conviction of conspiracy in restraint of trade: so it can not be denied that both are far enough on the inside of labor-union affairs and representative enough of labor purposes to treat of them authoritatively.

It being Mr. Haywood's turn for a hearing, Mr. Gompers finds himself arraigned more distinctly than he is wont to be even in the terms of his customary indictments. Haywood says, for instance, that Gompers has collected in ten years, through the American Federation of Labor, \$300,000,000, and yet wages are declining and the cost of living is going up. These \$300,000,000 came from a union membership of 2,000,000 and are supposed to have been spent on salaries, legislation, sustenance funds for strikes and to bear the incidental costs of boycotts and of such demonstrations as may be deemed necessary to increase the timidity of government and the press. Nevertheless, as Mr. Haywood declares, trades unionism, as practiced by Gompers, gives the laboring man nothing for his white alley and, indeed, does him positive harm. Capital is still on top. Generally the union laborer strikes in vain; and by the Gompers policy of forming a "job trust," he even suffers from the inability to get his children into trades. There are no apprenticeships under Federation rules; and as none but Federationists may get work in the areas organized by them, the children grow up unskilled, fit only to fill the jails and the poorhouses. They only know of the \$300,000,000 by hearsay.

Mr. Haywood's gentle remedy for this state of things is first to get rid of Gompers and other "weaklings" and then to start a class war. He would divide the citizenship into two hostile factions, employers and employed, and permit no compromises between them. They should not even mingle. Then, as there are 35,000,000 productive laborers in the United States, only 2,000,000 of whom Gompers, despite his \$300,000,000, has been able to organize, the whole force should be got together and put in a position to prey on the unorganized majority. Labor in a mass of 35,000,000 eager and unterrified souls could easily control things in a

way to make capital its slave. If it wanted more pay it could commandeer it; and if capital ventured to put up the price of necessities and even of luxuries, there would be a peremptory way of dealing with it and pulling the price down. Just a binding socialism for the worker, and who could then keep the capitalist, who won't carry his own guns, from being robbed?

Gompers, as he is described, means labor unionism as it is; Haywood, as he describes himself, means labor unionism as he would like to see it; and in the opinion of both—and both are probably right—neither man is to be trusted to bring about anything but futile disorder. Meanwhile the only fair thing in the outlook seems to lie in the saving common sense of the laborers, 33,000,000 strong, who have held aloof from organization against capital and, living on good terms with their neighbors of all degrees, are doing their share to preserve the peace, industrial and otherwise, and maintain a republic in which every inhabitant may do as he pleases so long as he pleases to do right. These liberal workmen principally live in the small places and on the farms. They believe in competition rather than consolidation and look upon a restrained production as a device to increase, rather than diminish, the cost of living. To them capital turns with confidence to help vote down any legislation which impairs the right of any citizen to earn his own living in his own lawful way; and which sets up an insolent and predatory despotism.

Getting Things "Close to the People."

Between the express desire of Governor Johnson, Mr. Chester Rowell, Mr. Meyer Lissner, and others to bring government "close to the people," and their practice under the responsibilities of official and other forms of authority, there is a wide gulf. After the fashion of one temperamentally and by training inclined to a fierce partisanship, Governor Johnson hollers and bellows for the Initiative, Referendum, the Recall, and whatnot other "isms" flock with these novelties. He even casts off the party in whose name he sought and won the governorship to invite the support of the radical elements of all parties—this to the end of bringing government "close to the people."

Then in the next breath this fire-eyed champion of the popular will suggests changes in the State Constitution tending to limitation of elective choice of officials and to the concentration of executive powers. He would cut out pretty much all the State officers excepting the governorship from the list of places to be filled by election, giving the appointment to these places into the hands of the governor—himself, let it be noted, being the governor. First he would have such adjustments of the law as would bring government "close to the people"; then he would have such changes in the Constitution as would take away from the dear people even such choice as they now have in selecting functionaries to preside over State affairs. The consistency of this plan is truly beautiful.

Governor Johnson's programme as above outlined affords some suggestion of his political ideals, but we get a still more definite view in the course of Mr. Meyer Lissner, his friend, guide, and political co-partner. Mr. Lissner, through fortuitous accident, is chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and he construes this office as involving a close guardianship of the representatives of the party in the State legislature. With an effrontery beyond precedent he has established personal headquarters at the State capital from which he assumes to direct the political conduct of Republican legislators. Being in close touch with the executive office, he is endowed not merely with the moral powers of his own chairmanship, but with such concrete advantages as may rest upon suggestions growing out of his intimacy with the governor. Mr. Lissner therefore is a boss equipped as few bosses have ever been in California or elsewhere to enforce his orders.

Now, if in addition to the whip of his committee chairmanship and to the big stick of his presumed influence with the governor, Mr. Lissner had at his disposal the further powers which Mr. Johnson has asked for, we should have in California a political machine which has never been matched in this or in any other country presumably established upon a popular basis—at least not since the First Consulate.

The firm of Johnson, Lissner & Co. now has the political powers which rest in complete mastership of the several State institutions managed through commissions appointed by the governor. It has the veto power

on legislation. Under our legislative practice it has in its hands all the powers which rest with the executive office in apportioning the State funds. It has the power of appointment to judicial vacancies with a general supervisory authority over the prosecuting attorneys in the several counties. Now, add to all these the appointment of the attorney-general which the governor has asked for, the appointment of the secretary of state which the governor has asked for, the appointment of the state printer which the governor has asked for, the clerkship of the Supreme Court which the governor has asked for, the surveyor-generalship which the governor has asked for, the superintendency of public instruction which the governor has asked for, the filling of "every attorneyship of the State that now exists, of commissions, boards, and officials"—give to Johnson, Lissner & Co. all these with the patronage involved, and there would be an aggregation of political powers quite beyond anything ever heard of in a presumably self-governing country.

Mr. Lissner's attitude in the present legislative crisis illustrates his ideas and his methods sufficiently to suggest how, as the outside man of Johnson, Lissner & Co., he would use powers so extensive and far-reaching. Even now he assumes to be not the mere advisor, but the master of the legislature. Give into his hands as the political agent of the executive office all the other powers which Governor Johnson has demanded, and the whole State government would practically be reduced to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lissner, sustained by an army of political mercenaries, with perhaps our good friend Chester Rowell as a nominal "associate" for the sake of the moral atmosphere which surrounds his name.

Little did the voters of California think, when in response to the fervid appeals to Mr. Johnson they voted to unhorse the old party organization, that they were laying the foundation for a new scheme of political autocracy that for thoroughness both in theory and practice would put the old system to the blush. Who would have imagined that in electing Governor Johnson, and in giving him Meyer Lissner for his prophet, we were setting up in the politics of California a new system of arbitrary authority so radically advanced as compared with the old?

And what, we wonder, will be the attitude of those elements by whose favor the firm of Johnson, Lissner & Co. has been created? What will be the opinion of those earnest souls who have labored in season and out of season to bring government "closer to the people" when they find that they have put into authority men who find existing conditions too circumscribed for their ambitions and would enforce a system diametrically opposed to the principles upon which they were chosen? One suggestion we have already in the wailing of the *San Francisco Call*. It was the *Call*, be it remembered, which first suggested, in the interest of its advertising columns, the direct primary. It was the *Call* which promised through this device to bring government "close to the people." It was the *Call* which sponsored Mr. Johnson and supported the campaign in which Mr. Meyer Lissner was the leader. Really, it is not surprising that the *Call* now sits dejected, tearing its hair, and refusing to be comforted.

Mr. Bryan's Counsel.

Again Mr. Bryan has disclaimed any intention of becoming a presidential candidate in 1912. At the same time he thinks the situation favorable for the Democratic party and "wants every friend" to join with him in an effort "to secure as the party nominee a man whose record will justify the hope that the people can depend upon him." In this connection Mr. Bryan names four men, either of whom he thinks would make an effective candidate—Folk of Missouri, Gaynor of New York, Harmon of Ohio, Wilson of New Jersey. As between these four he expresses no preference at this time. This utterance is especially significant in view of the fact that Mr. Harmon belongs to the so-called Cleveland wing of the party and that he bolted the first Bryan nomination, giving his support in 1896 to Palmer and Buckner. Mr. Bryan gives Governor Wilson unstinted praise for his attitude in the contest for the New Jersey senatorship. Let it not be overlooked that Mr. Bryan, although no longer on the active list as a presidential candidate, is nevertheless far from being a "dead one" in Democratic politics. Although in one sense in personal eclipse, he is still perhaps the most influential member of the Democratic

party, the man to whom above all others multi-users of Democrats look to for suggestion and counsel.

Editorial Notes.

The recent evasive utterances of the Speaker-to-be of the House of Representatives, Hon. Beauchamp Clark of Missouri, with respect to tariff legislation when the Democrats shall come into control of the House contrast oddly with the clear and binding declarations made by this same Mr. Clark at a Tammany Hall celebration in New York City last Fourth of July at a time when there was no real expectation of Democratic success. In the course of his remarks upon that occasion Mr. Clark said:

If we have the next House, as I believe we will have, we will honestly and courageously report a bill to revise the tariff down to a revenue basis, pass it through the House and send it over to the Senate. Perhaps by that time the Senate, yielding to the public demand, will also pass it. If it does not, we will go to the people on that issue in 1912.

This is very much to the purpose. But—will Mr. Clark remember it and stand by it? There is reason to fear that he will not.

Even in old and rotten systems there is commonly a force which revolution, however promoted, finds it hard to cope with. The French Revolution, following a circle, ran ultimately into something quite as positive as the old despotism. The English Revolution ran its course to be succeeded by the traditional system, modified but nevertheless the same in spirit. The American Revolution was not in truth a revolution at all, but rather the enforcement of an established principle of domestic self-government. South American revolutions are notoriously nothing better than change from one dictatorship to another. Now we find that the revolution in Portugal exhibits in the collapse of its powers the old and inherent weakness of radical change. After three months of authority the new administration of Portugal appears to be breaking down. The provisional government, no longer able to rely on the army and navy, is powerless to sustain social order or adequately to combat a rising conspiracy to restore the monarchy. It looks as if the days of the revolutionary authority were numbered. In the end probably King Manoel will find himself again on the Portuguese throne, not let it be hoped without having conceded points tending to the advantage of the long-abused Portuguese people.

A vexed issue has been determined in the State of Washington, where woman suffrage has just been made the law of the land. City Attorney Stiles of Tacoma, formerly a State Supreme Court judge, holds that women upon application to be registered may not be required to tell their exact age. The law, says Judge Stiles, requires voters to "make oath that they are over twenty-one years of age." How much over twenty-one may be an interesting fact in specific cases, but it is inconsequential as related to the purpose of the law. Hereafter women will not be called upon to give their age when registering in Tacoma. In other ways, too, the situation is being made easy for them. For example, the city clerk of Tacoma has announced a series of "ladies' days" to induce women to register early. The first election in 1911 will be March 21, when voters will pass upon an anti-treating ordinance.

The public does not find itself particularly excited over the fact that twenty-three indictments have been found against unnamed men in connection with the recent blow-up of the Los Angeles *Times* office. Public interest will begin to get active when it is definitely found out who committed this crime, how they were inspired, and to what purpose. And it will take still further notice when the criminals are apprehended and brought to justice.

The wisdom of the arrangement under which New York financiers are to lend the government of Honduras \$40,000,000 under a plan which amounts to an American protectorate over that country is, we think, questionable at the point of expediency. In our possession of Porto Rico, our special relations to Cuba, our practical possession of the "canal strip"—not to mention our obligations in the Pacific Ocean—we think the government of the United States has about as much on its hands in the way of outlying territories as it can safely manage.

St. John, New Brunswick, has come to be a rival of Halifax as a winter port. Its trade is now \$25,000,000 a year.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

As a pupil, disciple, and friend of Huxley, Professor Henry Osborn of Columbia should naturally be a clear thinker and a hard bitter. He is both. He is an insurgent in education, an enemy of cram and over-feeding for students; and has attained to that sane view of education which declares that productive thinking is the chief means as well as the chief end of the student. And he is also sufficient of a heretic to refuse his support to those who depreciate the American student; the trouble, he holds, lies with the adults and not with our youth or schools. How can springs rise higher than their sources? The fact is, Professor Osborn concludes, American students are in a contest with their intellectual environment outside their college walls:

Morally, according to Ferrero, politically, according to Bryce, and economically, according to Carnegie, you are in the midst of a "triumphant democracy." But in the world of ideas such as sways Italy, Germany, England, and in the highest degree France, you are in the midst of a "triumphant mediocrity." Paris is a city where "ideas" are at a premium and money values count for little in public estimation. The whole world waits breathless upon the production of "Chantecler." That Wallalla of French ambition, "la Gloire," may be reached by men of ideas, but not by men of the marts. Is it conceivable that the police of New York should assemble to fight a mob gathered to break up the opera of a certain composer? Is it conceivable that you students should crowd into this theatre to prevent a speaker being heard, as those of the Sorbonne did some years ago in the case of Brunetiere? If you should, no one in this city would understand you, and the police would be called on promptly to interfere.

A fair measure of the culture of your environment is the depth to which your morning paper prostitutes itself for the dollar, its shade of yellowness, its frivolity or its unscrupulousness, or both. I sometimes think it would be better not to read the newspapers at all, even when they are conscientious, because of their lack of a sense of proportion, in the news columns at least, of the really important things in American life. Our most serious evening mentor of student manners and morals gives six columns to a football game and six lines to a great intercollegiate debate. Such is the difference between precept and example. American laurels are for the giant captain of industry; when his life is threatened or taken away acres of beautiful forest are cut down to procure the paper pulp necessary to set forth his achievements, while our greatest astronomer and mathematician passes away and perhaps the pulp of a single tree will suffice for the brief, inconspicuous paragraphs which record his illness and health.

These are words of sanity and truth, but Professor Osborn is unfortunate in one of his illustrations. He has estimated the importance of "Chantecler" by its New World advertising. As a matter of fact, than that which befell that piece in its native land no play has had a stranger fate. What foreign opinion extolled, French opinion damned. A keen observer who was in Paris at the time assures us that not a Frenchman in a hundred, critic or shopkeeper, had a good word to say for "Chantecler," and the more typically French the shopkeeper or critic was, the more he "slated" the piece. It was kept going on the hills solely by French people who, having read it, wanted to see it to be able to run it down with better knowledge, and by foreign visitors of whom one-tenth at most could follow it. No play was ever so universally condemned in its own country. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that nothing has been heard of late of Charles Frohman's American production.

Perhaps Professor Osborn would agree with that mau of letters who has been complaining that we no longer send poets and novelists abroad as consuls. This complainant has turned a wistful eye back to the day when men of such gifts as Irving, and Hawthorne, and Underwood, and Bret Harte adorned the consularships of the United States and combined literature and business. But the reason for the change is obvious. In those early days the reading population of America was small and the rewards of the author correspondingly meagre. There were no "best sellers" then, and Irving, and Hawthorne, and Bret Harte were glad to spend a part of each day in a consular office for the sake of the dollars represented. They were not consuls for love, but lucre. Were they alive and writing today, hardly would the salary attached to Whitelaw Reid's post be effectual in wooing them from their studies.

But to make the changed condition a pulpit from which to chide the consul of today for the businesslike nature of his reports is unjust. It is true those daily reports issued so punctually by the bureau of manufactures at Washington are businesslike; they are intended to be. But they are a part of governmental machinery of which America has reason to be proud. It is not surprising that foreign business men regard the daily report as the best publication of its type furnished by any government, and the irony of it is that the American business man seems about the last to take advantage of the information it contains.

So many pitiful tales have been told of the miseries of Abdul Hamid in his imprisonment that there is some danger of a sentimental reaction taking place in favor of Turkey's last Sultan. Already, indeed, there have been sympathetic pleas made for the man who can not get control of his own money, who is glad to employ his lonely hours in carpentering, etc. At this juncture it is useful to be reminded of the real nature of the despot and to have some of the pages of his life revealed by the aid of unpublished documents. One incident only need be cited—a precise account of one of his most horrible crimes, the murder of a child of six:

The child was an adorable little girl, pretty, charming, intelligent, the daughter of a slave in the harem. She used to run about the numerous rooms in the women's quarters, playing, filling the air with her shouts and laughter. She was the joy of the women. The Sultan became fond of her, and when he wished to forget for awhile the reports of his spies and to drive away sad thoughts, he was in the habit of playing with the slave's child. He enjoyed himself like a child

in these moments of forgetfulness. One day, he entered the harem sadder and more anxious than ever, placed his revolver on a small table, sat down in an arm-chair, and called the little one to him. She was fortunate enough to amuse this Turk with her laughter and pranks. But in an unhappy moment the child went up to the table, and, perceiving the revolver with its shining barrel, took it for some sort of plaything, and, seizing it, ran to the Sultan to ask what it was. With one bound Abdul Hamid sprang on the child, exclaiming, "You want to kill me! You are the instrument of my enemies!" And the monster began to strike and kick the child. As he struck, his fury increased. He seized a stick, and set upon the poor little thing. When they carried her away, she was dead.

A pretty turn for humor has unexpectedly been manifested by the members of that English divorce commission which has been hearing evidence from all kinds of people since February in last year. Two short of two hundred and fifty witnesses have been heard, and the last to give his views to the commission was no less a person than Maurice Hewlett, the creator of Sanchia and her amorous circle. That Mr. Hewlett should have closed the long procession of people with views on marriage and divorce will appeal to most persons as a masterly stroke of stage management. And their interest in the climax will not be diminished by learning that Sanchia's creator made his appearance to plead "for the serious and the sensitive who regarded marriage as a sacrament"! No one will be surprised that Mr. Hewlett has a proposal of his own, and it deserves record for the information of those who wish to collate it with the views aired by Sanchia and her various followers. Here is the scheme:

That marriage be voidable by agreement of the parties and evidence from one of them that desire and intention are absent or otherwise engaged, saving always the interests of the children of the marriage, if any.

That, in the absence of agreement, such dissolution to be in the full discretion of the court upon hearing of the parties, but that in any event a married woman be protected against conjugal rights if she can show that desire and intention can not be accorded.

Is there a conspiracy to rob Paris of its delights? For some reason or other it has been decided that the clocks of the French capital are henceforth to accord with Greenwich time, that is, the time standard of London. This may be a concession to the Washington Conference of 1884, but the thought of Paris in any way taking its cue from the more sedate metropolis of England is not encouraging for those who take pleasure in the things that differ. On the top of this announcement comes the effort of Abbé Lemire to get the Chamber to accept an anti-dueling bill. That clerical politician's measure is to make the duel a breach of the law, punishable by imprisonment of from three months to three years and a fine of from twenty to two hundred dollars. The seconds are to be as liable as the principals, and there is to be a heavier fine for newspapers publishing any details of such encounters. The effort to prevent publicity is the most vital point of the abbé's bill, for nothing stimulates a Frenchman's vanity so much as seeing his name printed in connection with a challenge or a meeting. But the attempt to impose a fine on such publicity would probably result in a repetition of the incident in Buenos Ayres, where a newspaper fired a gun whenever it received a particularly striking piece of news. The authorities objected to that kind of artillery practice, and intimated that a repetition would involve a heavy fine. But the gun boomed as usual when the next exciting cable was received, and the fine was willingly paid as an extra advertisement. Apart from such a possibility, it seems cruel to rob the Frenchman of his opportunity to wipe out an offense by crossing a sword with another man or shooting off a few black lead bullets. Besides, there are the spectators to be considered, and the entire world outside of France, which would be impoverished by the abolition of the Paris duel.

Equally fatal to the attractions of Paris are the efforts which are being made to protect the government monopoly in matches. The French match, government-made, is the world's most fraudulent article of commerce. Out of the fifty which are sold for a cent perhaps half will refuse to strike, while the other twenty-five will emit thick sulphur fumes potent enough to suffocate a hullook. In this deplorable situation it is not surprising that some bright genius called attention to the automatic cigar lighter, but by now he probably regrets his inspiration. For the automatic lighter has been voted an infringement of the government monopoly, and is to be treated as a contraband article if found on the arriving tourist and taxed for the home-aiding native. There are a few old-fashioned smokers who use a burning-glass for lighting the altar of my Lady Nicotine and they must evidently be prepared, when in France, to pay a duty on their light-creator. Whether they will be able to get a rate varying with the length of daylight and the probable sunshine on a given day has yet to be decided. If the burning-glass shares the fate of the automatic lighter Bastiat's anticipation of the candle-maker's petition to be protected from the unfair competition of the moon and stars will have been realized.

Between 1863 and 1878 trees were planted on 19,500 acres of the mountain Ventoux, in Provence, France. The mountain is stony and the land seemed of no value. The forests which have grown are now yielding \$10,000 a year, and it is figured that in five years the yearly yield of timber will be worth half as much more. The springs have reappeared in the country, the lands at the foot of the mountain have increased in value, and the villages have become prosperous.

Winnipeg has now stepped into the position of the world's largest market, at which 88,000,000 bushels of wheat were disposed of, the second place falling to Minneapolis with a turnover of 7,000,000 bushels less. Twenty-five years ago Milwaukee was the premier wheat market of the world.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Fair Florentine.

She hath eyes that shame the night,
Deep and mystic, dark with doom,
Rich in thought alive with light
When the passion flowers bloom.
And her lips are scarlet red,
Mute, and motionless, and calm,
Till a score of kisses shed
Love's elixir on their halm.
Soft and silky is her breast,
Tranquil as a virgin rose.
Now to rock in wild unrest,
Like an ocean in its throes.
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,

Queen where Arno's river flows.

She hath locks of darkest dark,
Brow of snow, and lace of fire;
Tuneless is the singing lark
When she strikes her silver lyre;
Arno's speech is not as sweet
As the music of her voice
When she runs to meet and greet
The Bernardo of her choice.
Myrrh and oleaner dells
Bloom with beauties rare to see;
Yet within their shadow dwells
Not a fairer nymph than she;
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,

Heart and Heaven throb for thee.

Florence hath more stately dames
Garbed in silk and decked with lace,
But they lack the living flames
Sweeping o'er her cherub face.
Plain-robed lassies often are
Each a more witching prize
Than the blue-veined proudest star
Gleaming from palatial skies.
Viva Bacco! Tap the cask!
We will drink this health of thine
With a humpster from a flask
Of the ruddy Tuscan wine,
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,

Maid of maidens, Florentine!—Eugene Davis.

On the Belfry Tower.

A SKETCH.

"Look down the road. You see that mound
Rise on the right, its grassy round
Broken as by a scar?"

We stood
Where every landscape-lover should,
High on the gray old belfry's lead,
Scored with rude names, and to the tread
Waved like a sea. Below us spread
Cool grave-stones, watched by one great yew.
To right were ricks; thatched roofs a few;
Next came the rectory, with its lawn
And nestling schoolhouse; next, withdrawn
Beyond a maze of apple houghs,
The long, low-latticed Manor-house.
The wide door showed an antlered hall:
Then, over roof and chimney-stack,
You caught the fish-pond at the back,
The roses and the old red wall.
Behind, the Dorset ridges go
With straggling, wind-clipped trees, and so
The eye came down the slope to follow
The white road winding in the hollow
Beside the mound of which he spoke.

"There," said the rector, "from the town
The Roundheads rode across the down.
Sir Miles—'twas then Sir Miles's day—
Was posted farther south, and lay
Watching at Weymouth; but his son—
Rupert by name—an only one,
The veriest youth, it would appear,
Scrambling about for jackdaws here,
Spied them a league off. People say,
Scorning the tedious turret-way,
(Or else because the butler's care
Had turned the key to keep him there),
He slid down by the rain-pipe. Then,
Arming the hinds and serving-men
With half-pike and with harquebuss,
Snatched from the wainscot's overplus,
Himself in rusty steel-cap clad,
With flapping ear-pieces, the lad
Led them by stealth around the ridge,
So flanked the others at the bridge.
They were but six to half a score,
And yet five Crop-ears, if not more,
Sleep in that hillock. Sad to tell,
The hoy, hy some stray petronel,
Or friend's or foe's—report is vague—
Was killed; and then, for fear of plague,
Buried within twelve hours or so.

"Such is the story. Shall we go?
I have his portrait here below:
Grave, olive-cheeked, a Southern face.
His mother, who was dead, had been
Something, I think, about the Queen,
Long ere the days of that disgrace,
Saddest our England yet has seen.
Poor child! The last of all his race."
—Austin Dobson.

The Lady of Beauty.

She comes like fullest moon on happy night;
Taper of waist, with shape of magic might;
She hath an eye whose glances quell mankind;
And Ruby on her cheeks reflects his light;
Enveils her arms the blackness of her hair;
Beware of curls that hite with viper bite!
Her sides are silken soft, the while the heart
Mere rock behind that surface lurks from sight;
From the fringed curtains of her eyes she shoots
Shafts which at furthest range on mark alight:
Ah, how her beauty all excels! ah, how
That shape transcends the graceful waving hough!
—From Sir Richard Burton's Translation of the "Arabian Nights."

A parchment six yards long and a foot wide, tracing in quaint fifteenth-century writing the descent of King Henry VI from Adam, has just been placed in the Welsh National Library at Aberystwyth.

SUFFERINGS ON THE SUBWAY.

Manhattan Travelers Have Their Trials.

New York is in the throes of a transit problem. She usually is. For some reason, forever unfathomable to the philosophic mind on contemplation bent, about one million New Yorkers daily develop a desire to travel from one part of the metropolis to another and then to return to their starting point, very much after the fashion of the famous Duke of York, who marched his men to the top of a hill and marched them down again.

The New Yorker has three alternative routes. He may travel overhead on the "L." He may enter a surface car, if he can persuade the lordly driver to stop for him, or he may burrow underground and travel by the subway. Usually he prefers to do the latter. As the song says:

I love the dear subway,
Its air is so warm;
And if I don't breathe it
'Twill do me no harm.

It is the popularity of the subway that has caused the present tears. There is some reasonable fear that the pressure of human bodies during the rush hours—there are twenty-four or more of them—will burst the roadway overhead and inconvenience the automobile traffic. Obviously something has to be done.

It is no part of the present letter to discuss the dispute between Mr. Shonts and Mr. McAdoo, between the Interborough and the Triborough. A perusal of the newspapers would lead us to suppose that New York is divided into two hostile camps, one hoisting the flag of private and the other of municipal ownership. The only remedy, we are told, for congestion is to build more subways. That, of course, is fairly obvious, but the vexed question still remains whether these new subways are to be built and operated municipally by the city, or privately by the Interborough. It is assumed that the average citizen holds strong views upon the question. That is, of course, a pure delusion. The average citizen travels upon the subway, and after that experience he has no strength to hold strong views about anything. In point of fact he does not care a cent one way or the other. He only wants to know definitely to whom he belongs and the kind of a dog collar he must wear. He wants to get to his destination with unfractured ribs and with a decent interval between his chest and his spine. He has no great hopes even of this, seeing that any kind of a new subway will take five years to build, and the doctor says that his expectation of life is much less than this. Moreover, in five years he may be riding in his automobile and looking down with lofty condescension upon the subway sausage machine and its products. Most good New Yorkers anticipate the day when they will own an automobile, and that there may be no mistake about it they buy it right away and mortgage the happy home for the first installment.

It is sad to relate that Mayor Gaynor has lost some of his friends during the dispute. The worthy mayor has never been backward in stating his opinions about men and things, especially men, and when he believes that he is dealing with fraud and humbug, and this is most of his time, he takes no trouble to sugar-coat the remedial pill. Theoretically, the mayor was favorably disposed toward municipal ownership of city railroads, and he seems to have said so. There are many of us who believe that when the kingdom of heaven is finally declared upon earth we shall be able to do a good many things that we can not afford to do now, but until there is some concrete evidence that the lamb can lie down in safety with the Tammany tiger we intend to keep our pockets buttoned, so that the children of this world shall not be needlessly tempted. This is somewhat how the mayor feels about the new subway. Now if he were a diplomat he would have a thousand pretty reasons to give for his disinclination to start the city on a career of railroad building. But he is not a diplomat, or rather he favors that peculiar kind of diplomacy that perplexes, baffles, and enrages its opponents by telling the truth and laying all the cards upon the table face upwards. The mayor does not think that the city should build the new subways, first because city officials are not honest enough to finger so much public money, however much they may ache to do so, and secondly because the workingman whom we so honor and avoid—to quote a California luminary—would often have to pay two fares if the railroad system were divided between two owners, who would naturally not help each other by transfers.

Then the shrapnel and the grape shot began to burst around the mayor's head. City officials not honest enough to handle a few hundred millions of dollars! Was ever such a thing heard before? The professional patriots were aghast, and the politicians raised their pure, clean hands in protest:

Let those blush now who never blushed before,
And those who always blushed now blush the more.

It was very much as though some one had brought charges of corruption against the twelve apostles, and for a few brief, stirring days it was impossible to walk the streets without being hit by a protest. Then the incident was forgotten and the newspapers tranquilly resumed their interrupted occupation of investigating the strange behavior of the city chamberlain, who draws a princely salary for onerous if unperformed duties, who is earnestly and tearfully needed for judicial examination before the legislative investigating com-

mittee, but who finds houseboating in Florida better for his health and game-shooting better for his temper. And so the world wags.

Of course the subway needs reforming, and a pole-axe would be a good weapon to begin with. One of its officials who traveled in it during a momentary mental aberration describes the crowding as "indecent." Other and more expressive words rise readily to the mind of the unregenerate, but they can not be written. They would shock the average Californian. It is all very well to wonder why the people stand it. It is like asking why pay rent. You have to. If you didn't stand it you would be left behind. No train on the subway was ever known to be full from the unformed point of view. And it is really remarkable how elastic the trains are and how compressible is the human form divine. The wayfarer is apt to suppose that a compartment is wedged solid and that it is hopeless for him to attempt to mingle his tears with those inside, but the conductor can always help him in with words of encouragement and a number nine boot sole in the small of his back. They are lusty fellows, those conductors, and they do their best. If you don't get the right side of the door before it closes it may shut on your coat lapel, and then your position will be a serious one and you may get prosecuted for obstructing the traffic or something. But once inside there is no trouble about holding your breath. The company has arranged for that without extra charge. Take it altogether the problem is an interesting one and the end is not yet. The mayor himself likes to walk to business, but we can't all be mayors.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1911.

President Roosevelt's imperialistic effort to place the newspaper press of the United States under the mastery of the Washington government has finally reached the inglorious end which was to have been expected (says the *Springfield Republican*). At the instance of Mr. Roosevelt the Department of Justice under the last administration prosecuted the Press Publishing Company of New York, or the *New York World*, on a charge of criminal libel in the Panama Canal sale case, maintaining that the offense was committed wherever the paper circulated and that, as copies containing the alleged libelous matter were sent to the New York postoffice and to West Point, the offense came under Federal jurisdiction. Judge Hough of the lower Federal court at New York threw out the case on the ground that publication was completed at New York, where the *World* is printed and where it could be sued, and that therefore the case was beyond Federal jurisdiction. This decision is now substantially affirmed by the United States Supreme Court. The case was particularly atrocious in its despotic tendencies, not only on account of the breadth of the government's contention, but because the United States government itself, in revival of the principle of the old and infamous sedition laws, was set up as an aggrieved party and made the champion of private persons claiming to have been libeled. It is a smashing blow that this late performance of the Roosevelt administration has now received, and the *New York World* merits the approbation of all friends of liberty under the law in resisting to the utmost this gross attack upon the freedom of the press. If Messrs. Robinson and others concerned were libeled they can obtain redress in the ordinary way or by prosecution in the courts of New York State.

On Tuesday, January 3, the two new justices of the United States Supreme Court took their seats, and for the first time in nineteen months the bench was filled. After May 3, 1909, Justice Moody, now retired, was compelled to lay aside his duties and seek restoration of health. He was not successful and finally retired from the bench last November. Exactly a year ago, on January 3, 1910, Justice Lurton took the oath of office as an associate justice. He was the first appointee to that bench by President Taft. He succeeded Justice Peckham, who had died. Then Justice Brewer and Chief Justice Fuller died and Justice Moody retired. Justice Hughes was appointed to succeed Justice Brewer, Associate Justice White was promoted to succeed Chief Justice Fuller, and now Justice Van Devanter takes the place of Justice Moody and Justice Lamar succeeds to the vacancy created by the promotion of Justice White. All these changes in the personnel on the bench have taken place within a single year, with the exception of the death of Justice Peckham. Only Washington has equaled this record. When the court was commissioned, five judges bearing his commissions went on the bench within the first year. Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant each are accredited with naming five members of the court, but their appointments spread over their entire terms.

As for the peril of foreign invasion, the Nashville (Illinois) *Banner* digs out of an old speech by Lincoln an opinion that ought to impress the general staff. "All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined," said he to an Illinois audience, "with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years."

"College athletics are one of the most ridiculous and ludicrous ingredients of modern education," says Dr. John M. Tyler of Amherst College.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Graynella Packer is the first woman wireless-telegraph operator. Miss Packer is in the service on a New York steamship sailing to Florida.

Brigadier-General Walter Howe, U. S. A., was retired December 31, after forty-seven years of service. General Howe was commanding officer of the Department of the Dakotas with headquarters at St. Paul.

Charles F. Johnson of Waterville, Maine, a prominent lawyer and Democratic candidate for governor in 1892 and 1894, succeeds Eugene Hale as senator from the Pine Tree State. It is the first time Maine has been represented in the United States Senate by a Democrat since 1847.

Augustine Birrell, British chief secretary for Ireland, was recently robbed of his pocketbook, containing money and valuable papers, while crossing from Dover to Calais on his way to Switzerland. Among the published works of Mr. Birrell is one on "The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees."

Miss Lucy Jones, a university woman and one of the leaders of Uniontown (Pennsylvania) society, has been appointed a deputy sheriff by her father at her own request. She expects to do her part in looking after the outlaws of the Fayette County fastnesses, although her particular duty will be in Uniontown.

Thomas Jefferson See, the astronomer in charge of the United States Navy Observatory at Mare Island, is of the opinion that the planet Venus is inhabited, and in all probability by intelligent beings. He bases his theory on the belief that the conditions of the planet are more like those of the earth than are those of any other planet.

Francis M. Cockrell of Missouri, who retires from the Interstate Commerce Commission by failure of re-appointment, is seventy-six years old, which evidently explains why he has not been reappointed. He has held public office at Washington thirty-five years—thirty years as United States senator and five years as an interstate commerce commissioner.

Princess Victoria Louise of Germany bids fair to be quite independent of the Kaiser's rules. Even at her early age she is said to take issue with her imperial father's edict that the three K's, "kirche, kinder, kuche," should be the limitations of woman's activities, and she has taken the liberty of protesting against the Kaiser's anti-woman suffrage utterances. Recently the young princess visited a club of working girls and expressed herself as anxious to aid them.

Señora Diaz, second wife of the President of Mexico, married him when he was fifty-two. She was the daughter of one of Mexico's noted statesmen, Manuel Romero Rubia. She is described as talented and cultured, speaking several languages, a social queen, and called beautiful. She has presided over the president's home with great success, and has commanded the highest regard of the proud and exclusive circle which wields so much influence at the Mexican capital.

M. Ferdinand Dugue, the French dramatist, and the oldest of his guild, has just celebrated the sixty-ninth anniversary of his marriage, which took place in 1840. The lady was Mlle. Henrietta Josephine Beguin, the daughter of a captain in the French navy. She is now ninety-two years of age and her husband is three years her senior. M. Dugue has written much, but perhaps his best-known piece among English playgoers of the last century is "Cartouche," of whom Thackeray in his *Sketch Books* gives an entertaining account.

Dr. James Kennedy Patterson, president of the State University of Kentucky, and the oldest college president in America, retired from his position with the close of the year 1910. Dr. Patterson is one of the best-known educators in the United States, and had been president of the State University since 1869. He, with Justin Morrill, of Vermont, successfully carried through Congress the Morrill act of 1890, giving \$25,000 a year to each State in the Union for the further endowment of State universities or colleges established under the land grants of 1862. Dr. Patterson was born in 1833, in Glasgow, Scotland, the son of Andrew Patterson, of Dumbartonshire, and came with his father's family to America in 1842, settling in Indiana.

Sir Ernest Cassel, the London financier and philanthropist, has announced his retirement from business. Sir Ernest was born in Cologne in 1852, the son of a banker in that city, where he was educated. He went to England forty years ago as a clerk in a business house, and gradually built up a gigantic business. His operations were on a large scale. Among other things, he financed the construction of the great Nile dam to the extent of \$25,000,000, straightened out the finances of Argentina, raised China's great loan after her defeat by Japan, and made the Central London Tube Railway possible. There is hardly a nation in the world on whose finances he has not left his mark. Sir Ernest was a personal friend of King Edward. He gave \$1,000,000 for a consumption sanatorium, bought a gramme of radium for \$75,000 and presented it to the Cancer Research Institute, and in memory of King Edward endowed an Anglo-German institute with \$1,000,000 to facilitate employment for and render help to English workers in Germany and German workers in England.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

How the Captain Evaded an Explosion.

The holidays and their accompanying gifts always remind me of an episode of the siege, which, I can say without boasting, reflected great credit upon me.

The reader must not be alarmed. I am not going to drag him to the fortifications nor to the outposts of the city, but merely to the house of my old friend Dutailly, a wealthy manufacturer of chemical products, the husband of an excellent woman, the father of a charming daughter, a good patriot, although a trifle weak in political judgment—in short, the best fellow in the world.

Surprised by the besieging of Paris just as he was about to pack up and leave the city, he had consoled himself with the thought that the city would not hold out more than a week. Less hopeful, Mme. Dutailly had at the very first stocked the house with provisions, laying in such a supply that if the siege had lasted a month longer the family would have been in no danger of starvation. She had completed her task by dividing her little garden into a cow pasture, a poultry yard, and a pig pen; three months later, her pigs were literally worth their weight in gold. By the end of October all her friends blessed her for her foresight. I among the others, as a cover was laid for me at her table on Thursdays and Saturdays. On these days I found compensations for the deprivations of the rest of the week.

I was not the only accredited guest at this hospitable table. Another, young Anatole Brichaut, head clerk in the factory, had his plate laid beside mine. This worthy fellow, who was timid and rather melancholy, was smitten with the charms of Mlle. Gertrude, and the young lady was not averse to his attentions. Without anything having been said on the subject, the suit of Brichaut was viewed so favorably by the Dutaillys that the union of the two young people seemed to be a matter tacitly agreed upon.

Unfortunately, the war postponed the end of this happy courtship. Brichaut was a corporal in the militia of the Seine, and was quartered at Saint-Denis. He did his duty as a soldier conscientiously, as he did everything, but without enthusiasm. He inwardly cursed the never-ending siege that retarded his happiness, criticizing its management mildly, as was his custom, but not without bitterness. These criticisms never failed to arouse Dutailly, who was a fanatic on the subject of General Trochu.

Besides this, there was another source of disagreement between them. The *Temps* published a series of articles in which the writer carried on the military operations of the province to suit his delirious fancy. Dutailly took these fantasies seriously. He stuck up little flags on the map at the points designated by the strategist of the *Temps*, anxiously followed the marches and countermarches, predicting speedy and decisive victories. The incredulous Brichaut often risked timid objections which made Dutailly furious. Fortunately, I was there to interfere and bring about peace after these disputes; but, in the depths of his heart, the proprietor could not console himself for the battles his clerk prevented him from winning.

The advent of a new personage tended to further complicate the situation. Arriving late one evening, I was surprised at finding my place on the right of Mme. Dutailly occupied by a stranger, a man with a florid complexion, broad shoulders, and a noisy, boastful manner. He wore a fantastic uniform and enormous boots, the garb harmonizing well with his personality.

"This is Monsieur Robillard," said Dutailly, introducing him; "captain of the *Enfants Perdus de Courbevoie*."

Before the end of the soup my mind was made up concerning this Robillard. His exploits probably consisted in relieving deserted houses of furniture that might tempt the cupidity of the enemy and putting it in a safe place, unknown to the rightful owners. I wondered why this heavy-jawed mandarin had been invited to dinner. Mme. Dutailly soon explained, not without emotion. At dusk she had had quite a dangerous fall on the Boulevard Poissonier, which was slippery with frost. Robillard, who happened to be passing, carried her to the nearest drug store and afterwards escorted her home. Through gratitude, she could not do less than invite him to remain to dinner. This explanation reassured me and I hoped to be soon rid of this pre-tentious hero.

The man was no fool. He represented himself as being interested in an extensive coal business that obliged him to travel all over Europe. War, he said, had brought him back to Paris, whose safety claimed his presence. As for his deeds of valor in the suburbs at the head of the *Enfants Perdus*, they surpassed all belief. Mme. Dutailly listened to his enormities with complaisance. Dutailly had difficulty in resisting his desire to believe them. Gertrude was entirely indifferent. As for Brichaut, looking smaller than ever in his over large coat, afflicted besides with a cold in his head, he seemed to be completely crushed by the proximity of this burly fellow, who made no attempt to conceal his scorn for the meek little clerk.

I invented a pretext for leaving immediately after the coffee, being weary of the boasting of this Gaston, to whom I thought I was bidding adieu forever. In this I was deceived, however. The following Saturday found him in the same place; Thursday also, and,

finally, his plate was laid at all our meals. The Dutailly household was fascinated. The captain won Mme. Dutailly by his good humor and that almost tender courtesy to which no woman of her age is insensible. He conquered M. Dutailly by the interest he seemed to take in the military operations of the *Temps*. The poor clerk, whose cold grew steadily worse, visibly lost ground at every repast.

His discredit was especially noticeable after the Bourget affair, in which the poor fellow bravely did his duty and came back wounded in the arm. He related the details of the engagement—the death of Baroche, killed beside him, the retreat, and the melancholy end of this heroic struggle—with such lamentable discouragement that, but for fear of offending his hosts, the captain would have taunted him with being a deserter and a coward. As it was, he insinuated as much, and with noble indignation he showed that, if the *Enfants Perdus* had been there, the affair would have taken a different turn. Then, warming up with his subject, he roused Dutailly to a high pitch of enthusiasm by outlining a plan of escape through the besieging lines. Meanwhile poor, humiliated Anatole was suffering from his still bleeding wound, unheeded by any save Gertrude and myself.

The next day a fever compelled him to keep his bed, and he was absent from our repasts for several weeks. The captain now boldly established his pretensions to Gertrude's hand, and the attitude of her parents was not discouraging. On the day that Anatole rejoined us, thinner and more insignificant than ever, it seemed to me that the girl's eyes were red from weeping, and I fancied there had been a skirmish between her and her mother, who was more infatuated than ever with her Robillard. I decided that it was time to interfere in the interests of the poor children.

It was the last Saturday of the year and we naturally spoke of New Year's, which we were to celebrate together.

"By the way, dear Mme. Dutailly," said the captain, "I must prepare a surprise for your New Year's gift." This remark inspired me with the idea of preparing one, too.

On New Year's Day, Dutailly received us with open arms. He was in high spirits, for the strategist of the *Temps* had just defeated Prince Charles in the neighborhood of Evreux, after having decoyed him there by a sham retreat.

For his gift Anatole brought a rabbit, snared on the devastated Isle Saint Denis. The captain presented Mme. Dutailly with a German helmet full of sugared chestnuts.

"Madame," he said, smiling engagingly, "it only depended upon myself to be able to offer you the wearer of this helmet."

"What!" exclaimed the credulous lady. "Did you kill him?"

"I did," replied the captain, "in order to offer you this bonbon box, which, if I do say it, is not within the reach of every one."

I will spare the reader the narration of the event, no detail of which was omitted. Hidden in a cask, he had waylaid the wearer of the helmet, an isolated sentinel, and in a hand-to-hand struggle had choked him to death, not wishing to attract attention by the use of a revolver. Oh, how mean Anatole's poor little rabbit, strangled too, looked beside this glorious trophy!

"As for myself," I remarked carelessly, "I would not attempt to rival the gallant captain, but I have my little surprise. It has not arrived yet, and if you are willing we will dine without waiting for it."

We then took our places at the table, and the dinner was a gay one. A porker had been bled for the occasion, and the black pudding was a great success. We were at the coffee when a servant informed us that an artilleryman had just carried my gift into the salon. We went into the room and found the object lying on the table, wrapped in a glazed paper and tied with a blue ribbon.

"What is it?" asked Mme. Dutailly curiously.

"Don't examine it too closely, madame; it is a shell."

"A shell?"

"Yes; your husband has several times expressed a wish to have a shell, a real one, so at my request, a friend of mine sent me this one, which was picked up on the field of Avron, where it failed to explode in falling."

While speaking I cautiously untied the ribbon and tore off the wrapping, exposing the shell, black and menacing.

"How fine!" exclaimed Dutailly. "I'll have a clock for my office made out of it."

"But perhaps it is still loaded," objected Mme. Dutailly, his wife.

"You may rest easy on that score," I replied. "It was agreed with my friend that it should be sent empty. Here is his letter."

I hereupon opened a letter which had been pasted on the side of the object and was about to read it aloud; but at the first line my face must have expressed surprise, then anxiety, for all exclaimed: "What's the matter?"

"Listen." I then read:

DEAR FRIEND: Here is the shell you asked for. It has been impossible for me to find an artilleryman who could unload it. Have it carried to the gunsmith's, Passage de l'Opera, and he will do the work for you. Use the greatest precaution, however; avoid the slightest shock of friction, as the weight of even a sheet of paper might cause it to explode—

"Take it away!" shrieked Mme. Dutailly. "It is frightful! Such a thing in my house!"

"Why, of course," I said, stretching out my hands.

"Don't you touch it," said Dutailly.

"I will have the man who brought it carry it off," I replied.

"But he has gone," said the servant, trembling on the threshold.

Fresh exclamations.

"Then I will have to take it away myself," I insisted.

"I forbid you to touch the thing," said Dutailly emphatically. "You aren't strong enough to carry it so far. You would drop it on the way. This is a task for a soldier, a robust fighting man. Fortunately, the captain is here."

"I—" stammered the captain.

"Yes; you are as strong as a Turk and are used to these things. You can play with shells as a schoolboy does with bats and balls."

"Pardon me," objected the captain, growing a shade whiter, "but a loaded shell—why couldn't you wait until morning to have it taken away?"

"Till morning!" exclaimed Mme. Dutailly. "I shouldn't close an eye the whole night. I shall certainly go to a hotel to sleep if the terrible thing stays here."

"Don't worry, madame," said Anatole. "I'll take it away."

Dutailly stopped him.

"You must be crazy, my dear boy! Just off from a sick bed and with your lame arm. Do you want to blow the house up?"

"This is no object for a sick man to handle," I added.

"I have no confidence in any one excepting the captain," repeated Dutailly. "Come, Robillard, carry the engine away and rescue us from this nightmare!"

It was a crucial moment for the captain, but he was not a man to be easily disconcerted.

"Of course," he said, "the task does rightfully belong to me. But, as I was going to say a moment ago, when you interrupted me, it would be too dangerous for one to carry such an object on foot. The sidewalks are slippery; a false step and it might kill ten persons in the street. The only safe way is to get a conveyance."

"But they are all in use as ambulances."

"I know that," replied the captain calmly. "But General Schmitz, who brought me here, is dining at Brehant's, and his carriage is waiting for him at the door of the restaurant. I will go and ask him to lend it to me. He is a friend of mine and will not refuse me. I will go at once. I'll be back in ten minutes, fifteen at the most."

"Do hurry!" cried Mme. Dutailly. "I shall not dare breathe while you are away."

"I will be back in a short time," said the captain, taking his kepi and cloak. He left the room and hurried down the stairs. Without appearing to do so, I looked out on the moonlit street. Ten minutes passed by, then fifteen—no captain.

"It would have been so much easier for me to carry it away," ventured Anatole.

"Hush!" replied Dutailly, somewhat surprised at the boy's courage. "It is better for the captain to do it."

"Provided he does not make us wait too long," said Mme. Dutailly.

"As for making you wait, madame," I said gleefully, "you may be sure that he will do that. He will never come back."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady in astonishment.

"Just this. He should have crossed the street to the right to go to Brehant's; he went instead to the left, and at a lively pace, too. This shows, friend Dutailly, that your captain is an impostor and that I am most happy at having been able to demolish his pretensions by means of this engine."

Taking a book, I gave the shell a violent blow. It burst into a thousand pieces—of chocolate—and sent a volley of sweetmeats over the floor. Shouts of laughter greeted the explosion and, I may add, this *dénouement*, as Gertrude and Anatole were married three months later. The captain was never heard of again.—Translated from the French of Victorien Sardou for the Argonaut, by H. Twitchell.

Until a few years ago not a rat was seen in Cocos. But a ship was wrecked off the islands and the rats swam ashore. They increased at such a rate that they became a nuisance and caused a tremendous loss by spoiling the buds of the cocoanut, which are extremely tender, and are spoiled immediately anything touches them. The King of the Cocos Islands, therefore, endeavored to exterminate the rodents, and at last he imported cats. But the cats did not do their work at all. The trouble of catching the rats was apparently too much for them, and finding a delicious shellfish on the shores which they liked much better, they within a short time became large and wild, and, in fact, a tremendous nuisance, so much so that now the islanders have not only the trouble of rats, but also of cats.

King George's new sceptre will contain one of the famous Cullinan diamonds, the other having been set in the imperial crown, so that the two together form the most valuable regalia ever worn by a European monarch.

MODJESKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Anecdotes and Incidents of the Actress's Career.

It is becoming the fashion with stage favorites to set down their reminiscences at great length. And it is surprising how well so many of them can write. Ellen Terry has proved herself an artist with the pen, and the autobiography of another famous actress, the "Memories and Impressions of Helena Modjeska," is destined to take high rank in the annals of the theatre. There is no straining after effect; the narrative is simple and direct, and richly relieved with incident.

Born in 1840 at Cracow, the life of the future actress, save for the bombardment of her native city when she was eight years old, passed in an uneventful manner until the day when she saw her first play, "The Daughter of the Regiment," an event which excited her so much that her mother put a taboo on the theatre for the future. But permission was granted for private theatricals at home, and in those diversions Modjeska gained her first training for the footlights. When she was in her twenty-first year an accident at the salt mines led to the organization of a benefit entertainment, in which Modjeska took the part of a boy:

The chief event of the evening consisted in the visit of a stranger who came behind the scenes after the performance. He was very pleasant, and rather amused at my "childish appearance," as he called it. He asked me, nevertheless, how long I had been on the stage, which I considered a flattering mistake.

"I never was on the stage," I answered, "and I am not an actress. We only act for our pleasure, and we are only amateurs, except Mr. Loboiko." It was Mr. Chencinski, a well-known actor on the Warsaw stage, a stage manager as well as a humorous dramatic author. He said something complimentary which I do not remember, and then concluded, taking leave of me:

"I hope to see you in Warsaw soon." These words engraved themselves in my memory, and turned my head completely. I knew now that I had talent. I knew I had to become an actress or to die! And I wanted to be, not a German, but a Polish actress; and go one day to Warsaw to play at the Imperial Theatre before a brilliant audience, poets, artists, learned men and refined women, and with great actors and actresses.

From that day Modjeska dates her stage career. But her path was not one of roses. As is so often the case, it was from fellow-players of her own sex that she suffered most in her early days. One, however, acted the rôle of friend and urged her not to think of her enemies, but to keep calm and think of her part. An incident of this period shows how fortunate Modjeska was to have the encouraging friend:

The play that night was "Balladyna," by Slowacki—entirely new to me; for, though I had read and memorized many of his poems, I was not well acquainted with his plays. My part was that of an imp, a sort of "Puck." Mme. Ashberger gave me a design for the costume, and I executed it to the best of my ability. The tunic was composed of strips of shaded brown gauze folded thickly over yellow silk, which was intended to produce the effect of a beetle. My dress was short in contrast to the conventional long skirts actresses then wore on the stage even in boy's parts. I wore brown and gold wings and fleshings! Horrors! Each of the goddesses passing before me said aloud:

"Shame! Outrageous! She is naked!" And Mme. Ashberger only laughed, and said to me:

"Never mind, never mind. You are all right!" But in spite of her kind, encouraging words, I experienced one of those terrific fits of stage fright which makes the voice sound hollow and paralyzes the gestures. The dreadful remarks of the trio resounded in my ears, they burned, they scorched, until I became conscious of my scanty dress, which, when I tried it on first, seemed to me rather pretty and characteristic. I crossed my arms over my chest, and did not unfold them until the end of the scene. I was awkward and felt the ground slipping from under my feet, and only after I had delivered one of the speeches I had particularly studied, and received recognition from the public, did I begin to be my own self again.

While still on the threshold of her career Modjeska joined a stock company which specialized in French melodrama. The following incident belongs to those days:

We had in our company a young, very talented actor, who was an ardent follower of the French melodrama. He had tendencies for writing, and in one of his happy, or unhappy, moods he wrote a play based on the French novel, "Le Bossu" (The Hunchback). The hero's object in the play was to appear as a hunchback in the first three acts, by way of disguising his real personality; then, at the supreme moment, to straighten himself up to the full height of six feet, in order to confound the villains and destroy their wicked plots.

This young actor thought that the mere stopping and bending of his body was not sufficient to represent the appearance of a man with a hump on his back, and in order to give his figure a realistic touch (every one had to be realistic at that time) he contrived a peculiar scheme: he bought a bladder which he filled with air, and placed it on his right shoulder under the coat. Previous to the performance he made the stage carpenter place a strong wooden board braced by iron clasps behind the painted pillar, so that he could lean against it. He imagined that by pressing the right shoulder against the pillar the air would escape from the bladder, and by this action he would complete a marvelous change from a hunchback to the straight, tall, handsome fellow he was normally.

He forgot, however, one of the eternal laws of the stage: "Before you let the audience see you, you must see yourself," which means the rehearsing of every point of the part. When the culminating point of the play arrived, and the villain was about to obtain the victory, our hero pressed his shoulder against the prepared pillar, but instead of flattening the hump he bounced back with a jerk which made him sway from one side to the other. Determined to execute his purpose, he again braced himself with all his strength against the supporting board, but with no result.

I played that night the unhappy girl who wore a wedding gown, being about to marry a hated man. I noticed our hero's struggle with the pillar, not understanding, however, the object of his exertions, when suddenly I saw him taking out of his pocket a penknife, which he quickly opened. The audience could not see this action, because he was shielded by the mob of supers, and only his head and shoulders were visible. I became most interested in his movements. I knew he was in terrible trouble about something, but could not for

the world understand what it was all about, when he turned toward me with the expression of a hunted animal, and handing me the knife, whispered desperately:

"Please cut my bladder!"

"What?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Cut the bladder on my shoulder," he added, impatiently, yet still in a whisper. Then the whole situation dawned on me, and with the willingness common among actors of helping the fellow-artist out of his trouble, I approached him, took the knife, and concealing my action as much as I could, I plunged the small weapon even to the hilt. But oh! what happened next was simply dreadful! When I drew out the knife, the air escaped from the artificial hump with a gentle and prolonged whistle!

Not in Poland any more than anywhere else were the transport people above making mistakes. Arriving in a small town where the play was to be "The Devil's Mill," it was discovered that the trunks with the costumes of the minor devils were missing. But Modjeska's brother undertook to find a solution for the difficulty:

When I came at the appointed hour, I found my brother sitting on a high office stool in the centre of the stage. At his feet were lying in a tangle yards of red cotton stuff, and he was telling two sewing women how to cut and stitch the cloth. I understood that they were making trunks.

"What about the tights?" I asked. He smiled, and waving his hand towards a huge can of black paint, he said, "There are the tights, my dear," and then laughed right out.

"You don't mean to paint those poor boys all over?"

"Just what I mean to do, my little sister," and he laughed again.

He followed the property man, who carried the can of paint and a brush in one hand and a bundle of red trunks in the other.

We had not long to wait; in a few minutes my brother opened the door just enough to put his head out, and calling to me: "Attention! Number one is ready!" he pushed on the stage a most frightened boy, painted black all over, with horns on his head, and white circles around the eyes, which made them look like goggles. He had a tail made of a rope, and a tongue of red cloth hanging out of his opened mouth. The red, very scanty, trunks were the only protection to outraged modesty. The effect indeed was monstrous.

I forget the plot of that awful play, but I remember the scene where a man is brought in and sentenced by Lucifer. With a fearful yell the demons fall upon the man to beat him with uncanny looking weapons, broomsticks, racks, iron bars, etc. The man tries to escape, and hides behind the throne, but the infuriated servants of Hades run after him and strike so hard that he catches one of the devils and throw him over his shoulders, as a shield against the blows. The "supers," all young boys, appreciated the fun, and struck yet harder than before at the exposed part of the devil's body, until the poor imp screamed with pain, and finally exclaimed: "Oh, Lord, Saint Marie, Saint Joseph, stop! For God's sake, don't beat so hard!"

Modjeska did not greatly enjoy that type of play, but she was still four years short of thirty when a season at Posen gave her her first opportunity to attempt Shakespeare. When she was given the part of Juliet she was in ecstasy; up to then she had never even read the play:

How I played Juliet then, I can not tell now. I mean I can not give the details. When I played it in English I changed some of the scenes, but not the conception of the part. Of that first performance I have only a vague recollection. Yet I remember two things distinctly: the way in which Ladnowski and I treated the balcony scene and the effect produced on the audience.

As I said before, Ladnowski and myself studied the balcony scene in the open, and we tried to tune our voices to the surroundings. The scene was spoken in hushed voices all through; every sentence came out with spontaneity, passion, and simplicity. Those two lovers hung on each other's words with almost childish intensity. Juliet's words at times came out broken with quick sighs, indicating the heightened pulse, and accompanied by furtive glances around the place, expressive of fear lest some dreaded kinsman should appear suddenly. The scene was a crescendo, from the softness of the speech to the hurried words they exchanged towards the end:

ROMEO—So thrive my soul.

JULIET (breaking in hurriedly)—A thousand times good-night;

then from the return of the lovers until the end the words growing softer and more dreamy.

As for so-called stage business, there was almost none. One single rose taken from Juliet's hair, kissed and thrown to Romeo with the words, "I would kill you with much cherishing." That was all. What we looked after was the intensity of the situation, to which we tried to fit our mood and our voices, which remained hushed and yet audible even to the last seat in the gallery.

It was not until the winter of 1875 that Modjeska had any thought of testing fortune on the American stage. Here is her vivid account of the late evening talk in which the idea was first mooted. The party consisted of Sarnecki, Victor Baranski, and several others:

They were all so congenial on that memorable evening, and so jolly, that even I woke up from my torpid state of mind and took part in the conversation. Some one brought news of the coming Centennial Exposition in America. Sienkiewicz, with his vivid imagination, described the unknown country in the most attractive terms. Maps were brought out and California discussed. It was worth while to hear the young men's various opinions about the Golden West:

"You can not die of hunger there, that is quite sure!" said one. "Rabbits, hares, and partridges are unguarded! You have only to go out and shoot them!"

"Yes," said another, "and fruits, too, are plenty! Blackberries and the fruit of the cactus grow wild, and they say the latter is simply delicious!"

"I have heard," said another, "that the fruit of California is at least three times larger than in any other country!"

"Yes, everything is extraordinary!" sounded the reply. "Fancy, coffee grows wild there! All you have to do is to pick it; also pepper and the castor-oil bean, and ever so many useful plants! One could make an industry of it!"

"Besides gold!" said a wise voice. "Gold! They say you can dig it out almost anywhere!"

"There are also rattlesnakes," added Baranski, in a cynical tone of voice.

"Yes! But who cares! You can kill them with a stick!" "Oh, how brave you are—sitting in this cozy room!" said our skeptical friend.

"Rattlesnakes are bad, of course, but think of a grizzly bear and a puma, the California jaguar!"

"What a glorious hunt one could have!" exclaimed Sienkiewicz, and then added, "I should like to go and see that country of sunshine and primitive nature."

Every one had to say something about the promised land, and Witkiewicz took a pencil and drew fantastic pictures of my nieces sitting on two huge mushrooms, while an enormous rattlesnake was nestling at their feet. The cherries that hung on branches over their heads were as large as apples. Dr. Karwowski entered just when we were most interested in Sienkiewicz's description of an imaginary storm on the ocean, and said to me jokingly:

"You need a change of air, madame. Why not make a trip to America?"

"That is a good idea," my husband answered. "Why not," and he looked at me.

I repeated, smiling, "Why not?"

Chmielewski laughed and exclaimed: "Let us all go. We will kill pumas, build huts, make our own garments out of skins, and live as our forefathers lived!"

"Just so!" added Baranski. "And Pani Helena will cook and wash dishes, and instead of violets and heliotrope, her perfume will be the flavor of dishwater. How enticing!" We all laughed, and the subject was dismissed as an impossibility.

As one result of her success in America, Modjeska paid several visits to Europe, and it was while she was playing in London that Sarah Bernhardt came to one of her performances:

After the play she came to my dressing-room, and said she cried during the last act. This was most flattering. We spoke of the play. She remarked, with her usual grace, that I made the third act interesting and dramatic. She never before liked that act, she said; it seemed to her tame. She also liked my letter-writing scene. Her talk was vivacious and interesting. She seemed to be filled with art to her finger-tips.

Among the French celebrities who visited London was Gustave Doré, a famous artist, yet simple and warm-hearted, loving his home and speaking about his mother with adoration. "She comes first," he said, "and then my art." She was ill at that time, and he shortened his London visit to hasten to her bedside.

Bastien Lepage also came to see me after the performance. I was quite fascinated by his *espigle* mood. He touched all the subjects on my dressing-table, making amusing remarks, then suddenly stopped and looked straight in my face with his sharp, observing eyes, and smiled critically, I thought. I asked him if it was my make-up, or rather the absence of it that amused him. He immediately took a blue and a brown pencil from the table and put a few lines around my eyes, nostrils, and cheeks.

The change was wonderful. "Now you are ready for the coffin," and he laughed. "But never mind; your acting was quite convincing without that," he added seriously.

Ellen Terry, who had returned from her provincial tour, and played with Henry Irving in some short play, came to see the last act of "Marie Stuart," and called at my dressing-room after the performance. She was accompanied by Charles Coghlan, who was then without an engagement.

It seems that, hearing about a foreign actress playing "Marie Stuart," she took me for Mme. Janaushek, who had played that part once or twice in London, and came with a preconceived idea that I was a stout woman. Her first movement when she entered my room and was introduced by Coghlan, was to feel my arm, and say, "I was told that you were stout; but I see you are not," and then she stepped back and looked at me again: "But perhaps you are; I can not see your form under this voluminous garment."

Whoever has met Ellen Terry knows that she is irresistible, and I liked her from the start. We had quite a long chat, and parted friends.

During my London engagement I saw her in several parts, but I admired her most in "Much Ado About Nothing" and in the last act of "Merchant of Venice."

Her stage appearance was strikingly beautiful. The ease, the abundance of gestures, even the nervous restlessness which never leaves her, fitted the part, and her spirit, the sparkling repartees, the mischievous though good-natured fun, were captivating. I never saw a better performance; her Beatrice was perfectly fascinating.

In addition to meeting the famous members of her own profession in London, Modjeska was present at a special gathering in honor of the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales:

I was seated next to the prince, and had vis-à-vis the most beautiful Mrs. Lily Langtry. This gave me an opportunity to admire her perfect neck and shoulders. I had met Mrs. Langtry several times before, and remember how, one evening, after "Romeo and Juliet," she came to my dressing-room and put on her head the wreath of small white roses I wore in the tomb scene; she also tried the skullcap I introduced in Juliet, and looked so bewitching in both that I asked her if she never had a tendency toward the stage. She smiled and said, "Yes; it would be nice to be an actress." But at that time she was not seriously thinking of the stage. The charming Mrs. Cornwallis West, with her miniature beauty, sat near by, and there were several other persons, some of them known and some unknown to me.

Genevieve Ward sat on the same side of the table with me, and between us was a Russian count whose name I forget. Count Jaraczewski was animated. My husband, who, at the end of the play, had slipped away to smoke a cigarette, came in when everybody was seated. The prince perceived him, and said to me, "There is Monsieur Chlapowski." He pronounced the name perfectly, with a Polish inflection on the second syllable, and with the hard "t" so difficult to foreigners. I was amazed at the prince's memory of faces and names, for he had met my husband only once before.

Seeing him now approaching our table, the prince bowed slightly, waving his hand to him. Mr. Chlapowski, who is very near-sighted, thought that some of his friends was greeting him, and sent back to the prince a most familiar wave of the hand. When he came nearer and recognized the prince, he apologized, and both had a good laugh over the mistake.

It was during that supper that the prince spoke to me about the drama. He said that dramatic art was not yet in its full development in England. I suggested the founding of an endowed national theatre, such as all other countries in Europe possess. His answer was discouraging: "Do you think there is enough love for art in the Anglo-Saxon race to make the theatre a state affair?" There was no answer to that.

Many of Modjeska's chapters relate to her experiences in the United States, but these are comparatively well known. What has been cited above will show that the records of her early struggles are fully as interesting as the pages which perpetuate her success. The portrait illustrations include pictures of the actress in thirteen of her most famous rôles.

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF HELENA MODJESKA. An autobiography. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Golden Galleon.

Indirectly but none the less surely Lucas Malet seems to be growing into more and more pronounced opposition to the ideas for which her father contended so vigorously. Charles Kingsley had no love for the Roman Catholic Church, as his "Westward Ho!" testified, yet his daughter has written a book which casts a seductive glamour over the faith of that church. Again, Kingsley was a Socialist of an early type, yet this story leaves the impressions that the paths of the Socialist tend inevitably to crime. For the Golden Galleon, a costly little silver-gilt model of a ship in full sail, was a stolen article, and stolen by the youth who after lodging with the Misses Povey for several years went out into the London world and got mixed up with loud-voiced righters of wrongs and so entered upon a criminal career.

But Mrs. Harrison's use of the Golden Galleon has, it must be admitted, a higher purpose than an impeachment of socialism. It is the symbol of idealism in the narrow life of a soul-starved spinster, and becomes to her the type of the happiness and success for which she felt Willy Evans destined. So each night before she went to bed, and each morning before she dressed, the Golden Galleon was placed on a chest of drawers and duly worshipped; "week in and week out, she had come to regard the little ship in a spirit of mystic devotion, as symbol and, in a sense, exponent of all the inarticulate desires of her womanhood, of all the fond hopes and imaginings of her fifty years of living." It is a novel conceit and is worked out with much charm and poignant interest. In two matters Mrs. Harrison makes large demands upon her reader's credulity. In view of her express statement of the yearly income of her two old ladies, the picture she draws of their growing poverty is unconvincing, for two spinsters of their limited wants could live in great comfort on the income they are credited with. Again, no police officer would be able to return the Golden Galleon on the grounds mentioned in the story. These, however, are not material defects in a striking little character study. In addition to the principal persons, each vividly characterized, the sketches of Mr. Chidcock and his wife are thoroughly enjoyable. The latter, a "low-spirited, faded, childless failure of woman," was used by the retired oil and colorman as a "human waste-paper basket into which he flung such unconsidered scraps and tags of conversation as fell from his lips during the absence of more worthy audience." Nor are the lowly servants, charwoman and maid of all work, less clearly drawn.

THE GOLDEN GALLEON. By Lucas Malet. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains.

Armed with his inevitable camera and equipped with a capacious notebook, Mr. Johnson wandered hither and thither in Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and other districts of the region lying between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast, and this volume is the result. Its pen-pictures have for their subjects mainly the lives of rural people; we see them at work on their farms or in their stores, and more at their ease in their homes. Now and then, too, we have glimpses of them at their devotions, for Mr. Johnson does seem to take a day off now and then from photographing and note-taking. His records are interesting because for the most part he is a faithful chronicler of rural conversation, and wherever there are any historic associations to be noted he makes the most of them. Also, many of the photographs are interesting, especially those of the various landscapes which came under his observation. But when Mr. Johnson does a little posing on his own account his results are liable to incline more to the ludicrous than the artistic. To catch people in natural poses is one thing; to pose them so that they seem natural is another. And Mr. Johnson has not the secret of the second.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A Senator of the Fifties.

By drawing upon the recollections of the living and by diligent study of such original records as have survived the fire, Mr. Lynch in his study of the career of David C. Broderick has produced a volume of singular interest to Californians and one which is also valuable for its relation to national history. The method chosen has been that of a blend of biography and history, so that the reader has a clear notion of the background of Broderick's brief and somewhat stormy career. Thus the opening chapter gives a succinct outline of the history of California, and especially of San Francisco, which prepares the way for an account of the senator's antecedents.

He was born in Washington, D. C., of artisan parentage, but his family removed to New York in the early years of his life, and the lad was but fourteen when his father died. Hence he had to begin the struggle of life while still in his teens, and when, not many

years later, his mother and only brother died, he was left absolutely alone in the world. As he said years afterwards in the Senate, he did not know a single human being in whom flowed a drop of his blood. This may have accounted for those traits of his character which gave him the faculty "of making more bitter, rancorous, and vindictive enemies than most men." Mr. Lynch describes him as a "gloomy being," and while admitting that although during his New York career he made friends who would die for him, he also made "enemies who would make him die if possible." As will be remembered, Broderick reached San Francisco in June, 1849; a little more than ten years later he was dead of Terry's bullet, his last coherent words being, "They have killed me because I was opposed to a corrupt administration and the extension of slavery." The events between those two dates are admirably described by Mr. Lynch, his account of the Committee of Vigilance being particularly full and vivid. And it should be added that the interest of the volume is enhanced by numerous portraits and reproductions of old pictures.

A SENATOR OF THE FIFTIES: DAVID C. BRODERICK. By Jeremiah Lynch. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.50 net.

The Conservation of Water.

Starting in an attractive manner with the story of farmer Ezry Perkins, who chuckled as he told how he had sold his "ol' bottom farm" to a "city feller" for five dollars an acre, Mr. Mathews proceeds in a vigorous and readable way to preach his gospel of the conservation of water, "the White Coal" which is to be "the fuel of our children; the white coal which pours down the mountainside in unending abundance." At the outset he seeks to impress his reader with some startling facts, as that over the whole United States there falls in a single year an average of thirty inches of water. Largely, he says, this water runs to waste and creates untold damage in doing so. This is a sixfold Mississippi "pouring its idle and unutilized flood into the sea and carrying with it every year a billion tons of our richest soil." Why, a hundred thousand men standing on the banks of the Mississippi and shoveling into it rich earth for twelve hours a day could not throw into the river as much soil as it carries annually out into the Gulf of Mexico. From such texts as these Mr. Mathews argues with great earnestness and force for storage schemes, for the use of white coal in industry, and for many other related reforms. Within reason, all such pleas are commendable, but they seem to overlook the laws of nature in a way, failing as they do to take account of any large effort to destroy the balance of nature. Whether man can better natural forces in the shaping and reshaping of the world is a problem still awaiting solution. But Mr. Mathews has written an interesting book and a book of much practical value.

THE CONSERVATION OF WATER. By John L. Mathews. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.

Porcelain.

Collectors of porcelain will find much to interest them in Mr. Dillon's admirable little manual. The various divisions of the book are devoted to the products of China, Japan, Germany, France, and England, while the introduction gives an informing account of the general processes of manufacture and a brief historical survey. Mr. Dillon reminds us that in its main outlines the history of porcelain is exceedingly simple. Slowly developed during the Middle Ages in China, the manufacture became in time mainly concentrated at one spot, King-te-chen, and there reached the highest development early in the eighteenth century. In Europe the repeated attempts to produce a similar ware had about the same time been crowned with complete success in Saxony; while in France and then in England a ware, resembling in aspect the Chinese, but softer and more fusible, came to be accepted as an equivalent. Mr. Dillon awards Chinese porcelain the highest praise for technical excellence and the endless variety of its forms and decorations, but with regard to English specimens notes the curious fact that "England is the only country where porcelain has been successfully manufactured without royal or princely support." It is the aristocrat of pottery, for its development was due originally to imperial patronage and court demand. To guide the collector Mr. Dillon has adorned his book with numerous plates of typical examples.

PORCELAIN AND HOW TO COLLECT IT. By Edward Dillon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

The Book of Football.

Before tackling the practical part of his subject, before even indulging in his interesting historical survey of the game, Mr. Camp delivers himself of an exhortation which deserves to be carefully pondered by every football player and all who have any connection with the game. It is a manly little sermon, high in tone and earnest in spirit, and its text is, "Be each, pray God, a gentleman!" Mr. Camp admits that a gentleman against a gentleman always plays to win; there is a tacit agreement between them that

each shall do his best; but "a gentleman never competes for money, directly or indirectly. Make no mistake about this." Again: "After winning a race or a match there is no reason why a good, healthy lot of young men should not do plenty of cheering, but there is every reason why they should not make their enjoyment depend upon insulting those who have lost. You can not take your hilarity off into a corner and choke it to death, and no one wants you to; but gratuitous jibes and jeers at the crestfallen mark you as a man who does not know how to hear a victory, a man whose pate is addled by the excitement or whose bringing up has been at fault."

In his history and in his practical advice Mr. Camp maintains the high standard of his opening exhortation. He has a lofty ideal for his favorite game, and never writes a sentence contrary to that ideal. If football is saved from the fate which seems to threaten it, that is, the loss of the respect of all whose respect is worth having, the result will be due to Mr. Camp more than to any other man. Hence all lovers of clean, healthy, fair sport will welcome this admirable book and do their utmost to secure its wide circulation.

THE BOOK OF FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

In "The Boy's Drake" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net) Edwin M. Bacon has given a new and stirring account of the most notable deeds of the famous sea-fighter of the sixteenth century. The book is fully illustrated from quaint old pictures and maps.

"A Child's Book of Old Verses" (Duffield & Co.) is an admirable anthology, compiled by Jessie W. Smith, of the best poetic favorites. The compiler has enhanced the charm of her volume with ten full-page illustrations in color and some graceful decorative head-pieces.

An interesting and valuable addition to folklore is provided by James A. Honey in his "South African Folk-Tales" (the Baker & Taylor Company; \$1 net). The stories are mainly of Bushmen origin, and well deserve preservation in this permanent form. For the use of comparative study the little volume deserves high praise, while the inherent interest of its contents is not slight.

Few present-day writers are so industrious as Orison Swett Marden, to whose credit within the past two or three weeks have been placed "The Miracle of Right Thought," "Be Good to Yourself," and "Getting On" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net each). The first-named is a continuation of that discussion begun in the same author's "Peace, Power, and Plenty," and that as well as the other two is notable for that spirit of inspiring optimism characteristic of Dr. Marden. They are all books which no one can read without great benefit.

Kept alive in the memory of most by Keats's sonnet, George Chapman has other claims on fame than his translation of Homer. In that conviction Thomas M. Parrott has undertaken to edit a new edition of "The Plays and Poems of George Chapman" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net), which is to be complete in three volumes. The first, now available, includes the tragedies; the second will give the comedies; and the third will contain the poems. Mr. Parrott has edited the text with great care and furnished this first volume with an admirable body of introductions and notes. "Revenge for Honor" is included, although the editor is convinced it was not written by Chapman.

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GREAT MASTERS OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING. From the French of Emile Michel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Byron can claim another enthusiastic admirer in Frederic Harrison, who puts the case for that poet thus: "Tens of thousands of cultivated men and women in Europe and in America delight in Byron, while they have never heard of Keats and never read a line of Wordsworth; and some fastidious critics tell us that is because Byron is 'obvious.' Byron is obvious in the sense of not being obscure; indeed, Horace or Pope is not more perfectly intelligible and direct. But it is not poetic mastery to be able to construct enigmas in verse; and it is one of the fads of our time to vaunt the industrious interpretation of metrical cryptograms." Another of Mr. Harrison's literary verdicts is concerned with Meredith's poetry. "Nature had denied him an ear for music in verse, to which he seems insensible, just as Beethoven's deafness never permitted him to hear his own magnificent symphonies. For all its subtlety and originality, Meredith's verse is unreadable by reason of its intolerable cacophony."

Four new novels are to be published this month by Little, Brown & Co. First on the list will be Anthony Partridge's "The Golden Web," which will be followed by McDonnell Bodkin's "The Capture of Paul Beck," E. Phillips Oppenheim's "Berenice," and John T. Moore's "The Gift of Grass." It is stated that the new Oppenheim story will deal with the love of an English writer of high ideals for a prominent actress.

Frank Lee Benedict, an author of popular novels in the 'seventies and later, and a writer of verse above the ordinary, died last month, aged seventy-six. Mr. Benedict was at one time editor of *Peterson's Magazine*, and afterwards was connected with *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Morality, as Whistler might have said, is creeping up. For proof whereof what could be more convincing than the following statement issued by the sponsors of a new novel: "We are most anxious to be represented as publishing a big book, and, whether you agree with us or not, please absolve us from any intention of issuing an impure or obscene book for the profit that sometimes follows in the wake of such performances."

One of the important book events of the new year will be the inauguration of the series of serious studies to which have been given the general title of the "Modern Criminal Science Series." The first volume will be C. Bernaldo de Quirós's "Modern Theories of Criminality," which is to be followed by Hans Grass's "Criminal Psychology." The books will be translations of the most important works of eminent continental authorities, but each volume will have an American preface.

Professor Bailey, of Cornell, tells on himself a story which will appeal to book collectors. Finding in an old book shop an edition of which he was in need, an inquiry as to the price elicited the response, "Five dollars." Thinking this rather high, Professor Bailey protested. "Well," replied the bookseller, "it may seem high to you, but it really doesn't make any difference to me whether you buy it or not, for there's an old fool down at Ithaca by the name of Bailey who'll take it at five dollars just as soon as I offer it to him."

Browning was a surprise to Helena Modjeska. "Before the introduction," she wrote in her memoirs, "I took him for a retired French officer. He certainly looked French, with his pointed mustache, his imperial à la Napoleon the Third, and his vivacious manners. I never would have suspected him of being the author of 'Andrea del Sarto' and 'Fra Lippo Lippi.' He spoke rapidly in French

and English on all possible subjects with the same ease and knowledge. I do not believe I have ever met a man so versatile as he, so great and yet so simple; such a poet and yet so human."

Henry Silver, a former member of the staff of *Punch*, and one of the three Charterhouse contributors to that journal (Thackeray being another), has left an estate valued at over a million pounds. This is thought to be a record for a literary man.

"War or Peace: A Present-Day Duty and a Future Hope" is the title of an exceedingly timely study by General H. M. Chittenden, which the McClurgs promise for early publication. The arguments of the volume against war are based upon practical and economic considerations and the cost of militarism. It will, it is said, outline a plan in advance of the usual suggestion for spasmodic arbitration as a means of establishing international peace.

If the *Dial* were published in Boston the gloomy strain of its "Taking Stock" editorial and its harping on the loss of New England writers might be understood, but Chicago should be more hopeful than this: "The case of America is the most discouraging of all. We admire such men as Mr. Howells and Mr. James, and hold them in our deepest affection, but they hardly fill the places of the poets we have lately lost—Stedman and Aldrich and Moody—and not at all the places of such seers and singers as Emerson and Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell."

Neither "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Tom Brown's Schooldays" is on the list of the twelve best books for boys compiled by a university professor after consultation with librarians in twenty-five States.

In a suggestive study of modern German literary movements Kurt Martens looks back to an earlier period with regret. "Germany was a land of culture, Germany had style. Now it is an arsenal, a stock exchange, a madhouse, a monster hotel." Dealing with the dangerous tendencies of the times, he adds: "No longer does the poet go among the people with the rhetoric of the thirst for freedom on his lips, but with observant eyes, reserved or merely questioning, very critical, and for the present analytical rather than synthetic, fastidious in his tastes, often obscure in his expression. That such personalities, quite apart from their works, do not possess the confidence of a society which feels itself constantly watched, judged, and often condemned by them, can surprise nobody."

Anatole France is reported to have given this view of Tolstoy the reformer: "If his ideas, although founded on a conception of religion still strong in the Slav and Anglo-Saxon races, contain a renewal of humanity's ideal, if they are the presentiment which a man of genius has of the tendencies of humanity, then this Utopia may bear great fruits. For even if it can not be carried out ideally, it is a beautiful tendency, which will show men the way to go."

Before the days of copyright the would-be publisher had little difficulty in starting business. In a recent study of the romance of bookselling it is stated that the young stationer of London could begin with a book-stall; and he had only to pick up a manuscript—it did not matter much how—have it entered as his "copy" in the Stationers' Register, and get some one to print it for him, if he had no press of his own. A half-forgotten book that seemed worth reprinting, or even ballad, would answer the purpose. The system of interchange which became a recognized practice at once provided him with an opportunity of stocking his booth or shop with other books at comparatively little expense.

William F. Foster, who has been chosen for the responsible task of organizing the new Reed College near Portland, Oregon, is the author of "Administration of the College Curriculum," which Houghton Mifflin Company are to publish in the spring.

Having completed their Modern History, the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken to publish a comprehensive history of mediæval times prepared on a similar plan. The work, however, is to be confined to eight volumes instead of twelve, and they are to be issued in chronological order.

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San Francisco ought to have a district where beautiful homes may be built and where the tourist will be taken as to a show place, to see beautiful boulevards, entrance gates, artistic columns, terraces, winding roads and attractive surroundings, and in such a park-like district to find homes where the architect had brought into existence designs harmonious with the surroundings.

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THE REAL DICK TURPIN.

A Suggestion for American Coaching Enthusiasts.

From the ohliging manufacturer of family-trees to the seductive house-agent, all who in England have anything to vend agree in the policy of producing the oldest of their wares for American customers. If there is an antique painting to be disposed of, or a first folio Shakespeare, or a hoary castle, the vendor's first thought is of possible New World purchasers. In fact, Americans are doing more than the natives to preserve the historic past of England. Take the cases of Alfred Vanderbilt and Judge Moore as examples. Admitting that there are a few of England's "idle rich" who twice a year play at coaching, it still remains true that it is the Americans, and only the Americans, who take the four-in-hand seriously and adequately sustain the picturesque traditions of the old posting days.

Hitherto, however, Mr. Vanderbilt and Judge Moore have neglected one important feature of coaching expeditions; they have not provided for the highwayman. This is a serious oversight. The chief excitement of posting in the good old days consisted in the fact that those who traveled by coach were always expecting either Sixteen-String Jack, or Jonathan Wild, or Dick Turpin to take the highway in some lonely stretch of country and greet the coachers with a stern demand to "Stand and deliver!" The propriety of reviving that thrill of the past may be commended to Mr. Vanderbilt. What, for example, would be more certain to insure a full passenger-list for one of his coaching expeditions than a guaranty that somewhere on the road the travelers would be held up in approved style by a twentieth-century Dick Turpin? To complete the attractiveness of the programme, the objective of the expedition should be that desolate little village in Essex where the last of the highwaymen was born.

For Dick Turpin was not a myth. Harrison Ainsworth did idealize the freebooter in the pages of "Rockwood," but his fanciful portrait had a framework of fact. Whether, however, Turpin is to be credited with that record ride to York on his famous Black Bess is another matter. Perhaps a knight of the road did once ride from London to York in fifteen hours, and such a feat, the covering of nearly two hundred miles on one horse in so brief a space of time, deserved all the glowing sentences of the novelist; but there is no evidence to show that it was accomplished by Turpin.

Indeed whether Dick was such a model of manly courage and chivalry as the novelist would have us believe is open to question. But there can be no doubt he was a choice scoundrel. In the proclamation issued for his arrest in 1737 he is described as a native of Thaxted, in Essex, but that assertion is wrong. He was an Essexman, it is true, but it was at Hempstead, and not at Thaxted, he first saw the light. Some years ago the Crown Inn at Hempstead was adorned with a board recording the fact that Dick Turpin was born within its walls, and although the board is gone the fact remains as the one indisputable item in the highwayman's history. The exact date of his birth will probably never be known, but the parish register attests that Richard Turpin, the son of John and Mary Turpin, was baptized in the village church on September 21, 1705. On the coffin in which he received a felon's burial at York in 1739 his age was given as twenty-eight, but the Hempstead record proves that he must have escaped the gallows for thirty-four years at least.

And he might have escaped for many more years if he had resisted the temptation to shoot a game-cock. It happened in this manner: Turpin was hiding in Yorkshire under the assumed name of John Palmer, and, by cleverly stealing horses and then selling them to gentlemen with whom he used to hunt, he managed to provide himself with daily bread and maintain a considerable position in the world. His horse-thefts, the latest of which had yielded him a harvest of a mare and her foal, were not found out, but the charge brought against him of shooting a game-cock led to a train of evidence which brought the appropriation of the mare and her foal to his door. Arrest and trial followed, and then there gathered such a cloud of witnesses around Turpin, including several Hempstead natives who had known him from birth, that it was no difficult matter to hang the noose round his throat.

Whoso would disentangle the real Dick Turpin from the mythical article must rely largely upon the evidence given at his trial in York, reported by one who described himself as a "possessor of shorthand." The Hempstead witnesses were almost indecently loquacious, and appear to have bent their best energies toward securing the conviction of their fellow-villager. Whether they were jealous of the fair fame of their native hamlet, or were merely taking a belated revenge for some of Dick's boyish escapades, does not appear. They told, however, how Dick's "sheep" was both an innkeeper and a butcher,

how Dick was a wild spirit from his earliest years, how his parents tried to sober him by marriage, and how, by the appearance of a rejected letter at the postoffice, they had been able to identify the John Palmer in prison at York with the Richard Turpin too well known by them all.

That proclamation of 1737 already mentioned ignores the "manly beauty" and "extravagant red whiskers" of Ainsworth, and tersely describes Turpin as "about thirty, five feet nine inches high, brown complexion, very much marked with the smallpox, his cheekbones broad, his face thinner towards the bottom, his visage short, pretty upright, and broad about the shoulders." Other evidence goes to show that instead of being that paragon of chivalry described by the novelist, Turpin's turn of mind led him more "towards seating old women on their fires than meeting men in open fight." All of which particulars may be commended to the notice of Mr. Vanderbilt when making choice of Turpin's understudy.

One warning should be given to the passengers who book for the highwayman-attacked journey to Hempstead: the Crown Inn is now nothing more than a village "pub" and its refreshments are limited to bread and cheese and beer. But its associations should offset that defect. Opposite the inn is a clump of trees planted in a circle, and known as Turpin's Ring. How the robber's name came to be connected with this curious cluster of trees is a mystery. It is also puzzling to account satisfactorily for their having been planted in this unusual arrangement. The local tradition is that this was the village cock-pit, or even the scene of Hempstead bear-baiting in the good old times.

On the return journey to London Mr. Vanderbilt should take his passengers to Dawkin's Farm, a mile or so from the village. In a field in front of the house is another Turpin relic, the decaying trunk of the famous Hempstead oak in the boughs of which Dick is reputed to have hidden from his pursuers. It is a mere shell today, but in Turpin's time was a living forest-giant, the fifty-foot girth of which would have delighted the tree-measuring Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 26, 1910.

"A Man-About-Town."

A man-about-town is different things in different places, the plural being "men-about-towns" (says a correspondent of an Eastern paper). A Chicago man-about-town may or may not reside in Sheridan Road, but has two essential markings: he always tells the chauffeur to wait, and frequently expresses curiosity as to where Sallie Fisher is playing this season. The Philadelphia man-about-town is one who speaks of Biddles by their prænomena. Revelation of the type in New York well nigh always occurs in barrooms; but he is one to whom the barman always gives a napkin with the drink, irrespectively of what that drink may be. Also, the New York man-about-town "drops in to catch Garden in the fourth act." (For this purpose he always selects a two-act or three-act opera.) The San Francisco m.-a.-t. frowns when you call that place "Frisco," and never misses a prize-fight. Both the Cleveland and Cincinnati types are recognized as they mix their own salad dressing in restaurants. In Louisville he always insists on inspecting the programme of music by the Seelbach Orchestra before ordering dinner or supper; and in New Orleans, where vests are worn only by visitors from the North, he wears both belt and suspenders to indicate *laissez-faire*. The Baltimore m.-a.-t. shows his quality nights by "running over to Washington," which is glad to have him, as it has none of its own. Neither has Batavia, New York, nor St. Louis, Missouri.

Monday, December 26, 1910, will always remain memorable in the annals of music in this country. In the afternoon Engelbert Humperdinck was in the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, to receive the plaudits of his admirers after a performance of "Hansel and Gretel," and in the evening Giacomo Puccini was the recipient of a similar ovation on the part of his admirers. His "Girl of the Golden West" had its first performance on a subscription night, and at regular prices. The result was that not only was the house packed, but hundreds were turned away disappointed; for this was the last opportunity to see Puccini. The performance did not differ in any important respect from the two that had preceded it. Whatever one may think of the lasting qualities of the opera, it is decidedly worth hearing and seeing, and the interpretation of it by Caruso, Destinn, Amato, Toscanini, and nearly all the others concerned is said to be magnificent.

While French manufacturers of champagne, whose effervescence is produced by natural fermentation, label the product "Mousseux," those manufacturers of wine whose effervescence is produced partly or wholly by the addition of carbonic-acid gas must plainly label the product "Mousseux fantasie," the word fantasie marking the distinction.

CURRENT VERSE.

Kept in the Heart.

When the white-winged vulture, the Frost,
Takes in his talons the leaves—
The green and the red and the gold—
And stiffens the silver-crossed
Web which the spider weaves;
And seals with his bitter cold
The lips of the laughing brook;
And waves his wings o'er the nook
Where the aster knits her blue;
I gather every hue—
The red and the green and gold
And blue, in my heart to hold.

When the tempest roars so loud
That I can not hear the clock
Tick-ticking upon the wall;
When the stoutest trees are howled
Like a shivering flock
Of sheep at the gray wolf's call;
When the crackle of the fire
On the hearth dies, as desire
Unnourished; and the wild winds beat
The dead leaves at my feet;
Then, like a pleasant psalm,
I hold in my heart a calm.

When blossom the almond's snows
Drifting upon my head;
When the strong one is afraid;
When veiled and darkened are those
Who look from the windows red,
(The "windows of agate" He made);
"When the doors are shut in the street"
And the low bird-warblings, sweet
With their songs of other years,
Come not to my famished ears;
I will hide life's music deep
In my heart, to hold and keep.

—Ella Beardsley, in Boston Transcript.

The Word.

There came a word from yesterday
Through a world of graver matters,
A weary truant from far away
(Like a little, lost love in tatters),
And this was all that it brought to say
Through the gloom of a gray December:
"Oh, there once was a morning in May—in May—
Remember!"

In it came as a beggar might.
Fearful of scorn and of chiding,
Shrinking from hearth and from candle-light
(Like a little, lost love in hiding),
But I drew it close from cold and night,
And I answered without regretting:
"I have tried and tried, but I never am quite
Forgetting!"

—Theodosia Garrison, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Battle.

Thy beauty is hughle and hanner—bugle, and hanner,
and prize.
I march to the heat of thy heart and the oriflamme
of thine eyes;
My falchion flashes thy smile as I fight to the
far-off goal,
To the love that burns like a star on the battle-
ments of thy soul.
O, Queen, the hughle is blowing, the hanners flutter
and stream;
Thy heart is heating and heating, I hear it as in
a dream.
I grow blind; in my blood there is thunder; there
is lightning around and above.
I have cloven a cohort asunder; I swoon on the
ramparts of love.

—Ronald Campbell Macfie, in London Academy.

Sigmund Beel, the violinist, who is visiting in this city after fifteen years abroad, where he has been teaching and concertizing, announces two violin recitals under the direction of Will Greenbaum, at Christian Science Hall, the dates being Thursday night, February 2, and Sunday afternoon, February 5. Mail orders for these concerts may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Beel's Oakland concert is scheduled for Friday afternoon, February 3, at Yc Liberty Playhouse.

Gertrude Atherton's new play for Mrs. Fiske will be called "Julia France," and the scene is laid on the island of Nevis, in the West Indies.

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After the Birdmen
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Handling its share of a scrambling, pushing, shoving, hungry, homeward hound crowd of nearly 200,000, without serious accident to any of that enormous gathering, the United Railroads proved the splendid condition of its equipment Sunday, when the army of sightseers swept across Aviation Field like an ocean rolling inland.

Undoubtedly a new mark was set in transportation circles on the Coast. The perfect weather, breathing of springtime and blossoms, the warmth of the sun, the lush grass by the roadside—all these combined to attract hay city people and thousands from up and down the State to Tanforan, where the birdmen flew.

Every available car was brought into use by the United Railroads, and considering the wild rush made by the crowd at the close of the day's flights, the street-car people may be congratulated upon the ability with which they coped with the unprecedented situation. Only a perfect roadbed, only large, powerful cars, only thoroughly trained crews could have passed through such a day and come out of it with such an enviable record.

Hungry, dusty, anxious to reach home, all semblance of order was practically lost by the surging sightseers, who promptly "rushed" the string of cars in waiting. They went in through the doors and they scrambled in through the windows. Those inside reached out willing arms and helped friend and stranger alike to gain ingress through open windows. Another small army scrambled on top of the cars and the steps were like ant-hills with clinging humanity.

The crews worked rapidly, the human freight took the crushing in good nature, and though doubting ones shook their heads, string after string of cars rolled cityward and distributed their congested loads to every quarter without accident worthy of the name.

The day was an object lesson in passenger traffic as it affects San Francisco, and brought more forcibly before the public than could anything else the fact that congested periods, whether of daily occurrence or pertaining to unusual events, must be endured as the lot of every city with a growing population. At the same time the United Railroads is exercising every endeavor to give to San Francisco larger and better passenger-carrying facilities than it has ever enjoyed. To this end eighty of the latest type of pay-as-you-enter cars have been ordered in the East, and the first consignment will arrive here early next month. The next issue of the *Argonaut* will contain an interesting description of these cars and their operation.

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A NEW THEATRE PLAY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Any one who goes to the Savoy Theatre to see "The Nigger" with the expectation of finding inflammatory appeals to partisan-heated emotions will be disappointed. Edward Sheldon is a realist, and, in common with other thoughtful dramatists of the day, presents his play merely as an interesting and pregnant phase of life. There is no contention, no preaching, no moral. A problem, certainly, in "The Nigger"—one of our gravest problems; but propounded without bias, in a drama which offers no solution. With the instinct of the dramatist for selecting exciting material, he has had placed before us scenes which show the darker and stormier side of life in the South, under its present conditions. The result is a play which, except for a drop in the beginning of the third act, keeps the interest up to a high tension, and works up to a simple, logical, and effective finale.

To those who care only for a dramatic presentation of lives which circle around normal happenings, the play may be found disagreeable. To come so closely into touch with the crime and the pursuit which precede a lynching in the South, while exciting in the extreme, is scarcely suggestive of the aesthetics of art. Yet, at the same time, since drama can and should be one of the most educative of influences, it is perhaps just as well that we should occasionally pause in our pursuit of mere pleasure and see put into stage form ideas, the presentation of which may tend to the evolution of a remedy for this one problem, at some future time not too far away.

The young author, however, has not erred on the side of dealing too much in mere abstractions, nor has he dragged in his effects by the hair. In selecting for his protagonist a man who has negro blood in his veins he has every reason to introduce, and group about him, events which bear upon that idea, on which he has been reared, that a "nigger" is a lower order of humanity; a thing utterly apart from the white man. As one of the men, Morrow himself, if I remember aright, puts it, "A nigger is an animal, all teeth and claws." This Southerner's truism is one of his strong convictions, as much a part of himself as the heart that beats in his body. Yet this Southern gentleman, this scion of an old and prosperous family, this man of strong convictions and tried probity, honored and respected by those among whom he has passed his life, must, we all know, face later the black and hideous fact of the black and hideous blood in his veins.

It is unquestionably a situation full of dramatic possibilities, and strangely enough almost new to the stage. Fiction writers have found it a fruitful theme. W. D. Howells has written on it, Mark Twain, and others. I remember an old novel, "Waiting for the Verdict," by Rebecca Harding Davis, in which the principal male character made the same unwelcome discovery, and was consequently renounced as a savior by the woman who had loved him. The stage version of Mark Twain's intensely interesting "Pudd'n-Head Wilson," as many of us remember, contains the same situation, although differently treated because of the luckless man concerned possessing only the very worst traits of both his white and his colored progenitors. The real tragedy in that story is that of the white boy, brought up as a servile slave, thus forfeiting the birthright of his soul, even if his body's inheritance fell to him afterward.

But here, in Sheldon's play, is a man of pride and place, and dignity. We see him courted by his fellow-citizens, loved by a girl of family, humbly deferred to by his negro attendants. The wretch who is lynched crawls to him for protection, and grovels at his feet; the old mammy, mother of the refugee, looks to him as to her God to save him. From the innocuous love-scene of a few moments before, out in the peaceful garden, we are suddenly plunged into wild excitement, the sound of the yelping pack of hounds in pursuit, the portentous silences that fell when they lost the scent, the wild clamors which burst forth when it was found again, the suspense and terror of the refugee, and his old mother, the seizure, the horrid death-cry, and the long agonized wail of his "mammy" as she hears for the last time the voice of him who was once her pickaninny.

As the curtain goes down, and Morrow,

both as man and sheriff, grieves at his powerlessness before the strength of the mob, he is consoled by Georgie, his betrothed, who says, "Never mind, Phil; after all, he's only a nigger."

In the second act the proud man learns the truth. The interests of the only man that knows it are threatened and he, who had hitherto spared his friend, was made merciless by self-interest. Morrow has become the governor, and can either make or mar the fortunes of his friend according as he vetoes or signs a prohibition bill. Noyes, who is president of a local distillery, finding the governor adamant to his plea for a veto, trades on his knowledge. He has stumbled upon one of those terrible secrets of the South. The mother of Morrow is "a yaller gal." Thus simply she stands in the mind of Noyes. Thus she had stood in the mind of Morrow himself, before he learned that she was his mother. Educated by her master, beautiful and loving, she stood for one of the problems developed by this terrible contiguity of races that can not, must not, blend. The tender, loving woman, with the submission of her race, bent her neck to the yoke. She kept the secret of her maternity of the boy, and went "down the river" into the darkness and oblivion that shrouded the lives of all "yaller gals" who were exiled from homes whose secrets they knew too well. What a theme for romance! It has been used, we know, by romancers of those days, and as our thoughts turn back to those strange, ante-bellum days, with all their wealth of secrecy, of mystery, of wild romance, it makes one want to delve into the novels of the period that lie unread on dusty shelves.

But those were prior to the days of artistic realism, of psychology, and wonderful stories could be written by our horde of promising writers if they would only pause long enough to saturate themselves in the still obtainable, although swiftly passing atmosphere of those old days. There are a few ex-slaves that survive, there are old men and women with volumes of reminiscence stored in their gray old heads.

Edward Sheldon has had no particular need to spread himself upon atmosphere—the kind of elaborate atmosphere, for example, that Belasco would work up. The events in his play brought their atmosphere with them.

Florence Roberts has rather a theatrical Southern accent, and George Barbier a very good one, while Thurlow Bergen has none at all. Two or three old negro servants, and a moonlit garden go a long way toward creating the necessary effects.

The company presenting "The Nigger" is well selected and well balanced, except that neither Florence Roberts nor Thurlow Bergen seem to be exactly round pegs in round holes. I put this down in Florence Roberts's case to her having played so many star emotional roles that there is something a thought too simple in the character of Georgie quite to fit itself to her touch. Georgie is just plain, ordinary—or perhaps I ought to say pretty, ordinary—girl. She, being all Southern, is revolted when she first is told—bravely told, by Morrow himself—the secret. And being all woman, she afterward recalls only the whiteness of him, body and soul, and wants to go back. The girlish simplicity of Georgie was well, but too palpably, acted; the emotionalism, in the moment of wild recoil, very well done indeed.

Thurlow Bergen's mistake is in striking the romantic note. It is evident that Edward Sheldon's idea is that Morrow shall be plain, simple, straightforward American, except, perhaps, for a touch of the old-fashioned courtesy and dignity of the Southern gentleman. But the trail of the romantic leading man was over the presentation right through, although there were many good moments. One could analyze the acting, and find almost no flaw, save for this essential error of straying from the pitch.

There is no lack of care or thought or technical excellence that was evident in the scene in which Morrow learns the long-hidden secret of his birth. There is, after amazement and incredulity have given way to sickening belief, a slackening of all the lines of character in face and figure. Then comes wild, savage, futile wrath against the grandfather who failed to destroy the betraying letter; and then, when Noyes, in this hour of defeat, tries to press the screws and gain his way, a sudden return of the nature of the real man. For his soul is white, and the black drops are lost in the stream of blood from his white ancestors.

Perhaps Edward Sheldon meant to depict the momentary ascendancy of black over white, in that scene in which Morrow forced

his wild embrace on the shuddering, momentarily revolted girl. But it needs no argument to prove that white men have acted that way, and it might as easily be the frenzied revolt of masterful man against "a sea of troubles" that he knows must eventually submerge him.

A very excellent impersonation of Noyes, the Southern materialistic type of political-commercial wooer of expediency, was played by George Barbier, who was so real beside Bergen's romanticism that there were moments when his portraiture dominated. An admirable Southern accent, an excellent make-up, genuineness of manner, naturalness of tone and inflections, a conception of the proper spirit in which to play the part, all gave the impersonation such reality and value as to make one feel that it should serve as a standard.

Louise Rial's "Mammy," who is the only living link with the disintegrated past, is splendidly represented as one of those dumb, faithful old negroesses all patience, fidelity, and reticence—qualities they often owed to a thin strain of white blood. The actress had a moving scene when Mammy is called upon to break the silence of sixty years, and sounded a true note of pathos in her depiction of patient, restrained, and long-boarded grief.

The minor characters are all suitably and carefully represented, and the performance, as a whole, is so creditable that it would probably advertise itself into a greater drawing success by a lengthier stay.

The Kocian Violin Concerts.

Jarislav Kocian, the marvelous Bohemian violin virtuoso, who had not been heard in this city since he appeared here as a "wunderkind" some ten years ago, will give his first concert at Christian Science Hall this Sunday afternoon, January 15, assisted by Maurice Eisner, piano virtuoso. Kocian will offer a most interesting programme, including the concerto by D'Amhrosio (first time in this city), andante and Præludium by Bach, "Humoresque" by Kocian, adagio by Ries, "Zephyr" by Hubay, and Paganini's extremely difficult "I Palpit".

The second concert is announced for Thursday night, January 19, when the virtuoso will offer Tschalkowsky's concerto, "Largo" and "Allegro Assai" by Bach, "Serenade" by Kocian, andante sostenuto by Goldmark, "Falla" by Saurat, and Paganini's "Hexentanz."

At the farewell concert, Sunday afternoon, January 22, Edouardo Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Bach's "Chaconne," Wieniawski's "Faust" Fantasia, and other interesting works will be given.

The numbers of Mr. Eisner, the pianist, will be equally interesting.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for all three concerts, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after ten a. m.

Kocian will play in Oakland next Friday afternoon, January 20, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, at 3:30. For this event seats will be ready Monday at the box-office of that theatre.

Pepito Arriola, a Genuine Musical Genius.

Since the days of Mozart few of the "wunderkind" have fulfilled the promises of their youth. Gerardy, the violinist, Teresa Carreno and Josef Hoffman, pianists, are among the few who appeared in public before the age of eight and who have maintained their positions after maturity.

Among the wonder children of late years none has created such a deep impression as Pepito Arriola, the Spanish boy pianist, and his career has been such that although yet but twelve years old he has firmly established himself as truly a genius and a great musician. At the age of seven Pepito played with the Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch, and since then he has appeared in the principal music centres of the world, and everywhere the critics have agreed that here was truly a great genius and called him "the reincarnation of Mozart."

Pepito has his own ideas about the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, and others, and invests his playing with a personal quality that stamps him as one of the few God-gifted musicians.

Manager Greenbaum announces three programmes by this lad that are equal to any offered by Paderewski, Rosenthal, or any of the famous virtuosos. The concerts will be given at Christian Science Hall, Tuesday and Thursday nights, January 24 and 26, and Sunday afternoon, January 29.

Seats will be ready next Thursday morn-

ing, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

Pepito Arriola's Oakland concert will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, January 27, at 3:30.

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to get married." "How do you know?" "I've proposed to several."—Cleveland Leader.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW ORPHEUM O'FARRELL ST.

Safest and most magnificent theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

THE FIVE CYCLING AURORAS; LILLIAN BURKHART and Company, in the Minuteman Drama, "What Every Woman Wants"; JULIUS TANNER; ERNEST SCHARFF. Return Next Week Only CHAS. LEONARD FLETCHER and Company; HANSON BROTHERS; ELISE WOLF and WALDOFF; New Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last Week, BONITA, assisted by Lew Hearn and Company.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Corner GEARY and MASON STREETS

The Leading Playhouse

Phones: Franklin 150 Home C5783

One Week—Beginning MON. NIGHT, JAN. 16

Matinee Saturday Only

Henry B. Harris presents

THE TRAVELING SALESMAN

A comedy in four acts by James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady" and "The Commuters" AN EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG CAST Monday, Jan. 23—"THE GIRL IN THE TAXI." It's a Scream.

Savoy THEATRE

McALLISTER, at Market

Phones: Market 130 Home J2822

This Sunday eve.—Last times of Florence Roberts in "The Nigger" Starting Monday—Six Nights Only

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

In Her Jolly Sea-Breezy Comedy

"THE INFERIOR SEX"

By Frank Statton

As played at Daly's and Maxine Elliott's Theatres, New York Seats at the Theatre and Emporium. Monday, Jan. 23—"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HALL

Sacramento and Scott



KOCIAN

Bohemian Violin Virtuoso

Maurice Eisner, Pianist

2 Sunday afts. Jan. 15 and 22;

Thursday eve, Jan. 19

Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Oakland

Friday aft. Jan. 20

YE LIBERTY

Steinway Piano Used.



PEPITO ARRIOLA

The Boy Pianist

"The Reincarnation of Mozart"

Tuesday and Thursday, Jan. 24-26

Sunday aft. Jan. 29

Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00.

Ready next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Oakland

Friday aft. Jan. 27

YE LIBERTY

Baldwin Piano Used.

EXTRA!! Request Concert

TETRAZZINI

Next Saturday eve, Jan. 21

at 8:15

Seats \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.50

1500 Balcony at \$1.00

MAIL ORDERS TO WILL L. GREENBAUM, care Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, accompanied by current funds. Special attention to country orders.

Box-office next Wednesday at 9 a. m.

Hardman Piano Used.

Coming—SIGMUND BEEL, Violinist.

RACING NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB



OAKLAND RACE TRACK

Racing every Week Day, Rain or Shine SIX RACES EACH DAY

First Race at 1:40 p. m.

Admission—Men, \$2 - - - Ladies, \$1

For special trains stopping at the track, take S. P. Ferry, foot of Market St.; leave at 12 m., thereafter every 20 minutes until 1:40 p. m. No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President. PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



Exhibition of Dr. Genthe's Color Plates

IN THE GALLERIES OF

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey

550 SUTTER STREET

January Ninth to Twenty-Fourth

VANITY FAIR.

To the ever-growing list of perverted proverbs must be added the motor maxims perpetrated by *Harper's Weekly*:

Still motors run cheap.

It's a short lane knows no scorching.

It's a wise chauffeur that knows his own speed.

A garage is known by the cars it keeps for hire.

A motor in hand is worth two in the ditch. It requires little learning to be a tooter of a horn.

A good road is rather to be chosen than great ditches.

A spark-plug that can spark and won't spark ought to be plugged.

He who speeds and runs away may live to be nabbed another day.

A rut in the road may prove the power behind the throne.

Little motors have big gears.

Never look a gift taxi in the meter.

A scorched chauffeur dreads the tire.

A good car needs no push.

It's a poor clutch that won't work in a tight squeeze.

Too many tinkers spoil the car.

Never judge a motor by the mortgage on the roof.

A car in time saves sole leather.

Satan finds work for idle cars to do.

A green chauffeur maketh a fat undertaker.

De motorists nil nisi finem.

Dum Speedimus, Speedamus!

Of two constables, choose the smallest.

What can't be cured should be insured.

Collisions never come singly.

A rolling car gathers no dross.

It is better to turn back than to turn turtle.

Parisian society has tired of the jigsaw puzzle and adopted the surprise dinner as a relaxation. Of course the surprise dinner is not exactly new, but in the French capital some amusing additions to the original idea have been evolved. Thus, quite recently, a well-known author and his wife celebrated their wedding day. They had been out for a drive to the Bois du Boulogne, and had strolled down the pathway where they became engaged. They had ordered dinner for two at home, and when they returned for the meal were a bit surprised to hear much laughter and talking coming from the interior of their flat. On entering they did not recognize the rooms in which they had lived for the last ten years. A crowd of their friends had invaded the apartments and transformed the chief room into a replica of the country registrar's office in which they had been married. The guests were trinked out like villagers, and the garde champetre or local policeman was master of the ceremonies. Madame was laid hold of and carried off, and, despite her laughing protests, was arrayed in her wedding dress. Before sitting down to table a repetition of the marriage ceremony was hilariously gone through, and a bunch of ripe oranges utilized as a substitute for the wreath of orange blossoms.

Bostonians and countless Sons and Daughters of the Revolution will learn with absorbed interest that an instructor in the discovery of family trees had made his appearance. In order to ascertain whether the family really came over with the Conqueror or sailed on the *Mayflower*, he advises, the first step is to have heart-to-heart talks with elderly relatives. An aged grand-aunt in this connection may prove a treasure. When personal recollections and those of the older members of the family have been exhausted, inquiry should be directed to any written records in the possession of any members of the family. Happy hunting-grounds for pedigree-seekers are:

Old family Bibles.

Ancient deeds.

Old photograph albums and framed silhouette portraits.

Mourning rings, which usually give the date of death and age.

Parish registers.

Tombstones in village churches.

Naturally these instructions are intended for those who have more spare time than cash. When the check-book is able to bear constant use it would be an absurd waste of energy and a reckless interference with the rights of men to attempt to do for one's self what so many others are willing to undertake for a consideration. If you can buy family roots, why go to the trouble of digging them?

There is the case of the globe-trotter, too. He may make his journeys by actual steamers and railway trains, or he may encircle the earth by stickers. Yet the way some moralists talk would imply that there is something criminal in the latter method. Hence the uplifting of hands of horror at the statement that an American has established himself at Yokohama for the purpose of dealing exclusively in stickers for trunks and suit cases. The customer orders them by mail, fastens them to his own baggage, and saves all the time and money needed to collect them in the old way. Put, as is well known, the American is

not the first in this field. Porters in European hotels have been carrying on a kindred industry for some years. If you had meant to go to some place but hadn't quite got there; if you would have gone except for the time and bother involved; if you felt that you ought to have gone for the sake of a complete tour, or if you merely appreciated the decorative value of a well-known name, a small tip provided you with what you wanted. You had your suit case labeled according to your taste and fancy. On the other hand, so varied is human nature, there are travelers who actually object to their baggage being made into a gallery of stickers. Their fate is sometimes too pitiful to contemplate. Such was the case of the man who had toured the continent for three months, and who, by unceasing vigilance, kept his suit case in its virgin state all the way from Vienna to Hoboken. Then came a moment's carelessness, and a New Jersey express company undid all the watchfulness of months by a cheap hotel label.

When the apostle Paul insisted upon women keeping their heads covered in church he had no prophetic knowledge of the Merry Widow hat or any of its successors. The clerics are beginning to find the apostolic mandate as much of a trial as the theatre-goer, and a dignity of the Catholic Church has been suggesting a compromise by the adoption of a modified form of the Spanish mantilla. "Surely nothing can be more suitable," he says, "more becoming to a woman in church, than the neat black veil worn in Spain and Italy. Every woman who has audience of the Holy Father has to wear it. It was—by request—worn very extensively at the London Eucharistic Congress and at the consecration of Westminster Cathedral; and I do not think any unpleasantness was experienced by those wearing it even in the streets. Ladies think nothing of going in the streets or trains to entertainments in evening dress and a slight veil or shawl over the head, and nobody remarks upon it."

If the secretary of the Order of the Golden Age had been a carnivorous person he might have had sufficient energy and forethought to have sent out the menu for his "frutitarian Christmas dinner" in time for experiment in 1910. Perhaps, however, he is looking a year ahead and wants to be in good time for next December with this seductive bill of fare:

Mock Turtle Soup, Fried bread dice.
Julienne Soup, Rice biscuits
Mock Fish Patties.
Mock White Fish, Parsley sauce.
Nut Roast, Yorkshire pudding
Macaroni Rissoles, Sauce piquante.
Potatoes Sautés. Cauliflowers.
Cheese Omelette.
Plum Pudding. Mince Pies.
Steamed Pears, Clotted cream.
Fresh Fruits. Preserved Ginger.
Dates. Almonds and Muscatels. Figs.

Any wife who wants to cure any husband of a growing weakness for another member of her sex has only, in most cases, to follow the example of Molly Carroll as set forth by Jesse Williams in his new story. That example should be adopted by all tried wives as the camping test, especially if the rival is not great on the simple life. Muriel was too blind to see through Molly's plan in inviting her to camp with Fred and herself in true primitive style. But before the test had ended Muriel saw a great light.

"It was the last day of Muriel's visit at the Carrolls' camp. The climate or something did not agree with her, and so she was leaving earlier than had been expected, much to Molly's disappointment, it seems. Fred, too, protested politely. In all the ten days he had never once been out of Muriel's sight. Molly saw to that.

"Muriel was not at her best camping (as Molly had known). She 'adored nature,' but not in the raw. The only kind of camping she had ever done was at certain Adirondack 'camps' which contained footmen and formal gardens. This was different. There was but one guide, an old friend of the Carrolls named John, who was willing to do anything, but expected the 'city sports' to do their share. Since Muriel was a guest, Molly and Fred did Muriel's share, because she did not know much about camp life in the woods.

"Molly did. She was good in camp. 'You are the only woman I ever knew,' Fred had once said, 'who isn't a nuisance in the woods.' That was the summer they became engaged—perhaps it had something to do with their becoming engaged—and a girl does not forget much that is said to her during the summer she is engaged. At any rate, it had everything to do with their being there now, midst the poignant memories awakened by the sparkling outdoor air with the reminiscent odors of the clean pine forest. Odors are often powerful allies in certain kinds of war—where all is fair.

"But camping did not seem to suit Muriel's long, attenuated style, and the sun played havoc with her beautiful nose. She could not drape herself becomingly upon the rocks, as with the Italian chairs in the soft candle-light of the studio. And the erotic perfume of her delicate presence, once so maddening to

this man, now seemed rather out of place. He was a fastidious chap.

"And then, too, she talked at breakfast! That was something Molly had long since learned would never do when Fred was around. She talked interestingly, but it wouldn't do. 'See those clouds,' she would say, 'like disappointed hopes.'

"'Yes, indeed,' said Fred, without looking up. 'Any more flapjacks, Molly?' He was unshaven and his cravatless flannel shirt was open at the throat—a gross creature."

As Fred as well as Muriel divined Molly's little scheme at last, it looks as though the camping test may contribute not a little to the diminution of business at Reno.

STATEMENT

OF THE

Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1910

ASSETS:

1—Bonds of the United States (\$9,610,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof (\$2,715,937.50), the actual value of which is.....	\$14,541,303.43
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks.....	1,716,630.95
3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	6,522,208.85
	\$22,780,143.23

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$291,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$250,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$108,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$29,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$5,000.00), "Southern Pacific Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$1,000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$858,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,475,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$463,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	32,710,065.24
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The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is	194,738.06
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The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$301,681.53), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$18,275.98), Alameda (\$2,818.39), in this State, the actual value of which is.....	322,775.90
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....	1,013,841.10
The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.	

Total Assets\$57,021,583.53

LIABILITIES:

1—Said Corporation Owes Deposits Amounting to and the actual value of which is	\$53,124,280.81
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(NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 81,204;
AVERAGE AMOUNT OF DEPOSITS, \$654.00.)

2—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,897,302.72
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Total Liabilities\$57,021,583.53

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, ss.
City and County of San Francisco, ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of January, 1911.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Deposits made on or before January 10, 1911, will draw interest from January 1, 1911.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The occupant of the fourth-floor flat was looking through the pages of the dictionary the agent was trying to sell him. "No," he said, closing the book and handing it back, "I don't want it. It's twenty years behind the times. It defines 'janitor' as the 'care-taker' of a building. He's the caremaker!"

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a statesman, who had been much in the public eye, was called upon after the meal to make a little speech. He rose and began, "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey!"

A hurglar went home one night, fumbled noiselessly at the keyhole and let himself in without making a sound. He was about to creep softly upstairs, when his wife appeared on the upper landing. "Mike," said she, "wot makes ye come in so quiet?" "Blame it!" hellowed the hurglar, "I thought I was in another house!"

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supperward, Sandy said to Jock: "Jock, mon, I'll go ye a roond on the links in the mornn'." "The mornn'?" Jock repeated doubtfully. "Aye, mon, the mornn'," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a roond on the links the mornn'." "Aye, wee!", said Sandy. "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get marriet in the mornn'."

The husband came home very late the other night on an important political meeting. In the hall he kicked up rather a row, growling and swearing to himself till his wife called to him from upstairs, "What's the matter, my dear?" "Matter—hic—is," he shouted, "that there are two hat racks here, and I dunno which one to hang my hat on." "But you've got two hats, haven't you?" said the wife, soothingly. "Hang one on each rack!"

A young attorney not noted for his brilliancy recently appeared in court to ask for an extra allowance in an action which he was so fortunate as to have been retained in. The court not discovering anything at all unusual, complicated, or extraordinary about the litigation, inquired of the young man: "What is there about this case that to you seems extraordinary?" "That I got it," blandly and innocently replied the youthful aspirant for fees.

A group of normal school girls from an interior New York town were together at Keeler's Restaurant, Albany, bent upon a lark, which they agreed could best be attained by ordering some real drinks, like the men. The waiter, on being directed to bring "some drinks" all around, asked, "What kind?" The leader replied with firmness, "Cocktails." "Yes, miss," said the waiter; "what kind of cocktails?" This threw the girls into confusion, until one of them saved the situation by suddenly exclaiming, "Oh! lager."

An elderly gentleman, who knew something of law, lived in an Irish village where no lawyers had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of making the wills of his neighbors. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumber by a knocking at his gate, and, putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there. "It's me, your honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep, thinking of the will I have made." "What's the matter with the will?" asked the lawyer. "Matter indeed!" replied Pat. "Shure, I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit upon."

A story went through Germany about a *Schusterbub*, or cobbler's boy, who waited outside the palace to see the emperor come forth for his afternoon airing. Finding the delay tedious, he suddenly exclaimed: "The hoohy isn't coming! I shall go." A policeman at once caught him by the collar, and shouted, "Whom do you mean by 'the hoohy,' sirrah?" "Why, my friend Michel!" whined the boy. "He was to have met me here, but he hasn't come." The policeman, of course, accepted the explanation and let him go, whereupon the boy retreated twenty paces, struck a derisive attitude, and yelled, "And whom did you mean by 'the hoohy'?"

A Kansas senator was in Philadelphia at shad time, and his political friends invited him to a monstrous dinner down the Delaware. The senator had a beautiful time. But he refused to admit that Pennsylvania, as a State, was superior to his loved Kansas or that the products of the East could surpass those of the West. When the planked shad was served the senator eyed it in admiration. "That's a beautiful fish," he said. "H'm," murmured the Philadelphia politician, who was his principal host, "I guess you don't have fish like that in Kansas, do you?" The

senator shook his head. "No," he admitted. "No, we don't have fish like that in Kansas. We don't need 'em. The Lord knows where to send brain food."

Senator Dash of Tallapoosa prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had worked with the colored men in the cotton fields. Boasting at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said: "I see hefore me old Calhoun Webster, heside whom, in the broiling Southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us all, uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton fields?" "Yo' wuz a good man, senatah," the aged negro replied, "yo wuz a good man fo' a fack; hut yo' sut'ny didn't work much."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Song of the Wise.
The make of the machine
Is naught to us,
Touring or limousine,
Electric—gasoline,
Small or commodious;
Once we are placed inside
No trifle mars,
We who elect to ride
In others' cars.

The hursting of a tire
But wakes our mirth;
Let others in the mire
Drag, hammer and perspire
Prone on earth,
They but arouse our wit,
These trifling jars,
We who elect to sit
In others' cars.

We are a folk serene
Of mien benign;
We buy no gasoline,
Though justice intervene
We pay no fine.
Let some their wagons hitch
Unto the stars,
We still prefer our niche
In others' cars.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Life*.

A Reference.

I do not care to learn to fly.
I'd sooner stick to cozy nooks;
Then, when my time shall come to die,
My friends can whisper with a sigh:
"How natural he looks!" —Puck.

Those Old Songs.

"I can not sing the old songs!"
Her voice rang sweetly clear;
It filled my heart with happiness,
It calmed my every fear.
"I can not sing the old songs!"
Gadzooks! But that's all right!
For these are those she used to sing
From early morn till night:

"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"
"School Days."
"Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet."
"I've Got Rings On My Fingers."
"Garden of Roses."
"By the Light of the Silvery Moon."
"Yip-I-Addy-I-Addy!"
"That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune."
"What's the Matter With Father?"
"Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

She can not sing the old songs
As in the days of yore—
I'm glad of that; I've heard them all
Ten thousand times or more.
She can not sing the old songs!
What rare, good luck, by gee!
They may be dear to some folks, but
They are not dear to me!
—James B. Nevin, in *Puck*.

Insomnia.

He was inclined to fret and fuss because he was insomniac, and he was always looking for some method of obtaining rest;
He sought out numerous M. D.'s and haunted many pharmacies, and took the things they offered him and straightway put them to the test.
He bothered every one he knew for magic potion, pill or brew; he asked the faddists for advice, indulging in a lengthy wail;
He looked through the advertisements with most amazing diligence; he read the message of the quacks and bought the things they had for sale.
Oh, he got remedies enough—I hate to tell of all the stuff that he made way with day by day, the fluids, holuses and such;
He swallowed them so oft and fast that those who watched him found at last that sleep was taking him in hand and holding him in tightest clutch.
But in the end (such things befall) they could not wake him up at all—they tried with all their might, and oh, the eyes of all with tears were dim;
He got the sleep he hungered for, and I should say, a trifle more, and there was but one thing to do, which was, of course, to bury him.
—Portland Oregonian.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,755; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at the southeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named to be the owners in fee-simple absolute, and each of said plaintiffs to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest of and in said real property, and each piece and parcel thereof, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all of the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social activities of the week have been concentrated on the affairs planned for the members of the younger set, with the exception of the Cinderella Ball, which claimed the attention of society matrons who were huds of twenty-five years ago, and who acted as patronesses of the brilliant affair. The introduction of Miss Marie Louise Elkins to society on Saturday was one of the largest of these affairs of the winter. Much entertaining has been done during the past week for the three brides-elect, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Helene Irwin, and Miss Linda Cadwalader, whose weddings occupy dates on the social calendar in the near future.

The aviation meet furnished the inspiration for much informal entertaining on the part of society during the first two days of the event. Motor parties, followed by teas and dinners, have been the form which these entertainments have taken, and have served as a novel feature of the week's social life.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Nora Levy of Richmond, Virginia, and Mr. S. Haskett Derby, a well-known young gentleman of this city. The wedding will take place next summer, and Mr. Derby and his bride will make their home here.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Marshall Doyle and Mr. Raymond Sallee Harris took place Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Henry Doyle, on Washington Street. It was a quiet affair with only the relatives of the bride and groom present.

Mrs. W. L. Elkins formally presented her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, to society on Saturday afternoon at a brilliant reception at the Fairmont Hotel.

The Cinderella Ball on Friday night at the Fairmont Hotel was a brilliant event and may be considered the climax of the series of handsome balls that have marked the season. The patronesses who received the guests on this occasion included Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. W. L. Elkins, Vicomtesse de Tristan, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. John Brice, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. William Bourn, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. William Girvin, Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Willis Polk, and Miss Jane Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun formally announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Calhoun, and Mr. Paul Foster at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday evening, January 3.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon in compliment to Miss Margaret Carrigan. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Margaret Nichols, Miss Vesta Read, Miss Marian Mathieu, Miss Katherine Hooper, Miss Elizabeth Bull, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Mildred Whitney, and Miss Margaret Everett.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger entertained at a dance on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Mrs. Folger was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters, Miss Evelyn Cunningham and Miss Genevieve Cunningham.

Mrs. Russell Wilson entertained at a dinner at her home on California Street on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Ysobel Chase.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday complimentary to Miss Elizabeth Newhall. Among those who enjoyed her hospitality were Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Julia Langhorne, and Miss Marian Newhall.

Miss Florence Cluff entertained at bridge in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday. An informal tea followed the afternoon at cards.

Miss Grace Gibson entertained at luncheon on Wednesday at her home on Broadway. The group of friends who were her guests included Mrs. Frederick Stott, Mrs. Albert Vance, Miss Justine McClanahan, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Kate Peterson, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Marguerite Doe, and Miss Ethel Gregg.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday, her guests being Mrs. Robert Hayes Stott, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Miss Cecilia O'Connor, and Miss Cornelia O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained at a handsome dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday evening. Among their guests were Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schroeder, Major and Mrs. Haldiman P. Young, Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman, and General and Mrs. Stringer.

Mrs. William Ashe presided at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday evening, which she gave in honor of her niece, Miss Constance McLaren, preceding the Cinderella ball. Among her guests were Miss McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Ethel McAllister, Mr. Norman McLaren, Mr. Samuel Hamilton, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Captain Fergusson, Mr. Harry Brett, and Mr. Frank Towne.

Mr. and Mrs. Othello Scribner (formerly Miss Florence Ives) have been much entertained since their return from their honeymoon trip. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor entertained for them on Wednesday evening at dinner, at which the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. William S. Porter and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick.

Miss Marian Mathieu entertained at a theatre party followed by an informal tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Frank Mathieu.

Mrs. Edward T. Allen was hostess at a reception on Friday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. George Kenyon, wife of Ensign Kenyon of the U. S. S. *West Virginia*. Assisting

Mrs. Allen were Miss Ella Kenyon, Miss Anna Kenyon, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Johanna Volkman, Miss Marie Waterhouse, Miss Vivienne Gedge, and Miss Marie Hall.

The second of the University Assemblies took place on Saturday evening at Century Hall, and was largely attended. Those who received the guests were Mrs. James McNab, Mrs. Charles F. Runyon, Mrs. William Schrock, Mrs. George V. Wending, and Mrs. William Palmer.

The Misses Morrison entertained at a handsome luncheon at their home, Paradise, at San Jose on Saturday in honor of Colonel and Mrs. John A. Lundeen, who are leaving shortly for their new station in the Philippines. Among the guests were Colonel and Mrs. St. John Chubb, Colonel and Mrs. Nat. Pfister, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Brewer, Judge Houghton, Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. William Ashburner, and Miss Christy.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained at luncheon on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Estelle Cook Postley. Her other guests were Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. Rothschild, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lollie, and the Misses O'Connor.

Miss Amalia Simpson entertained at a theatre party followed by an informal tea on Tuesday. Miss Harriett Stone entertained at a tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe.

In the course of the excavations which are still being made at Pompeii the body of a petrified woman has been discovered. On the body were jewels of great value, including bracelets, necklaces, and chatelaines, and it is assumed from this that their wearer belonged to the patrician class. Especially remarkable among the jewels are two clasps, each composed of twenty-one pearls in a cluster. These clasps have both an artistic and an archaeological value, for nothing comparable with them has been found before among the ruins of Pompeii. Pompeii, on the Neapolitan Riviera, was founded about 600 B. C., and down to the time of its destruction, A. D. 79, it was a sort of Rome-super-Mare, frequented by the aristocracy, if not by Caligula and Nero, in whose honor it erected triumphal arches. Fed from the capital with every luxury and distinction, it included temples in which the inhabitants were encouraged to make costly sacrifices. The city of Pompeii was nearly ruined by earthquake in A. D. 63, but it had returned to its former gayety and licentiousness when in 79 it was overwhelmed by the ashes of Vesuvius.

What devastations of bird life are being wrought at the dictates of fashion are set forth in a vivid manner by an expert who has devoted years of study to the question. Among ornamental feathers assumed for show during the courting season the strangely beautiful tail of the lyre-bird of Australia is unequalled. A few years ago over four hundred lyre-birds were killed in one district to supply the London plumage market. It is not so long ago since some sordid vandals surrounded a patch of scrub in which some representatives of this fast-disappearing genus were known to be breeding, and setting fire to it shot down those avian marvels as they struggled through one pitiless fire of fire only to meet their death in another. The lyrate plumes having been cut off, the bodies were thrown aside to rot. The result of such ruthless hutchery is seen in the fact that fifty-two tails only were catalogued for the past year's feather sales in London. The egret has been practically exterminated in North America and in China, and is now so scarce that the best selected plumes are fetching forty dollars an ounce.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Mertz in Philadelphia has been brightened by the advent of a son, who has been named Oscar after his father and grandfather. Mrs. Mertz was formerly Miss Alice Hueter of San Francisco, daughter of Mr. Ernest L. Hueter.

Pupils of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music will give a concert at Golden Gate Commandery Hall, 2135 Sutter Street, on Tuesday evening, January 17. Vocal, piano, and violin solos will be offered, with a monologue and a one-act play.

Mello Cream Chocolates.

A new brand of chocolate creams. Large chocolates with soft, creamy centres, in four flavors. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

Tetrazzini Sings Here Once More.

On account of the many requests for another Tetrazzini concert, the tour of the great diva has been so arranged that she will be able to give just one more concert in this city prior to her journey eastward. This concert will be given in Dreamland Rink, next Saturday night, January 21, and a special request programme will be offered. Requests for any of the great works in the Tetrazzini repertory may be sent to the box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Paul Steindorff and his splendid orchestra will again lend their aid, and the occasion will be a memorable one. Complete programmes will be announced in a few days.

The prices will range from \$3 to \$1.50 for reserved seats, and the entire balcony of 1500 seats will be sold at the rate of \$1. These admission tickets may be bought at the downtown box-office in advance, which will save a long wait in line.

Mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co. These must be accompanied by check or money order, and will be held at the box-office until called for unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed. The box-office will open next Wednesday morning, January 18, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

After this farewell appearance in this city Tetrazzini will sing twice in Los Angeles and then leave for her Eastern tour.

An exhibition of paintings and sketches by Gottardo Piazzoni will be opened at the Sketch Club, 220 Post Street, on Monday, January 16, to continue through the week. The public are invited to see the pictures. Most of the paintings are of Mill Valley scenery, and of that neighborhood, though there are some Monterey County sketches and some views of rural France, and all have particular interest for lovers of art.

Ethel Barrymore has just appeared in a revival in New York of Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells," but the presentation is making only a transient success.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have returned, after an extended residence abroad, and are at the Fairmont Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lydia Hopkins have returned from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Stott, who spent the holiday season with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Deventer Stott, have returned to their home in New York.

Mrs. John O'Neal Reis is in Santa Barbara, where she is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Ernest Wiltsee.

Miss Edith Livermore has returned to San Francisco, after a residence of several years abroad.

Mrs. L. L. Dorr is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. Claude E. Brigham, at Fort Totten, New York.

Mrs. William A. Leahy has returned from Coronado and is visiting her mother, Mrs. William B. Harrington, at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Berthoff is being extensively entertained prior to her departure for Detroit, where she will join Captain Berthoff, U. S. N.

Mrs. John McMullen has returned from Washington, D. C., and will spend the remainder of the season at the Fairmont Hotel. Her granddaughter, Miss Eliza McMullen, is in New York the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Norris.

Princess Andre Poniatowski is spending several months at Cannes for the benefit of her health.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop is in Honolulu, where he plans to spend several weeks.

Mrs. Edward Parker left last week for Annapolis, where she will join her husband, Surgeon E. S. Parker, U. S. N., who has been assigned for duty at the Naval Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickenson Sherwood, after having spent the holidays at their home at Los Molinos, have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer are in New York, and will sail shortly for Paris, where they plan to spend a year with their children.

Mr. Harold Boericke has returned to New York, after a visit here with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke.

Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long, Mrs. Augustus Bray, and Miss Margarette Butters sailed for the Orient on Saturday. They will visit Major and Mrs. Lincoln Karman in Manila before their return.

Mrs. Frederick Palmer left for the East last week to meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, on their arrival from Europe. She will spend a month in New York.

Miss Mildred Baldwin left Sunday for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Miss Katherine Kaime. Miss Baldwin and her sister, Miss Laura Baldwin, are planning to go to Europe later in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fenwick left Friday for New York, where they will spend a month at the Plaza.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from their European trip, and have taken an apartment at the Hillcrest for the remainder of the season. Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney, who went abroad with them, are remaining for a visit with relatives in New York and will return here in February.

Mrs. Rudolph Silverston of Milwaukee has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, during the holidays. Mrs. Silverston was formerly Mrs. Paul Jarboe of this city, and is being cordially greeted by her friends.

Miss Nina Blow has returned to San Francisco, after a pleasant visit with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Ray, at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mrs. William Ford Nichols and Miss Peggie Nichols left on Saturday for New York, where they will visit friends and relatives until they are joined by Bishop Nichols. The family will then sail for a tour of the world, which will occupy the greater part of a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin have been spending several weeks in Los Angeles, but will return for a stay with Mrs. Eleanor Martin before going East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs are among the golfing enthusiasts at Del Monte this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sessler of Berkeley are at Del Monte for an indefinite stay.

The Misses Friedlander spent the week end at Del Monte with some of their friends, going down with Mr. Charles Belden, Mrs. Charles Page, and Mr. S. H. Page.

Miss Minna Van Bergen and her cousin, Miss Marie Louise Foster, have returned from a week-end party at the ranch of the George McNears, where they were the guests of Miss Ernestine McNear.

Mrs. E. Guittard and Miss Beatrice Guittard have taken apartments for an extended stay at Del Monte, and will later on go South for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Knight are planning a trip abroad.

Mrs. Charles C. Judson, accompanied by her son, Mr. Chester Judson, left a few days ago for New Orleans, where they will enjoy an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bornstein, of Seattle, with their daughter, Miss Rosalind, will be the guests through the winter of Mrs. Bornstein's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Schwabacher.

Mrs. Major Charles H. Barth of Washington, D. C., is at Del Monte with her son. Major Barth is in command of the Twelfth Infantry, which will be stationed at the Presidio of Monterey on the departure of the Eighth for the Philippines next August.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Costello, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., Miss Janet Hotaling, Mr. George H. Hotaling, Mr. and Mrs. James Horschburg, Jr., Mr. H. S. Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Mitchell and daughter, Miss Josie Donovan, Mr. H. L. Christence, Mr. John C. River, Mr. P. A. Saxton.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, has returned from Europe.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The laughing comedy success, "The Traveling Salesman," by James Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady" and "The Commuters," will be the offering at the Columbia Theatre next week, when Henry B. Harris will send to this city his excellent company, which highly amused large audiences during the remarkable runs in New York and Boston. The story of "The Traveling Salesman" concerns Boh Blake, a jovial, good-looking drummer, who is compelled to spend his Christmas Day in a lonely village of the Middle West, and on arrival finds in the presence of Beth Elliott, the ticket agent at the depot, a most congenial person. They strike up an acquaintanceship, and for the first time in his life the drummer discovers that he is enthralled with the sweetness and beauty of a charming young lady. Blake jeopardizes his own position in espousing the rights of the girl in a real estate deal, and this leads to many interesting complications. The comedy of the play is of a delicious character, and seldom has there been a play which includes so many laughs as does "The Traveling Salesman." It has won the indorsement of the United Commercial Travelers of America and the Travelers' Protective Association. The company includes such well-known players as Mark Smith, Diana Huneker, Marion Stephenson, A. H. Simmons, Gideon Burton, Emmet Shaleford, Dallas Tyler, Jack L. Newton, Mark Price, Doan Borup, George M. Devere, and others. The scenery and equipment is that used during the long run in New York.

"The Nigger," with Florence Roherts and her strong supporting company, including Thurlow Bergen, will be presented for the last time at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday evening, and on Monday Miss Maxine Elliott will begin an engagement limited to six nights in her jolly nautical comedy, "The Inferior Sex," in which she sailed to success during a long run at Daly's Theatre and her own playhouse in New York. The comedy was written for Miss Elliott by Frank Statton of London, and has in it the tang of the sea air and the music of the rolling waves. By the care and taste of its setting, the distinguished quality of its acting, and a rôle which suits Miss Elliott's voice and manner, it gives promise of going into theatrical history as the star's greatest comedy success. It tells the story of a beautiful woman who is rescued from an open dory adrift on the wide ocean, and is brought aboard a yacht owned by a man who hates woman and has left London to escape the charms of his feminine acquaintances, and who is writing a book which he is pleased to call "The Inferior Sex," in which he dwells with more candor than politeness on the weakness and foibles of womankind. Circumstances force the woman to remain on the yacht some days and the gradually clearing comprehension of the man for womankind in general and this woman in particular makes a diverting and absorbing entertainment. Miss Elliott will have the same support which surrounded her during the two New York runs of the piece, her company including Frederic Kerr and O. B. Clarence, and T. Tamamoto, a Japanese actor of alidity. The scenic accessories are novel, all the action taking place on the yacht *Firefly*, of which the cabin, decks, and superstructure are revealed.

The Five Cycling Auroras, who have been a feature of the Tower Circus in England, and who have been brought to this country for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit, will make their first appearance here at the Orpheum matinee next Sunday. They are classed among the most skillful and daring of cyclists. Lillian Burkhart, the popular and accomplished comedienne, will reappear after a lengthy absence, and is sure of a cordial reception, for she is one of those artistic players who give the audience only their very best work. Miss Burkhart's contribution will consist of a miniature drama which is called "What Every Woman Wants." She will have the assistance of Cleo Madison, Stanley Twist, and Cecil Metcalf. Julius Tannen, "the chatterbox," will introduce his amusing monologue. His performance is notable for its originality and his imitations are remarkable reproductions of the originals. Nothing more clever in mimicry has been heard than his imitations of De Wolf Hopper, David Warfield, and Raymond Hitchcock, but he does not

depend upon these for his success as an entertainer, for his monologue is the hit of his performance. Ernest Scharff, said to be the most versatile musician in the world, will give a taste of his quality. He plays with equal skill the bugle, xylophone, trumpet, lyre, harmonica, violin, bellpiano trombone, handorgan, shawn, saxophone, drum, cello, guitar, banjo, and mandolin. Charles Leonard Fletcher and his company will return for next week only with the interesting drama, "His Nerve." Elise, Wulff and Waldo, the famous Hanlon Brothers, Bonita and Lew Hearn will close their engagement with this bill.

"The Chocolate Soldier," that long-awaited for opera house, with one hundred and twenty-five people in the company, will follow Maxine Elliott at the Savoy Theatre.

The sensational farce success, "The Girl in the Taxi," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre January 23. This play has been a long time reaching this city, owing to the great success which attended its production in Chicago and Boston, in which two cities it remained the reigning triumph as a laugh-producing entertainment for thirty solid weeks.

Even those who do not own an automobile have often read that line attached to motor-car advertisements, "licensed under the Selden patent." The Selden patent covers improvements in gasoline engines utilized by most makers of cars. Many of the manufacturers paid the license demand by the owners of the patent, others declared the claim of the patentee invalid and fought the issue in the courts. The New York Court of Appeals has just decided against the Selden claims, and the independent makers now will await the carrying of the case to the United States Supreme Court. As the patent expires next year, the result of the litigation will not be specially important. The patent has served more as a basis for combination among manufacturers on both sides than in any way to influence plans or prices.

Adam Zawfox—Pard, how does softenin' of the brain act on a feller when he's gittin' it? Job Sturkey—You don't need t' worry 'bout that, old scout. You'll never git it.—Chicago Tribune.

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THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), corner Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, San Francisco, December 23, 1910. Dividend Notice—At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent per annum, on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1910, free from all taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1911. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts and become a part thereof, and will be paid in dividend from January 1, 1911; deposits made on or before January 10, 1911, will draw interest from January 1, 1911.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Lend a hand, Hiram, and help ketch the selectman's pig." "Let the selectman ketch his own pig. I'm out of politics fer good."—*Washington Herald*.

Dr. Squills—What was the matter with that taxi chauffeur you were called to see last night? *Dr. Kallomel*—Automobiliousness.—*Canadian Courier*.

"Doctors do not bleed people like they used to in old times." "Hum! It's plain you have not been paying any doctor's bills lately."—*Savannah News*.

Fred—I proposed to Miss Dingley last night. *Joe*—Don't believe I know her. Is she well off? *Fred*—Yes, I guess so. She refused me.—*Stray Stories*.

"Deer are getting scarcer and scarcer every year." "What makes you think so?" "The number of guides killed every year grows greater and greater."—*Houston Post*.

She—Yes, I like Ted; he is so extravagant. *He*—That is hardly the best quality for a husband, is it? *She*—Of course not; I am not going to marry him.—*Boston Herald*.

Singleton—Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure? *Wedderly*—No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure.—*Smart Set*.

Dancer—When do you go on? *Singer*—Right after the trained cats. *Dancer*—Goodness me! Why doesn't the manager try to vary the monotony of his acts?—*Stray Stories*.

He—Yes, it's very true, a man doesn't learn what happiness is until he's married! *She*—I'm glad you've discovered that at last! *He*—Yes, and when he's married it's too late!—*Dorfbartier*.

"I just had a letter from my cousin Genevieve, whom I haven't seen in ten years. I imagine she is very ugly looking." "Why?" "She says that she is teaching herself to swim."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Money isn't everything," sighed the young man. "Of course not," said the girl. "I know of a young couple that started house-keeping nicely on tobacco coupons alone."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What's a dilemma?" asked one small boy. "Well," replied the other, "it's something like this: If your father says he'll punish you if you don't let your mother cut your hair, that's a dilemma."—*St. Louis Star*.

Warden—No'm; the guy that killed his family aint here no more. The gov'nor pardoned him. *The Visitor*—What a shame. I've brought him a lot of roses! What other murderers have you?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I told you in so many words not to dare to take a drink today!" said Mrs. Jawhack. "Tha'sh what y' did, m' dear," agreed Mr. Jawhack. "You tol' me in so many words that I couldn't remember 'em."—*Boston Traveler*.

"A number of performances are being described as improprieties," said one theatrical producer. "Yes," replied the other, "it's getting harder every year to tell what improprieties the public regards as proper."—*Washington Star*.

The Tailor—Married or single? *The Customer*—Married. Why? *The Tailor*—Then let me recommend my patent safety-deposit pocket. It contains a most ingenious little contrivance that feels exactly like a live mouse.—*Chicago News*.

"She's very wealthy?" "Very." "Money left to her?" "No; she is the author of a book entitled 'Hints to Beautiful Women.'" "I presume all the beautiful women in the country purchased it?" "No; but all the plain women did!"—*New York Herald*.

Aged Derelict—Excusin' the liberty of arskin' of a favor, mum, hut would yer object to me committin' soocieside in yer shed? *Soft-hearted Woman*—Poor man, you had better come up to the house, and I will give you the remains of my Christmas pudden.—*Ideas*.

Cobble—I should like to lend you that ten dollars, old man, hut I know how it would be if I did—it would end our friendship. *Stone*—Well, old chap, there has been a great deal of friendship between us. I think if you could make it five, we might worry along on half as much.—*Life*.

"If we didn't have to give back any change, think of the money we merchants would make." "We all have our troubles," said the magazine publisher. "Sometimes it frets me to have to print any reading matter, hut I s'pose it must be done."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Miss Kay—I am told your husband, under the influence of the wine at dinner the other evening, declared he had "married beauty and brains." *Mrs. Bee*—Well, well, how nice! *Miss Kay*—Nice? Aren't you going to investigate? Evidently he's a bigamist.—*Boston Globe*.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Airship as a Military Adjunct.

The aviation practice at Selfridge field near San Francisco this past week has resulted in demonstrations of tremendous value as related to the utility of the flying machine as a military adjunct. Lieutenant Myron C. Crissy, sailing with aviator Parmalee five hundred feet above the peninsula, dropped a bomb with reference to a prescribed spot, hitting his mark almost precisely. The result was what was expected, an explosion which made havoc of the ground upon which it fell. This demonstration is regarded as of the greatest importance. It shows what may be done in the way of assaulting an invading or stationary army from the sky. It is true that in the experiment the height was not great enough to carry the assailants above the range of gunfire. Nevertheless, it was a result of great significance. It would have been easy, Lieutenant Crissy declares, to have gone higher and even from a much greater height he thinks it would not be difficult, especially after some practice, to discharge bombs with tolerable accuracy.

Another demonstration in line with that already

noted was made by Lieutenant John C. Walker, Jr., with a camera. Flying at the rate of forty miles per hour over the aviation field, Lieutenant Walker took photographs recording every condition of the land and water over which the flying machine passed. If this may be done at Selfridge field it may be done anywhere. Thus two men in an areoplane, one to operate the mechanism and the other to hold a camera, may secure exact information as to the whereabouts, numbers, and general conditions of an army. Under the eye of a flying camera, no fact in warlike tactics could possibly be concealed.

The results attained this week were experimental, but at the same time conclusive in their way. They make plain the fact that in future military operations the flying machine is destined to a great importance. It is not impossible that it may revolutionize the whole scheme of war; and there is reason to hope that it may ultimately end warfare by the means both of protection and assault which it affords. If armies everywhere become subject to destruction by unseen assailants, then the day of armies may speedily pass.

The Governor and His Plans.

The governorship of California is a more potential office than the governorship in most American States, not so much by the terms of our Constitution and laws as by a practice which has grown up here of indirectly referring pretty much everything in the way of State affairs to "the old man at Sacramento." On the face of things the detailed administrative affairs of California are in the hands of special commissions—the prison board, the San Francisco harbor commission, various commissions in charge of various schools, asylums, etc. But all these commissions are appointed by the governor, and they commonly do precisely what the governor wants them to do, taking no important action until his purposes and wishes are known. Each governor in recent years has been practically the autocrat of our institutional affairs. Governor Pardee made himself absolutely so by the rather cheap device of permitting the official terms of commissioners to lapse, but allowing the incumbents to hold over pending appointment of successors. Of course, when affairs were in this posture the governor had it in his hands any day to enforce any policy he pleased, since he had only to touch a button, so to speak, to vacate any commissionership failing in administrative subserviency.

In most States it is the practice of the legislative body to scrutinize closely every bill appropriating money for any purpose. But the practice in California is quite different. The spirit of mutual good-will among members of the legislature has here attained a development so extreme that any and every bill appropriating money for any purpose under the sun is certain to go through provided any member shall take the pains to make it a personal matter with his colleagues. The member from Alpine County may, if he chooses, get a bill through the legislature appropriating any sum it may please him to name for the winter housing of grizzly bears if he will only ask his colleagues to vote for it as a personal favor. The theory is that by getting his bill through the member will be able to make a "good showing" before his constituents without injury to the State treasury, since "the old man downstairs" is certain to throw it out under his veto power. Thus at the close of each legislative session the governor finds himself with a great grist of money bills duly passed by the legislature calling in the aggregate for anywhere from two to five times the available money in the State treasury. The executive practice, under the veto power, is to trim down some appropriations, to cast out others, and so bring the general demand upon the State purse to something like the available contents thereof.

Thus the governor is not only through his various commissions the general boss of State affairs, but he

is practically the sole dispenser of State moneys. He may divide the State purse as he will among the various institutions and purposes which go into the make-up of the State budget. He may be lavish here and niggardly there; he may reward where it pleases him; he may punish where his resentments lie; and there is no power to stop him. It will readily be seen how great is the potential power of an official so endowed. It gives him all but overwhelming power with legislators—it makes him an overpowering boss in State affairs if his tastes lie in that line.

These facts are of special importance in view of the curiously personal and autocratic spirit of our new governor and of the radicalism of his plans. Governor Johnson is of a sanguine and partisan spirit, cherishing no doubts with respect to his own ideas and opinions, always cock-sure that his desire and purposes have the sanctity of law and gospel. He belongs to that not uncommon type, the man of tremendous enthusiasms without the limitations of caution or judgment. Withal, Mr. Johnson is not a man of original mind, rather an imitator. He appears to have become infected with the example of Mr. Roosevelt, of Senator LaFollette, Gifford Pinchot, and others of the more radical school of political thinking and political acting. In the spirit of these extremists he is proposing all manner of changes in the system of the State, and is planning, it appears, to employ all the forces of his office to bring them about.

In his inaugural address, as the people of California have already seen, Governor Johnson laid down a scheme revolutionary in that it would wipe out pretty much the whole list of elective officials and put the powers of appointment and supervision in the hands of the governor. Not content apparently with such extraordinary powers as he holds, he would, sweeping away all limitations and restraints, make the governorship the sole fountain and arm of authority. He did not in his inaugural go to the length of trenching upon the judicial or legislative branches, but under the exhilaration of his newly-assumed powers he now would extend his system to those spheres. He has, according to the reports from Sacramento, taken it upon himself to supervise the preparation of certain measures to be submitted to the legislature, and he has publicly assumed sponsorship for them. He further announces that he will keep a close eye upon the course of individual members of the legislature, and that he will see to it that those who do not accept and measure up to his standards are duly reported to their constituents. In other words, Governor Johnson proposes to assume the rôle not only of a legislative boss, but of a general legislative whipper-in. He will deal with the members of the legislature after the manner of a schoolmaster, a threat of some significance in view of his special powers, and reward and punish under the powers outlined above. It is reported, too, from Sacramento that Governor Johnson proposes to apply the "recall" principle to the members of the State judiciary, not even excepting the justices of the Supreme Court. Thus he will put our judges of all grades in a position where their determinations shall be subject to consideration not only as matters of law, but as matters of politics. He will, if he can, take from our courts all that gives them respect, authority, dignity. Fortunately, before this can be done, before the system can be completely revolutionized, appeal must be made to the people. We name these things as only a few of the many points at which our new governor proposes to make over the government of California after a model suggested by his own whims, theories, passions, and resentments.

Governor Johnson, it appears, has sufficiently studied his grand exemplar to know the value of highly wrought moral pretensions. He will undertake to surround his revolutionary proposals as regards our State system with an atmosphere odorous of the higher sanctities. There will be introduced into the legis-

lature no end of proposals looking to the general moral uplift of the State, if not with any hope of achieving concrete results, at least with the hope of beguiling the public mind. No man should know better than Mr. Johnson, who in his professional life has been closely associated with the criminal classes, that men are not made virtuous by enactment; no doubt Mr. Johnson knows this well enough. But he has observed likewise that one way to win a popular favor and support, even while pursuing any old policy that may serve one's purpose, is to maintain an elaborate front of highly-wrought moral pretensions.

Apparently California is in for a season of that kind of administration of her affairs given to Colorado half a generation ago by "Bloody Briddles" Waite, and to Oregon by the late Governor Penneyer. The former by his fiat suspended the Constitution of the United States, and the latter gravely proposed to make the findings of the legislature superior to the adjudications of the Supreme Court. Governor Johnson, as becomes a more advanced time, may go to even greater lengths. Our system unfortunately, by putting extraordinary powers into the governor's hands, gives to him large powers for mischief. Nevertheless, there is a certain corrective in the ultimate public judgment. It may come tardily and after gross waste in many forms, but it will come surely. Neither Waite nor Penneyer revolutionized their States, nor will Governor Johnson, for all the powers of his office, revolutionize California. Long before he shall have achieved the scheme which he has laid out, Governor Johnson will appear even to his present admirers in his true character—that of a man of intense vanity, partisan spirit, limited knowledge, and imperfect judgment, as a reckless and desperate counselor, and an unsafe leader.

The Case of Captain Peary.

There are many legitimate objections to the proposal now before Congress to retire Captain Peary with the rank and pay of an admiral in the navy, as a reward for his services in polar exploration. In the first place, Captain Peary has been detached from the naval service pretty much all the time this twelve or fifteen years past. He has no naval record worth speaking of, certainly nothing beyond the ordinary, and therefore is entitled to no special reward on the score of naval service. To give him the proposed promotion, accompanied by retirement, would be to vote him a pension for services non-naval, yet to be charged to naval expense. If there be any obligation upon the government to pension Captain Peary the thing should be done outright and be charged against the pension fund rather than, by a subterfuge, against the naval fund.

Again, the proposal for retirement is retroactive in that it advances Captain Peary's rank—and his pay—from the date of his presumed discovery of the North Pole in 1909. This in effect would give to Captain Peary a very considerable lump sum of money in the shape of arrearages of pay. Now, if it is obligatory upon the country to reward Captain Peary with a money gift it should be done openly and regularly and not by a half-concealed twist in legislation which fails to expose the fact, and which at the same time subtracts the amount of his gratuity from the naval fund.

There are other objections: First, there is no proof that Captain Peary really reached the pole. According to his own statement he did not make certain essential observations for the last three hundred miles of his journey, and therefore can not give conclusive proofs of his achievement. The matter rests upon his own unsupported statement, for at the time of the alleged discovery he was accompanied by but one man, and that man a negro servant without education or other qualification as a witness. The reason given by Peary for going thus practically alone is not creditable. He confesses that he wished all the glory for himself; that is, he was unwilling to share even with those whose labors had supported his enterprise the honor of such part in the achievement as belonged to subordinate association with it. A man thus calculating in connection with such an enterprise, even supposing all his claims to be valid, lacks some of the essentials of character and so raises a doubt as to the genuineness of his pretensions.

Furthermore, Peary's manner of reporting his achievement has characterized him as a personal and financial exploiter rather than a scientific enthusiast. While demanding high reward at the hands of the government, he has failed even after a year and a half to give to the government a proper report of his journey.

He claims to have discovered the pole, but he has reserved his "story" for exploitation in magazines and on the lecture platform. In other words, Captain Peary, instead of carrying himself on the high plane of a man of science anxious only that his country and his race should have whatever benefits might accrue from his achievements, has put himself upon the level of a vaudeville performer whose chief anxiety has been to get out of his "stunt" the utmost possible for himself in the way of reputation and cold cash.

Since Captain Peary has chosen his own method of exploiting his alleged discovery, and since he has made choice upon sordid consideration of his personal interest, we think the government should consider itself entirely relieved from any obligation to reward him as a great discoverer and as a man of science. It is too much, we think, to ask the government of the United States to reward an achievement in itself doubtful and in the method of its promulgation selfish and cheap even to the point of vulgarity.

The Dismissal of Judge Slack.

Judge Charles W. Slack is among the most distinguished graduates of our State University. In his student days and since he has been an honor to that institution. Recognition of these facts came early, for Judge Slack was named as a regent nearly twenty years ago. During the intervening years he has been active in University affairs, giving freely not only of his time but of his professional labors. Session after session Judge Slack has personally appeared before the legislature pleading the cause of the University, and always successfully. Perhaps in the life of the University during the past twenty years no other man has been more diligent or more essential to its welfare.

In San Francisco Judge Slack stands with a special distinction for what is best in community life. His service at the bar and on the bench won for him a high measure of public respect which his later career as a legal practitioner has sustained. He has happily avoided those phases of legal practice which tend to bias or prejudice, or to the establishment of questionable presumptions. He has never mixed in the criminal practice, he has had no association with unclean things in any form, he has had no part in any litigation in which private interest has been pitted against the public interest. This ten years past the name of Judge Slack has stood in San Francisco almost as a synonym for probity, respectability, and the finer kinds of civic distinction.

But for all this, we find that Governor Johnson has dismissed Judge Slack from the Board of Regents of the State University through the process of recalling his reappointment made by Governor Gillett in the interregnum between legislative sessions. When Judge Slack's appointment was recalled with others, the common judgment was that Governor Johnson merely wished to protest against the course of his predecessor, and that in his own time he would return the name of Judge Slack along with some others similarly withdrawn. But not so. The name of Dr. Rowell was returned, and properly so, for like that of Judge Slack it stands for character, for high purposes, for competence, for devotion to the University. But Judge Slack's name has not been returned. On the other hand another has been substituted for it. Judge Slack, after nearly twenty years of devoted service in University affairs, finds himself dismissed. Why?

The answer is not far to seek. Judge Slack from his standpoint of lawyer and citizen was among those who temperately but positively questioned the procedures of the so-called graft prosecution in San Francisco. Judge Slack saw plainly, for he is a clear-headed man as well as a competent lawyer, the enormities of that procedure. He saw that the powers of the prosecuting office were being controlled by private and illegitimate influences, and that they were being used to personal and vengeful ends. He saw what all men of judgment saw, that regularity, propriety, and legality were thrown to the winds by the prosecutors in pursuance of purposes quite apart and outside those of the law. And being a man of courage, albeit modest attitude and habit, Judge Slack spoke his mind freely. This explains why it is that Judge Slack is dismissed from the Board of Regents.

There were those during the campaign which preceded the nomination and election of Governor Johnson who thought they saw the hand of Esau behind Mr. Johnson's candidacy. From more than one source it was intimated that the hand of Rudolph Spreckels was

active, and that his plethoric purse was open. On the other hand there was diligent effort in Mr. Johnson's behalf to make it appear that he and Spreckels were no longer associates or even friends. This, indeed, has been the common belief during the past year. Events, however, tell their own story and enforce their own conviction. The dismissal of Judge Slack is explainable only upon one theory—the theory that the vengeful spirit of Rudolph Spreckels is an influence if not indeed a controlling force in the new administration. We shall see more of it as time goes on.

"Speeding Up" the Workman.

Mr. John Mitchell, the labor leader, does not accredit himself or the cause of organized labor by opposition to the premium or bonus system. This is the system which discriminates in favor of capacity, skill, and diligence, as against incapacity, lack of skill, and indifferent habits of work. In practice every prudent employer either in one form or another pays a premium or bonus, that is to say, he discriminates in favor of efficiency as against inefficiency. Even in the little printing office in which the *Argonaut* is manufactured every workman is paid "above the scale" because the work calls for special qualities and therefore for exceptional men. The principle applies everywhere where first-class work, which means skill, diligence, and promptness, is essential.

It is one of the grave charges against unionism that it makes the capacity of the least efficient the standard of performance. If a middling indifferent workman can only lay a specific number of brick per day, then that number is made the standard to which the more competent men must limit their energies and their performance. Under this practice special excellence is discouraged and even rebuked. The loss economically is great, morally it is colossal, for the man of high capacity who works down to a limited standard is a loser not merely on the money side, but on the moral side.

Mr. Mitchell argues rather indefinitely that the system of paying premiums or bonuses results in "speeding up the workman beyond the safety line." Just what Mr. Mitchell means by this vague remark is not apparent. But at least he has given to organized labor a phrase of which it makes much. Apparently Mr. Mitchell does not see a use for bonuses, which without "speeding up" the performance of individual workmen beyond the "safety line" or even at all, might nevertheless speed up the work under the workman's hands. In illustration of this idea the New York *Times* asks Mr. Mitchell a series of pertinent questions. Does Mr. Mitchell, asks the *Times*, mean that the bricklayer who stoops to pick up his brick; turns it three ways to find the face; throws it down, if defective, and repeats his motions with a fresh brick; carries up hodfuls of good and bad bricks, and turns his trowel on edge to tap each good brick into the mortar, is having an easier time than the bricklayer who finds his bricks properly sorted, face forward on a platform that is constantly elevated to the level of the growing wall, where he may place them, without bending his back, into mortar which, in turn, receives them without the extra tap of the trowel?

The bonus system in the bricklaying trade has, in a special instance observed by the *Times*, induced the bricklayer to reduce his motions from an average of eighteen to an average of six per brick. And in the special instance the workman who once earned \$5 per day now earns \$6.80—this without working harder or performing as many physical movements as he did under the old system. "Doubtless, too," says the *Times*, "he is happier in his more efficient labor. There is no monotony in strokes that count. The most deadly monotony and annoyance is in the making of useless movements."

One of the most grievous mistakes of organized labor is its failure to classify workmen in accordance with individual capacity—in its practice as above noted of establishing the capacity of the lowest as the standard for all. And it will make still another mistake if under the fear of "speeding up" the workman it shall seek to destroy the system of paying premiums and bonuses. If organized labor is to have a permanent and vital part in the life of the country, and for the thousandth time let the *Argonaut* say that it believes it has not only a proper but a necessary function under modern conditions, it must make itself a serviceable and therefore respectable factor in industry. It must accept the coöperative idea as distinct from the theory that wage-earning is a species of warfare. It must so elaborate

its system as to give a proper wage to the less efficient and a larger but equally proper wage to the more highly efficient. It must modify its principle of holding every man down to the common level, and of penalizing, in a sense, even its own members whose higher skill makes them worthy of higher rewards. That a man like John Mitchell should put his name and influence in opposition to these proposals is a bad omen not only for organized labor, but for the industry of the country.

Concerning a "Childless Age."

Professor Wilcox of Cornell University, who figures out that the United States is approaching a childless age—births of children to cease according to his calculation about the year 2020—gives us a curious example of the kind of thinking which passes in some quarters as scientific. Under scrutiny it appears to be akin to that kind of science which determines that because a boy can eat one apple in a minute he can eat five hundred in eight hours and twenty minutes—logic here beyond question, but none the less a kind of logic which doesn't enforce conviction.

The fault of our worthy professor is that he does not consider the potentialities which lie in conditions and motives outside the limits of his calculation. It has been determined in older countries that both the marriage rate and the birth rate bear a direct relation to food prices. When food is dear, relatively fewer marriages and smaller families; when cheap, relatively more marriages and larger families. This principle in its variations applies universally. In times and in countries where children are a help in family or community life, families are large; in times and conditions when children are a hindrance, families are small. For example, in the pioneer era of America a large family was not merely a social credit, but a distinct advantage, and so the average number of children born into families was large. When the conditions of living changed, when life on the soil largely gave way to life in towns, the number of births decreased. Today, when children are almost universally an economic burden, the birth rate declines.

Nobody of practical mind doubts that the future will see changes precisely as has the past, and whenever there shall come real need for population—social, economic, or both—the birth rate will respond to this need. Large families being a social necessity, there will grow up in relation to them in one form or another distinct advantages. As to just what conditions may grow out of time and change it would be futile to discuss. But that the problem will solve itself in its own way nobody can doubt. That instinct which sustains and has always sustained the race in augmenting numbers will not fail to answer all demands. Neither Professor Wilcox nor anybody else need give himself serious concern on the score of "race suicide."

It is common observation that the vice of childlessness, if it may be so called, is practically confined to those who would better be without children. The dissipated man, the fashionable and frivolous woman, the luxurious, the selfish—these would better have no children. The sources of wholesome life lie not in these but in the strong-limbed and the deep-bosomed, those who can endow the life springing from them with normal bodies and minds, and wholesome propensities. The childless class, broadly speaking, is that incapable of contributing anything to the vitalities or the hope of the race.

Extravagance in Government.

It is to be regretted on every account that the Taft administration has felt it obligatory to pass over in silence, if not indeed to conceal, the prodigious extravagances and wastes of the Roosevelt régime. The people of the United States have a right to know what their government costs and how the money goes. However, the facts of the Roosevelt period of reckless mismanagement and extravagance are slowly working out. The President has already instituted economies which will reduce the cost of government by the enormous total of \$300,000,000 per year, and the work of systematizing expenditures to the end of other economies is still going on.

Another inside glimpse has been afforded by Hon. James A. Tawney of Minnesota, for six years chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. Speaking of the enormous increase in the cost of the Federal government, Mr. Tawney says that the seven and a half years of Rooseveltism, although a period of profound peace, cost the people of the United States practically as much in treasure for war purposes as did

the Civil War. The most serious problem now before the country, Mr. Tawney declares, is that of cutting down the expenses of the national government. "Of the \$1,000,000,000 the American people pay annually for the support of their Federal government more than \$710,000,000 is spent for wars we have had or wars we are preparing for." The average annual cost of the army before the Spanish war was less than \$24,000,000 per year. The average cost now is something over \$83,000,000. In the same period the average annual cost of the navy has jumped from \$27,500,000 to \$102,400,000. Of course, the difference in conditions is considerable, but it does not account for this tremendous augmentation of the cost of military service.

Labor Unions and Coercion.

Basic principles as they relate to labor disputes are so simple and universal in their common acceptance that it becomes a never-ending surprise that there should be any misunderstanding concerning them. The most lucid presentment of these principles that we have seen recently was one made last week by Mr. Justice Blackmar of Brooklyn in a suit brought by the Albro J. Newton Company against the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. The case was one in which there was a strike against the company because of their determination to maintain an open shop. The strike was not successful, the company easily finding men to carry on its work. After several months the strikers through their union sent out notices to owners, contractors, and builders, warning them that they would not handle material made by the Albro J. Newton Company or any other open shop. Soon after the union called strikes against builders who used the Albro J. Newton's Company's materials. In granting an injunction restraining the union from threatening such strikes, Justice Blackmar said:

Certain methods and weapons the law permits. Others it prohibits. It permits the strike on the one side and the lock-out on the other. But each combatant must respect the rights of the other guaranteed by our Constitution. Among these are life, liberty, and property. Violence against persons and tangible property will not be permitted. Neither will attacks on intangible property rights, like business, good will, or trade, be permitted. One cardinal principle must be borne in mind—that any element of illegality essential to a scheme or combination makes the whole illegal. This principle the defendants have overlooked. They have found a lawful means, namely, strikes, and an ultimate lawful end, namely, the improvement of labor; but they have forgotten that the very turning point in their scheme, and which alone makes it effective, is the coercion of plaintiff by injuring property rights. This is exactly what the defendants intended; it is what they have done, and it is unlawful.

This is so plain that it is difficult to see how anybody, even the most rabid unionist, could dissent from it. Furthermore, it contains the whole philosophy in its ultimate summing up of the rights and privileges on both sides of every labor controversy.

Editorial Notes.

President Taft has resolved whatever doubts have hitherto been urged respecting the right of the United States to fortify the Isthmian Canal. He is convinced that it is "the right and duty of the United States to fortify and make capable of defense the work that will bear so vital a relation to its welfare, and that is being created solely by it and at an expenditure of enormous sums." And having come to this conclusion—a conclusion in which he is sustained by the best legal talent of the country—he asks Congress to appropriate \$5,000,000 towards a scheme of defense planned to cost \$12,500,000. The natural feeling of the country has been favorable to the idea of fortification. To the popular mind it has seemed even ridiculous that there should be any question as to our right to defend a work into which we are putting such tremendous sums of money, and this for the express purpose of increasing the efficiency of our navy by making it available for service on either side of the continent. The country will applaud the position of the President, and Congress undoubtedly will provide the money which has been asked for. Our treaty obligation in connection with the canal is to "maintain" its "neutrality," and the President's reasoning is that it is essential that this obligation requires us to so fortify the great waterway as to prevent any hostile force from interfering with its operation. In other words, defensive works are essential as a means of maintaining the "neutrality" of the canal.

It comes as the note of a new spirit in China that the native newspapers express uneasiness over the course of events in Korea. The Chinese view seems to

be that Japan in Korea today means Japan in Manchuria tomorrow with all the danger that the possession of Manchuria would apply to Mongolia and the rest of China. It is seen in China as it is everywhere that Japan is bound to "go somewhere." Her country is occupied up to the limit of its capacity to sustain population—even beyond its limit under world fashions of living which the Japanese are gradually assuming. The Island of Formosa has served only as a tub to the whale, while Saghalien is of small practical account. It has nothing to offer a fixed and settled population, serving little more than as a base for fishery enterprises. If there had been no disturbance in the Pacific world growing out of the American-Spanish war, Japan would almost surely have acquired the Philippine Islands, but this opportunity being now shut off it appears inevitable that Japan must force her way or try to do it on the mainland. It is not surprising, therefore, that China is uneasy, not surprising that she sees in the occupation of Korea a menace to her own empire. That Japan in China, possessed of the enormous financial and other resources of that country, would be a menace to America, is the opinion of competent statesmen. Possibly in the long run—since Japan must "go somewhere"—we should be just as well off with Japan in possession of the Philippines.

In reporting the criminal career of young Repsold, all the daily newspapers assume that the young man has been well brought up because his father is a man of property. This is neither good logic nor sound observation. We undertake to say that as a rule the children of wealth are not brought up better than the children of relative property. The man of wealth oftentimes has a wife of fashion; and between the interests of the one and the follies of the other the children are very likely to suffer neglect. Money indeed may be spent on their housing, their clothes, their schooling, their diversions; but the spending of money is the poorest of devices when it comes to the upbringing of children. Young Repsold appears to be morally abandoned. He has some of the propensities which have come from liberal habits of life, but no development apparently of moral comprehension, of true character. It would be interesting to know the truth in this case, and we shall probably get some approximation of it at least when the trial comes on.

The new census means a reapportionment of the congressional districts of the country, with a considerable increase in the membership of that body, such membership being necessary in order that no State shall lose a representative. The ratio of population is 211,800 to one representative. Under the new apportionment the whole number of representatives will be increased from 391 to 433. The Pacific Coast, having grown rapidly, will make notable gains in representation. California gains three, Oregon one, Washington two. Other important gains are in the more populous Eastern States, New York gaining six, bringing her total to forty-three, and Pennsylvania four, bringing her total to thirty-six. These increases and other changes, while inevitable under the new condition, do not come about automatically. It will be necessary for Congress to enact legislation upon the basis of the new population. Representative Crumpacker, chairman of the House Committee on Census, has already introduced a measure along the lines above indicated, which will undoubtedly be accepted. In the reorganized Congress the probable membership will be as follows:

State.	Members.	Gain.	State.	Members.	Gain.
Alabama	10	1	Nebraska	6	0
Arkansas	7	0	Nevada	1	0
California	11	3	New Hampshire	2	0
Colorado	4	1	New Jersey	12	2
Connecticut	5	0	New York	43	6
Delaware	1	0	North Carolina	10	0
Florida	4	1	North Dakota	3	1
Georgia	12	1	Ohio	22	1
Idaho	2	1	Oklahoma	8	3
Illinois	27	2	Oregon	3	1
Indiana	13	0	Pennsylvania	36	4
Iowa	11	0	Rhode Island	3	1
Kansas	8	0	South Carolina	7	0
Kentucky	11	0	South Dakota	3	1
Louisiana	8	1	Tennessee	10	0
Maine	4	0	Texas	18	2
Maryland	6	0	Utah	2	1
Massachusetts	16	2	Vermont	2	0
Michigan	13	1	Virginia	10	0
Minnesota	10	1	Washington	5	2
Mississippi	8	0	West Virginia	6	1
Missouri	16	0	Wisconsin	11	0
Montana	2	1	Wyoming	1	0
Total			Total	433	42

A rich strike of petroleum has been made near Mt. Sinai.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

To the British archaeologist, Dr. Arthur J. Evans, scholars of the present day, and the great world of unclassical readers as well, owe a great deal for knowledge of a civilization that has passed away, and for the rescue of historical facts from the haze of myth and legend. He it is who has proved by excavations at Cnossos in Crete that the Labyrinth and the Minotaur were actual and not fabulous, and that there was the seat of a great maritime empire in the days before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees. Crete, an island lying midway between Greece, Asia Minor, and the northern coast of Africa, was undoubtedly the home of great men and the scene of great events a thousand years before the time of Æschylus and Euripides. It had an Attic development that long antedated the arts of the Greece that history knows. A volume entitled "The Sea Kings of Crete," written by James Baikie, and published in London by Black, sums up the work of the archaeologists on the island and from their discoveries pictures the age which is lost in the mists of ancient times:

It is in Crete, not in Egypt or Asia, that the secrets of our modern civilization must be sought. For this Cretan civilization is more wonderful than anything yet revealed by delving in the dust of Assyria or Egypt. Egypt itself may be but an imitator of the gifted Cretan race—of that people whom, in their decadence, we meet in the Bible as the Philistines, and who even then were formidable. To the earliest Greeks, "an abundant wealth of legend told of great kings and heroes, of stately palaces, and mighty armies and powerful fleets, and the whole material of an advanced civilization." Tradition pointed steadily to Crete as the cradle of this civilization, but for thousands of years the soil of that Ægean island held its secret. Historians dismissed the old world stories of the Labyrinth, of Minos, of that monstrous beast the Minotaur, of Theseus and Ariadne, of the great fleet with which Minos had commanded the sea, as mere fables. Then Dr. Evans started to dig, and the truth leapt to the light. As his men dug at Cnossos the remains of walls appeared. Next a vast building two acres in extent was unearthed, and as the spades went down new wonders were disclosed. Halls and porticos and corridors and chambers appeared, and on their walls frescoes depicting the life of a vanished age, still radiant with color as in the far-off days of which Homer sang.

But not alone to those who dig and to those who set down the results is all the credit due for our growing knowledge of that ancient people. There are still many inscriptions to be deciphered, from which important records will come. At Leland Stanford Junior University even, so far from the Cretan mine of ancient history, Dr. George Hemphill, professor of German philology, has given much time to study of these curious relics, and one of the most interesting riddles among them has been solved by his learning, wit, and patience. A disk, dug up at Phaistos, was covered with hieroglyphics unlike any that had been deciphered, and the inscription has given up its meaning under Professor Hemphill's skillful application. In the January number of *Harper's Magazine* the disk is pictured, the method of its study explained, and the result set forth. It is a valuable discovery, for it shows that the Cretans wrote with syllabic characters, in a dialect closely related to the classical Greek of later times. Professor Hemphill's article in the magazine is a unique contribution to the literature of modern scholarship.

Twenty-three pictures and pieces of sculpture were sold during the annual winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, the display having continued for a month. Among the fortunate artists and sculptors whose work was chosen by purchasers no less a sum than \$16,000 was distributed. A winter landscape by Gardner Symons was taken at \$2000, the highest price obtained, and other pictures sold down the scale to \$125. In the New York papers reporting this notably successful exhibition and sale of American art was a story of the discovery of a famous Perugino painting of the Madonna and Christ child, now in the possession of Mrs. Robert H. Sayre at Cambridge. There was convincing evidence that the painting was genuine, as it had been bequeathed to Mrs. Sayre by her brother, the Rev. Robert J. Nevin, for thirty-five years American rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Rome. Before Dr. Nevin secured it the picture had been in one of the galleries at Florence. Mrs. Sayre had owned the painting only four years, and few had seen it after its arrival. Following immediately on the announcement of the whereabouts of the Perugino work, a wealthy American patron of art made an offer of \$100,000 for it, without a view of the painting, but the offer was declined. Perugino died in 1524. It may console some of the artists who exhibited their work at the National Academy of Design to look forward four hundred years, when connoisseurs from Central Africa will come to America in search of paintings of the twentieth century and proffer diamonds by the pint in competition for a choice.

Composer Puccini is much better pleased with American arrangements of coin than American arrangements of notes. He asserts that even what is good in the compositions of MacDowell and Converse, of DeKoven and Sousa, is not national in spirit or tone. Hear him:

"The Girl of the Golden West" has delighted the American critics as a whole, but here and there are complaints that there is not enough American music in the score. There is no such thing as "American music." What they have is negro music, which is almost savagery of sound.

Well, if the music of our composers is not characteristically American, some of it may at least be written down as passable in melodic and harmonic charm. To say that music is Italian, or German, or Hungarian, or Spanish, is not to prove its excellence. Perhaps the greatest of music is that which is universal in character as well as in appeal. And, like great paintings, it gains weight and value with age. Few of the present-day composers escape adverse criticism. In the current number of the *North American Review* there is an enthusiastic appreciation of Charles Martin Loeffler, an Alsatian who has lived many years in this country and written many charming pieces of music, most of which are known only to

a small circle of his friends and associates. Lawrence Gilman, a critic of knowledge and sympathy, is the author of the appreciation, and he has made it readable even for the untechnical public, but he presents some comparisons which will stir partisan prejudices. For instance:

I am aware of no living melodist who combines, in equal measure, these qualities: on the negative side, a spontaneous avoidance of sentimentalism, triviality, and commonplace; on the positive side, originality of conception, an incorruptible fineness of taste, and the mastery of a style at once broad and subtle, passionate and restrained. They are not possessed in like degree by any one of his contemporaries. Strauss's frequent commonness, D'Indy's limited emotional compass, Fauré's slightness of substance, Reger's aridity, rank them, as melodists, definitely below Loeffler, while Saint-Saëns and Goldmark, Mahler and Sibelius, Elgar and Rachmaninoff, are his inferiors at almost every point. As for Debussy, he is indeed an exquisite melodist, a creator of melodic thoughts that are incomparably lovely and of an unexampled rarity, but Debussy has not Loeffler's blend of subtlety and power, of largeness and intensity.

Musical critics are even more difficult to please than dramatic critics. However, they usually take the safer side, and abuse the absent composer rather than the contiguous instrumentalist. Like Guildenstern, they may not know how to play the pipes, but they assume to know not merely when they are well played but whether the music is fitted to the capabilities of wood tubes with holes and stops. Occasionally the critics are technically informing. This, from a recent notice in the *New York Sun*, will illustrate:

The second concert of the Barrere Ensemble, which took place yesterday afternoon in the Belasco Theatre, evoked plenteous applause from an audience of good size. There were four numbers on the programme, to-wit, Beethoven's rondino for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; a duxtuor by George Enesco, the Roumanian composer; a quatuor by Rossini, and a "Petite Suite" of Debussy, transcribed by Marcel Tournier. A rondino by Beethoven sounds no note of alarm. Let us therefore speak first of a duxtuor. The word is portentous, but its significance is peaceful. A duxtuor is a piece of music written for ten instruments. In the case of the work heard yesterday the instruments selected by the composer were two flutes, an oboe, an English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns. An excellent collection of wind instruments this in the hands of a composer who has something suitable for wind instruments to say.

Returning to the question of national quality in literature and art, may it not be said that a little too much is asked by the critics? An editorial paragraph in the *Springfield (Massachusetts) Union* is prodigiously exercised because the attractive type of American beauty found in San Francisco by Artist Harrison Fisher is personified in Miss Maurine Rasmussen. The *New Englander* hopes the beauty is more typically American than the name. What would he have? Must an American beauty bear an appellation like Minnehaha, or Kewaygooshtekumkankangewok? Why is not Rasmussen as American as McKinley or Roosevelt? There are not many real Americans now in the former haunts of Massachusetts, if the descendants of immigrants are not to be counted. One of the poetesses of Massachusetts married a real American nearly, Ohiyesa of the Sioux tribe, but even he cast off his real American name and became Eastman. It would seem that Westman would have been more appropriate, certainly up to the time when he left Dakota and settled down among the foreigners of Cambridge or the Back Bay district.

In 1811 Governor Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts signed the bill which constructed an election district on a new and fearful plan, outlining a long, curved, irregular strip, which looked on the map something like a salamander but was named a gerrymander in a flash of wit from an editor. Governor Gerry always resented the fact that his name was attached to this political nondescript, as he was opposed to the idea, but the label stuck, and for a hundred years it has described any unfair or even unnatural division of election districts in the United States. At the end of the century, however, a blow is to be struck at this horrendous affair, and in its birthplace. Speaker Walker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives announces that he will see that the redistricting is done fairly, and Governor Foss, in supporting the idea, favors the following of direct lines to create the new districts, without eccentricities. Difficult as the problem is, it is one that will come up for solution in many of the State legislatures this year, to provide for the new apportionments under authority of the census of 1910. There is an opportunity for some governor to send his name thundering down the years by inventing a new rule of division, for irregular shapes are the rule and not the exception with congressional districts the country over.

Serious as it is, there are funny sides to the war game. Two British army officers were caught prowling around the German fortifications on the North Sea coast and arrested as spies. Their trial has just been concluded at Leipzig, and as they admitted they were gathering information, they were found guilty and sentenced to four years' imprisonment in a fortress. This sounds somewhat severe, but considerably less forbidding than hanging, or shooting, or any summary proceeding of that sort. However, the particulars are really not so bad. The imprisonment is for the hours of darkness only; during the day these dangerous spies may obtain permission to visit the neighboring town and enjoy themselves as they please, if they are careful to come back before the fortress shuts up for the night. Frowning justice in German military circles has a soft hand for foreign offenders, it seems, although the discipline is severe enough for those who wear the coat of the Kaiser. Sixteen years ago two French officers were arrested as spies, under circumstances similar to those of the British case, and they were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, but when President Carnot was assassinated the German emperor pardoned them as a mark of sympathy. Probably the detention term of the English officers will be shortened. Some sort of a punishment must be inflicted to keep up appearances. There is little doubt that the British

war office has a plan of every German fortification in existence, and that the German military chiefs are as well provided with information relating to British defenses. Preparations for the employment of any army or navy on earth include such plans as surely as they include charts of foreign harbors and lights. And the men who are sent to get them do their errands with light hearts. Actual spies, who had penetrated into really secret places, would not be dismissed with a slap on the wrist. GEORGE L. SHOALS.

OLD FAVORITES.

From "The Bay Fight."

A weary time—but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame!

"Man your starboard battery!"

Kimberly shouted;
The ship, with her beards of oak,
Was going, 'mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!
None of us doubted;
No, not our dying—
Farragut's flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right;
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha! old ship, do they thrill
The brave two hundred scars
You got in the River wars?
That were leeches with clamorous skill
(Surgery savage and hard),
Splinted with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarring and seam,
Rudely linted and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch
At the Brooklyn Navy Yard!

On, in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the Line of Death
That our devilish Foe had laid—
Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villainous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, oh, sight forlorn!
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered—
(Ah! what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn?)—
Caught by the under-death,
In the drawing of a breath,
Down went the dauntless craven,
He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her,
Like the crest of a breaking wave:
In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument
(Seen afar in the offing),
Ten fathom deep lie craven
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations.
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations
(Christening the generations).
When valor were all too late,
If a moment's doubt be harbored.
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief:
"Go on!"—'twas all be said;
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the *Hariford* passed ahead.

There to silence the Foe,
Moving grimly and slow,
They loomed in that deadly wreath,
Where the darkest batteries frowned—
Death in the air all around,
And the black torpedoes beneath!

And now, as we looked ahead,
All for'ard the long white deck
Was growing a strange, dull red;
But soon, as once again
Fore and aft we sped
(The firing to guide or check),
You could hardly choose but tread
On the ghastly human wreck
(Dreadful goblet and shred
That a minute ago were men!)

Red, from mainmast to bits!
Red, on bulwark and wale!
Red, by combing and hatch!
Red, o'er netting and rail!
And ever, with steady con,
The ship forged slowly by;
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,
Right in front of our dead,
Fighting square abreast,
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
Chrism of fire and blood!

Fear? A forgotten form!
Death? A dream of the eyes!
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies.
—Henry Howard Brownell.

At this time seventy-two cents of every dollar paid out by the United States government goes toward the expense of wars, past or future. But eighteen cents of every dollar spent is applicable to other purposes.

"DAUGHTER, BEHOLD THY MOTHER!"

New York's Strange Case of Disputed Parentage.

It is natural enough that a sensation should follow the closing of the Northern Bank of New York and its nine branches. There is something tantalizing in the sight of locked doors that ought to guard some eight million dollars of depositors' money, especially when the doors have been locked by orders of stern authority that evidently has its own suspicions as to the whereabouts of so much dazzling wealth. But when a policeman orders you to "move on" just as though you were watching a mere casual dog-fight a feeling of exasperation is apt to supervene, and this is not moderated by tranquil assurances from those whose money is elsewhere that probably everything will come out right in the end and that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Of course it is good to know that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," but it takes time for the comfort to sink in, and the depositors of the Northern Bank seem still to think that they have a grievance, especially those who parted from their money only the night before.

But finance is deadly uninteresting at the best of times, especially other people's finance. The real fascination of the Northern Bank story is in what is called its human interest features, although how anything that happens in this world can have any other kind of interest it is hard to say. And certainly the incident has brought us face to face with some of those remarkable personalities that ought to be in novels but seldom are. Now Joseph G. Robin, the head of more financial institutions than can be counted upon the fingers, may be a much abused and much wronged individual. His financial soul may be as white as driven snow. Heaven forbid that he should be judged except by due process of law and by his Maker, but the fact remains that his story is a strange one and that the chapters that he has added since his arrest are the strangest of all.

Robin came from Russia sixteen years ago. At that time he was called Robinowitz and he was penniless. No man can become truly great if he has more than a dollar in his pocket when he reaches the metropolis, and so our friend Robinowitz had peculiar claims upon fortune. The exact system by which he acquired a chain of banks with eight million dollars need not be set down here. They belong to the domain of high finance, upon which the layman must not trespass, but Robinowitz became a millionaire, and he judiciously changed his name to Robin, which has a chirpy sound about it and one calculated to inspire confidence. But his equally attractive sister, who is a doctor, retained her Russian name, the whole of it, and incidentally it may be noted by the curious that a Russian name, while detrimental to a banker, is rather to the advantage of a doctor. There is a suggestion of oriental love and of an exotic scholarship about Russian names, but these are not needed in the banking business—only honesty.

Now the immediate point of interest is whether or not Herman Robinovitch and Mrs. Elka Robinovitch, two worthy old people who live in quiet poverty somewhere outside of New York, are the parents of the astute banker and the learned doctor. The old people say that they are, while the young people say that they are not. It was natural that the authorities should make some inquiry as to the antecedents of their prisoner and they were directed at once to Mr. and Mrs. Robinovitch, who possibly were a little proud of their distinguished offspring. It is strange what some parents will be proud of. They admitted their paternity without hesitation, and apparently it never occurred to them that they would be disowned. But in the meantime both Robin and his sister had declared that so far as they knew their parents were dead; that at least they were in Russia; that they themselves had been brought to the proud country of their adoption by friends, and that the mother and father had dropped entirely out of their lives ever since they left Europe.

The next move of the police was to bring the old people to the Tombs prison and to confront them with Robin and his sister. It is a pity that we have only a prosaic and unsentimental record of that meeting. The old people hastened confidently to greet the young ones, as old people will do even though the sword of a disgraceful fate is vibrating overhead. Parents never deny their children. This particular infamy belongs only to the young. But Robin and his sister, the financier and the physician, drew away scornfully as such aristocrats would do at the touch of an unclean thing. Robin used words that are indicated by asterisks, while his sister adopted the more deadly feminine weapon of a glance. Then the old woman moaned and sank back in her seat, and the father covered his face and spoke inaudibly to the god of his race.

Of course there was nothing more to be done just then. The old people, shabby but with all the dignity of grief, were denied, disowned, rejected. They went home and the police guarded the house, lest they should be molested. Then Mr. and Mrs. Robinovitch were persuaded to prove their paternity. Here were letters, any number of them, letters begging for money, for \$10, for \$15, for anything at all. That was before the golden ship had come home and while father and mother still had their uses in the world. The letters began "My Faithful Mother," and "My Dear Parents." They concluded with "Your loving Louise" and "Your son, Joseph." There was a large parcel of them. Their authenticity was undeniable. They were just

such letters as millions of mothers and fathers have treasured from millions of sons and daughters and will always treasure while the world stands.

And so Dr. Robinovitch was arrested also and went to join her charming brother in the Tombs. Fortunately she had sworn to a legal document which brought her just within the net of perjury, and it may be noted that the grand jury wasted very little time over her indictment. People were beginning to be interested in the old couple and financial considerations were submerged for the moment beneath something more human and more wholesome. Of course the learned physician was bailed out after a night of durance and went away in her automobile, but it will be interesting to note her defense when she is arraigned upon a charge of falsely swearing that Herman Robinovitch and Elka Robinovitch are not her father and her mother. But is it conceivable that she will not relent?

SIONEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, January 12, 1911.

The White Star liner *Olympic*, christened by the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Viceroy of Ireland, was launched at Belfast on the 20th of October. No other boat ever launched has attracted so much public attention (observes a writer in *St. Nicholas*), not only because she is the largest vessel that has ever been built, but because her machinery is of a type considerably different from that of previous steamers. Though her launching weight of twenty-seven thousand tons, the heaviest weight ever transferred by man from land to water, gave rise to greater anxiety than is usual in such an operation, all plans worked to perfection, and she glided into the water as gracefully as would a small launch. The boat contains many radical improvements, and provides for 2500 passengers, while the crew will number 860. Her engines are of 45,000 horsepower, and are of two kinds, known to engineers as the reciprocating and the turbine. She is 882 feet in length, twice as long as the height of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, and equals in length the total drop of the famous Bridal Veil fall in the Yosemite valley.

It was Asia, through Arabia, which gave Europe the literature, the arts, and the sciences, which we have developed and of which we now boast. Gunpowder was probably invented in China; it was certainly introduced into Europe from Arabia. The finely-tempered steel of Damascus went over from Arabia at the time of the Moorish invasion of Spain, and its manufacture was continued at Toledo. The coppersmiths of Bagdad supplied the world's market with their wonderful productions centuries before there were any industries in Europe. Weaving of silk and cotton had its birth as an industry in Arabia, and the weaving of wool was learned by the Crusaders in the same wonderful country. Astronomy, mathematics, the mariner's compass—all came to us from the Arabs. And Asia is coming into her own again.

Estimates at the outset of the season and facts at the close of the year do not always jibe. According to the former last spring there would have been made for the 1910 season not under 200,000 cars, but the American Automobile Association has compiled statistics to show that but 80,000 cars were actually made in this country for the season of 1910, the value of the output being \$240,000,000. There were made 1,700,000 horse-drawn vehicles, and it is significant that but 5000 of the number were buggies, 125,000 other vehicles, and 500,000 farm wagons. From these figures it may readily be seen that to supplant the horse in the commercial vehicle field will require an even greater output than was ever planned in the field of pleasure cars.

The California mining company making the largest production of gold in the State in 1910 was the Yuba Consolidated Goldfields Company, working dredges in the Marysville field of Yuba County. The most productive single quartz mine was that of the North Star Mines Company, of Grass Valley, Nevada County. The mine with the deepest workings and the most productive mine on the Mother Lode was the Kennedy, of Jackson, Amador County. The most productive drift mine was the old Birdseye Creek property at You Bet, in Nevada County. The most productive hydraulic mine was operated by the La Grange Mining Company near Weaverville, Trinity County.

The real (or geographic) north pole and the magnetic north pole are not in the same place. The magnetic north pole, toward which the compass-needle really points, is situated in the northern part of Canada, in northern latitude 70 degrees 5 minutes and longitude 96 degrees 43 minutes west from Greenwich. It was first visited in 1831 by Sir James Ross. The southern magnetic pole is in a corresponding position in the Antarctic region. It was discovered by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to be latitude 72 degrees 25 minutes south and longitude 154 degrees east.

The fourth modern wonder is the St. Gotthard tunnel, twelve miles long, under the Alps. There was a Brenner railroad route over the Austrian Alps; a Mt. Cenis tunnel under the French Alps; but Italy, Switzerland, and Germany combined to divert the century-old trade between south and north to a shorter new route, the key to the situation being the long tunnel, more than twice as long as any American railroad tunnel.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Ward is an eighteen-year-old South Carolina aviator who has won a \$5000 prize.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, a sister of the Russian empress, has become an abbess of the Russian Order of White Nuns.

Being entitled to draw a Carnegie teacher's pension, after so many years of service as a college professor and president, Dr. Woodrow Wilson will not deny himself the pleasure of drawing one.

Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears, a New York sculptor, has won the commission for the colossal figure which is to surmount the dome of the new capitol of the State of Wisconsin at Madison. Models for the work are at her studio and are much admired.

Mrs. Anney McElroy Brett, of Western Texas, is president of the Southern Independent Telephone and Telegraph Company, and president and general manager of the Brett Construction, Telephone and Telegraph Company. These companies, representing more than \$500,000, were organized by her without a dollar of capital to start with.

Emperor Nicholas will present to Zaandam, in Holland, a statue of Peter the Great. It was in this village, it will be remembered, that Peter learned ship-building for the benefit of his country. The house in which he lived has long been a place of pilgrimage for foreigners visiting Holland. It was restored and inclosed for its preservation by Emperor Nicholas's grandfather.

William Kuhe, who introduced Patti, Trebelli, and Christine Nilsson to the concert platform in England, is eighty-seven years old, an age which, he thinks, entitles him to be known as the oldest musician in the world. He was born in Prague in 1823, the son of German parents. He is a pianist, and has given concerts in association with some of the world's most famous artists.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard University, declares that the need for regular athletic exercise is a delusion, and that "if the craving for it is not intentionally injected into the body by habitual indulgence, the normal personality can remain just as well without it." The only restoratives for used-up brain energy are "rest, sleep, fresh air, and good nourishment."

Edwin Ginn, the Boston publisher, who has announced his intention of giving \$50,000 annually to the maintenance of the International School of Peace, and of making a permanent endowment for the institution, has long been known for his philanthropies. Mr. Ginn was born in Maine in 1838, and was graduated at Tufts College. As head of the publishing house that bears his name Mr. Ginn has built up a business in text-books second to none in this country. His first book was Allen's Latin Grammar, published in 1868.

Miss Agnes Deans-Cameron has been sent to England by the Canadian government to lecture on the advisability of emigrating to Canada. Before going over to the mother country Miss Deans-Cameron traveled extensively over Canada for the purpose of investigation, the means for doing this being furnished by the government. She proved so successful that the Australian government has followed the example of Canada by sending Miss Beatrice Grimshaw to explore Papua, British New Guinea, with reference to its opportunities for settlers.

Dr. Edgar Odell Lovett is one of the young educators of the time who will have an almost unexampled opportunity. He is president of the William M. Rice Institute, of Houston, Texas, which will be opened this year. An endowment of \$7,000,000 makes this college the richest institution of learning in the South, and its head will build with ample means from the beginning. Dr. Lovett is in his fortieth year, a graduate of Bethany College, West Virginia, and has been professor of mathematics and, later, professor of astronomy at Princeton University.

Frank Woolworth, who will be the owner of the new skyscraper on Broadway which is to top the Singer building by several feet, can well afford the investment, as he is a many times millionaire. At twenty-one Mr. Woolworth was a dry goods clerk and without capital, but a little later he started a store in Utica and laid the foundation of his fortune, and he is now a little more than fifty. He was among the first to see the winning idea in 5-and-10-cent stores, and gradually increased his ownership until he had 286 separate establishments. He has always been loyal to New York, his native State.

John Miller Murphy, the patriarch of Northwestern journalism, has been for fifty years editor and proprietor of the *Washington Standard*, a Democratic weekly of Olympia, Washington. A few weeks ago the golden anniversary of the publisher and his paper were celebrated, distinguished citizens of Washington and Oregon and societies of pioneers participating. Mr. Miller was born in Indiana in 1839 and came across the plains to Oregon in 1850. He was a pupil at the first school in Portland, and learned the printer's trade in that city. In 1860 he established the *Standard*, and in 1865 erected the building which has been occupied by his offices since that time.

THE CHAIN.

How It Wound Itself about a Weak Man's Will.

The ragged man turned into a byway with the steady, hopeless gait of those that walk the streets for want of shelter. He noted that the district was unfamiliar, and to him it seemed odd that the city should contain any corner unfound in his wanderings. The streets were his own, trespassed infrequently by a milk-wagon, a whirring car, or a policeman. He took no count of time, nor heeded his course. Time and the streets; he had them and nothing more. Too, they were his tyrants. There was no drain on his time, and yet its very abundance was sinister. The streets, the city: under their goad he trudged without stop, seeking relief, esteeming the mere chance to work the fairest of rewards. The city, sprawling over the hills, played with him, lashing, prodding, teasing; it deigned to see his agony only to laugh.

He waited with a listless, impersonal curiosity for the next stroke of fate, wondering if it would be the *coup de grace*. An arc light, hung high in the distance, blinded him with its unilluminating glare. Close to the houses, he slunk along mechanically.

Of a sudden he stumbled, caught himself, and stopped. His shoe had struck the outstretched foot of a man asleep in a doorway. The vagrant gazed at him sluggishly.

It was a sharp blow, yet the prostrate body gave no sign of having felt it. Stretched across a flight of five steps, the slumberer breathed with the stertorous gasps of drunken stupor.

The vagrant stood as if beholding a new manner of creature. Slowly he took in the simple facts; then, the truth standing out prominently in his dulled mind, he passed on, muttering, as if to emphasize the hard-grasped thought, "Only a drunk." But his mind had been set to work. As he limped on, he reflected in platitudes.

At the contrast between the man who had money to waste and himself he laughed. Within a few hours, he recounted silently, this drunkard had thrown away more than would have sufficed to keep a workless man a week, a month, an interminable period. He estimated vaguely what the drunken man had spent and converted it into his own coin, magnifying it, attenuating the sum with all the tricks of the hungry, until in imagination it had yielded many feasts.

The picture that had filtered through his brain during the pause rose again: he saw the heavy body, inert, stretched across the steps; the fat stubby hands sprawling; the head lost in the darkness. Across the stomach stretched a massive gold chain. The chain he saw vividly, sparkling in a glint of light as it rose to the deep breaths, the heavy links easing and playing on the cloth.

Suddenly he paused. His halt was as instinctive as if he had found himself on the brink of an abyss. A little, tingling thrill swept him, and his head, from no wish of his own, jerked back slightly, leaving the mouth open for a moment. He gasped: there was not enough air in his lungs. For the fraction of a second he suffocated. For there had come to him the thought, with all its inviting suggestiveness, that the sharp blow upon the foot had not awakened the sleeper, that the fat hands were not upon the chain. All he need do to eat, to rest, to fit himself for the morrow's task, would be to take those links. There was no danger. The man would not rouse. He was alone, obscured. And it meant food, rest, hope.

Cleared and concentrated by the shock, by the first thought of the kind he had ever evolved, his mind debated the idea for the smallest space of time. As its import became defined the man laughed shyly, ashamed for having considered it, his self-reproach augmented because the thought had been involuntary. He started forward.

The pause seemed immeasurable, a hiatus in which his character had altered, in which there had come a sully to the youth who had stumbled over the drunkard's foot. In that last halt he had reviewed, in a grim swirl of memories, every incident of his hardships, without a continuity but with a searing sense of reality—recollections of ceaseless pangs of body and soul.

The defeats in his search for work were overshadowed by the remembrance of how he had fed in those days. The stomach, abused and unfilled, dominated his thoughts. The fare of the lowest eating-houses, which once had seemed impossible and then had become his daily subsistence, was a thing for which he now yearned as it tormented with memories of sufficiency.

In his bitterness he turned on Man, the blind, the careless, the heedless—Man, the barbarian, lying there, personified, drunk in a doorway while the starving passed in their unrest. Was it right, he asked, was it just, that he should fall while a drunkard had for a bauble what would be his sustenance?

Again he saw, very clearly, the chain, stretching across the massive stomach, brilliant, heavy, offering surfeit. That vision he could not expel. Contradicting the promise of a feeble faith of the chance to come with the new sun, it pointed to a path certain, unhampering, immediate. His thoughts circled about the chain with a fearful insistence as he strove to forget.

Impulsively he turned, and felt himself flush beyond a fever hunger. He would not touch the chain, he

told himself—would not even look at the wearer. He would merely walk back. Retrace his steps: yes. It did not matter where he went. He had hours of objectless tramping before he would lose possession of the dim streets, before those furtive, suspicious houses would wake.

He trembled with the night cold, and the shaking turned to a quiver of fear at his daring of temptation as he sidled toward the doorway. The chain dazzled his mind as his eyes had been dazzled by the arc light. In a feverish tangle he felt the teachings of his childhood, the principles he had been led to believe inexorable, pitted against the unconscious anarchy that had been brought to him by his sufferings. The conventional nature, bred by years of schooling and the heredity of ages, grappled with the new that yet was older—the reflection of primitive man, his hand against all others—revived by the sting of hunger. He realized the issues not by intellect but by instinct. His whole body trembled with the force of the conflict. He was dizzied. As he strained for a clear thought, seeking to reduce a chaos of emotions to expression, he found his steps bringing him to the crisis.

Three paces more and he would be at the sleeper's side—two—one—

Almost with surprise at himself, he passed on.

Through his distraction there slowly glowed a feeling of triumph: he had passed a trial, the insane passions of a moment were drowned. He praised himself. Order and law, coeval with artificiality; conventional right—all that he had been taught was pivotal—cried victory. But deeper within him was the knowledge, which he at first tried to stifle, that his action was a mere lack of determination. It was cowardice, not virtue; submission to fear of unrealities. Pride in conquest became spurious under the disappointment of an opportunity gone. Gone, yes: was it lost?

The thought, coming suddenly and involuntarily as had that first recognition of the possibility in the chain, swung the pendulum back. A flood of justifications surged over him, and his abjuration appeared hypocritical. He, the man who could not find his place, would take his own—his by right of need, his in that he had been denied all else, his in that it gave him a chance under the rules of the game into which he had been forced. This he told himself, and more. A man's privilege as a man; no charity, but the bare right of life—that he demanded. The right to make his way with his own hand. Only through the string of gold might he survive till that right was given him. He had been cheated; in turn he would cheat, playing by the rules that favored him. Society had treated him with wanton disregard; civilization had stolen from him his vital privilege. Well, then, he would make his place in that mighty machine whose unyieldingness was crushing him. He would live on the world till of it, standing alone, snatching his due, thwarting a monstrous heedlessness. This was not robbery, he cried; it was justice.

The sting of his rancor brought him strength. He would exist! By robbery!

Again the law-loving side, fostered by generations that had stood in awe of organization of rules which is not organization of men, struck at his exultation. By robbery!

He heard those two words uttered, passionless and menacing. He saw his contemplated deed judged by the standards he had accepted all his life. Once more he was tossed, in lack of will, between the buffetings of the man who demanded food and the other within him, who measured his thoughts from the standpoint to which he had been trained.

The pain was as poignant as if two creatures were tearing his flesh. Trembling, he hesitated as he searched through the haze of his mind for light. The two natures he saw grip him in a final clash; the baser, red clad, ferocious, dragging him on to the drunkard in the doorway, crying of hope and vengeance; the other, austere, white-robed, deterrent.

Under the ordeal he reeled with the vertigo of hunger and fatigue. Then, as the oscillation ceased, there came determination. He laughed again, defiantly, and threw out a hand as if to cast from him his fear. He reasserted his absolutism. Heedless, without hesitation, without caution, he went to the fulfillment of his demands. He turned back, walking rapidly. His atonement, his rising was at hand! He was about to come into his own, powerful in his right, unwhipped, unafraid, a man among puppets, daring for his retribution!

He stooped above the pudgy, overfed figure; his hand touched the bloated stomach. Then he straightened with a squaring of the shoulders. He had achieved!

He turned. Before him was a policeman. Smiling, typical of the machine upon which the thief had declared war, he snapped steel over his fists. "Rollin' drunks, eh?" he said.

The thief stared at him dumbly, and then at the chain in the gyved hands—his right, his hope, his recompense, the gold that bound him firmer than the steel upon his wrists.

M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1911.

From West Island, New Zealand, has come the largest block of jade known. It weighs seven thousand pounds, is worth \$5000, and has been presented to the New York Museum of Natural History by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

A UNIQUE CLUB IN PARIS.

Americans in Paris would have swamped the purely French clubs long ago had they not been such awesome centres of family ancestor worship. There may be too many Americans in London clubs—the English say so—but there are practically none in those of Paris. The great ones—Jockey, Agricole, Rue Royale, Union, and Union Artistique—are so ruled by old members that the young Parisians of family simply pay their dues and steer clear of them. Young men must rise when their elders enter. Does the ancestor lack an easy chair? Quick, take mine. Is a young man winning gold at baccarat? An old sport taps his shoulder. It means: "Get up, I want that place." Young men have to sit for hours and listen to bald heads' stories.

"Yes, young man, your grandfather forced the door with three friends, the Marquis de Temps-Passes, the Comte de Gaga—no, that was another adventure at the house of La Paiva. Remind me to tell you of it. I was saying that your father and the Baron de Baveur—I mean your grandfather and the Vicomte de Caduc—proposed that I should hold the stakes. Now, this was the situation—"

Is it a wonder that young Parisians of family frequent the Travelers' Club with enthusiasm? Instead of treating them like schoolboys, the new club honors them, reveres them almost, as the choicest, most indispensable section of its membership.

The Travelers' Club is a unique creation. It aids Americans in two natural social requirements: to meet desirable French acquaintances and avoid undesirable friendships with traveling compatriots. These are its especial attractions (declares a correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*). It is by far the most magnificently housed club in Paris. The Jockey Club is situated above the Grand Café. The Union Artistique has valuable grounds in the Champs Elysées, but its building is ramshackle. The Club of the Rue Royale has a slice of Gabriel's noble old columned palace on the Place de la Concorde—shared, however, with the Automobile Club and a hotel. The great building of the Agricole looks like an apartment house.

The Travelers' is installed in a bijou palace that cost Napoleon III some 15,000,000 francs. Situated in the best part of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, its interior decorations render it unique even among the noble buildings of Paris. During the last brilliant years of the second empire it was the home of the meteoric Marquis de Paiva—whose souvenir imparts a piquant flavor to the reveries of club members. The fabulous silver bathroom of La Paiva, with its onyx fittings, ruby decorations and Oriental mirrors, still exists—for good Americans to reflect on the vanity of pomps and self-indulgence. La Paiva died in Silesia in 1884, her last ten years having been spent in piety and charity.

She was a Russian beauty of the humblest origin. Her husband was a little tailor. He disappeared. She came to Paris to seek work and turned out to be musical. Introduced to the literary and artistic set by the musician Henry Hery, she fascinated Napoleon III. A Spanish nobleman, the Marquis de Paiva, married her—at Napoleon's request—to give her respectability. She lived with the marquis in this palace gloriously—until, one day, the marquis gave a great dinner party, and at dessert blew his brains out. Which gave him back respectability. Later, she fled Paris, under suspicion as a Russian spy, leaving all her treasures behind her. To end her life in peace and charity, she married Bismarck's cousin, the Count de Donnersmarck, first governor of Alsace-Lorraine.

Now her Paris palace, unique for its heavy splendor, is this clubhouse. Arsene Houssaye, in his "Confessions," tells how the reputation of its marvels fired French imagination of his day. The famous architect, Pierre Manquin, called in the leading artists of the second empire to execute his plans. Paul Baudry, De Launay, and Carrier decorated its salons. Belleuse sculptured its marbles and painted its allegorical figures. There are panels of wood carving that took six years to execute. In all, ten years were occupied. The kitchens in the basement extend under the entire building. Dinners of 110 covers have been cooked in them without straining their resources.

The first Paris club to make a feature of its American membership does not desire the names, nevertheless, to be published in America. Probably it is the desire of the American members themselves. Naturally they dread climbers. The club is besieged by climbers. This is not new. It was as true before many present members got in, if not truer. Nor are all climbers Americans. English and German varieties are notably enterprising and thick-skinned. South American, Spanish, and Portuguese climbers are called "rastas," being noted for brilliant ostentation. Our Americans are more combed down, modest, and reserved.

What is climbing? Is it climbing for the newly rich to seek good society? If they are cultivated, refined, peaceful, and agreeable, why not? But if not rich, we can easily see inappropriateness. Many call, but few are chosen. At the Travelers' it often takes \$500 to call a pair of deuces. Unprominent Americans who call on the ambassador have their politeness scrupulously returned by his card, left through the intermediary of an employee. To shift from one of these calls to the other, many rich Americans in Paris would give many times \$500, yet somehow they can not make it. It may console the poor to learn that rich Americans (and others) are often bored and lonely in Paris.

CLAYHANGER.

Arnold Bennett's Study of a Commonplace Man.

One of the results of that triumphant democracy about which we hear so much nowadays is that unusual attention is being devoted by some novelists to the lives of ordinary, commonplace people. H. G. Wells has done his best to immortalize one such in his "Mr. Polly"; Arnold Bennett in "Clayhanger" paints an even larger portrait of a similar kind. His study, indeed, is to be a triptych, of which the first panel only has been completed.

Edwin Clayhanger is an ordinary youth of ordinary parentage in an ordinary environment. At the time Mr. Bennett introduces the lad to his readers he has arrived at the conclusion of his school days. In the phrase of George Eliot, the golden gates had closed behind him; henceforward he was to come into collision with the stern realities of life:

On that Friday afternoon of the breaking-up he was, in the local phrase, at a loose end. That is he had no task, no programme, and no definite desires. Not knowing, when he started out in the morning, whether school would formally end before or after the dinner-hour, he had taken his dinner with him, as usual, and had eaten it at Oldcastle. Thus, though the family dinner had not begun when he reached home, he had no share in it, partly because he was not hungry, and partly because he was shy about having left school. The fact that he had left school affected him as he was affected by the wearing of a new suit for the first time, or by the cutting of his hair after a prolonged neglect of the barber. It inspired him with a wish to avoid his kind, and especially his sisters, Maggie and Clara. Clara might make some facetious remark. Edwin could never forget the Red Indian glee with which Clara had danced round him when for the first time—and quite unprepared for the exquisite shock—she had seen him in long trousers. There was also his father. He wanted to have a plain talk with his father—he knew that he would not be at peace until he had had that talk—and yet in spite of himself he had carefully kept out of his father's way during all the afternoon, save for a moment when, strolling with affected nonchalance up to Darius's private desk in the shop, he had dropped thereon his school report, and strolled off again.

Towards six o'clock he was in his bedroom, an attic with a floor very much more spacious than its ceiling, and a window that commanded the slope of Trafalgar Road towards Bleadridge. It had been his room, his castle, his sanctuary, for at least ten years, since before his mother's death of cancer. He did not know that he loved it, with all its inconveniences and make-shifts, but he did love it, and he was jealous for it; no one should lay a hand on it to rearrange what he had once arranged. His sisters knew this; the middle-aged servant knew it; even his father with a curt laugh would humorously acquiesce in the theory of the sacredness of Edwin's bedroom. As for Edwin, he saw nothing extraordinary in his attitude concerning his bedroom, and he could not understand, and he somewhat resented, that the household should perceive anything comic in it. He never went near his sisters' bedroom, never wished to go near it, never thought about it.

Edwin's father, Darius Clayhanger, was a printer by trade and the owner of a small jobbing establishment. He had taken it for granted that his son would desire no other business, but the discovery of a work on architecture had inspired Edwin with a desire to follow that profession. He took the book to his attic, and nursed his ambition in secret:

Darius advanced into the attic.

"What about that matter of Enoch Peake's?" he asked, hoping and fearing, really anxious for his son. He defended himself against probable disappointment by preparing to lapse into savage paternal pessimism and disgust at the futility of an offspring nursed in luxury.

"Oh! It's all right," said Edwin eagerly. "Mr. Peake sent word he couldn't come and he wanted you to go across to the Dragon this evening. So I went instead." It sounded dashingly capable.

He finished the recital, and added that of course Big James had not been able to proceed with the job.

"And where's the proof?" demanded Darius. His relief expressed itself in a superficial surliness; but Edwin was not deceived. As his father gazed mechanically at the proof that Edwin produced hurriedly from his pocket, he added with a negligent air: "There was a free-and-easy on at the Dragon, father."

"Was there?" muttered Darius.

Edwin saw that whatever danger had existed was now over. "And I suppose," said Darius with assumed grimness, "if I hadn't happened to ha' seen a light from th' bottom o' th' attic-stairs I should never have known aught about all this here?" He indicated the cleansed attic, the table, the lamp, and the apparatus of art.

"Oh, yes, you would, father!" Edwin reassured him.

Darius came nearer. They were close together, Edwin twisted on the cane-chair, and his father almost over him. The lamp smelt, and gave off a stuffy warmth; the open window, through which came a wandering air, was a black oblong; the triangular sidewalls of the dormer shut them intimately in; the house smelt.

"What art up to?"

The tone was benignant, Edwin had not been ordered abruptly off to bed, with a reprimand for late hours and silly proceedings generally! He sought the reason in vain. One reason was that Darius Clayhanger had made a grand bargain at Manchester in the purchase of a second-hand printing machine.

"I'm copying this," he replied slowly, and then all the details tumbled rashly out of his mouth, one after the other. "Oh! Father! I found this book in the shop, packed away on a topshelf, and I want to borrow it. I only want to borrow it. And I've bought this paint-box, out of auntie's half sovereign. I paid Miss Ingamells the full price. . . . I thought I'd have a go at some of these architecture things."

Darius glared at the copy.

"Humph!"

"It's only just started, you know."

"Them prize-hooks—have ye done all that?"

"Yes, father."

"And put all the prices down, as I told ye?"

"Yes, father."

Then a pause. Edwin's heart was beating hard.

"I wanted to do some of these architecture things," he repeated. No remark from his father. Then he said, fastening his gaze intensely on the table: "You know, father, what I should really like to be—I should like to be an architect."

It was out. He had said it.

"Should ye?" said his father, who attached no importance

of any kind to this avowal of preference. "Well, what you want is a bit o' business training for a start, I'm thinking."

"Oh, of course!" Edwin concurred with pathetic eagerness, and added a piece of information for his father: "I'm only sixteen, aren't I?"

"Sixteen ought to ha' been in bed this two hours and more. Off with ye!"

Edwin retired in an extraordinary state of relief and happiness.

But Edwin had little reason for feeling relieved. That was not the end of the conflict between his own ambition and the settled resolve of his father. Darius had become parent to a child who had little in common with his father:

To Darius there was no business quite like his own. He admitted that there were businesses much bigger, but they lacked the miraculous quality that his own had. They were not sacred. His was, genuinely. Once, in his triumphant and vain early manhood he had had a fancy for bulldogs; he had bred bulldogs; and one day he had sacrificed that great delight at the call of his business; and now no one could guess that he knew the difference between a setter and a mastiff!

It was this sacred business (perpetually adored at the secret altar in Darius's heart), this miraculous business, and not another, that Edwin wanted to abandon, with scarcely a word; just casually!

True, Edwin had told him one night that he would like to be an architect. But Darius had attached no importance whatever to the boyish remark. Darius had never even dreamed that Edwin would not go into the business. It would not have occurred to him to conceive such a possibility. And the boy had shown great aptitude. The boy had saved the printing-office from disaster. And Darius had proved his satisfaction therein, not by words certainly, but beyond mistaking in his general demeanor towards Edwin. And after all that, a letter—mind you, a letter!—proposing with the most damnable insolent audacity that he should be an architect, because he would not be "happy" in the printing business! . . . An architect! Why an architect, specially? What in the name of God was there to attract in bricks and mortar? He could not think of any other explanation. He had not allowed the letter to upset him. He had protected the tender places in his soul from being wounded by his armor of thick callousness. He had not decided how to phrase his answer to Edwin. He had not even decided whether he would say anything at all, whether it would not be more dignified and impressive to make no remark whatever to Edwin, and let him slowly perceive, by silence, what a lamentable error he had committed.

And here was the boy lightly, cheekily, talking at breakfast about "going in for architecture"! The armor of callousness was pierced. Darius felt the full force of the letter; and as he suffered, so he became terrible and tyrannic in his suffering. He meant to save his business, to put his business before anything. And he would have his own way. He would impose his will. And he would have treated argument as a final insult. All the heavy, obstinate, relentless force of his individuality was now channeled in one tremendous instinct.

"Well, what?" he growled savagely, as Edwin halted.

In spite of his advanced age Edwin began to cry. Yes, the tears came out of his eyes.

"And now you begin blubbing!" said his father.

"You say naught for six months—and then you start writing letters!" said his father.

"And what's made ye settle on architecting, I'd like to be knowing?" Darius went on.

Edwin was not able to answer this question. He had never put it to himself. Assuredly he could not, at the pistol's point, explain why he wanted to be an architect. He did not know. He announced this truth ingenuously:

"I don't know—I—"

"I sh'd think not!" said his father. "D'ye think architecting 'll be any better than this?" "This" meant printing.

"I don't know—"

"Ye don't know! Ye don't know!" Darius repeated testily. His testiness was only like foam on the great wave of his resentment.

"Mr. Orgreave—" Edwin began. It was unfortunate because Darius had had a difficulty with Mr. Orgreave, who was notoriously somewhat exacting in the matter of prices.

"Don't talk to me about Mester Orgreave!" Darius almost shouted.

Edwin didn't. He said to himself: "I am lost."

"What's this business o' mine for, if it is na for you?" asked his father. "Architecting? There's neither sense nor reason in it! Neither sense nor reason!"

He rose and walked out. Edwin was now sobbing. In a moment his father returned, and stood in the doorway.

"Ye've been doing well, I'll say that, and I've shown it! I was beginning to have hopes of ye!" It was a great deal to say.

He departed.

How Edwin's workaday life progressed under these conditions may be imagined. Yet as even the ordinary youth falls in love, he was not without some relieving emotions. His first flirtation came to a calm ending, but his meeting with the Hilda of the story had important consequences:

He was in love. Love had caught him, and had affected his vision so that he no longer saw any phenomenon as it actually was; neither himself, nor Hilda, nor the circumstances which were uniting them. He could not follow a train of thought. He could not remain of one opinion nor in one mind. Within himself he was perpetually discussing Hilda, and her attitude. She was marvelous! But was she? She admired him! But did she? She had shown cunning! But was it not simplicity? He did not even feel sure whether he liked her. He tried to remember what she looked like, and he positively could not. The one matter upon which he could be sure was that his curiosity was hotly engaged. If he had had to state the case in words to another he would not have gone further than the word "curiosity." He had no notion that he was in love. He did not know what love was; he had not had sufficient opportunity of learning. Nevertheless the processes of love were at work within him. Silently and magically, by the force of desire and of pride, the refracting glass was being specially ground which would enable him, which would compel him, to see an ideal Hilda when he gazed at the real Hilda. He would not see the real Hilda any more unless some cataclysm should shatter the glass. And he might be likened to a prisoner on whom the gate of freedom is shut forever, or to a stricken sufferer of whom it is known that he can never rise again and go forth into the fields. He was as somebody to whom the irrevocable had happened. And he knew it not. None knew. None guessed. All day he went his ways, striving to conceal the whirling preoccupation of his curiosity (a curiosity which he thought showed a fine masculine dash), and succeeded fairly well. The excellent, simple Maggie alone remarked in secret that he was slightly nervous and unnatural. But even she, with all her excellent simplicity, did not divine his victimhood.

The shop was closed. As with his latchkey he opened the private door and then stood on one side for her to precede him into the corridor that led to the back of the shop, he watched the stream of operatives scattering across Duck Bank and descending towards the square. It was as if he and Hilda, being pursued, were escaping. And as Hilda, stopping an instant at the step, saw what he saw, her face took a troubled expression. They both went in and he shut the door.

"Turn to the left," he said, wondering when the big Columbia machine would be running, for her to see if she chose.

"Oh! This takes you to the shop, does it? How funny to be behind the counter!"

He thought she spoke self-consciously, in the way of small-talk; which was contrary to her habit.

"Here's my handkerchief!" she cried, with pleasure. It was on the counter, a little white wisp in the gray-shedded gloom. Stifford must have found it on the floor and picked it up.

The idea flashed through Edwin's head: "Did she leave her handkerchief on purpose, so that we should have to come back here?"

The only illumination of the shop was from three or four diamond-shaped holes in the upper part of as many shutters. No object was at first quite distinct. The corners were very dark. All merchandise not in drawers or on shelves was hidden in pale dust-cloths. A chair wrong side up was on the fancy counter. Hilda had wandered behind the other counter, and Edwin was in the middle of the shop. Her face in the twilight had become more mysterious than ever. He was in a state of emotion, but he did not know to what category the emotion belonged. They were alone. Stifford had gone for the half-holiday. Darius, sickly, would certainly not come near. The printers were working as usual in their place, and the clanking whirr of a treadle-machine overhead agitated the ceiling. But nobody would enter the shop. His excitement increased, but did not define itself. There was a sudden roar in Duck Square, and then cries.

"What can that be?" Hilda asked, low.

"Some of the strikers," he answered, and went through the doors to the letter-hole in the central shutter, lifted the flap, and looked through.

A struggle was in progress at the entrance to Duck Inn. One man was apparently drunk; others were jeering on the skirts of the lean crowd.

"It's some sort of a fight among them," said Edwin, loudly, so that she could hear in the shop. But at the same instant he felt the wind of the door swinging behind him, and Hilda was silently at his elbow.

"Let me look," she said.

Assuredly her voice was trembling. He moved, as little as possible, and held the flap up for her. She bent and gazed. He could hear various noises in the square, but she described nothing to him. After a long while she withdrew from the hole.

"A lot of them have gone into the public-house," she said. "The others seem to be moving away. There's a policeman. What a shame," she burst out passionately, "that they have to drink to forget their trouble!" She made no remark upon the strangeness of starving workmen being able to pay for beer sufficient to intoxicate themselves. Nor did she comment, as a woman, on the misery of the wives and children at home in the slums and the cheap cottage-rows. She merely compassionated the men in that they were driven to brutishness. Her features showed painful pity masking disgust.

She stepped back into the shop.

"Do you know," she began in a new tone, "you've quite altered my notion of poetry—what you said as we were going up to the station."

"Really!" He smiled nervously. He was very pleased. He would have been astounded by this speech from her, a professed devotee of poetry, if in those instants the capacity for astonishment had remained to him.

"Yes," she said, and continued, frowning and picking at her muff: "But you do alter my notions—I don't know how it is. . . . So this is your little office!"

The door of the cubicle was open.

"Yes. Go in and have a look at it."

"Shall I?" She went in.

He followed her.

And no sooner was she in than she muttered: "I must hurry off now." Yet a moment before she seemed to have infinite leisure.

"Shall you be at Brighton long?" he demanded, and scarcely recognized his own accents.

"Oh! I can't tell! I've no idea. It depends."

"How soon shall you be down our way again?"

She only shook her head.

"I say—you know," he protested.

"Good-bye," she said, quavering. "Thanks very much." She held out her hand.

"But—" He took her hand.

His suffering was intolerable. It was torture of the most exquisite kind. Her hand pressed his. Something snapped in him. His left hand hovered shaking over her shoulder, and then touched her shoulder, and he could feel her left hand on his arm. The embrace was clumsy, in its instinctive and unskilled violence, but its clumsiness was redeemed by all his sincerity and all hers. His eyes were within six inches of her eyes full of delicious shame, anxiety, and surrender. They kissed. . . . He had amorously kissed a woman. All his past life sank away, and he began a new life on the impetus of that supreme and final emotion. It was an emotion that in its freshness, agitating and divine, could never be renewed. He had felt the virgin answer of her lips on his. She had told him everything, she had yielded up her mystery, in a second of time. Her courage in responding to his caress ravished and amazed him. She was so unaffected, so simple, so heroic. And the cool, delicate purity of those lips! And the faint feminine odor of her flesh and even of her stuffs! Dreams and visions were surpassed. He said to himself, in the flood-tide of masculinity: "By God! She's mine."

And it seemed incredible.

But Edwin was mistaken. Hilda was not his—not then. She married another man, and returns to Edwin's life only at the close of the book. What her motives were, and all the mystery connected with her surprising first marriage will, Mr. Bennett promises, be unfolded in the next volume of his trilogy.

CLAYHANGER. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The Navy Department has decided not to have a survey in the case of the *Charleston*, *St. Louis*, and *Milwaukee*, all of which are at Puget Sound Navy Yard. There has been much doubt in the minds of the naval authorities as to what duty any of these vessels could be assigned. They are of too great a displacement and have insufficient speed to make them useful in any direction. The vessels are not considered worth the expense of extensive alterations.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Drums of War.

Mr. Stacpoole's military title must not lead the reader to expect much in the way of fighting and shooting. There is, however, a soldierly flavor to the story, for the hero's father was a general and his man-servant was from the ranks. "What a splendid nurse for a child an old soldier makes if he is of the right sort. Joubert was my nurse and picture-book." But the hero could not be a soldier owing to physical defects, and the result is that the drums of war are heard but as in the far-off background of the story. To make amends, however, there are a couple of duels, although the second is a failure so far as conflict is concerned, owing to one of the principals being transformed into a woman! That is the climax of Mr. Stacpoole's little romance, which he manages with much skill. Perhaps, however, Joubert will prove the most popular character of the story. He is drawn with the surest touch and is consistent from first to last. A rare hater of the Germans and things German was Joubert: "Ah, yes; if German sausages could bark and mew, you could not hear yourself speak in Frankfurt." In a sense Mr. Stacpoole intends his story as a parable; he would have it suggest that the second state of France is better than the first. He is thinking of the Franco-German war when he writes: "Folly had brought her under the knee of Force; drained of blood, half dying, wholly vanquished; in tears, in madness, in despair, she lay forsaken by all but the Olympians, but Demeter. Had I hut known, those first violets in the forest of Sénart held in their beauty all the future splendor and beauty of New France." It should be added that the story has that mystic air without which no novel by Mr. Stacpoole would be complete.

THE DRUMS OF WAR. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Speeches in Stirring Times.

Owing to the accidental loss of a green box, Richard H. Dana has had to delay for some sixteen years his intention of supplementing Charles Francis Adams's biography of his father by a volume of speeches and other miscellaneous writings. Happily, the box eventually came to light, and the present deeply interesting volume is the result. It gives the text of noble and suggestive addresses by the author of "Two Years Before the Mast" on such themes as the Bible in schools, the usury laws, the free-soil movement, the Monroe Doctrine, and the Halifax fishery commission, and the closing section of the volume is devoted to those wise fatherly letters written by Dana to the editor of this book when he was in his early years. Mr. Dana decided rightly in giving those intimate epistles to the world, for no parent can read them without great profit. In his general introduction Mr. Dana adds much of interest to our knowledge of his illustrious father, and shows for one thing how wide a reader of general literature he was. "Mr. Dana's delight in literature," we read, "is constantly manifested in his journal. When coming back from short outings and settling down to work in his office, he sometimes wonders how it might be if he had a competence and leisure, though concluding that perhaps he is, after all, happier in hard work. These Elysian dreams, it is worth noting, included 'devoting' himself to 'literature.' In the autumn of 1853 he says, 'I am again established in my own house. . . . If I can have a winter of successful work in my office and in my library, with my delightful course of study before me, with all my troubles, shall I not be perfectly happy?'"

SPEECHES IN STIRRING TIMES. By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Edited by Richard H. Dana, 3d. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

What Is Art?

John C. Van Dyke makes another attempt to give an answer to that persistent question—What is art? His answer will provoke much discussion, for, in brief, it is this: "Art is primarily a matter of doing, somewhat a matter of seeing and feeling, and perhaps not at all a matter of theme or thinking." What Mr. Van Dyke attempts is to look at the question of art not from the point of view of the connoisseur, the collector, or the museum director, but from that of the producer, that is, the artist. Hence his discussion of the use of the model quality in art, art criticism, art history, and art appreciation. On each aspect of his subject he has something of moment to say, something suggestive, and says it with point and force. It is, indeed, a stimulating little volume, and is specially commendable for its flaying of the American weakness for foreign importations and borrowings. These things, he affirms, "Will never produce art with us nor of themselves make us an artistic people. The peacock's feather in the jackdaw's tail did not make him artistic; it made him ridiculous. Our Greek and Roman temples as commercial houses, our French chateaux as city homes, our Rembrandts and Botticellis as drawing-room decoration, our Burgundian tapestries and Persian glass and Louis Quinze chairs as

household furniture are quite as absurd." The right place for all these is the museum. In view of Mr. Van Dyke's tirade against foreign art, it is amusing to note that he gives as a frontispiece to his little book not a picture by an American artist, but Giamhono's St. Michael!

WHAT IS ART? By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

Jungle By-Ways in India.

By drawing upon the notes made during sixteen years' connection with the forest service of India, Mr. Stehling has been able to prepare an unusually interesting volume. Although its primary appeal may be to the sportsman, every naturalist or lover of animal life may be warmly commended to its pages. For the author has been exceedingly successful in conveying much of the pleasure, interest, and knowledge, as well as a spice of the danger, experienced by himself. As the book is divided into three sections—antlers, horns, and pelts—it should prove most useful in the study of Indian jungle life, but for the general reader, little concerned with zoological terms, the charm of Mr. Stehling's pages consists in his lively records of many stirring adventures.

Among the stories that enliven the book is one of a youth who had recently joined the service, and was invited as a favor to accompany a hunting party. His only weapon was a Martini-Henry rifle, and in view of his inexperience he was relegated to the worst and safest position. Soon after the heat started, a shot was heard from the obscure corner where the newcomer was posted, and then another, and still another. At the end of the heat, the veteran and now savage sportsman made a rush for the corner of the youth, who was found wrapped in a huge smile of utter content. As oaths were showered upon him, the smile gradually faded. "As soon as he could make himself heard above the wrathful hahel and in reply to a more direct question from a senior officer of, 'What the d—! I do you mean, sir, spoiling the whole shoot by your blank, blank fusillade?' he blurted out; 'I only got three. How many did you get?' 'Three what, sir?' yelled the peppery old senior. 'Tigers, of course, sir,' meekly answered the youngster, now seriously alarmed at the demeanor of his superior officer. 'You said I was only to fire at tigers. They are down there in the grass.'" And so they were, all hearing the despised Martini-Henry bullets in them.

JUNGLE BY-WAYS IN INDIA. By E. P. Stehling. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

Studies in Chinese Religion.

There is a certain amount of overlapping in these studies, but the patient reader will find in them sufficient data from which to form a fairly clear idea of the subject. Mr. Parker deals in succession with Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity, and prefaces his chapters on those faiths by a discussion of the old Chinese spiritual life. His conclusion is that "whatever may have been the conflicting influences of Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism at different periods of Chinese history, the residue of religious sentiment which has survived is nothing more than the ancient Shamanism of the Tartars, of which Taoism was the Chinese refined form, coupled with the strong ancestral feeling so peculiar to the Chinese, and here and there tinged with Buddhistic, and possibly Manichean, concepts." Mr. Parker notes that one of the strangest "religious" feelings in China is the sentiment against desecrating paper which has been written upon. "This sentiment undoubtedly partakes of a religious feeling, and is somewhat akin to the repugnance the most cynical Christian would have towards utilizing the Bible for wrapping up cheese or butcher's meat. The idea is reverence for the instrument by which the great thoughts of antiquity were conveyed to mankind." According to Mr. Parker, the morals of the priests, and especially those of Canton, are either bad or open to suspicion.

STUDIES IN CHINESE RELIGION. By E. H. Parker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

Ancient Myths in Modern Poets.

It is surely taking liberty with language to describe Eschylus, Hesiod, and Homer as "modern" poets, even though they may be young of years compared with the legends they embodied in their verse. Certainly, however, they are not "modern" in the sense of Shelley and Keats, whose work is laid under contribution in the same manner—that is, for the purpose of showing how the old legends have been used in poetry. This study in the poetic utilization of ancient material is divided into two sections, the first dealing with the Prometheus myth and the second with the moon and sun. Its object is to show how the fancies of primitive man have been handled by "the more highly evolved imagination and consciousness of latter-day poets. To compare what a Shelley or a Keats has done with an idea which was embryonic in a savage mind, which has had upon it the illumination of Pagan culture, or to compare these with what other latter-day poets have

done with the same idea is to throw a brilliant illumination upon the development of the imaginative powers of the human intellect." The latter is an exceedingly debatable point, and the present volume can not be said to establish its author's contention. The book abounds in quotations and is illustrated from famous pictures and examples of sculpture.

ANCIENT MYTHS IN MODERN POETS. By Helen A. Clarke. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2 net.

The Toll of the Arctic Seas.

Another volume on polar exploration. It tells the story from the attempt of William Barents in 1594 to the doings of Robert Peary last year. The excuse made for this fresh effort to cover ground that has been traversed so often is that "many of the most powerful stories of the region never have been told outside of official courts of inquiry and records in the navy archives," and the compiler has relied upon obsolete reports of army and navy inquiries, private journals and manuscripts. At times the retelling of the old stories is somewhat awkwardly phrased, and no reader must bring to the book any expectation of being entertained by graces of literary style, but in the mass these pages do give a vivid idea of the dauntless courage and endurance which have been shown by the pole seekers of all ages. A valuable feature of the volume is its wealth of illustrations, many being from photographs of unusual interest.

THE TOLL OF THE ARCTIC SEAS. By Deltus M. Edwards. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Although designed for young readers, Elmer E. Burns's "The Story of Great Inventions" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25) can not fail to interest the curious of all ages. The bulk of the volume is devoted to the achievements of modern times, but two preliminary chapters give a graphic account of the ages of Archimedes and Galileo. And the narrative is rounded into a complete whole by an admirable survey of the outlook for the present century.

Percy S. Grant's "Socialism and Christianity" (Brentano's) is another discussion of the relations of the church and socialism viewed from the standpoint of a minister of religion. It expounds what the working men want, and deals with divorce and the family, how to help the negro, and workingmen and the church. Mr. Grant believes that the Christian church is naturally adapted to bring about a better understanding between the diverse classes of society.

In his "The Conflict Between Individualism and Collectivism in a Democracy" (Charles Scribner's Sons; 90 cents net) Charles W. Eliot claims to have demonstrated "the rapid development of collectivism at the expense of individualism in the three great departments of personal and social activity—industries, education, and government." His view is that the development has been constructive rather than destructive, beneficial in the present and hopeful for the future.

Every effort to direct the young reader to the delightful prose of Washington Irving is worthy of the highest commendation, but a special word of praise is due Josephine Brover for the skill with which she has selected the "Tales from the Alhambra" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net). And the volume is rendered additionally attractive by a series of charming illustrations in color, the work of C. E. Brock, who has successfully captured the Moorish spirit of Irving's text.

Whoso would have a clear idea of the aims and ideals of the members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs may be commended with confidence to Rheta C. Dorr's "What Eight Million Women Want" (Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net). The book is an admirable interpretation of the collective opinion of women at the beginning of this century and discusses such themes as American women and the common law, women's demands on the rulers of industry, the servant in her house, and votes for women. The conclusion reached is, "Woman's place is home, and she must not be forbidden to dwell there."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Italian Fantasies.

Of course Mr. Zangwill could not write an ordinary travel hook. Whatever defects his work may have, lack of individuality is not one of them. This, then, is a travel hook of personality, in which art galleries, and churches, and tombs, and Doges, and carnivals are used as so many pegs for disquisitions. In fact, there is no anticipating what will set Mr. Zangwill off at a tangent, nor what goal he may reach from any kind of a starting-point. The swinging lamp in the cathedral at Pisa suggests Galileo, and Galileo is an admirable text for the discussion of the "absurdities of astronomy," for the author fails to see how the mere broadening out of our universe can displace the earth from the centre. In the same way Mr. Zangwill did not need the lesson of the Scala hall to teach him that light is electric.

He has a prodigious command of simile and a wealth of adjective. Thus his habit of feeding the carnivora in zoological gardens with popcorn comes to his aid when he thinks of the results of traveling Italy with a bag of coin. "Into what innumerable itching tentacles these gilded or cuprous grains are to drop: white-cuffed hands of waiters, horny digits of *veturini* and *facechini*, gnarled fins of gondoliers and hookers, grimy paws of beggars, shriveled stumps of cripples, dextrous toes of armless ancients, spluttering mouths of divers, rosy fingers of flower-throwing children, persuasive plates of serenading musicians, deceptive ticket-holes of dishonest railway clerks, plethoric pockets of hotel-keepers, greedy tills of hargaining shopkeepers, pious palms of monks and sacristans, charity-boxes of cathedrals, long-handled fishing-nets of little churches, musty laps of squatting, mumbling crones, greasy caps of guides, official pyxes of curators and janitors, clutching claws of unhidden cicerones. All these—and how many more!—photographers and painters and copyists and forgers, modelers and restorers and lecturers on ruins, landlords and cooks and critics—live by Italy's ancient art. Great Cæsar dead—and turned to Show." One may tire a little now and then of such deluges of words, but read in easy stages this is an entertaining and suggestive hook.

ITALIAN FANTASIES. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

An Epitomized China.

By virtue of his position as British district officer and magistrate at Weihaiwei, Mr. Johnston has for some years been in an enviable position for gathering information about that territory and its people. The place is in many respects a true miniature of China, and consequently a careful study of native life and character there gives a probably clearer insight into Chinese traits than a superficial survey of the country as a whole. Upon that assumption this informing volume has been written, and it would be difficult to overrate its many points of interest. Mr. Johnston has been exceedingly industrious in gathering all kinds of unusual material, including facts of history and fancies of legend and folklore, while his pictures of village life, of rural customs and festivals, and his notes on domestic life and religious belief are of rare value. In offering his conclusions as to the future of China he notes that the policy of Japan in the Pacific must of necessity hover between extremes: "she does not wish to see China partitioned, for this would mean a strengthening of European influence in Asia which might be disastrous to Japanese interests; nor does she wish to see China become one of the great powers of the world, for this would inevitably lead to her own partial eclipse. China is now well aware of the delicate position of the Japanese Foreign Office, and it is on the whole improbable that she will readily consent to a Japanese alliance, even if she finds herself seriously menaced by the armed strength of Europe—happily a most unlikely event." Mr. Johnston writes in an attractive manner and supplements the text interest of his book by numerous excellent photographs.

LION AND DRAGON IN NORTHERN CHINA. By R. F. Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

Massenet and His Operas.

After a brief introductory chapter, in which he gives Oscar Hammerstein generous credit for the production of the Massenet operas at the Manhattan, Mr. Finck entertains his reader with a biographic sketch of the composer and then adds a chapter of personal traits and opinions. From the latter we learn that Massenet now lives almost like a hermit but is still industrious. "Every morning from five to ten sees him at his table, busy with his manuscripts or his correspondence. No letter remains unanswered, and for every visitor he has a few minutes to spare, provided he is punctual. Casual callers he receives in his studio at his publisher's office. His home is open to his friends only. Here he cultivates the flowers he loves, and gives to his grapevines his personal attention. Here, in rural solitude and quiet, he also composes his operas. His favorite attire when at work is a red robe de chambre. He

calls the wearing of this 'homard,' Schneider tells us—'homard' being French for lobster." As the musical critic of the New York *Evening Post* Mr. Finck has heard nine of the operas, which he describes critically, and he then passes to the less known works and to a chronological list of Massenet's compositions. The hook is attractively illustrated from portraits.

MASSENET AND HIS OPERAS. By Henry T. Finck. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

The French Renaissance in England.

Sidney Lee's careful examination of the extent to which English literature in the sixteenth century was indebted to that of France is an interesting and valuable contribution to our knowledge of comparative literature. The volume is indeed a convincing sermon on Walter Pater's text: "Producers of great literature do not live in isolation, but catch light and heat from each other's thoughts. A people without intellectual commerce with other people has never done anything conspicuous in literature." Having prepared the way by a discussion of the influence of France on English literature in general, Mr. Lee then considers his subject in detail under the three divisions of prose, the lyric, and the drama. With regard to the first he finds that French prose exerted no small influence on both the form and substance of Elizabethan literature; that all sonnet collections of the Elizabethans show numerous instances of "literal transference and of paraphrase without acknowledgment"; and that "in drama the Elizabethan spirit winged a flight beyond the range of France, but even there French suggestion first disclosed the dramatic potentialities of Plutarch's Lives and the primary conception of tragedy or dramatic romance." Mr. Lee supports his various conclusions with much convincing evidence, and writes throughout in an entertaining manner.

THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND. By Sidney Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Over 300 poems of Whittier's, written before he was twenty-five years old, have been found in the Whittier homestead at Amesbury. The poet's biographer has recently found manuscripts which prove that a series of poems, signed "Feramorz," and published in the *New England Review* in 1830-31, were written by Whittier. It is believed that Whittier did not wish the poems recognized as his work.

Geraldine Bonner has been so successful as a playwright that she is neglecting her gift for novel-writing. Her latest play, "Sauce for the Goose," is a profitable venture with Grace George as the acting heroine.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet, dramatist, mystic, and naturalist, is not yet fifty years old, and his literary career dates from about 1890, yet it is said that he receives a larger amount from the royalties on his works than is enjoyed by any other author.

A copy of Underhill's "Newes from America," of which only two other examples have occurred in the sales of the past twenty years, realized £65 in London the other day.

To their list of periodicals Doubleday, Page & Co. are adding a new general magazine with the title of the *National Post*, a semi-monthly which will have for its five editors E. E. Garrison, D. G. Evans, Samuel Merwin, Nathan A. Smyth, and Amos Pinchot. The same publishers have opened a retail store in the arcade of the new Pennsylvania station in New York.

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A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE.

The Old Story about Prince George.

It would seem that the English authorities are losing some of their traditional sang-froid in the presence of sedition and treason. What, after all, does it matter if an obscure journalist such as Edward F. Mylius chooses to say that King George is morganatically married and that the only way he can be dealt with is by revolution? In the first place the circulation of the offending *Liberator* is so small that not one person in a hundred thousand has ever seen or heard of it, and in the second place not even the most fervid imagination could foresee an uprising of the British people for any such cause as that. Nowadays we all like to be considered a little strict upon marital matters, but we are not disposed to "die in the last ditch" or do anything of that heroic kind merely because of the supposed laxities of a king. What gay times England would have had during the last hundred years or so if deviations from royal virtue had been followed by revolutionary outbreaks. To prosecute the *Liberator* is simply to play its own game with a vengeance. Mylius and his instigator, Edward Holton James, will become notorious, what they are pleased to call their opinions will be matters of common discussion all over the country, and every one will want to see a newspaper that has aroused the government from its condition of wholesome indifference. Really the game seems hardly worth the candle. By the way, Edward Holton James, the editor of the *Liberator*, is a nephew of Henry James and of the late Professor James of Harvard. He is a lawyer, rich, something of a scientist, with a dash of unconventional religion, and obsessed by the idea that the average man really bothers himself about the form of government under which he lives so long as he gets his meals regularly and plentifully. Mr. James calls himself an advanced Republican. Other people call him a communist, and he is supposed to yearn for the day when the tyranny of governments shall be overthrown and when every one shall do what he pleases with himself, and also, incidentally, with his weaker neighbor. Mr. James might have remained forever in the innoxious obscurity that he doubtless adorns but a somewhat panic-struck government seems determined to make a martyr of him.

There is nothing new about this story of a morganatic marriage. King George had hardly left the schoolroom before the scandal-mongers had supplied him with a sort of half-wife from the middle classes, who of course can hardly be said to exist from the royal standpoint. It must be more than twenty years ago when I first heard the story, and the details, if there were any details, are not very fresh in my memory, and they are certainly not worth the trouble of exhuming. It seems to me that the story was first heard in connection with the collision between the *Camperdown* and the *Victoria*, a catastrophe that was due to some incomprehensible blunder that was never adequately explained. But a good many people of the maiden-aunt order of intelligence had their own explanation, although where they got it from heaven only knows. They said that the admiral was suffering from mental distress caused by the surreptitious marriage of his daughter to Prince George, and that under the strain he did not know port from starboard or his right hand from his left. No one believed the story at the time except the aforesaid maiden-aunt people, and they would have believed a scandal about the Archangel Gabriel. Probably Mr. Mylius does not believe it himself, but what is a poor journalist to do who must write about something and has nothing to write about? And what a curious state of mind he must be in to suppose that the British public would fly to arms and shout for the Commune, even supposing the king had done something foolish a score of years ago. A good many people have contracted morganatic marriages in their time, although they don't call them by that name which belongs to royalty, but it amounts to the same thing, especially for the lady. The British public has never yet shown itself to be particularly censorious of royal deviations from strict virtue. There have been kings, and popular kings, too, who have not always been entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life.

Mr. James and Mr. Mylius are probably trading upon the idea that the king is not arousing any great amount of enthusiasm in the minds of the people. It is true enough that he is not. A short time ago we were treated to a sudden eruption of official assurances that the king's intelligence was of the highest order, that he showed a gratifying power to grasp the essentials of public business, and that as a ruler he was in every way exceptional. There is always something suspicious about these spasms. Now no one in England wants an intellectual king. The best friends of the monarchy would rather see the king specialize upon the social instead of upon the official side of his duties and leave the actual task of government to his ministers. An intellectual king might easily become a danger to democracy, for it is to be remembered that the throne of England has very considerable powers nominally, and has been allowed to hold those powers on the tacit

understanding that they shall never be used. An intellectual king might easily taste the poison of ambition and so crave to become a real legislative force, and then there would be a crisis of some magnitude and one that would dwarf the quarrel with the peers. The English people look upon the king as a figure-head in social life and as a mediator in political life. The moment he allows it to be supposed that he favors a political party or that he has become a partisan in the struggle between democracy and privilege—well, I won't pretend to say what would happen, because I don't know, but it would be something serious. Queen Victoria and King Edward were such successful monarchs not because they were intellectual, but because they had tact and common sense. King George would do well to cultivate the same virtues and to disregard his rights. Rights are dangerous things for kings. In fact they have none.

Therefore if the present king is not popular it is of no earthly value to gush about his intellect. That will only make matters worse. It is a fact that there is an uneasy suspicion that he covets the power that belongs to him nominally but not actually, and that never will belong to him actually. It is generally believed that he regards the victory over the House of Lords as a menace to the throne, and by so believing he makes it a menace. It is freely pointed out that his immediate attendants and confidants belong to the exclusive Tory set that hates democracy as the devil hates holy water. It is known that he reads only two or three newspapers of ultra-conservative opinions. His relations with Mr. Asquith are of course matters of conjecture, but there are plenty of people who believe that the prime minister has to overcome obstacles of which he must not even speak, and that the king looks upon his chief adviser very much as Louis of France looked upon Mirabeau.

It is strange how few kings ever learn the power of unconventionalality and how easily they can capture the hearts of the crowd by a judicious flouting of precedent and formalism. Queen Victoria knew something of this and King Edward knew a great deal of it. It seems to be wholly unknown to King George. His grandmother and his father never underestimated the value of conventions, but then neither did they overestimate it. Conventions were their servants and not their masters. King George is still young. He may develop a power of wise independence, but just at the moment it would seem that the independence he covets is of the unwise, of the political kind, and that way danger lies.

LONDON, January 7, 1911.

"The Piper" is a notable achievement for its author, Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody (says the *London Standard*). It was the prize play at Stratford-on-Avon, and it is a distinguished and worthy work. It is written in blank verse, and some of the verse is beautiful. As produced at the St. James Theatre for a series of matinees, it is a picturesque and charming spectacle. That it is essentially a play for children can not be said, but there is much in its story and its treatment which will endear it to them, albeit the third act is one which probably only the more advanced and imaginative among them will understand. Fortunately, however, there are many imaginative children. The dramatist owes but little to the Browning poem. The Piper cozens the rats away, is denied his reward of a thousand gulden, and, in revenge, pipes the children after him, but this is merely the skeleton of Miss Peabody's work. It is used merely for a peg upon which to hang a play of psychology and introspection. Sometimes the logic is not quite true, the main-spring of the piece is faulty in an essential—but it could easily be remedied. It is over-long—the serious third act could well be curtailed; but, whatever the faults and shortcomings of "The Piper," it remains a rare and exquisite thing; a work of art, of fancy, beauty, and deep sincerity.

Consternation was caused in fashionable hotel circles recently in New York by the news that the men behind the desk at the Ritz-Carlton take tea regularly in the afternoons. The assistant manager, Mr. O'Brien, is an American, and so are two of the clerks. When the foreign-born clerks a day or two after the hotel opened began to petition for a little time in the afternoon to take the tea to which their London training had habituated them Mr. O'Brien dismissed their plea with a smile and told them to try the effect of a glass of water. But one day during an unguarded quarter of an hour Mr. O'Brien allowed himself to be led like a Londoner to tea and toasted scone and "tea cyke," and the next day he repeated the experiment of his own volition. The result is that now one after another the clerks on duty at tea hour are allowed to slip away for a few moments for a cheering cup.

Dramatists, other literary men, artists, and men of learning in Germany are said to be enthusiastic over a project for the establishment of great festival theatres to be supported and controlled largely by the people themselves. Oberammergau gave the inspiration.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Regular Army Wife.

There's a song for the General, gray and grave,
With his campaign successfully planned;
There's a song for the Colonel and Major brave,
And the Captains of their command;
For the young Lieutenant just starting in,
And for Sergeant and Corporal too;
And thousands of Regular Army Men
Are passing in grand review;
But there's never a song for the battle won
Afar from the war's red strife;
Nor a wreath of laurel for brave deeds done
By the Regular Army Wife.

O who shall weave her the victor's wreath
As she sits with her babes tonight!
For her country's warriors shall not fear death
While she keeps its hearthfires bright;
Tho' she may not follow the stripes and stars,
She can toil 'neath their loving folds,
And the making of heroes of future wars
In her willing hands she holds.
She may never brandish a gleaming sword
In the thick of the gory strife,
And Congress no medal to her awards—
The Regular Army Wife!

But 'tis hers to do what each day shall bring,
With a heart that is made of steel;
And at night her lullaby song to sing,
No griefs shall her soul reveal;
And tho' there is dearth of added stars
And medals and wreaths of bay;
Tho' she may not follow him off to the wars
She can stay in her home and pray!
And her medal of honor the words "Well done!"
And her Laurels a crown of Life,
With its stars for the deeds of valor done
By the Regular Army Wife!
—From "Little Rimes of the Garrison," by Birdie Baxter Clarke.

Comrades.

Where are the friends that I knew in my Maying,
In the days of my youth, in the first of my roaming?
We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went straying;
Now never a heart to my heart comes homing!
Where is he now, the dark boy slender
Who taught me bareback, stirrup and reins?
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms;
Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear fighter,
And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,
Supplied my limbs to the horseman's war;
Where is he now, for whom my heart's bidding,
Bidding, hiding—but he rides far?

O love that passes the love of woman!
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
When the breath of life with a thro' turns human,
And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?
Ever, forever, lover and rover—
They shall cling nor each from other shall part
Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be over,
And life is dust in each faithful heart!

They are dead, the American grasses under;
There is no one now who presses my side;
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,
And with great joy ride I the last great ride,
I am fain; I am fain of sudden dying;
Thousands of miles there is no one near;
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music; them dark earth covers;
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they—
In the width of the world there were no such rovers

Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours to stay;
And the highest on earth was the vow that we cherished,

To spur forth from the crowd and come back never more,
And to ride in the track of great souls perished
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,
Who hath joy of me, riding the Tartar glissade;
And one, far faring o'er Orient islands
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's accolade;

North, west, east, I fling you my last hallooing,
Last love to the breasts where my own has bled;
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps pursuing

My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.
—George Edward Woodberry, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Palladium, the largest place of entertainment in London, has just been opened. The building cost a million and a quarter in dollars, and contains 5000 upholstered seats, besides many handsome boxes. The boxes are fitted with connecting telephones. In the rear of the orchestra seats, or stalls, is a palm court where a thousand may be seated at tables for tea. The house opened with a melodrama, "The Conspiracy," written by Robert Barr and S. Lewis Ransom, and played by Martin Harvey and his company.

A \$560,000 Story

Passing of the Trolley chanter.

"Fare, please. Fare, please."

It is the chanter of the street-car conductor, soon to be heard no more. Its day is passing. In time it will be but a memory.

From the day of the first car the same song has been sung, never varying, save in intonation and inflection. How many hundreds of thousands of street-car conductors have voiced it is impossible even to venture an estimate. Generations of them have come and gone, until now it would seem as though something were lacking if these four words were no longer droned by the captain of the good ship Trolley.

Soon this chanter will be lost forever to San Francisco.

No conductor will ask your fare, threading his way along the aisle.

The new pay-as-you-enter cars will change all that. They will usher in a new era of street-car comfort and traffic in San Francisco.

The United Railroads will, if no unforeseen event occurs, receive and place the first consignment of these modern cars in service here early next month. Eighty have been ordered, and are being built in the Eastern shops as fast as they can be constructed. They are unusually handsome, decidedly comfortable, and will place the already fine street-car system here on an equal plane with that of the foremost cities in the world.

In their construction the experience gained by the use of the pay-as-you-enter system in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and St. Louis has been drawn upon, and the eighty new cars with which San Francisco will be familiar within the next few months are declared by expert engineers and car-builders to be as nearly perfect as possible.

Passengers board the pay-as-you-enter car at the rear platform and leave by the front platform.

The conductor remains on the rear platform, and the danger of starting the car while the passengers are still boarding it will be eliminated.

Congestion on the rear platform will no longer be possible and the passageways will be kept clear.

The advantage of the pay-as-you-enter cars are realized and appreciated by the public in every community where they are in operation. Like every other innovation, however, the P-A-Y-E car excites some criticism and antagonism at first.

Obviously the convenience and expedition of these cars are greatly enhanced by the public's cooperation. Passengers when boarding these cars who take the small trouble of having their fares ready, or their transfers unfolded, to hand promptly to the conductor, will be helping them selves and their neighbors to the promptest and speediest service possible.

Each of the P-A-Y-E cars cost \$7000. This new equipment therefore alone represents an expenditure of over half a million dollars, to better the service and to enable the public to enjoy it.

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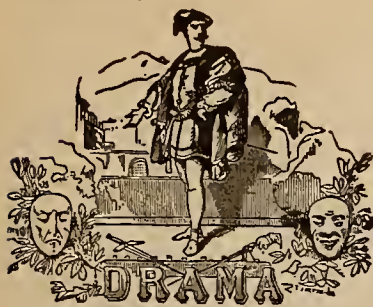
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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S ADVANCE.

Well, of all things! Maxine Elliott has actually shed all her affectations, and, in "The Inferior Sex," is simple, natural, and womanly. To be sure, the smiling Eve that invades the misogynist's Eveless Eden in "The Inferior Sex" is not supposed to be the quintessence of simplicity. But, after all, she is. I don't believe, anyway, that the complex woman would ever have captured the fascinatingly hearish, the consistently churlish, woman-hater that ruled over the *Firefly*. Think of a man resisting the seductions of the siren, and that siren the only woman on board his yacht, for two whole acts, and showing not one iota of capitulation until the beginning of the third. What a subject, what an object, for a woman to try her teeth and claws on. It is understood, of course, that said teeth and claws are those of her coquetry, which holds the captor hut to his hurt.

The chief situation in the play is really delightfully piquant, and provocative of any amount of wit from the facile pen of Frank Stayton, the very talented author of the comedy. A farce-comedy it is in reality, and "The Inferior Sex" is one of the best up-to-date examples we have seen of that special branch of stage literature. It is original, it is untrammelled, it is steadily and extremely amusing, its dialogue is one continuous stream of wit and humor, it contains plenty of plot and amusing situations, together with sentiment relieved by humor, and humor relieved by sentiment. Its light tone is, nevertheless, consistently maintained, for the gleams of sentiment are of the briefest, and are always finished off by some witty turn to the dialogue that sets the audience a-laughing.

The piece is by all odds the best vehicle for Miss Elliott's abilities that we have ever seen her in. Never has the fair actress done a better piece of work. Her feminine hysterics when Eva comes to from her faint, her offended dignity at the churlishness of her host; her sudden gleams of womanly comprehension, of mischief perilous to his peace of mind, when she recognizes that Winslow is as a target which offers mute challenge to all her arrows of captivation; her open pique over his insensibility, the air of careless sovereignty with which Beauty claims its due even from a misogynist, these were all so appropriate to the part, and so captivating to the sensibilities, that the attitude of the audience was that of admiring indulgence right through the performance.

Miss Elliott has much hard work behind her, and has made a sufficient number of business as well as artistic ventures to leave traces of fatigue on her celebrated beauty, but the rôle of Eva in "The Inferior Sex" is one which puts all the mischievous resolve, and the play of woman's wiles, alight in a fair face, so that the occasional suggestion of a weary droop to the lovely features was scarcely noticeable.

The author has written his play with any number of clever stage effects up his sleeve, and one of them is the first entrance of the invading Eve, who is borne, fainting and helpless, to the comfortable cabin of the misogynist, in the brawny arms of the *Firefly's* sailors. There she is deposited in a comfortable bed—to the vast perturbation of its owner, who, steeped in selfish masculine comfort, foresees horrible feminine demands which he must resist.

The fair invader begins at once. She weeps, and she must be soothed. She demands comforts, and she must be placated. She is hungry, and she must be fed. The foolish masculine calls for champagne and sandwiches, and a deliciously dainty little jag, a womanly trifle of a few minutes' duration, scares him stiff. The feminine nuisance wants a bed, nightclothes, solitude, and rest, and the owner of the *Firefly* is obliged to invest himself in oilskins and take himself, openly grumbling, to the cold comfort of the deck.

All this ungracious inaccessibility to woman's subtle charm is played in exactly the right key by Frederick Kerr, an actor whom we see here for the first time, but whose perfection in the rôle of Charles Winslow caused him to capture the house almost from the moment of his entrance. A round of applause that followed his first exit testified to the hold he had made on the appreciation of his audience.

Mr. Kerr's great quality is simplicity. One of the most difficult qualities to capture in the art of acting is simplicity—the simplicity

which, in spite of her ardor, her intelligence, her fervent study, for so long eluded Maxine Elliott. Even yet, in long-sustained dialogues, she falls into that tone of over-*empressment* which makes itself a detrimental comparison to the greater mobility of feature, flexibility of gesture and attitude, and variability of expression which stamp, for the most part, her attractive impersonation of Eva Addison.

The author has defied tradition, and made Winslow consistent in his worship of self for two whole acts. The mere suggestion of an idea of giving up any of his comforts stupefies him. Only a tardy recognition of what is due to the traditions of manners makes him grudgingly succumb. The farcical tone of the play, and the farcical situations of which it is composed, make the settled idiosyncrasies of this character a fruitful source of rich amusement. Mr. Kerr's outer man happily corresponds to the character, as the actor is a man of inches, which serve to give him an air of physical dominance, and his deep voice and well-cut features lend themselves well to the make-up, cleverly emphasized around the mouth, of a man with a mastiff cast of physiognomy.

Another absolutely flawless characterization is that by O. B. Clarence in the rôle of Bennett, the valet. It is distinctly a creation, and one of the details of which the spectator can not afford to overlook while Mr. Clarence is on the stage. The valet has a very important rôle, and is in evidence the greater part of the time. He is valet to Winslow, maid to Eva—and hutter to both. Anything more enjoyable than the various expressions which flit over his Oliver-Herford-inspired features it would be unreasonable to demand, either in farce or comedy. No matter how subordinate a part Bennett may be playing in the scene, he is always Bennett. And, gallant man, his whole bearing and expression change when lovely woman dawns upon the scene and this consistent admirer of the fair sex has the joy of hearing once more the swish of woman's skirts, and ministering, by willing service, to her fascinating vanities.

A Japanese actor, Tamamoto by name, in his skillful representation of the Chinese cook, fell in line with the general standard of excellence in acting which was maintained right through. We are comparatively unaccustomed out here to performances in which every rôle, even to that of a mute sailor who is only required to stand at attention, is so carefully and consistently done as to command our entire respect and admiration for the production as a whole. But so it was with "The Inferior Sex." In his one brief scene, for instance, as the Italian sailor, Bertram Grassby cleverly represented the accent, the Latin fire, the suppressed insolence of the sailor-man when taken to task by a landlubber of a servant, and Felix Edwards played very satisfactorily his small part of a machine-like officer, whose wound-up mechanism gradually yielded, under the inspired idiocy of Eva and Winslow's explanations, to a faint explosion of impatience.

With only one woman on the yacht, and that a castaway, feminine fripperies play no part to speak of in the performance, but that absence seemed to be atoned for, in some degree, by the rich profusion of Winslow's wardrobe. His pajamas, his dressing-gown, his ties, his slippers, a suit or two, not to mention his toilet appointments, all play their parts as details in the numerous props which were employed to add point to the absurd situations developed by the arrival of the fair unknown.

Not the least element in the enjoyment of the piece is the completeness of adjuncts which characterize the stage-setting in Acts I and II. Real wind blows the curtains about the brass-framed portholes which light Winslow's cabin—a hower of comfort, containing all the luxuries his unchivalrous masculine soul find it so hard to renounce.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Holbrook Blinn appeared as a star under the management of William A. Brady at the Garrick Theatre in Detroit last week in "The Boss," by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger." Mr. Blinn played the rôle of Michael Regan, a contractor who has won success by courage, tenacity, and crowding competitors to the wall. Mr. Blinn's leading woman is Emily Stevens, a niece of Mrs. Fiske.

Miss Fola La Follette, daughter of United States Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, has signed a contract to play a leading part in "The Scarecrow," Percy MacKaye's new play.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The engagement in this city of "The Girl in the Taxi" will begin next Monday night at the Columbia Theatre. The play comes here with not only the highest praise from Eastern reviewers, but with the indorsement of both Paris and Berlin. In the European capitals, the play, known under the title "Like Father Like Son," scored in a manner fairly phenomenal, and the Paris engagement of the play credits it with some 1000 performances. The first American presentation was in Chicago, where the original booking was for four weeks. So great and instantaneous was its success that it remained for 260 nights. The same conditions prevailed in New York and Boston. The theme of the farce, involving a young man's love passion and the married lady who comes nobly to his rescue only to place them both in a ridiculously compromising yet humorous position, finds complications many and funny enough. The cast to appear is a very large one and contains many San Francisco favorites, most important of whom are Bobby Barry, Pearl Sindelar, Harry Hanlon, Helene Salinger, Victor Royal, Nicholas Judels, Amanda Wellington, Edna Esmeralda, and Richard Bartlett.

Miss Maxine Elliott in her delightful comedy, "The Inferior Sex," will appear at the Savoy Theatre for the last time this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Chocolate Soldier," that long-looked-for comic opera or opera bouffe, as you may call it, will begin an engagement limited to two weeks. This work, beginning in America last season unknown and unannounced, was greeted with a chorus of enthusiastic praise. Oscar Strauss is said to have written harmonies around the keenly witty ideas of George Bernard Shaw that overflow the work with music to be remembered and enjoyed, by the musician equally with the hearer who is willing to admit his musical illiteracy. It is promised by producer Frederic C. Whitney that the organization, practically intact, that was considered by Chicago and other Eastern cities as being the most thoroughly balanced company of singers and players in twenty years, will be sent here. It even includes the original Opera Comique Orchestra of thirty-five and the great chorus that added greatly to the New York year-round run. The entire first row of seats must be removed to make room for the orchestra. Matinees will be given on Thursday and Saturday.

At the Orpheum next week the programme will be headed by Clayton White and Marie Stuart, who will appear in George V. Hobart's one-act play, "Cherie," and will be very welcome. It is nearly three years since they were last here, yet they are pleasantly remembered. Porter J. White, a sterling actor who has been successfully identified with prominent rôles, will present "The Visitor," a one-act play by his brother Oliver, who is the author of many sketches. In the name-part Mr. White has a character which is enveloped in mystery until the last line, when a sensational dénouement occurs. The supporting company includes Adelaide Fairchild and Edward Wonn. Charles B. Lawlor and his two daughters, Mahel and Alice, come with a vocal character sketch entitled "Night and Day on the Sidewalks of New York." Lawlor is a veteran of vaudeville who maintains a high standard of merit as a character actor, and his pretty daughters inherit their father's talent. The Victoria Four, consisting of Messrs. Storn, Reals, Millhury, and Moon, will be heard in popular melodies. They introduce German, Hebrew, and Irish characterizations which are clever and diverting. Arthur Borani and Annie Nevoro, acrobats and comedians, will be included in the new bill. Borani is a remarkable contortionist and Miss Nevoro indulges in some effective and skillful acrobatic work. Next week will be the last of Lillian Burkhardt, Julius Tannen, and the Five Cycling Auroras.

The final performance of "The Traveling Salesman" will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night. The cast this season has made good with theatre-goers and the engagement has therefore been very successful.

Francis Wilson will be here in the near future with his latest comedy success, "The Bachelor's Baby."

At the conclusion of the run of "The Chocolate Soldier" at the Savoy Theatre that always welcome comedian, James T. Powers, will appear in "Havana."

Following "The Girl in the Taxi" at the

Columbia Theatre will be seen the big international musical comedy success, "The Arcadians," with the London cast of principals in evidence.

Charles Burnham, president of the Association of Theatre Managers of Greater New York, speaking at the dinner of the association at the Hotel Plaza, suggested a meeting to be held in New York in the spring to consider the sidewalk ticket speculator nuisance. To this meeting he would have invited the men in control of the Metropolitan Opera House and of the New Theatre and the managers of every theatre in the country. Of the ticket speculators, whom he characterized as an "intolerable nuisance," Mr. Burnham said the managers had applied to the city authorities and had offered their own cooperation, but without ridding the city of the nuisance. He expressed the hope that the coming year would see the end of it.

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Matinee Every Day

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CLAYTON WHITE and MARIE STUART, in Geo. V. Hobart's sketch, "Cherie"; PORTER J. WHITE and Company, in "The Visitor"; CHAS. B. LAWLOR and DAUGHTERS; VICTORIA FOUR; ED. BORANI and NEVARO; LILLIAN BURKHART and Company, in "What Every Woman Wants"; JULIUS TANNEN; New Orpheum Motion Pictures; Last Week, Thrilling Sensation, THE FIVE CYCLING AURORAS.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Beginning Mon. eve., Jan. 23—Two Weeks Only

The Whitney Opera Company in

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

The Humor of Bernard Shaw and the Famous Music of Oscar Strauss. Company of 125.
Opera Comique Orchestra of 35.
Night and Sat. mat. prices, from \$2 to 50c.
Special Thursday mat., \$1 to 50c.
Note—"The Chocolate Soldier" will not appear in Oakland.

TETRAZZINI

This Saturday eve, Jan. 21

"DREAMLAND"

Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co's

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Hardman Piano.

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Hardman Piano.



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VANITY FAIR.

The Baroness Hengelmuller, wife of the Austrian ambassador to the United States, is in a fair way to get herself disliked. Being an ambassador's wife and therefore living in an atmosphere of diplomacy she naturally denies the charge of having said that Washington society does not amount to a row of pins, or words to that effect, and that the national capital is a most unpleasant place to live for a lady what is a lady. These treasonable utterances were reported from New York and are supposed to have been made while the baroness was on a shopping excursion. But when the reporter went to the embassy to ask for a plea of guilty or not guilty he got small satisfaction for his pains. He was met by a starchy official whose only duty in life is to say "there is no truth in the report." This formula has become a second nature with embassy officials, and they have often been known to say it before knowing what the report is. This particular official said his piece like a well-trained little diplomat who does not love God and there you are.

It may be that the baroness never said anything of the kind and that the report was a spiteful invention of some New Yorker who was jealous of Washington's crown of social glory. Perhaps she said it and has forgotten it. Perhaps she was merely talking in her sleep. However that may be, it is well known that the lady's sentiments agree with her reported utterances, while there are some who go so far as to say that if she were to express her feelings in all three dimensions there would be a very pretty little social hurricane with the Austrian embassy for its centre.

The fact of the matter is that the baroness does not like Mrs. Taft, and when two highly placed ladies do not like each other there are sure to be many occasions when the claws are allowed to slip from their velvet sheaths. For some reason or other the Baroness Hengelmuller is a leader in Washington society and she comports herself very much like a queen, or rather like a queen is supposed to comport herself but does not. When she is invited to a social function she insists upon seeing a list of the other guests, and if she finds any names that meet with her disapproval she strikes them off with an aggressive blue pencil. Then there are heart burnings. If the baroness were just an ordinary woman she would get a short shrift and without benefit of clergy, but she is an ambassador's wife, and in some vague sort of way the power and the glory of Austria are behind her. And what a pity it would be if two great and enlightened nations should find themselves plunged into a world-shaking war because the Baroness Hengelmuller does not like Mrs. Taft or because Mrs. Taft does not like the Baroness Hengelmuller. What would Mr. Carnegie say? He might take away our free libraries.

There is no doubt that the baroness has talked. Her worst enemy would not accuse her of reticence or of taciturnity. Moreover, she has a way of acidulating her utterances that must be trying to her lady friends when her remarks are reported to them under the seal of inviolable confidence. It is well known that Mrs. Taft has views on the observance of the Sabbath. So has the baroness. But they are diametrically opposite, and the baroness never allows herself to be contradicted. She comes from a European capital where Sabbath-breaking is a frequent occurrence, and she sees no reason why she should change her misguided practices merely because she happens to be in Washington. The fact that her laxity in this respect is an annoyance to Mrs. Taft is of course an unfortunate coincidence, and probably no one regrets it more than the baroness herself.

Another of the baroness's indiscretions is to draw accentuated attention to the fact that some other society stars who used to be assiduous in their attendance upon Washington have lately withdrawn the light of their countenance from the capital. Where, for example, are the Sloanes and the Vanderbilts, not to mention others who have become conspicuous by their absence during the present régime? The baroness suggests, and audibly, too, that these people also have found Washington dull these days and prefer to stay in New York, where they can be a law unto themselves and break the Sabbath in as many separate and distinct ways as they please.

It may be noted with unfeigned regret that "The Widow" is dead, but the quotation marks show that the dear departed is a newspaper and not a human being. Mrs. Teresa Dean was the genius that inspired *The Widow* during its brief and inglorious earthly career, and Mrs. Dean confessed blushing in the bankruptcy court that although she lives at the Waldorf she has no property of any kind whatsoever unless soaring expectation and a hopeful heart may be so described.

But we are concerned not so much with Mrs. Dean as with the methods of conducting a society newspaper, a newspaper that appeals only to the *crème de la crème*, to the upper crust of a peculiar and exclusive world. Mrs. Dean admitted that she had but 500 subscribers, and as these were described as

"friends" we may wonder how many had paid their subscriptions in real money. These formalities are so easily overlooked in the enthusiasms of friendship.

The exclusiveness of *The Widow* may be judged from the fact that it published two pictures every week, "one of a lady and one of an actress." How's that for high tone, and blue blood, and noblesse oblige, and all the rest of it? It is to be hoped that the actresses and the ladies were kept well apart at opposite ends of *The Widow* and properly captioned, for it is certain that the actresses would not like to be confused with the "ladies," although there are a good many "ladies" who would be content enough to be taken for actresses. But there was worse to come. It seems that the ladies were accustomed to pay for the reproduction of their portraits, and, indeed, *The Widow* derived quite an income from that source. The editor was a little shy about saying precisely who had paid and who had not paid for the proud privilege of appearing in *The Widow* and so acquiring immortality. Upon this point her memory was conveniently vague. She had published pictures of Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Collins, Olga Nether-sole, Rose Coghlan, Mabel Taliaferro, and many others, including the Duchess de Chaulnes, the daughter of Mr. Shonts, but nothing had been paid for the latter work of art, as "the Shontses are friends of mine." What a thing it is to be the friend of a society editor and so to get your picture in the paper free, gratis, and for nothing. And to chance revelations such as this we are indebted for whatever knowledge we have of the efforts of the upper world to keep itself well within the limelight of publicity.

The two English-speaking branches of civilization, the American and the English, are united at least by a common bond of perplexity over the divorce problem. Upon both sides of the Atlantic the husbands and the wives who "won't play no more" are engrossing the attention of sociologists and causing heads to be shaken and beards to be wagged in an effort to do justice. But the problem is somewhat different in the two countries. In America we want to make divorce more difficult, while in England it is not easy enough. With a laudable desire to distribute more evenly the blessings and the luxuries of civilization the English jurists maintain that no one should be barred from divorce because of poverty and that an absence of wealth should not render compulsory a superfluity of wife.

Sir Edward Carson, who is an Irishman and therefore an authority upon affairs of the heart, advances a curious contention. He says that the damages awarded to a wronged husband should always be in proportion to the income of the gay Lothario who has broken up the happy home. In other words, there should be a sort of graduated scale of prices for purloined wives, and while the idea has a certain attractiveness it is none the less based upon distorted commercial principles that would be scouted in any ordinary market. The price of wives—of other men's wives—like all such commodities, should be based upon their value and not upon the bank account of the purchaser. The maxim "whatever the traffic will bear" is all very well elsewhere, but it won't work here. Fluctuating values and commercial uncertainties are to be avoided at all costs. An erring wife would have a distinct grievance at being valued at only a few hundred dollars merely because the *tertium quid* happened to be a poor man, and if her next venture happened to be a wealthy man he would feel himself the victim of injustice if he were called upon to pay thousands for an item for which his predecessor had paid hundreds. Why appeal to the law at all? It would be far better to arrange these matters by an amicable agreement between husband and lover. Let the latter make an honorable offer of what he is prepared to pay and so provide a basis for a bargain that could be elaborated and completed at leisure. It would be ever so much cheaper in the long run because honor would be less deeply wounded and revengeful motives would be eliminated. Nine times out of ten it would be found that the husband was willing to waive all financial compensation. He would look at the larger benefits to himself and would refuse to reduce them to a financial basis. Indeed, he would feel that he himself was the debtor, and an incident that would ordinarily culminate in harsh feelings and decrees *nisi* would be gracefully closed with a "bless you, my children."

The fashionable hotel clerk is a long-suffering animal and a patient one. He has to be. His position is one of uncertainty and perplexity, for try as he may he can not always confine his insolence to poor people. Just now the fraternity in New York is confronted with a problem of peculiar difficulty. Fashionable women whose costumes are of a pronounced color effect are insisting that the furniture of their rooms shall be consonant with their dresses, and the poor camel of a clerk is wondering if this is not the last straw. One of them says that his recent experience is "too much."

"I had tried my best to reserve a certain suite for a woman who was arriving from a

distant city, and when she got here I sent her upstairs confident that for once I had given her rooms she would like. Not on your life. She was back almost before the elevator was. "Oh, those rooms will not do at all," she said.

"But are they not just what you asked for?" I said.

"Yes, but the furniture is not of the right color. I never did look well in red and I haven't any red frocks, and I simply can not stay up there. You must give me something with darker furniture, as my dresses are all dark."

Formerly the robes of the justices of the United States Supreme Court were made by a Washington seamstress. She used twenty-two yards of the finest black corded silk, and charged \$100 per robe. She died. Now an Albany firm tailors the robes at \$70 each. Fifty years or so ago there was a great discussion whether the robes worn were proper ones, *i. e.*, was there precedent for them? Some delver discovered that John Jay's black gown was faced with crimson silk. There was a great to-do, for it was feared maybe that this breach of custom might invalidate the court's past decisions. After much discussion the court decided it was satisfied with the legal standing of plain black robes, and that the decisions were not shaken.

The court once claimed the right to dictate the dress of the attorneys of the supreme bar. There was a fierce contention about this, for the court was insisting that the lawyers wear wigs and gowns. The lawyers of the Andy Jackson school didn't like it. The argument ended in a compromise. The court did not insist on wigs and gowns, but did forbid the lawyers wearing whiskers of any sort. This was a cruel blow, for the court reserved the whisker privilege to itself, and in those days the nine faces of the justices appeared as though peering over the top of an ambuscade of hedgeries. The justices held the custom of shaving only their upper lips.

Nowadays lawyers and justices let their whiskers run where sweet fancy wills, but the lawyers, and any one who has admission within the bar, must dress in black. Only twice in thirty years has the black dress rule been violated. One occasion was when a frontier Kansas lawyer appeared in homespun, wearing a red flannel shirt and no collar. A certain justice stood it as long as he could, then sent a note to the pleader by a page, requesting that he suspend long enough to go out and buy a collar. Never interrupting the flow of his remarks, the plainsman wrote on the note that he was afflicted with throat trouble and could not wear a collar. But the man never appeared before the court again. Last spring Attorney-General Wickersham one hot day appeared in a light crash suit and low shoes. The court was too weak with the heat to protest, and Wickersham got away with it.

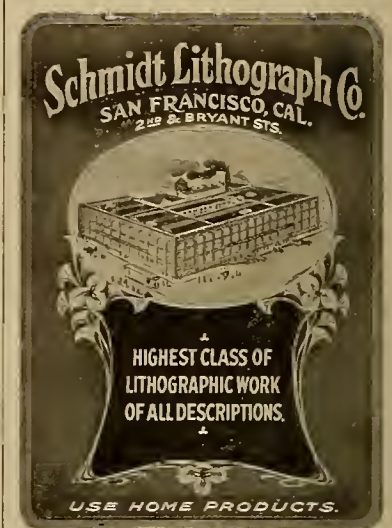
Each justice has a body servant assigned to him, and this servitor is a sore trial to many. The body servants, now called "messengers," descend from justice to justice. Several are old men. Their usual attitude toward their particular justices is that of tutor toward pupil. They dictate in all matters of etiquette, and are generally bothersome. But there's no getting rid of them. They're an institution having precedent.

New Year's day tips in Paris are no trifling matter. Not only for all public servants, from postmen to street-cleaners, and for all personal servitors, are they demanded, but almost as determined is the call for them in a hundred odd ways. Those who are invited to houses for dining during the year are expected to give the servants a gold piece the

size of which must be in proportion to the number of invitations received. Flowers or bonbons must be sent to the mistress of the house, and you are in secret thought a skin-flint if the flowers or the bonbons do not come from a house which at that time of the year asks five times the value of the goods. There are bachelors who, being much invited during the year, suddenly take bad colds about the first of December and go south for their health for two weeks after New Year's, for no one gives fees and presents after that. This slight illness saves them several hundred francs.

A man who has entrée into the green rooms and foyers in the important theatres is expected to give a gold coin to all the employees he meets during the year. A man having a card to go to the foyer of the ballet girls at the Grand Opera during the year had to take \$30 in change in his pocket New Year's to give to those attendants, for they actually held out their hands for their *entrées*.

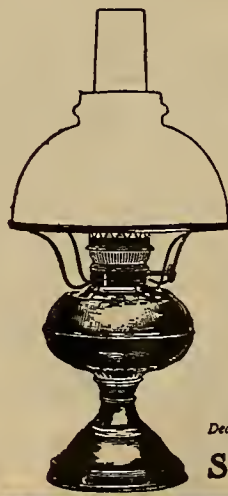
The expectation of a small sum in the theatres has become a veritable plague. The woman who takes your hat and coat wants a dime. The programme man wants at least a dime, the woman who points out your seats wants at least 5 cents, and during the intermission others come for having rendered "des petits services," women whom you have never seen before. It is much of an annoyance to reach for the money as it is to give it. All these people pay the manager for the situation and they must be persistent in their demands.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Mrs. Malaprop said to Clara Novello, the noted English prima donna: "You will admit that there is a great deal of evil life in the theatre." "True indeed," replied Clara, "but on which side of the curtain?"

The toastmaster didn't have a set list of speeches to announce, so he apportioned the talks among the best speakers present as best he could. He did pretty well, too, until he announced: "The toast 'Our Absent Members,' will be responded to by Mr. Blank H. Dash." Then everybody laughed, loud and long. Why? Because Mr. Blank H. Dash has lost an arm and a leg.

Of his Cambridge days a dignitary of the Church of England tells this story: He always wore a white tie, and when he got his fellowship, full of pride, he went to call upon the master of his college. He rang the bell, the door was opened, and he was about to present his card, when the footman, who had run his eye over him, said, "You're too late, young man. I got the place yesterday!"

An old couple came in from the country with a big basket of lunch to see the circus. The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded street the husband held out his hand and said, "Gimme that basket, Hannah." The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look. "That's real kind o' ye, Joshua," she quavered. "Kind!" grunted the old man. "I wuz afeared ye'd git lost."

To the colored man who made application for work he listened and awaited the finish of the tale of the applicant's qualifications for the job, then stalled in this manner: "Well, I'd like to give you the place, but I'm afraid I can't, for you tell me you are married. I have special reasons for wanting to give this position to a single man." "Why, hoss," exclaimed the willing worker, "if dat's de on'y trouble, Ah kin git a divorce between now an' when you-a'lls ready foh me to start in."

Some strange queries come into a newspaper information bureau, and the answers are not always easy, but one of the funniest was this: "Say, is this the Evening Times information bureau?" inquired a voice at the other end of the wire. "It is," politely answered the reporter. "Anything we can do for you?" "Well, I want to know who was it killed Ahel?" "Why, his brother Cain," answered the reporter, who had once attended Sunday-school before he broke into the newspaper business. "Oh, pshaw!" came regretfully from the inquiring voice. "I'll bet I'll have to go without a new overcoat this winter; I bet a fellow \$20 that it was Goliath. Thanks."

When Speaker Cannon and Former Congressman J. Adam Bede of Minnesota met at the capitol they fell into a discussion of the recent Republican defeat in the congressional elections. "No importance to it," said Bede, emphatically. "It's just like the accident that happened to the Northern Pacific out in Montana when the road was first built and before Montana was well settled. The telegraph line wasn't through and the people at St. Paul used to wait until the trains came in to learn the news along the line. One day a landslide occurred in Montana and a train finally reached St. Paul three days late. They asked the conductor what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing important,' he said. 'Half a mile of the scenery out in Montana fell down.'"

Admiral Lord Fisher, on his arrival in New York on the *Baltic*, charmed the reporters with his hilarity. "You young American reporters are very alert," he said, at the end of an interview. "You are not like the editors they tell about in Tallis Street. A newspaper proprietor in Tallis Street hired a new editor. That very night there was a fire in the Strand, a vast fire, which all London turned out to see. The proprietor saw it himself, with its thrilling rescues, tragedies, and escapes, and early the next morning he opened his paper with the pleasant expectation of reading a fine, graphic account of the terrible conflagration. Not a line about the fire had his new editor printed. The man could hardly believe

his eyes. He tore in a taxicab to Tallis Street. He hurst in on the editor like an explosion. 'Why didn't we have a story of the fire?' he asked. The new editor looked calmly through his spectacles and replied: 'What was the use of printing anything about it? Everybody in town was there to see the whole thing for themselves.'"

THE MERRY MUZE.

A Hysterical Rondeau.

From luncheon she called me down,
By telephone she called me up;
My negligence had won her frown,
Right scornfully she called me down;
I had forgot to praise her gown;
My thin excuses balled me up;
And that is why she called me down
When angrily she called me up.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Psalm of the Suffragette.

Show me not with scornful numbers,
You've too many voters now!
Woman, wakened from her slumbers,
Wants the halloo anyhow.

Life with Bill or life with Ernest
Is no more our destined goal;
Man thou art; to man thou turnest;
But we, too, demand the poll.

Not enjoyment, naught but sorrow,
Is the legislator's way;
For we'll get to him tomorrow
If he should escape today.

Art's expensive, styles are fleeting;
Let our lace-edged hanners wave,
Thus inscribed, o'er every meeting:
"Give us suffrage or the grave."

Heroines, prepare for battle!
Lend your efforts to the strife!
Drive all husbands forth like cattle;
Be a woman, not a wife!

Trust no man, however pleasant.
He'll agree to all you say,
Send you candy as a present,
Go and vote the other way.

Wives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And preceding, leave behind us
All the rest at dinner time.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Don the trousers and the coat;
For our candidate pursuing
The elusive, nimble vote.—Smart Set.

At the Convention.

The Blessed Suffragette leaned out
O'er the reading-desk at even;
The speech she had prepared would take
From eight until eleven.
She had two white gloves on her hands—
And pins in her hat were seven.

Her robe, designed by Madame Rose,
Hand-wrought flowers did adorn;
And a superb black chiffon coat
Was very neatly worn.
And the chains that hung around her throat
Were yellower than corn.

"I wish that we could vote, dear ones!
For we will vote," she said.
"Have I not on the finest gown
That Madame Rose has made?
Are not good clothes a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?"

She plumed and rustled and then spoke—
Less sad of speech than wild.
She shouted gentle arguments
That couldn't harm a child;
And in terms quite audacious
The Antis she reviled.

I saw her smile—but soon her smile
Was turned to haughty sneers;
She thought she saw another gown
More beautiful than hers!
She raised her lorgnon to her eyes—
Then she wept. (I heard her tears.)
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Magazine.

Music, When Soft Voices Die.

"When Gude Kyng Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodlie Kyng"
Perhaps because he never heard
Our next door neighbor sing.

She sings a hundred pop'lar songs
And twenty more beside,
And what she didde not sing last night
That dame this morning tried.
—New York Evening Mail.

At the Street Corner.

Their foreheads are low and their collars are high,
The hunch is familiar, wherever you go;
You know them at once, as you're hurrying by—
For their voices are high, and their language is low.
—Boston Traveler.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,755; Dept. I. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.
J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said northerly line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named to be the owners in fee-simple absolute, and each of said plaintiffs to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest of and in said real property, and each piece and parcel thereof, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.
J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.
J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

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SUMMONS

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J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all of the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The two large weddings of the week, those of Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Mr. Arthur Chesbrough and Mr. Lorenzo Avenali and Miss Linda Cadwalader, were the most important events on the social calendar. Every day was filled with smaller functions—teas, luncheons, and bridge parties. None of them, however, assumed the proportions of the elaborately appointed affairs that will mark a number of these events next week.

Society assembled on Thursday night in the ballroom at the Hotel St. Francis to hear Mme. Gerville-Reache under the auspices of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

On Friday night the fourth of the season's Assemblies at the Fairmont Hotel was a large and brilliant affair, attended by over four hundred guests and preceded by a number of formal dinners. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson entertained at dinner at the Hotel St. Francis and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken was hostess at a dinner for twenty-four of the younger set at the Fairmont Hotel.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Olga Atherton, daughter of Mr. Faxon Atherton, and Mr. George C. Mullens. The wedding will take place the second week in February, and the future home of Mr. Mullens and his bride will be at Palo Alto.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Newhall and Mr. Arthur Chesbrough took place at the Newhall home on Scott Street on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed at half-past nine, in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marian Newhall, as maid of honor, and by Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Julia Langhorne, and Miss Alexandra Hamilton, who were the bridesmaids. Mr. Harry Sears Bates acted as best man, and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Athol McBean, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Jack Kittle divided the duties of ushers. The honeymoon trip will include a visit to Panama, and on their return Mr. Chesbrough and his bride will occupy a residence in town.

The wedding of Miss Linda Cadwalader and Mr. Lorenzo Avenali was quietly solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader on Thursday afternoon. The bride was attended by Mrs. Ettore Avenali (formerly Miss Mary Josselyn), and the best man was the brother of the bridegroom, Mr. Ettore Avenali. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. McNally of San Jose. The future home of Mr. Avenali and his bride will be in San Jose.

The wedding of Miss Helen Lamson and Mr. Ralph Renaud took place at noon on Saturday at Calvary Presbyterian Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Rader, and was witnessed only by the relatives and a few intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. A wedding breakfast at the Hotel St. Francis followed the church ceremony. After a honeymoon trip in the south, Mr. Renaud and his bride will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Gillett and Mr. Sidney G. Thorp took place Wednesday afternoon at Grace Pro Cathedral. The ceremony was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Effie Gillett, and Mr. Norman D. Thorp, a cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man. After a honeymoon trip the young couple will make their home in Sacramento.

A pretty wedding took place on the evening of December 31, 1910, at the home of Rear-Admiral John Crittenden Watson, U. S. N., in Louisville, Kentucky, the bride being Miss Mary Binkley, of San Francisco and Washington, D. C., daughter of Mrs. John M. Binkley, and the groom Mr. Thomas Armat, also of Washington. Mrs. John Moncure Conway, cousin of the bride, was matron of honor, and the bride was given away by Admiral Watson. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Selden Brooke Armat. The Rev. Frank W. Hardy, assistant rector of St. Andrew's Church, performed the ceremony. After an extended trip through the West and to the Orient, Mr. and Mrs. Armat will be at "The Highlands," Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Mr. Arthur Inkersley and Mrs. Fearne at Salisbury Cathedral, Wiltshire, England, on Thursday, December 29, 1910, was a brilliant event. The bishop of the diocese led the service, which was choral. The Hon. Whitehead Reid, American ambassador, gave away the bride. There were many guests at the cathedral and the wedding breakfast which followed. Mr. and Mrs. Inkersley are now at Ascot, but will go soon to Paris, as the guests of the bride's daughter, Mrs. Barton French, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening preceding the dance at Century Hall. The affair was given in honor of their son, Mr. Tevis Blanding, and the guests included a group of his young friends, among whom were Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Helen Stoney, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Fredrika Otis, Mr. Cordova de Garmendia, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Maurice Barclay, Mr. Irvin Richter, Mr. Bym Berry, Mr. Felton Elkins, Mr. Haigh Fairlie, Mr. Arthur Culbertson, Mr. F. Bowie, Mrs. Edith Coleman, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sbaron.

Miss Amalia Simpson entertained at a theatre party, followed by an informal tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday afternoon. Among her guests were Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Miss Lillian Shoober, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Erna St. Goar, and Miss Florence Braverman.

Miss Lee Girvin and Miss Jane Selby were the complimented guests at Miss Mary Eyre's dance at Century Club Hall on Thursday evening. Miss Eyre was assisted in receiving her guests by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and

Mrs. Perry Eyre, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Katherine Donohoe, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Helen Stoney, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Augusta Foute, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. Lansing Tevis, Mr. Ward Maillard, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Effingham Sutton, Mr. Arthur Foster, Mr. Paul Foster, Mr. John Cushing, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Sherwood Coffin, Mr. George Nickel, Mr. Douglas Grant, and Mr. Robert Eyre.

Mrs. Willard Wayman entertained at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of her mother, Mrs. A. C. Donnell. Mrs. Wayman's guests included Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. John Sahin, Mrs. Charles Okell, Mrs. Andrew S. Rowan, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. George Toy, and Mrs. Guy Wayman.

Mrs. E. L. Hunt was a luncheon hostess at her home on Washington Street on Wednesday, at which she entertained twelve guests.

Miss Elizabeth Newhall and her bridesmaids were entertained at luncheon on Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel by Mrs. Peter McG. McBean. The guests were Mrs. Athol McBean, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Martha Calhoun, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Miss Olive Wheeler entertained at a dinner at her home on Friday evening, preceding the dance of the Friday Night Club at Century Hall. The young people were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler. Those present were Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Constance McLaren, Mr. Ward Maillard, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., Mr. Charles Belden, Mr. William Leib, Mr. Alfred Luschinger, and Mr. Bradley Wallace.

Mrs. John McGaw was hostess at a musicale on Sunday afternoon at her home on Russian Hill in honor of Mr. George Kruger, the pianist. Among her guests were Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. Charles Stovel, Mrs. George Alexander, Mrs. J. Martel, Miss Martel, Miss Erna St. Goar, Baron and Baroness von Tureke, Miss Florence Hyde, Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Summers, Mrs. W. W. Wymore, Mrs. Amy Walker Deane, Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Marvin Curtiss, Mrs. Thomas McGee, Mrs. Eugene Lent, and Mrs. Allan.

Miss Anita Maillard was hostess at a bridge party on Monday evening in honor of Miss Maud Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman entertained at a large dinner dance at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening, at which they entertained one hundred and fifty guests.

Mrs. Ralston White was a luncheon hostess on Tuesday at the Bellevue, at which she entertained a group of debutantes in honor of the Misses Florence and Muriel Williams.

Mrs. Russell Wilson gave a delightful luncheon on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Mountford Wilson, who leaves this week for New York.

Miss Vera de Sabla will entertain at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on January 24 in honor of Miss Maud Wilson, the fiancée of Mr. Effingham Sutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Palache presided at a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Sidney Cushing, who with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, and Miss Jennie Hooker, leave this week for New York en route to Europe and Egypt.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Helene Irwin. Her other guests were Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Louise Boyd, and Mrs. Athol McBean.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin entertained at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers on Friday evening. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. C. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Stanford Gwin.

Miss Mollie Phelan entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday in honor of her niece, Mrs. Frederick Murphy.

Mrs. H. H. Atkinson was hostess at a daffodil tea on Monday in compliment to Miss Jeannette Deal, the fiancée of Mr. Alan Dimond.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cooke celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding with a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday.

Mrs. Ellanor Doe entertained forty guests at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Frank Denny of Washington, D. C., who has recently joined Colonel Denny here for the winter.

Miss Rhoda Niebling entertained at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday in honor of Miss Gladys Poillon. Her guests included only members of the debutante set.

At the annual meeting of the Occidental Kindergarten Association, held on Monday, January 9, 1911, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Florence Musto; first vice-president, Miss Jeanette Newman; second vice-president, Miss Sara Lorensen; treasurer, Miss Lutie Goldstein; recording secretary, Miss J. Paulson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. L. Stone.

The American Safety League of Spokane, Washington, has just awarded prizes to four women who showed that they knew the proper way to get off street-cars—facing the way the cars were headed. The league is conducting a campaign of education on the proper way of boarding and alighting from street-cars.

A Christmas festival for all the children of the Presidio of Monterey formally opened the new assembly hall that has just been completed. This structure was built at a cost of \$15,000. It seats about 800 people and has a well arranged stage.

The Tetrassini Farewell.

Tetrassini will be heard for the last time at Dreamland this Saturday night, January 21. From all indications the big auditorium will again be taxed to its utmost capacity. On this occasion the great singer will be heard in a number of works for the first time in this city, including the aria from "La Sonnambula," which used to be one of Patti's *chef d'œuvre*s, the "Bolero" from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," and the tremendously difficult "Vocal Variations" by Proch, which only the very greatest coloratura artists dare even attempt. A great many request numbers will be sung as encores.

Frederick Hastings, the baritone; Walter Oesterreicher, flutist; Andre Benoit, pianist, and Paul Steindorff's orchestra will all lend their aid in making this a memorable concert.

Seats will be on sale at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s until 5:30 on Saturday, and the box-office at Dreamland will open at six o'clock.

Manager W. H. Leaby has every reason to feel proud of the success achieved by his song-bird and the local end of the enterprise, and its management reflects the highest credit on Will L. Greenbaum, who has had full charge of the San Francisco and Oakland appearances.

Pepito Arriola, the Boy Pianist.

After reading and hearing about the wonderful musical genius, Pepito Arriola, for the past five years, San Francisco music-lovers are finally to have the opportunity of hearing this twelve-year-old lad, who from all reports has been justly called "the reincarnation of Mozart." Pepito, who gives programmes such as no living virtuoso of any age need feel ashamed of, will make his first appearance at Christian Science Hall next Tuesday night, January 24, when he will offer Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, four "Preludes" from Op. 28, nocturne in B major, Op. 62, and Polonaise in A flat major, by Chopin, prelude by Rachmaninoff, "Warum" and "Vogel als Prophet," by Schumann, "Liebestraum" and "Rhapsodie No. 4" by Liszt.

On Thursday night another great programme will be given, including the Bach-Liszt "Fantasie and Fugue" in G minor, Chopin's "Scherzo" in B flat minor, and other works of the Polish tone-poet, and numbers by Moszkowski, Schumann, and Paganini-Liszt.

The farewell appearance of the wonderful lad will be at the Sunday matinée, January 29, when still another programme will be given.

Seats for all these concerts are on sale at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s.

Next Friday afternoon, January 27, at 3:30, Pepito will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating his wonderful opening night programme. Seats for the Oakland concert are obtainable at Ye Liberty box-office in Oakland after Monday.

Kocian's Farewell Concert.

At Christian Science Hall on Sunday afternoon, Jarislav Kocian, the wonderful young Bohemian violinist, will give the farewell concert of his present series, commencing at the usual hour of 2:30. No artist who has visited here in late years has been quite such a sensation as young Kocian. When he was here ten years ago, as a boy prodigy, great things were anticipated for him, but the realization of his development has been even beyond the greatest expectations, and he is now discovered as one of the greatest of the present day. Maurice Eisner, who is accompanying Kocian as piano soloist and assistant artist, has made an impression no whit less pleasing than his star's. Together these two splendid musicians offer a remarkable programme for Sunday, which includes, for Kocian's numbers, "Symphonie Espagnole" by Lalo, "Chaconne" by Bach, "Hymne au Printemps" by Kocian, "Cavatina" by Cesar Gui, "Moto Perpetuo" by Ries, and "Faust Fantasie" by Wieniawski. The piano solos include "Gavotte," Brahms-Gluck; "Bourree," Bach-Saint-Saëns; "Perpetuum Mobile," Weber-Godowsky.

Seats are to be had at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday morning after ten a. m. at the ball.

Sigmund Beel's Concerts.

Sigmund Beel, the eminent violinist, who has made a wonderful success in his art in Europe, returns to his home for two concerts under the Greenbaum management, these to take place on Thursday night, February 2, and Sunday afternoon, February 5, at Christian Science Hall. Mr. Beel will offer excellent programmes, the first of which will include a Sonata by Handel, the "Concerto" of Vieuxtemps, Bach's "Sonata," and works by Debussy, Pugnani-Kreisler, Hubay, and Siniagaglia. At the concert Sunday afternoon the artist will give the famous "Chaconne" of Vitali, the Saint-Saëns "Concerto," and other important numbers.

Beel's concert in Oakland will take place at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, February 3.

Mail orders for the concerts are now being received by Will L. Greenbaum.

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Classes in Camp-cooking are open to boys over fourteen years of age on Saturday forenoons or after three o'clock in the afternoons.

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THOS. H. SHEDDEN, Manager

READERS who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the *Argonaut* will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street San Francisco, Cal

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Watson have closed their San Mateo home and are occupying their town house on Vallejo Street.

Mr. Sheldon Pennoyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, is enjoying the winter sports at San Moritz.

Mr. John Parrott has returned from Paris to London, after spending several weeks with friends and relatives in the French capital.

Miss Enid Gregg returned on Friday from Honolulu, where she was the guest for six weeks of Major and Mrs. W. B. Dunning at Fort Shafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sallee Harris (formerly Miss Margaret Doyle) have returned from their honeymoon trip to Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from their Eastern trip. They were absent about two months.

Mr. Benjamin P. Upham left Thursday for a tour of Europe which will occupy nearly a year. He will go directly to Italy from New York.

Mrs. Allen Lewis, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. John Kittle, during the holiday season, has returned to her home in Portland.

Mrs. Carl Schoonmaker (formerly Miss Jean Howard) will return to Paris after visiting a short time longer with her friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., are planning a trip to New York this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Findlay are planning to leave in a week for the East, where they will make a brief visit.

Mrs. Francis Gay of Honolulu has arrived here from New York and will make a brief visit in San Francisco before continuing to her home in the Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers sailed for their home in Honolulu on Saturday, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin. They are concluding a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Etienne Guitard and Miss Beatrice Guitard will spend several weeks at Del Monte before going to Coronado, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Mary Huntington, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Mrs. Richard Derby, and Miss Marian Huntington spent the week end at Del Monte and then continued their motor trip to Los Angeles, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Sullivan with their son and daughter are at present in Rome.

Miss Ada Clement is now traveling in Italy, and expects to return to San Francisco in April.

Mrs. Richard Hammond will come from her home in Colorado Springs for the Crocker-irwin wedding and will spend some time here as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, who spent the holiday season in New York, are now in Washington, D. C., where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marion de Vries. Later they will go to New Orleans.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and Miss Laura Baldwin are at Paso Robles, but will go later to Santa Barbara to join Miss Mildred Baldwin, who is the guest of Miss Katherine Kaime.

Mrs. William Miller Graham, who has been enjoying the opera season in New York, is expected to return to her Santa Barbara home next week.

Lieutenant H. G. Ord, U. S. A., left on Wednesday for the Presidio at Monterey, where he will remain three months.

Judge William H. Smith, Jr., and Mr. Douglas McBryde sailed on Wednesday for Honolulu, where they will spend three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Du Val will spend the next few months in Cairo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin are planning a trip abroad and will join Miss Agnes Tohin in London in the spring.

Mrs. Rudolph Silverstone, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, will return this week to her home in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates returned on Monday from New York, where they enjoyed a brief visit.

Captain Thomas Power, U. S. A., and Mrs. Power will remain in San Francisco during Captain Power's leave of absence and will sail in April for the Philippines.

Mrs. William J. Dutton and Miss Mary Page Dutton sailed on Saturday for Panama, where they will spend two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and Miss Lee Girvin have joined Miss Mary Eyre and Miss Jane Selby at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will all remain during the rest of the season.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn, who has spent most of the winter at her home in Burlingame, will go to London in May, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. Brendon Brady spent several days in San Francisco on his arrival from Boston before sailing for the Orient on the *Tenyo Maru* on Wednesday. He will be accompanied by Mr. Ellis Parrish.

Mrs. Margaret Stewart will leave next week for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilchrist Owen of Portland arrived in town on Saturday, and will spend several weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. R. G. Hanford of New York is still at Del Monte and has with her her mother and sister, Mrs. E. Guitard and Miss Beatrice Guitard, of San Francisco.

Miss Marion Zeile has been visiting Miss Mary Keeney and Miss Florence Hopkins during the absence of Mrs. Zeile in New York, where she accompanied Miss Ruth Zeile when she returned to school.

Mr. Levi Wells of Washington, D. C., is at Del Monte for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith and her son and Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Ruth Casey spent the holidays in Florence, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. High are at Del Monte.

Mr. Harold Havens and Mr. Fred Havens, of Piedmont, were at Del Monte last week for a few days, coming up from the south, where they have been touring.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Picker, Mrs. H. C. Smith, Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. John C. River.

WHOM SHALL WE TRUST?

The Queries and Observations of a Lawyer.

Caruthers Ewing, a Georgia lawyer, has been rapidly building up a reputation as a wit and after-dinner speaker. At the recent meeting of the Atlanta Bar Association a speech of his was read by the secretary. Most of it was devoted to the attacks on capital. Here it is. The report is from the New York Sun:

Since Dr. Cook jarred the firm set earth, and Jeffries failed to return, and the Memphis census was announced, and the author of "Three Weeks" wrote a respectable book, and a jury in Alabama found an issue of fact in favor of a corporation, and the Southern Railway commenced running its trains on time, and Georgia went near dry, people simply do not know what to expect or in whom to trust. Even the Farmers' Alliance has faded from the canvas and the sweet aroma that once meandered from Coxey's army no longer refreshes the languid earth.

The only thing that seems to have taken a permanent and picturesque place is the fight and fury against money.

This outcry against capital by those who have none always shocks and distresses me. I regard it as the braggadocio outburst of the blasphemous—this defiance of the almighty dollar.

Be it said, however, to the credit of the American people that all irreverence cometh from without the fold. No man with cash ever yet treated it with contumely or contempt. From the time when we cease to believe in Santa Claus our effort is to get the money. Every man who fails to get it proceeds to denounce the man who beat him to it. This hue and cry against wealth is the one whimpering of the vanquished to which the people lend a willing ear. The loser in no other game is heard to complain. The victor in no other contest gathers odium.

Let a judge bankrupt a poor man with a fine and curses read the air; let the same judge tap the till of the Standard Oil Company and take its last penny and tumultuous applause shakes the world's roofless walls. We are all after the cash and until we get it we have a pretty strong line of language about the iniquity of capital. You can not have failed to notice that a man riding to his office in an automobile is not near so rampant against money as the fellow whose heel hits the flagstone. The history of the human race shows that as we get away from the "walkover" method of locomotion our views about finance change.

No man ever toiled in the field or at the forge, sailed the seas or sunk a shaft who knew that he could make more money doing something else. No man ever got so emaciated of mind as to refuse a job because the salary was too high. I have never understood this row about the conflict between capital and labor. It is doubtless true that the man with money tries to get as much labor for a given amount as he can possibly get. And I never yet saw a laboring man trying to get as little compensation as possible for his work. Think of one of these honest, horny-handed sons of toil—and you know the horny hand is conclusive evidence of honesty and virtue—throttling the fellow who tries to overpay him for his labor. This saturnalia of speech about the wickedness of wealth and the ferocious virtue of labor always amused me immensely. It seems such a good subject about which to bay and howl and I never saw the baying and howling fail to get an encore. And the fellow who thus jars the air always stands in the din and roar of the busted and says to himself: "This is a great Babylon which I have built." I am a friend of the labor union, but I never could regard it as the Ark of the Covenant.

I could never get out of my mind what would happen if the owners of the world's wealth were to organize a society to advance the cause of capital and call it the "Money Union." Now just think what would happen! Suppose the "Money Union's" walking delegate called on some of the horny-handed and proceeded to outline how and when the horn should be made to grow on each hand; suppose this emissary of wealth took the pose and adopted the tone of the accepted walking delegate, do you really believe that there would be enough of him left to pick up except with blotting paper? If this "Money Union" were to adopt the constitution and by-laws of the labor union, with just the necessary variation to get a fit, the ensuing luxuriant tumult could only be paralleled by the oratory of a country fusionist up in Tennessee during the recent squall.

A fusionist—that is, one who gets overheated and becomes liquified—met the candidate he was supporting one day and said to him: "The fellow you're running agin spoke out in my neighborhood the other night and I answered his arguments for ye." The candidate, much pleased, ask his champion to enlighten him as to the line of thought he

pursued and the volunteer orator told him: "I jest begun by callin' him a blankety blank blank and from that I gradually riz."

I am the friend of labor, but I have no hostility or bitterness toward capital, and I always think of the existing disturbances as being not wholly free from humor. I firmly believe that if lawmakers will quit trying to regulate things, stop trying to legislate money from the man who made it to the man who didn't and let the people understand that they must work for a living, everybody but the lawyers and candidates will be happier and saner and less hungry. Just to see all the commotion stop I would almost be willing to work for a living instead of getting it by practicing law. The way things now are I feel the force of that patriotic apostrophe: "How I would love my country if it were not for my countrymen!"

The fairest litigants I know are the rich, and I do like a rich client. You see I revel in the ecstasy of wanting no more office, and I would not permit the people to get a crack at me at the ballotbox, so it is all right for me to talk plainly and speak my honest thoughts. Every lawyer likes a wealthy litigant. That's what wealth and litigants are for—to please lawyers. I never did take kindly to the pauper oath business.

For five years I represented the street railroad at my home, but I resigned. The salary was large and it was needed, and it was properly and promptly spent. I do not believe in hoarding money or in economizing. A man's wife ought to do that. But I quit the street railroad business because of females. They started in on me five years ago with traumatic neurosthenia, which means a nervous state caused by the law's delay, and then when this malady ran its course they sprung other complaints that drove me out of the business.

I mention this to show that I do not consort with corporations and have no entangling alliances that prejudice me unduly in their favor. I simply can not understand this particular inconsistency and absurdity.

We say to the astronomer who would read the highest heavens and plunder the secret of the skies—Gaze on.

We say to the scientist who would fathom the depths of nature and harness its forces for our welfare—Toil on.

We say to the painter who would reproduce the beauties of the earth and air and ravish the vision with wondrous hues—Paint on.

We say to the poet who weaves our thoughts into harmonical phrase and to the author who entertains us as he instructs—Write on.

We say to the philosopher who explains to us the facts and existences and strips away all masks and mysteries—Think on.

We say to the aviator that while the law of gravity is constitutional we hope you will devise a scheme to evade it, so—Fly on.

According to a poplite statesman our sentinels on the watch tower at Washington still say to the farmers of America: All is well, plough on.

We denounce the indolent and make vagrancy unlawful, yet when instead of indolence we find financial activity and instead of failure we find successful financial efforts we proceed to get mad about it.

If this controversy about capital continues the only safe course is to give all the money to the lawyers. Those who are called to the bar know the need and understand the latent virtues of cash, and I won't say any more about it lest some of you get the notion that I am broke. I took that tack because it's a curious condition to me.

You know we used to say we were "called to the bar"—but we quit that because we were never able to locate who had called us, and we finally found that the "call" was but the echo of our wail or want. When we got to the bar we found no fellow who had said a word about our coming and really no one who thought we ought to be there. The preachers overworked this "call game," however, and we now say "admitted." Giving the word its higher meaning, "Received as true."

I will note there is something about the lawyer which enables him to see the falseness and the folly of things. People come to him in greed and grief, in hate and rage; he rights more wrongs than any other man, and when all is said and done the enthroning of one act of justice in the world is a title to nobility.

To do right and to always do the right, nothing less from fear or favor, nothing more for gain or glory, is the hardest thing that vexes the brain and strains the will of man. And yet the lawyer comes nearer doing these things than any other man.

I have met and mixed with men in every way and walk of life. I have seen every chord struck by the hand of interest. I have seen temptation's awful hour come to many men. I have seen many men meet the storm and stress of things. My observation is that the lawyer, taking the general run, more surely meets the requirements of manhood and citizenship than any other man that walks this earth.

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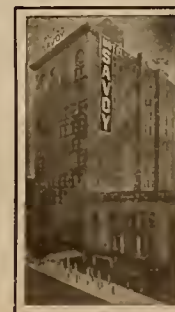
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

I'cast—And was he cool in the hour of a danger? *Crimsonbeak*—Well, his feet were! —*Yonkers Statesman*.

First Cannibal—How did that actor taste? *Second Cannibal*—He was good in certain parts.—*Columbia Jester*.

"What is your boy learning at college?" "I don't know. I can only tell you what he is studying."—*Springfield Republican*.

Redd—Brown said he had another run of hard luck. *Greene*—Oh, has he got an automobile too?—*Woman's Notional Daily*.

"Do you consider it a sin to be rich?" "No; at the present price of living I consider it impossible."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

McCool—What's my bill? *Clerk*—What room? *McCool*—I slept on the billiard table. *Clerk*—Fifty cents an hour.—*Chicago Daily News*.

He (tired of dodging)—Would you marry a one-eyed man? *She*—Good gracious, no! *He*—Then let me carry your umbrella.—*Boston Transcript*.

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all!" "But think how much worse she would look if they did!" —*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Uncle has made his will, hasn't he?" "Yes; what's the next thing on the programme?" "Why, to get him to consult a number of specialists."—*Life*.

Toane—Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure? *Brown*—Yes. You see, the doctor and the druggist both trusted him.—*Medford Drum*.

Friend (sarcastically)—Which one of your many bad habits do you think you could manage to give up? *Easy One (nettled)*—That of lending my friends money.—*Baltimore American*.

"People who lose their money are always complaining to their friends about it." "Non-sense. People who lose their money haven't any friends left to complain to."—*Town Topics*.

"What did that woman do when her pet dog jumped on you and hit you?" "She gave me a very reproachful look," replied Plodding Pete, "an' then she ordered the dog's valet to give it a bath."—*Washington Star*.

"I don't know whether I ought to recognize him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight." "You promised to marry him, didn't you?" "Yes, but that was all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

First New Woman—It is very important to get all cooks interested in the suffrage movement. *Second New Woman*—Why so? *First New Woman*—Because every cook controls two votes—her own and that of her mistress. —*Life*.

"Darn these automobiles!" said the Kansas farmer. "Bother you much?" asked the tourist. "I sh'd say so. When a feller sees a funnel-shaped cloud comin' down the pike he don't know whether to run for the gun or the cyclone cellar."—*Toledo Blade*.

"That man is about the most tactless person I have ever known." "I agree with you. He would have no more sense than to ask a barber to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of providing a monument for the inventor of the safety razor."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Guess I must have been born unlucky." "What makes you say that?" "Well, for instance, I went to a hall game once. There were eighteen players on the diamond, fifteen or twenty on the benches, 10,000 people in the grandstand, 20,000 on the bleachers and—the ball hit me."—*Toledo Blade*.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer looking tickets with the inscription 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he explained to me that they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"—*Boston Traveler*.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "I'm afraid my nerves are in bad condition." "Oh, no," replied the physician, "that's not what is the matter with you. The fact that you have sent for me after ignoring the statements I've been sending you regularly during the past year and a half indicates that your nerve's all right."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

With the Author's Compliments.

This is reprinted from a circular calling attention to a recent volume:
This little hook is printed with black ink on white paper, so arranged that one may begin at the top of the page, on the left-hand side, and read from left to right to the end of the line; drop down to next line (reverting to left-hand side), and so on to the end. It is very convenient.
The pages are thoughtfully numbered at the top. There are wide margins and blank fly-leaves, which last may be cut out and used for correspondence. Also, if these

leaves he folded in box-form and secured at the four corners with four pins, eggs may be cooked in them to perfection. Break your eggs in a bowl. Do not put in the shells. They are indigestible and not nutritious. If any egg should be spoiled, remove it. Take your bowl in your right hand and paper box in your left. (If you are left-handed you may reverse this.) Place your box on the stove with the hollow side up, and simultaneously pour eggs into the box, retaining the bowl. Be sure to have a fire in the stove. If you put box on stove and do not pour in eggs, the box will scorch; if you pour in eggs and do not put box on stove, box will degenerate. Season to taste and stir with the course of sun.

Do not eat too fast. After eating wipe your lips delicately with a napkin and remove pins from box. If you like eggs this way very much, publishers will supply you with the hook in quantities, at wholesale rates.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Senator Lodge on the "New Devices."

The reflection of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, after a struggle the like of which Massachusetts has not seen in her recent legislative history, gives special interest to certain opinions declared by Mr. Lodge in an address at Boston a few days before the final vote was taken. "Representative government and popular freedom through history have gone hand in hand," said Mr. Lodge. "They go hand in hand today in those countries which are taking the first painful steps toward a larger liberty. The first care of every despot has been to emasculate or destroy representative government. Where representative government has perished, political freedom has not long survived."

Proceeding from this basis Senator Lodge declared that he had twice voted against a proposal to elect senators by popular vote. He had, he said, agreed with the position taken by his former associate, Senator Hoar, on this question. Nothing in the history of American politics has indicated to him that the founders of the republic made a mistake in the manner of electing senators. Proceeding to the initiative and referendum, Mr. Lodge declared his belief in the ancient right of petition, which has "always proved an efficient form of initiative." The referendum he thought a proper

device at times when it is needed. The practice in Massachusetts, which permits the legislature in its discretion to resort to the referendum, he thought a good one. A compulsory initiative and compulsory referendum, he declared, "would sap the very foundations of representative government."

Here are the opinions of a traditional Republican, opinions founded upon study of the history of his country and of other countries, seasoned by twenty-four years of experience in responsible public life. They are well worth the attention of those who have not gone deeply into the study of new political devices, and who perhaps have listened too sympathetically to the shallow chattering of political tinkers.

We scarcely know which, regarded as a spectacle, is the more edifying—a statesman setting forth boldly conservative convictions and opinions even in the teeth of a furious contest over his seat in the Senate, or a State legislature rising above considerations urged upon it by wild-eyed "insurgents" and guiding its course by the fixed lights of high tradition. Both are worthy; both are significant. It is much that there remains in the public life of the country a statesman who values his integrity above office, and a State legislature which appreciates dignity above demagoguery.

An Appeal and a Challenge.

Under ordinary circumstances the *Argonaut* does not feel called upon to collect and print the news of the day. That is a function which, it would seem, ought to be performed by the several daily journals of San Francisco which pretend to make a specialty of it. But sometimes the *Argonaut* is forced to step into the news field, because those who assume to cover it are faithless to its requirements. Dereliction is most frequently to be found in relations to matters affecting organized labor, for the simple reason that the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, the *Call*, the *Post*, and the lesser evening sheets are afraid to print the truth with respect to labor matters. Cowardice leads them either to minimize facts and circumstances as they reflect upon organized labor, or omit mention of them altogether. A case in point was that of the strike of the taxicab drivers a few weeks ago. The fight was won hands down by the cab companies, the strikers being beaten at every point. But no adequate report of the facts appeared in any daily newspaper. All were afraid to "handle" a matter of universal interest because there was in it the possibility of offense down the labor union line.

Another more important instance just now presents itself. On the 17th instant Mr. William L. Gerstle, in retiring from the presidency of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, read before the chamber a report in the form of an address. The daily newspapers in pretending to report this incident dwelt upon its complimentary and other phases, but omitted to give in its integrity that part of Mr. Gerstle's remarks which bears most significantly upon the welfare of the city. Here is what Mr. Gerstle said:

It would please me very much to be able to say that the manufactures of San Francisco have increased, but I think it is evident to everybody that the contrary is a fact. Since our fire in 1906 our manufactures have decreased year by year, and today we have but 30 per cent of what we had four years ago. We have the harbor, the climate, transportation facilities, capital, and cheap fuel—in fact, everything requisite to a manufacturing city; but as against this the cost of manufacturing is so high that we can not compete with neighboring communities. Everything is on a competitive basis excepting labor, and this is due to the fact that we have not had the courage in San Francisco to enforce the open-shop principle which prevails in our competitive cities. So long as we suffer from this handicap we can not hope to be a great manufacturing city, and without manufactures we are merely jobbers handling the products manufactured elsewhere on a small commission basis. I have long urged that our manufacturers and merchants take a strong stand on the question of the open shop.

In making this statement I am not criticizing union

labor. They have their rights and are an element of great good, but I do not admit that they are the only people with the right to earn a living. Unorganized labor has equal rights, and the price of labor should be regulated like everything else by supply and demand. In making this statement I am not advocating any new principles, but I am stating in words what everybody thinks, and though this may not meet with unanimous approval, I feel that this organization is big enough and strong enough to have the courage to state plainly, without disguise, what its feelings in the matter are.

Many have told me that we can not have open shop in San Francisco, but I am not ready to admit that. I have entirely too much faith in San Francisco to believe that we are willing to submit to anything which is contrary to American principles and which our good judgment tells us is wrong. After our fire many people said that San Francisco could not be rebuilt, and it certainly did look like a hopeless task, but we have done so, and we have astonished the world. With such a spirit as was displayed in rebuilding San Francisco we certainly should be able to inaugurate a reform in our present labor conditions. All it requires is united action and the battle is won. We must get together and stay together, in a spirit of loyalty to each other which would not permit any one to take advantage of the misfortunes of another. That that can take place is not the dream of an enthusiast blind to the difficulties of bringing about these ideal conditions, for I fully realize that it is not easy. However, it is possible, and sooner or later we must make the effort.

Why not do it now? Otherwise, all the money and energy spent on rebuilding San Francisco is practically wasted. It would have been far better to have saved what we could out of the wreck and moved to some other community. Portland and Los Angeles have both enforced the open shop, and though like the ostrich we may put our heads in the sand and thereby not see what is staring every one else in the face, it is a fact that both of these cities, due to their courage in working under open-shop principles, are growing day by day in manufacturing importance, while we sit idly by and allow them to take our trade away. It requires leadership to bring about these results, and I know of no better medium than the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco.

Although the daily newspapers did not print Mr. Gerstle's remarks, they were so reported by word of mouth as to reach certain leaders of unionism in attendance upon the State Building Trades Convention at San Rafael. Mr. Andrew Gallagher, secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council, commenting upon Mr. Gerstle's remarks, said:

I have definite information that certain parties in San Francisco are preparing to start a fight for the open shop. Organized labor, I can safely say, will put its shoulder to the wheel to make the fight of its life. If this struggle is brought upon us, when the smoke of battle is cleared away some of the people who forced it will be found to have been wiped out.

Still more insolent was the comment of Mr. O. A. Tveitmo, who said:

If Gerstle is reported correctly, I answer that if they want a fight we will give it to them. If the bankers try to fight us by tying up the money of union men we will break them. If they withhold credit from union contractors and union supporters we will fight them to the finish. We will have a line of union depositors that will break every bank in San Francisco.

Here we have a most interesting presentment. The president of the Chamber of Commerce, noting the decline of industry in San Francisco and seeing in it an effect of the inordinate demands of labor under unionism, suggests that the industry of San Francisco be established under the open-shop system, a system which prevails at Los Angeles, Portland, and other cities with which San Francisco stands in general rivalry. He puts the matter argumentatively and courteously. The leaders of organized labor on their part burst out into fury. One would "wipe out" whatever forces of industry, capital, or commerce should undertake to establish the open shop. Another, by forcing withdrawals, would "break every bank in San Francisco."

If there is moderation, reason, the spirit of fair play, in these overseers of organized labor they make no presentment of it. They make no attempt to meet the arguments of Mr. Gerstle. Their resort is to threats and to the terror which threats may create.

They will "wipe out," they will "break"—they will destroy whoever opposes them. This is the one idea of aggressive labor unionism. We have seen how it works out in Colorado in a dozen exploded mines and in scores of murders. We have seen how it works out in Idaho in unnumbered outrages and crimes. We have seen only recently how it works out in Los Angeles in the blow-up of the *Times* office, involving a wholesale slaughter of non-union men.

And so if San Francisco in her wisdom shall attempt to remodel her industrial policy—if those who employ labor shall decide to open their doors to all comers upon equal terms—they must face organized labor armed, resentful, insolent, and determined to punish independence by a warfare of destruction! When things get into this shape—when there exists an element claiming the powers and assuming the right to destroy whoever and whatever does not approve—or knock under to—its schemes and methods, then is a good time to find out whether this is a free country or if we are living under a tyranny. For one, the *Argonaut* would like to see the matter brought to an issue; it would like to know if Mr. Gallagher has any power to "wipe out" all forces of resistance to social aggression in San Francisco. It would like to know if Mr. Tveitmoe has the power to "break every bank in San Francisco." If yes, then the *Argonaut* would like to go elsewhere—seek a community in which the forces of civilization are not overmastered by the forces of anarchy. But it does not expect to be compelled to move on. It does not take the Gallaghers and Tveitmoes seriously, because it has observed that they are only blusterers and braggarts without the powers of which they boast.

Mr. Gerstle, we think, deserves commendation for declaring from a responsible platform and without reservation sentiments held by every intelligent and patriotic man in San Francisco. There is no doubt about the facts. The metal industries, once so important here, are gone; they have been destroyed by labor unionism. Building is 40 per cent higher than it ought to be, through the conditions imposed by labor unionism. Not only industry but general business is suffering—in some instances suffering to the point of collapse—because of the hard rule which unionism is enforcing in San Francisco. Our youth grows up without opportunity to learn trades, without the incentive to labor, the discipline labor yields, because of the limitations upon the apprentice system imposed by unionism. If things go on as they are going, it will be no great while until San Francisco shall have lost her place and her character—until there will be here only the memory of what was once a great and self-respecting community. Mr. Gerstle sees the facts clearly; he states them not too positively or boldly. His appeal ought to be heeded—heeded none the less because of the insolent pretensions and criminal threats of those who represent organized labor in its aggressive and anarchistic forms.

An Amazing Inconsistency.

If anything were needed to demonstrate the inconsistency of those sentimental conservationists who are hounding Secretary Ballinger, it could be found in the speech of Mr. Fletcher of Florida in the Senate on Thursday last. Mr. Fletcher, graciously disclaiming any charge of "criminal guilt," proceeds to arraign Secretary Ballinger upon "his own testimony." Continuing, Mr. Fletcher declares that "responsible functions appear to have been placed with subordinates and employees. There has been found lacking the constant presence of a guiding, directing, forceful head," etc. And again, "but for a few subordinates who have had experience, there would be demoralization in the department, and there now appear thousands of cases which have been pending for years," etc.

This grave indictment, if you please, comes from one who represents a plan to enormously expand the responsibilities of the government, and particularly of the Department of the Interior, by taking over the direct ownership and direct administration of such "natural resources" as are not already appropriated. Mr. Fletcher now complains that "responsible functions" are "placed with subordinates and employees." He appears unable to see that this evil must inevitably be increased enormously by the scheme of the ultra-conservators. There would be no other way, for neither the President, who is nominally responsible, nor the Secretary of the Interior, who is actually responsible, could possibly give to the details of administration any attention whatever. If not the greatest, at

least one of the very important objections to the conservation scheme as proposed by Fletcher, Pinchot, *et al.*, is that it would literally fill up the country with a multitude of petty bureaucrats—creatures of the Glavis type—representing the authority of the government without the experience or judgment essential to administration of important concerns. The evils against which Mr. Fletcher rails are very real; they proceed in the nature of things from the character of our system, and are not to be remedied until we shall have learned a higher wisdom in organization. Most certainly they are not to be corrected by immensely augmenting the responsibilities of the Interior Department, involving the employment of increased numbers of bureaucratic underlings.

Mr. Fletcher's remark that but for a few subordinates who have had experience there would be demoralization in the Interior Department is an indictment which applies to every department of the government, even to that honorable body, the Senate, of which Mr. Fletcher is a member. Government is serious business, calling for continuity of purpose and continuity of method. Under our system, changing almost certainly every four years and very much more frequently in the several departments, confusion would quickly lead to disaster but for that permanent group of specialists which has grown up in every department. It is no fair indictment against Secretary Ballinger that but for the aid of experienced and trained assistants his department would fail in its responsibilities. So would every department of the government fail. And so would every business fail if at recurrent four-year periods or less there had to be a clean sweep of experience and trained capability with the introduction of new and inexperienced hands.

An Eastern Segregation Problem.

In the town of Flushing, Long Island, there is a public school population of 6000, of which approximately 500 are the children of negroes. Since time out of mind, until some few years back, there was maintained a special school—the Lincoln—for black children. It was convenient to the negro quarter, and had a better equipment than either of the other public schools in the town. The significant difference was that black teachers were employed and black children only admitted. This arrangement was satisfactory to everybody, until Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, when governor of New York, conceived the idea of coddling the negro vote by abolishing special negro schools and admitting colored children into the general public schools. The school authorities at Flushing, who had satisfactorily solved their own local problem, reluctantly obeyed the law, but it has never worked to the public satisfaction. The negroes, indeed, liked the new law because it was a sop to pride and vanity. They were pleased with the idea that their children should sit alongside of white children and that they should be taught by white teachers, and even while themselves discrediting and despising the colored teachers, they were delighted to see these teachers placed in charge of classes of white children. But the white people of Flushing, almost without exception, have resented the law as enforcing a social mix-up not desirable from any point of view. Many, indeed, carried their resentment in the matter to the extent of withdrawing their children from the public schools and sending them to private institutions, notably a school in Flushing maintained by the Catholic Church.

Sentiment against the anti-segregation law, always strong in Flushing, was made tense last week by an incident in one of the grammar schools. Among the fads of the time is a dancing exercise in which the children are all required to participate. When it came to assignment of partners one day last week in the Lincoln school, the teacher gave a twelve-year-old white girl the choice of dancing for half an hour with a negro boy, or being sent in disgrace to the principal's office. This little girl had been brought up in an ordinary American household, and had imbibed the ideas universally held by the white race. She objected to dancing with the negro lad, but did so under pressure of authority, and when she reached home a little later was hysterical with the emotion and fright of the experience.

This incident has literally called Flushing to arms. A public meeting, attended by the leading men of the town, in indignant terms censured the teacher who had forced the little girl to dance with the negro, and passed resolutions of protest and resentment against the anti-

segregation law. A committee, made up of a prominent judge, a member of the school board, and the editor of the leading Flushing newspaper, was appointed to arrange a campaign for return to the system of segregated schools. It was emphatically declared to be the wish of the people of Flushing to give to negro children opportunities for knowledge identical with those given to white children. But the demand is for separation of white children from black children upon the theory that association is repugnant and harmful, that although now enforced for several years, it has resulted in no benefit to anybody.

The common sense of the country, we think, will sustain the demand of the people of Flushing for the right to order their school affairs after their own ideas. And certainly nobody outside the game of politics wants to see any social or other species of mix-up between the white and the black races. Incidentally it may be added that the people of Flushing are now in a position to understand the feeling of the people of San Francisco when four years ago Mr. Roosevelt, by imprudently meddling in affairs which did not concern him, enforced upon us a school regulation which has never ceased to be an offense, an irritation, and an injury.

The Brag and the Performance.

In a campaign of unprecedented length and fury Mr. Hiram Johnson went up and down California declaiming against the powers and practices of the Republican organization. Mr. Johnson asked the people to trust him with the governorship to the end of exorcising gross wrongs—of thrusting out what was evil, and installing what is good. Upon the basis of his high pretensions and in response to his fervid appeals, the governorship was bestowed upon Mr. Johnson. He is the governor of California, with the powers of that high office in his hands. Those who supported him as a champion of moral standards and ideals in politics have the right to expect from Mr. Johnson a strict devotion to the principles so loudly professed in the campaign. All men have a right to judge him by the way his conduct matches with his pretensions.

Already we have seen a difference between the brag and the performance. Mr. Johnson, in his pre-election campaign, was for bringing government "closer to the people." But in his inaugural address he proposed nothing less than the wiping out of pretty much the whole elective official list, with the filling of the places vacated by appointment at the hands of the governor. In his campaign Mr. Johnson was for political purity—for a legislature unbosomed and uninfluenced. Yet we see at Sacramento a legislature so completely under the whip of executive authority that it stupidly waits for instructions before proceeding to the business for which it came together. In his campaign Mr. Johnson was for "the people's choice" for senator. But we have seen his chief political agent with his approval drive the legislature into the election of his own factional candidate, against the spirit and the letter of the law, the man being repugnant individually to the members of the legislature. In his campaign Mr. Johnson was furiously opposed to everything wearing the look of political calculation or intrigue. But as governor Mr. Johnson is devising and enforcing ways and means to throw out of office for one reason or another, men whom he chances personally to dislike, and for the sake of making places for his adherents and followers.

The case of Alden Anderson, superintendent of banks, is in point. Mr. Anderson has served the public in various official posts, and always with high credit and distinction. He has been a member of the legislature; he has been speaker of the house of representatives; he has been lieutenant-governor and acting governor of the State. He is now superintendent of banks, not because he sought or desired that office, but because he was urged to take it as a matter of duty. He gave up a position of greater emolument to accept this responsibility at the request of the governor of the State. That he has carried himself with high efficiency in his office—this is the testimony of all who have knowledge of his work. But the superintendent of banks is, from the standpoint of the politician, a fine office, for it pays a salary of ten thousand dollars per year, and it carries with it the appointment of some ten or fifteen assistants. Mr. Anderson does not belong to the political faction represented by Mr. Johnson. Furthermore Mr. Anderson was a candidate for governor favored by the late Republican organization in the last primary election, in opposition to Mr. Johnson.

Now we see Mr. Johnson plotting and devising to

get this office away from Mr. Anderson for the sake, first, of wreaking a personal resentment, and second, for the sake of getting the patronage of the office for his own party faction. The case is beyond the power of the governor, since the superintendent of banks holds for a fixed period, and is not subject to dismissal by the governor. But the banking law was made by the legislature, and it may be unmade by the same authority. And so, turning to a subservient legislature, Mr. Johnson is causing the act which created and sustains the office of superintendent of banks to be repealed, not to the end of getting a better law, but to the end of putting out of office a man whom it pleases Mr. Johnson to dislike. The legislature is going through the cheap and vulgar farce of nullifying a law only to reenact it, in order that Mr. Hiram Johnson, governor of California, may in the period between nullification and reenactment put a man of his own choice into the place now held by Mr. Anderson.

Men and brethren, reformers and regulars, how does all this square with the high pretensions upon which Mr. Johnson appealed in his campaign for the governorship of California? Was there ever anything in the career of the old organization, which Mr. Johnson has affected so to despise for its sins, as "raw" and gross as this procedure? Were the powers of the governor's office ever more arbitrarily or shamelessly employed than in whipping a subservient legislature into the commission of a shameless and petty act of malice and revenge? Was there ever anything in politics or out of it done in the name of high moral purpose more deserving of the contempt of sincere and honorable men?

Will San Francisco Get the Fair?

Will San Francisco get the fair? This question is on every tongue as the *Argonaut* goes to press on Wednesday. Possibly it may be answered by action of Congress even before this writing comes to the eye of its readers.

Will San Francisco get the fair? There are many grounds for hope. The logic of the contention is all for San Francisco. The larger properties point to the city of the Pacific Coast rather than to the city of the Gulf. The "money talk" shouts for San Francisco. Considerations of climate—these likewise are for San Francisco. But—the claims of New Orleans are supported by the Solid South. There is no break in the representation from below the Mason-and-Dixon line, while there is no such conspiracy of friendship, no such solidity of voting strength, no such coördination of forces in the representation of the North and West. Those who have presented our appeal have not sought to organize a sectional fight. Even though the sectional line has been drawn against us, they have not made any effort to emphasize it to our advantage—and properly.

Under ordinary circumstances, with the sectional line drawn by the South, the North and the West would be for San Francisco, but there are reasons in this instance why it may not be so. Let us calmly look at the facts. In the framing of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill last year California had not only the attention but the consistent friendship of the Republican majority in Congress. In no item of the new tariff did California suffer any loss; in many items she made substantial gains. Now how has California recognized this friendly and favorable course on the part of the Republican majority in Congress? First, when the State Republican Convention met it passed a vote of censure upon this very tariff legislation so favorable to California. From this act of stupidity and ingratitude the convention proceeded to put an affront upon the head of the party, likewise the friend of California, President Taft. The next act was the turning down of a Republican member of Congress who had won respect and consideration at Washington and the putting in his place of a long-haired political nondescript aggressively unfriendly to every personal force at Washington which had exerted itself in behalf of our interests. Another affront was the election to the governorship of a noisy agitator, one who glories in a radical insurgency, and one who has openly declared himself an enemy of the Republican organization at home, and of the ideas and standards embodied in the national administration. The next step in this fine scheme of conciliation was the election to the Senate of another political nondescript, one who though elected by Republican votes disclaims party responsibility and offensively announces his enmity to the policies for which the President and the Republican majority stand.

But this is not all. When a committee went on to Washington to present our cause it had among its members a figure not only grotesque from the political standpoint, but from every other standpoint—no other, indeed, than Patrick H. McCarthy, mayor of San Francisco by the grace of the aggressive labor union vote, combined with the slum vote, still further supported by a conspiracy of selfishness and quasi-criminality. Whatever mild interest was felt at Washington with respect to this political curio was speedily succeeded by amazement and disgust when the mayor, in a public address, asked for votes "in the name of the city of San Francisco, of which I have the honor to be the mayor, and of the greatest labor organization in the world, the Building Trades Council of San Francisco, of which I have the honor to be the president"—or phrases to this effect. The effect of this invitation may well be conceived by those who understand the sensibilities of civilized men.

Now, will San Francisco get the fair? The *Argonaut* does not know, but in spite of all it has the temerity to hope. But if San Francisco shall not get the fair, the reason will not be far to seek.

Before and After.

It ought not to be necessary to remind gentlemen who loudly advertise themselves as the purest and best among us that those who contend for principle ought in consistency—even in common honesty—to stand by principle. In the late campaign Mr. Johnson stood noisily for "clean politics." We have already proof of the quality of his sincerity in what he has done in the matter of official patronage and in the way of bossing the legislature. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League stood for the direct primary as representing the "will of the people." We have seen, in the election of its candidate to the Senate under whip and spur against both the spirit and the letter of the primary law, what respect it has for its own consistency. And now we have an equally interesting demonstration in the attitude of the Fresno *Republican* towards one of the results of the last election under the referendum. The *Republican* has stood foremost among all the journals of the State for the Initiative and the Referendum, urging them upon the legislature, rejoicing in their adoption. Now, in a recent utterance of that journal with respect to the vote by the people of \$18,000,000 for roads, we read:

The only roads anybody wants are local roads. And the people of California have foolishly voted \$18,000,000 of road money, which they have forbidden to be expended for local roads. By the vote of the people of California this money is required to be wasted. By irrevocable law it is forbidden to be used for any useful purpose. * * * The new State roads will lead nowhere except where it is already cheaper, easier, and quicker to go by railroad.

And a little further on we read:

This is what the people voted, and the people are sovereign. But it is foolish, extravagant and useless. We really believe that if this legislature should somehow veto their referendum by obstructing all operations under it * * * the people would stand for it and in the long run be glad.

So ho! Here we have from the prophet of the holy Referendum a suggestion that the legislature "somehow find a way to veto" the results of this same referendum.

Of course, this utterance could not possibly have come from the personal pen of our good friend, the editor of the *Republican*. This article must have been the work of some indiscreet underling, done perhaps while the good Rowell was at Sacramento engaged in the sanctified work of whipping-in the legislature for his friend Works, who wasn't elected in the primary, as against the man who was elected. Or, possibly, while he was again in Sacramento legging for the secretaryship of the Board of Examiners for his late "associate," the pure and worthy Pillsbury.

Editorial Notes.

The proposed increase in the number of superior judges in San Francisco from twelve to sixteen is neither in the interest of efficiency nor economy. There is involved in it—and this is its real purpose—the opportunity for Governor Johnson to name four new judges—four others, it is to be presumed, of the type of Lawlor and Dunne. A measure, if it were possible to devise one, that would secure competence with a decent regard for the obligations of an official oath, is vastly more needed than a bill providing for new courts at an annual cost, reckoning all elements of expense, of not less than \$50,000 per year.

The dismissal of Judge Slack from the Board of Regents of the State University is by no means the

only circumstance which illustrates the dominating influence of the so-called graft prosecution with the new administration at Sacramento. Mr. Fred G. Sanborn, the new appointee to the fish and game commission, is none other than the Fred G. Sanborn, member of the grand jury of three years ago which brought criminal indictments right and left, in wholesale or job lots, against persons, innocent or guilty, whom Mr. Spreckels's representatives saw fit to present for "punishment." Of all these so-called graft indictments, running into the hundreds, only one has thus far been sustained by conviction. Trials indeed there have been enough to keep San Francisco in a state of confusion bordering on civil war and to discredit it widely throughout the world—and out of all these only one conviction. A grand jurymen sufficiently subservient to accept the prosecution programme in its vagaries should naturally be a handy agent in connection with the fish and game commission.

The late Senator Elkins, or "Steve" Elkins, as he was known especially in the Southwest, had an eventful and even romantic life. Born in Ohio, educated in the University of Missouri, he went while still a very young man to New Mexico, where he took an immediate and important part in territorial politics. He was a member of the territorial legislature in 1864-5; later territorial district attorney, and then attorney-general in 1868-9; he was United States district attorney in 1870-2. He was territorial delegate to the Forty-Third and Forty-Fourth Congresses. In 1877 he moved to West Virginia and engaged in coal mining, where he acquired a great fortune. In the House of Representatives Mr. Elkins became personally intimate with Mr. Blaine, a Republican leader, and in 1884 he was an active and devoted friend of Mr. Blaine's, thus acquiring prominence in national affairs. He became, indeed, the first and foremost of the "Blaine men," until in 1891 he was invited into the Cabinet as Secretary of War by President Harrison. His selection was considered a shrewd move by Harrison to draw from Blaine a powerful factor of his old following. Elkins served the Harrison administration loyally and was an ardent supporter of Harrison's losing campaign for reelection. In 1894 Mr. Elkins was elected senator from West Virginia, and continuously held that post until his death.

We can see no reason why Dr. Jordan should now revivify the miserable Ross incident. No possible good can come of it and much possible harm—harm to the university which had the misfortune to have a fool and a knave in its faculty, harm to President Jordan, who was so indiscreet as to be on both sides of a personal issue and to have left documentary evidence of that fact in the hands of Professor Ross. The university was entirely right in getting rid of Ross, but the way of doing it was most stupid and most mischievous. Ross was afforded an opportunity which he has never in all these years ceased to use for all it is worth, of posing as a martyr to the cause of free thought and free speech. The case is one which on its face stands to the discredit of the university, and which it requires understanding and therefore explanation to justify. In every such case the advantage is with the party of the first part, and in this instance Stanford University is the party of the second part. Now, by summoning this ghost Dr. Jordan will surely bring out a statement in rebuttal from Professor Ross. That worthy will again present himself to the country, not merely as a man deposed for his opinions, but as one persecuted and defamed after lapse of years. The university will be put upon the defensive in another long-drawn-out discussion of matters in which nobody now has any interest. If Dr. Jordan would stay at home a little while he would learn that there are newer problems at Stanford, other objects upon which his own energies and those of the friends of the university might more profitably be expended.

Twelve conspirators were executed in Tokyo this week, one of them a woman. They had been convicted of plotting against the lives of the imperial family. It has been asserted by Americans who assumed from a more or less intimate knowledge of the Japanese at home, that anarchists or the rabid type of Socialists would never be known in Japan, as the Mikado was revered as a spiritual head of the nation as well as the temporal ruler. When the first accounts of the conspiracy were published the news was discounted for this reason. It appears now that the divinity that hedges a throne is no longer a restraining power with them.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

In all English-speaking countries the tercentenary of the authorized version of the Bible, the revision of earlier versions that was made at the suggestion of King James I of England, will be celebrated this year. In Great Britain, March 26 has been chosen as the date for special services in commemoration of the work that for three hundred years has been a monument of literary skill in style, diction, and forcibleness of expression. In Canada the celebrations will take place in February, and in the United States during the week following April 23. The Bible is still by all odds the book most frequently reprinted and having the largest sale. Millions of copies are produced every year, and the demand increases steadily. The revised version of the last century has never taken the place of the King James version to any considerable extent. Those old scholars wrote "better than they could."

Since the signing of the treaty of San Stefano, between Russia and Turkey, on March 3, 1878, there has been no war in Europe, except for the scarcely significant embroilments of Servia and Bulgaria and Turkey and Greece. Thirty-three years of peace the great nations have known, yet they have paid out during that time for the maintenance of their military establishments an amount beyond imagining—twenty-nine billion dollars in the aggregate. And the people who will be ordered to fight in the ranks should a war break out have earned and given up that money in taxes. G. K. Chesterton in a recent essay points out the fact that wars come not from hate but from love—love of country, or love of religion, or love of glory. When men make up their minds to refuse to go away from home to be shot there will be no more need for big guns. One might suppose that would be one of the first objects of a general referendum. But it would not be.

There are many things that go to make true eloquence, the speech that stirs uplifting emotion—sincerity, simplicity, the felicitous choice of words, the cadence of phrase and sentence, and above all, the nobility of the thought that shines in every period. There have been masters of the art in every age, and from the earliest days the passages that have charmed and inspired have been preserved, even when the causes that brought them into being have been forgotten. Such examples are the most forceful, most fruitful part of literature. Fortunately, the present time is not without its contributions to the famous scrolls. From the address made by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge a few days ago in Boston the following paragraphs are chosen as worthy, not merely of their speaker and his theme, but of the spirit which flickers or flames in the hearts of every lover of his country and his home. It is a tribute that will take its place with many others of true eloquence from the sons of the same commonwealth:

Whatever my shortcomings, I have cherished with reverence the dignity and traditions of the great office which I hold. I have never suffered them to be lowered. I will not drag them through the mire of personal controversy or soil them with the rancor of personal altercation for any reward that can be offered to me. I received from my predecessors the great traditions of the senatorship of Massachusetts as a sacred trust, and they shall remain in my hands or pass from me to my successor unstained, untainted, unimpaired. I would at least have the people of Massachusetts able to say of me that

I nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

I am a senator of the United States. My first allegiance as an American is to the great nation founded, built up, preserved by heroic sacrifices and untold treasure. My first loyalty is to that bright flag in which the stars glitter and to which we bare our heads in homage as it floats above our soldiers and our sailors, and the sight of which dims our eyes and chokes our throats when we see it in a foreign land.

But I am also a senator from Massachusetts, and that last word touches the chords of memory with tender hand and moves the heart of all to whom it speaks of home. I was born and bred in Massachusetts. I love every inch of the old State, from the rocks of Essex and the glittering sands of the Cape to the fair valley of the Connecticut and the wooded Berkshire hills. Here my people have lived before me since the days of the Massachusetts Bay Company. They lie at rest in the graveyards of Essex, on Boston common, beneath the shadow of Park Street Church. Here I have lived all my life. Here my dead are buried. Here I hope and pray my children and my children's children will always live and serve the State in peace or war as best they may.

To this love I add the deep gratitude I feel to the people of Massachusetts for the confidence they have so long reposed in me. No matter what the future may have in store, that gratitude which comes from my heart can never be either chilled or lessened. To be senator from Massachusetts has been the pride of my life. I have put aside great offices, for to me no public place, except one to which I never aspired, has seemed equal to that which I held, and there was assuredly none which could so engage my affections.

I have valued the high positions given me in the Senate because they meant large opportunity and testified to the trust and confidence of my associates. But I prize them most because they give to Massachusetts the place which is her due in the councils of the nation.

I have felt greatly honored when the Republican party of the nation placed me at the head of the committee on resolutions and twice made me permanent chairman of a national convention. But I cared for those honors most because I could lay them at the feet of Massachusetts as mute witnesses that now, as in the past, she was a leader among the States.

Every tradition of our great State is dear to me, every page of her history is to me a household word. To her service I have given the best years of my life and the best that was in me to give. I hope that I have not been an altogether unprofitable servant. I have given my all: no man can give more. Others may well serve her with greater ability than I. I fervently hope that there will be many such others in the days to come, when her light will still shine before men as it now shines with steady radiance in the pages of history. Others may easily serve her better than I in those days yet to be, but of this I am sure: that no one can ever serve her with a greater love or deeper loyalty.

With all their restlessness, their three centuries of faring westward across the continent, Americans have still as unconquerable a sentiment for home as have those peoples who live in the shadow of the mountains where their an-

cestors were born. And home to these is not always the place where their nearest interests lie. Not to all is it given to live where their deepest affection is fastened. Many are in the cities who return in memory often to country places; many are in mountain camps who dream of prairie vistas. Sometimes the dearest place is not the scene of childhood experience. Among the notable magazine stories of the month is one in *Scribner's*, by Dorothy Canfield, which relates to this mystery. It tells of a Vermont man who went to Nebraska when a youth, but was called back imperatively to the stony farm of his boyhood, there to toil uncomplainingly through a long life, but with his heart still true to the great West which he had known for only a few months. How he disclosed his secret to a Kansas girl who had come to the New England neighborhood is a touching yet unaffected recital. He was a Westerner inside, though condemned to "pick stone and pick stone and pick stone and scratch enough off'n your stone-heap to keep from starving to death." And all through the great West there are hundreds as secretly sorrowing for the stony hillsides, and the snow on the pines in the young woods of those Vermont and Massachusetts homesteads. There is no error more glaring than the belief that Americans care for nothing but money and power. They are the most sentimental people in the world today. And they well may be, for sentiment has ruled humanity since the days of the first brothers.

Art criticism is quite as often a negligible quantity when written by serious men of experience and devoted to the subject as when it is given out by tyros. Even the great Ruskin's verdicts have been reversed by many judges, whose final decision has been most satisfactory to the art-loving public. There seems to be sanity and discrimination in the paragraphs quoted below from a recent article in the *London Bookman*:

On the whole, the continual practice of art criticism would seem to have a stultifying effect on the human mind; it narrows a man's outlook instead of broadening it, and he presently attaches himself to some special school or schools of painters, and thereafter dies to the merit of many others. Raphael may be spiritual, and Rembrandt coarse; Teniers may be unidealistic and of the earth carthy; Fra Angelico and Giotto may jewel their canvases with saintly beauty and the dazzling splendors of heaven; Corregio's men and women may be grossly mortal; but I as a humble human being, willing to be pleased, can take a differing pleasure in each, without caring overmuch which is the greater or the less. Art unlocks a hundred doors into a hundred various worlds of beauty, and I trust I shall never be so self-confident and arrogantly eclectic as to bolt any one of them against myself.

No doubt I have my dislikes. There was a time, I confess, when I was influenced by superior critics to look down upon the type of picture that "tells a story"; but it was not long before I realized that every picture tells one, and if it tells it really well, it is a good picture. You may read more in the face of some revealing portrait, in some unpeopled landscape under a sunset or clouded for rain, than in many a big canvas crowded with notable figures enacting historic scenes. And it pleases me to play with a notion that the greatest pictures are built upon the sure foundation of some great idea: they draw something of their greatness from the harmony and approximate perfection of their color scheme, but if wonderful and most beautiful color effects are their highest merit, they fall short of greatness. Color is to the picture what metre and rhyme are to the poem—only the vehicle of thought and emotion, "the golden chariot wherein king-thoughts ride"; and, for my part, I am stirred to but a cold admiration when the chariot goes by empty. This, of course, is only what I think; you may think otherwise, and if you do I shall not argue the point; I shall hear you respectfully and be glad to acknowledge that you are as likely to be right as I am, and meanwhile I naturally prefer what pleases me to what pleases you.

After all, the art of the painter is really no hole-and-corner mystery not to be understood or valued except by the critical expert and the connoisseur; it draws its inspiration from the depths of the life we all live, and it fulfills its highest mission not when it fully satisfies the student of technique, but when it is strong enough to walk freely among the multitude and speak to them intelligibly in the large and nobly simple language that may not content a mortal expert, but is good enough for the gods. You need not be an art critic, or skilled in the technique of color and line, to have your emotions touched to awe and worship by the sight of a miraculous sunrise; nor need you be in any peculiar way one of the initiated before you can rightly admire the great but smaller miracle of a beautiful picture. You might as well say that a perfect lyric is less than perfect to you and appeals to you less profoundly because you do not happen to know a dactyl from a spondee.

Following naturally comes a story told in the current number of the *American Art News*, though that journal discreetly omits the names of the critic and the paper which published his eulogy:

A good laugh has been enjoyed in the studios and dealers' galleries during the past few days at the expense of the art committee of the Lotos Club. It appears that at the press view last Thursday a certain picture of Monet's "The Pool in the Woods," loaned by Mr. Catholina Lambert, attracted unusual attention. —, the art writer of —, especially eulogized the work and said of it in part: "His (Monet's) shadows are massed in an imposing bulk of soft, dense summer gloom, his tree at the right flattens into a silhouette of decorative pattern, his eliminations tend toward the ennobling of his effect." The succeeding day a visitor to the exhibition who thought he recognized the canvas from former acquaintance, found himself puzzled by something peculiar in its appearance. At his request, it was taken down by an attendant, when the mystery was solved. The picture had been hung upside down. Tableau!

"Of course, this is a good joke against the critic, but at the same time the error was quite pardonable," says a writer in the *New York Evening Post*. "Many artists we know turn their pictures upside down in order to find out whether they have got their values correct, and it is quite possible that Monet did a great part of 'The Pool in the Woods' upside down. It is said that Alexander Harrison, when he is about to paint a landscape, always looks at it first with his head between his legs." And all this will certainly bring to mind that old anecdote, more or less questionable, which tells of the doubt which possessed the minds of the hanging committee of the Royal Academy after it had put in position a picture by that great impressionist, Turner. They wrote to ask if his landscape had been hung correctly. The painter replied with his signature only—"Turner." GEORGE L. SHOALS.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Sweet P.

[December 25, 1776.]

Mistress Penelope Penwick, she,
Called by her father, "My Sweet P,"
Painted by Peale, she won renown
In a clinging, short-waisted satin gown;
A red rose touched by her finger-tips
And a smile held back from her roguish lips.

Thus, William Penwick, the jolly wight,
In clouds of smoke, night after night,
Would tell a tale in delighted pride,
To cronies, who came from far and wide;
Always ending (with candle, he)
"And this is the picture of my Sweet P!"

The tale? 'T was how Sweet P did chance
To give to the British a Christmas dance.
Penwick's house past the outstod stool,
Flanked by the ferry and banked by the wood,
Hessian and British quartered there
Swarmed through chamber and hall and stair.

Fires ablaze and candles alight,
Soldier and officer feasted that night.
The enemy? Safe, with a river between,
Black and deadly and fierce and keen;
A river of ice and a blinding storm!—
So they made them merry and kept them warm.

But while they mirth and roistering made,
Up in her dormer window stayed
Mistress Penelope Penwick apart,
With fearful thought and sorrowful heart.
Night by night had her candle's gleam
Sent through the dark its hopeful beam.

But the nights they came and they passed again,
With never a sign from her countrymen;
For where beat the heart so brave, so bold,
Which could baffle that river's bulwark cold?
Penelope's eyes and her candle's light
Were mocked by the storm that Christmas night.

But lo, full sudden a missile stung
And shattered her casement pane and rung
At her feet! 'T was a word from the storm outside.
She opened her dormer window wide.
A wind-swept figure halted below—
The ferryman, old and bent and slow.
Then a murmur rose upward—only one,
Thrilling and powerful—"Washington!"

With jest and laughter and candles bright,
'T was two by the stairway clock that night,
When Penelope Penwick tripped her down,
Dressed in a short-waisted satin gown,
With a red rose (cut from her potted bush).
There fell on the rollicking crowd a hush.

She stood in the soldiers' midst, I ween,
The daintiest thing they e'er had seen!
And swept their gaze with her eyes most sweet,
And patted her little slipped feet.
'T is Christmas night, sirs," quoth Sweet P,
'I should like to dance! Will you dance with me?"

Oh, but they cheered; ran to and fro,
And each for the honor bowed him low.
With smiling charm and witching grace
She chose him pranked with officer's lace
And shining buttons and dangling sword;
No doubt he strutted him proud as a lord!

Doffed with enmity, donned with glee,—
Oh, she was charming, that Sweet P!
And when it was over, and blood aflame,
Came an eager cry for "A game!" "A game!"
'We'll play at forfeits," Penelope cried.
'If one holdeth aught in his love and pride,

"Let each lay it down at my feet in turn.
And a fine from me shall he straightway learn!"
What held they all in their love and pride?
Straight flew a hand unto every side;
Each man had a sword and nothing more,
And the swords they clanged in a heap on the floor.

Standing there, in her satin gown,
With candlelight on her yellow crown,
And at her feet a bank of steel
(I'll wager that look was caught by Peale!)
Penelope held her rose on high—
'I fine each one for a leaf to try!"

She plucked the petals and blew them out,
A rain of red they fluttered about.
Over the floor and through the air
Rushed the officers here and there;
When lo! a cry! The door burst in!
'The enemy!" Tumult, terror, and din!

Flew a hand unto every side,—
Swords?—Penelope, arms thrown wide,
Leapt that heap of steel before;
Swords behind her upon the floor;
Facing her countrymen staunch and bold,
Who dared the river of death and cold.
Who swept them down on a rollicking horse,
And found they never a man with sword!

And so it happened (but not by chance),
In '76 there was given a dance
By a witch with a rose and a satin gown
(Painted in Philadelphia town),
Mistress Penelope Penwick, she,
Called by her father, "My Sweet P."
—Virginia Woodward Cloud.

There are more than 4000 miles of lines of communication in the Washington-Alaska military cable and telegraph system. There have been few interruptions, due, as usual, to storms, landslides, and forest fires. The latter have always been prevalent in summer along the Yukon River west of Fort Gibson, but are yearly becoming less destructive with the passing of the forests. The system comprises 2592 miles of submarine cable, 204 miles of double and 1159 miles of single land line, and 854 miles of wireless.

There were no pews in the churches of Scotland before the reign of Charles I, and people who wished to be seated while attending services took stools with them. For the evening service the parishioners provided themselves with their own candles.

IN THE CAUSE OF SUFFRAGE.

New York Society in Historical Tableaux.

The woman who tries to get within the charmed circle of New York society without being a suffragette is just wasting her time. She might as well wear last year's hats or pay her tradesmen promptly or do any of the other things that are hopelessly bourgeois. She must either yearn for a vote and say so or be content with the outer darkness where Mrs. Clarence Mackay is not, and where invitations from Mrs. George Gould are unknown.

These ladies are up to all sorts of devices to arrest public attention and to keep it steadily upon them. There is no evidence that they are convincing any one by their antics, nor, indeed, is there any reason why any one should be convinced. Of course it is positively thrilling to see Miss Inez Milholland kneeling down upon the cold, cold pavement and inscribing the words "Votes for Women" with a piece of chalk, but as a logical appeal to reason the performance lacks point. And when Mrs. Belmont distributes handbills on Broadway we are naturally intensely interested in Mrs. Belmont, but we wonder why she does not hire some one to do it for her, some one who makes a vocation of distributing handbills. But as for giving votes to women—why we are all willing enough that women should have votes or anything else that is inexpensive, and we can none of us quite understand why they have not got this one thing that they want. They seem to have everything else.

Now what logical idea can underlie the display of historical tableaux held at Maxine Elliott's Theatre last Tuesday? We are willing enough to believe that it was "in the cause of suffrage," but in what way can the suffrage benefit from it? If the cause needs money, why do not some of these ladies give it, as they could quite easily without depriving themselves of even the smallest of their luxuries? And think of the labor involved! We have been hearing about these precious tableaux for months. Whenever a Sunday editor has half a page open he strikes his forehead and says "tableaux," and a presentable young reporter with a nice clean face is sent round to see if Mrs. Belmont will take the part of Mme. Defarge and who is the latest choice for Catherine of Russia. He can have all he wants in the way of copy and pictures so long as he works in the name of some lady on every fourth line. The suffrage tableaux have been a positive godsend to the editors. Like the poor, they have been always with us, whereas it is impossible to foresee that the supply of divorce scandals and sensations will be uninterrupted.

But the tableaux were really quite successful from the pictorial point of view. There was not a man in the theatre who would have refused a vote to Mrs. E. R. Thomas when she appeared as Hypatia, and as for Mrs. Clarence Mackay, she simply carried the audience with her as Florence Nightingale. There she was on the field of battle doing some kind of massage to a wounded soldier, with dead men and camp plunderers all around her, all as natural as life. It is unfortunate that the real Florence Nightingale never lived to study the correct poses from Mrs. Mackay. Then there was Miss Inez Milholland as Cornelia, with Mrs. Pearce Bailey's sons as The Gracchi. Mrs. George Gould was every inch an empress as Catherine of Russia, and Mrs. James Stillman was just too sweet for anything as the Goddess of Liberty. Jeanne D'Arc was represented by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, who was to have worn steel armor for the first time in her life but who decided not to. The armor is said to have been worn by the Maid herself, so that its story would have been quite a remarkable one—first Jeanne D'Arc and then Mrs. Vanderbilt. Mme. Roland was represented by Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford Grant, and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson took the part of a Madonna.

The society reporters are very careful to impress upon us the fact that all these tableaux are realistic and also that they are enormously expensive, which makes us wonder more than ever in what way the great cause can benefit from them. To hear these young gentlemen talk we might suppose that the world has been in travail for the last few thousand years and that this society frolic is the result, that humanity has at last reached some dazzling pinnacle in its career, and that its achievement at the Maxine Elliott Theatre will be discussed with bated breath by ages yet unborn. When they talk about realism they mean, of course, that there are a lot of foolish little details reproduced with photographic accuracy, and they are quite unaware that such imitation is death to art. Mrs. Vanderbilt's armor may have been worn by Jeanne D'Arc, although it is extremely unlikely, but if it was the real thing then it would have been quite out of place in a tableau whose only right to exist was as an imitation.

The staging, of course, was good, seeing that money was no object. Every sort of theatrical mechanism was available, and the general effect was often impressive. Most of the tableaux occupied the whole stage, the costumes were elaborate, and the patriotic reporters assure us with a semblance of awe that they were made in Paris.

But once more what has all this to do with the suffrage? Obviously there can be little or no financial profit, while it is hard to suppose that any unregenerate male could be brought within the fold merely because he had seen a few wealthy society ladies personate their

bettors upon the stage of a theatre. Of course, the whole thing is a frolic and nothing more, a titillation of jaded nerves, a novelty in a world that seemed to be exhausted of novelty, an aid to publicity that could no longer be commanded by monkey dinners and sensational festivities. And because the leaders of fashion think fit to assume the pose of convictions, to go through the motions of having a "cause," the great army of flunkies must do the same. At last comes the opportunity to be "associated with Mrs. Belmont," and perhaps to be shown over her very superior home, while a cup of afternoon tea from the hands of Mrs. Mackay's super-gorgeous footman is by no means an impossibility. The aspiring climber can make better use of suffragette opinions that are made while you wait than she could of years of the more orthodox manoeuvres, and for this reason the Cause will not fail of adherents so long as the leaders stick to their guns and their at-homes.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.
New York, January 19, 1911.

The German submarine *U. 3* sank in the harbor at Kiel, January 17, but was raised later after three hours' work. Twenty-seven of the crew of thirty on board crept through the torpedo tube to safety. The other three, including the commander of the craft, remained in the tower, in no immediate danger. The sinking was due to an accidental filling of the water-bunkers. Soon after she disappeared the salvage ship *Vulkan*, which is equipped with modern machinery for the raising of submerged vessels, was on the spot and gave the first successful demonstration of what she could do in the emergency for which she had been planned. First communication with the submarine was established by a buoy telephone, over which the commander of the *U. 3* reported that the vessel had a forty-eight hour supply of oxygen. Divers were then sent down. They placed a chain about the hull of the submarine. The chain was attached to powerful cranes built on the deck of the *Vulkan*, and soon the salvage power plant was in operation and the *U. 3* slowly was released from her bed in the mud. Just three hours after the accident occurred the periscope of the underwater warship appeared above the surface.

There is an extraordinary necropolis at Bahrein, the famous centre of the Persian Gulf pearl-fisheries. The tombs stretch for miles into the interior of Bahrein. The origin of the necropolis is to a great extent a mystery, but primitive civilization probably first began in this region, and possibly this desert sepulchre is the oldest piece of man's handiwork in the world. Some of the mounds are fifty feet high, the remainder vary from thirty to twenty feet. There are usually two chambers to each mound, an upper and a lower. It is believed that the mounds were originally higher, and palms were growing on the tops of some of them in the time of Alexander the Great, but the palms have long since disappeared, and in the course of ages the summits have been worn smooth. Captain Prideaux, political agent at Bahrein, conducts the excavations on behalf of the Indian government.

Not many know that every railroad locomotive carries a score or more of appliances on which a royalty is paid to the several manufacturers. Now the inventors are busy in the aeroplane field. Every aviator, when he is seated in his machine, is surrounded by patent appliances. In front of him are a watch and a compass. He wears padded headgear, and his feet are kept warm by water-pipes connected with the engine and the radiator in front. The air, passing through this radiator, is warmed before it reaches the pilot. He also has at his side a mirror to enable him to see behind him. The possibilities of the fitting-out process are only indicated, so far.

At a recent meeting of the Academies des Sciences de Paris M. Henneguy reported some experiments made at the Concarneau laboratory of M. Fabre-Domergue with reference to the methods that should be used to prevent accidents caused by contaminated oysters. The author, according to the *Hospital*, has been able to convince himself that it is possible to render these shell-fish harmless, even after they have been reared in the most unsanitary of surroundings, by placing them for a fortnight in filtered water before selling them to the public. He states, moreover, that this form of "quarantine" in pure water has no evil effects on the quality of the oyster.

A bill to construct a national automobile highway along or near the thirty-fifth parallel of north latitude, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, has been introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington by James A. Hamill of New Jersey. To save readers a look at the map it may be stated that the thirty-fifth parallel crosses North Carolina, passes along the boundary line between Tennessee and Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, crosses Arkansas, Oklahoma, Northern Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, striking the coast a little north of Santa Barbara.

The secret fraternities of Yale University, according to the New Haven tax assessors, hold property valued at nearly a million dollars. The college proper has real estate valued only at about \$4,000,000. The comparison reveals what the college sidshows amount to.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Edward Woodward of Baltimore is still a champion skater at the age of seventy-eight. He has used the same pair of skates for sixty-four years, and with them can cut fancy figures on the ice so swiftly and easily that younger competitors admit his superior skill.

Rear-Admiral David Beatty is the youngest officer of that rank in the British navy. He entered the service in 1884, was made a commander in 1898, and promoted to a captaincy in 1900. He married Miss Ethel Field of Chicago, daughter of Marshall Field, in 1901.

Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells is a police officer in Los Angeles, appointed on her own application. She believes that she can guard the interests of women and girls in city life better than a man in the same place. Mrs. Wells is the only woman police officer in the country.

The Hon. Elihu Root served the United States at The Hague last year as an arbitration commissioner in the disagreement between this country and Great Britain absolutely without compensation. The leading counsel on the British side received in the form of retainer and commission almost \$50,000, Sir William Robson was made a peer, and Mr. Allen Aylesworth, the British "agent," was knighted.

Champ Clark, to be Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Sixty-Second Congress, was Professor John Beauchamp Clark, president of Marshall College, West Virginia, thirty-six years ago, and the youngest college president of his time. He dropped the first four-ninths of his name when he went into politics. In 1885 he was practicing law in Pike County, Missouri, and four years later was sent to Congress.

The Hon. William Stevens Fielding has been minister of finance for the Dominion of Canada since 1896. He is a Nova Scotian, sixty-two years old, and began his career as a newspaper man, giving journalism twenty years of hard work. From the first as a high official he has endeavored to secure closer trade relations between Canada and the United States, and he is now in charge of the negotiations under consideration.

Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, lived on his father's farm in Prince Edward Island until he was twelve years old. He paid his own way through Arcadia College, Nova Scotia, and afterward at the University of London, England. Then he studied in Edinburgh and Paris, becoming a doctor of philosophy in 1878, when he was twenty-four years old. He went to Cornell when he was thirty-two, and was raised from the head of the Sage School of Philosophy to the presidency of the university.

Signor Tito Ricordi, fourth in direct descent from the Giovanni Ricordi who established the great Italian music publishing house, is in America for the first time. The Ricordi house controls the rights to the operas of Puccini, among others, and Signor Ricordi came to Boston to conduct the rehearsals there of "The Girl of the Golden West." He is a young man, but a thorough musician and skilled director. It is more than a hundred years since the Ricordi publishing business was begun, and it now is able to control the production of opera everywhere, as it possesses the sole rights of performance to Verdi's works, and to most others of the Italian schools.

Mrs. C. Milligan Fox recently came to New York to lecture on Irish minstrelsy. Mrs. Fox is the founder and leading spirit of the Irish Folk Song Society, the headquarters of which, with proper inconsistency, are in London, not Dublin. Daughter of a noted antiquarian of Belfast, sister of the Erse poetess Alice Milligan, and herself endowed with the bardic gift, the value of her work to folklore is widely recognized. Sitting with the peasants in their cabins by the turf fire, she writes down tunes that flow from fingers of blind harpers, words crooned by grandmothers, native love-lays lilted by courting boys and girls. At Mrs. Fox's lectures she often sits down at the piano and tells the humors and sorrows of Ireland in song.

It is reasonable to suppose that the Rev. T. H. Espin, vicar of Towlow, England, does not display over his desk the warning "This is my busy day." He has suddenly achieved newspaper mention by discovering a new red star, but astronomy is only one of his diversions. The rectory is "open house" in the evenings, a social temperance club meeting there several times a week. It is also headquarters and armory of the boys' brigade. In the garden is maintained an open-air sanatorium for consumptives. The rector leads the local company of boy scouts. He has services every day at seven a. m., and puts in most of his day with his parish duties. At night he is in his observatory. He discovered his first star when twenty years old. Since then his discoveries have nearly doubled the number of the known banded spectra type of stars, the work being done with a spectroscopic instrument by himself. He has found and measured 1052 double stars. He treats sick parishioners with an X-ray machine which he built himself. When he wishes to amuse his friends he does so with two cats which he has taught to perform parlor tricks. He plays good cricket, likes golf and a rubber of whist.

IN GOLD FROG GULCH.

The End of a Son's Search.

The young man leaned over the bar. "They tell me you are an old-timer here, Mr. Heaton. Perhaps you have once heard of a man named David James."

Old Si Heaton, the squaw-man, suddenly straightened as he eyed the stranger sharply. "Perhaps I hev, but it 'pears I haint. Thar's no sech man in these parts to me knowin'." He turned indifferently to his beer keg as he added, "What might ye want with the likes o' him?"

"I'm searching for some word of my father, David James."

As the handsome fellow spoke, a slight tremor seemed to possess the half-empty keg, but the hand that held the glass was steady.

"Father left for the gold-fields over twenty years ago, but not a word has come to mother since. I've searched the diggings from north to south. She'll be disappointed when I get back."

He might have been a captain of cavalry, so well did he fill his clothes. His neat, buttoned coat, trim leggings and gauntlets contrasted with the half-open shirt, bagging trousers, and shuffling shoes of the neglected, unkempt man behind the bar.

"Ye be goin' back to Ohio soon, be ye? Wal, I'm sorry, but I can't accommodate ye. David James haint been seen in these parts to me knowin'. Hev a drink?" He nervously pushed the glass toward his early morning visitor. Leaning over the counter, he peered into the eager face of the traveler.

"Thank you," said the big fellow, good-humoredly. "But the stuff lays me out. I'm disappointed, though." His eyes were serious as he turned from the vile-smelling shack into the sunshine.

Old Si, wiping his hands on a sticky apron, followed him to his horse. "Ye'll not be leavin' camp till tomorrow?" he ventured.

"I start over the mountains at sunrise."

"David James. David James," the old man mused. "Now I think on it, 'pears Jim Black spoke of him in that letter he wrote 'fore he died."

The stranger was all attention now. Springing from his saddle, he was bending over the squaw-man. "Heaton, if any one has so much as mentioned his name, tell me."

"I've no time to talk to ye now," said the old man weakly, as the ruffraff of the mountain town began closing in about them. "Come around nigh dark? I'll look for ye then."

The younger man swung into the saddle.

"That boy's all right," mumbled Old Si, slinking back to the bar-room.

When Si Heaton was first seen prospecting above Gold Frog Gulch in the early 'fifties, he was referred to as "that hot-headed snob of an Englishman." Once, when Jim Black had mentioned the narrowness of his own Quaker training, Si had remarked, "No wonder you're a black sheep, Jim. A strait-laced Quaker can beat the devil in drivin' a man to perdition."

Nobody knew much of his life. He might have belonged to a nobility that was trying to forget him. He might have lived a wild life somewhere. One thing was certain, the West had woven its golden web about him, and was holding him, body and soul. True, he had, like the others, talked of "going back," but that was before the accident on the flume, before the young squaw, Julie, had nursed him back to life. Since then he had seen much of the diggings, coming down to the tavern occasionally during the quieter seasons at the mines. He had built a little shack just back of the tavern, and here he and the squaw lived much in silence and alone.

If Old Si—since the accident he was always known as Old Si—had any regrets or ambitions, nobody knew. He kept his own counsel. Some said he had money, plenty of it, buried somewhere between the shack and the tavern. Others thought the diggings had not paid, else why had he gone into partnership with Jim Black at the bar?

"Julie, child"—he had always addressed the squaw in these terms—"Julie, child, I say, set things to rights and brush out my clothes." The old man moved restlessly, nervously, about the ill-kept room. The slow, steady movements of the woman harmonized with the soft tread of her moccasined feet.

"Why you help? Why you talk much to self?" In the silence that followed she eyed Si sharply. Suspicion flashed in her dark eyes as she questioned, "Si go 'way?"

She spoke again, slowly, as if her instinct made her conscious of an impending doom. "If Si go 'way, Julie lay her head on stone, Julie die."

"Oh, come, child," and he pushed back the heavy braids that hung like a cloak about her; "who said anything about going away?"

"Ah!" she repeated, her voice steadied by suppressed emotion; "nothing left for Julie but Si. Julie's people gone! Land gone! Si go 'way, Julie lay head on stone. Julie die!"

They had gone through much the same scene ten years before, just after Heaton had returned from San Francisco with a letter, which Julie could not read. Si was called suddenly to the mines, and when he returned he never again mentioned going away. But he had placed the tin box under the flagstone hearth and had told her to guard it well.

"If anything ever happens to me, Julie, you must go with the box and the letter to old Judge Wells, thirty miles down the gulch."

Julie had promised. She was a woman of her word.

The two men sat at the bare table in Heaton's shack. The rush of the wind down the mountain shook the walls of the little house. The one lamp gave a dim light. The older man bent eagerly forward, his eyes fixed on the stranger. "Tell me more about this David James," he asked.

"All I know came from my mother," young David began frankly. "Father left for the West before I was born."

"Then you never see'd this Dave James. Wal, wal, how queer things do work out!" and he leaned toward the stronger man. "But what does she say—your mother—about him?"

"He was fine clay, she says, much finer than the good Quaker stock she claimed. He was her ideal, her knight, a hero among narrow-minded people. But with grandfather reminding her that her black sheep of a husband couldn't give a clean account of himself, it made things unpleasant all round. No wonder the harness chafed. Then father came West. Mother grieved so at his being gone—"

"She grieved?" queried the listener thoughtfully.

"She grieved so at his being gone that grandfather tried to make it all up to her, and when I came, he provided well for us both. My mother has wanted me to grow up like my father, sweet-natured, broad-minded, considerate of others." Old Si winced. "She believes that he had never neglected her, but thought that he had met with foul play, or that his letters had miscarried. That is why she reared me with this one mission in view, to come West and vindicate his name. She wants to prove that David James was the ideal she held him to be, that his love for her was true, and that it is an honorable name she has given me, her son."

"Yes, yes, your mother is a woman of spirit and high ideals—too high, I take it."

But David went on, hardly mindful of the interruption: "She was sure I would find a trace of him out here. Some good ones there are among our sect who still believe that in disguise he won my mother's heart, that he tired of her in a few months, and that he went as he had come, whence and whither, none knew. To please them all, I have made the search." There were strength and purpose in the big lines of his shoulders, in the proud poise of his head. "Your remark this morning has been the first and only light on his name. If you know of him speak."

Old Si stood up. "A black sheep, eh!" Anger and resentment showed in his thin, clenched hands, and in the tightening muscles of his neck and chin. Then, controlling himself with a twist, "Wal, we'll knock the socks all off the old gentleman's argument. We'll prove the mother's compass bent far from pointin' to the North Pole. We'll get our bearin's from this here flagstone, and then we'll proceed."

The young man eyed him curiously.

"Since I know who ye be, David, I'll have to begin with a little apology. I knowed more of David James than I let on this mornin'." Coming nearer, he leaned close to the listener and peered up into the wholesome face, his half-dim eyes searching for something which he seemed to fear, yet crave. Then a slow determination settled in the drawn lines of his mouth. "David James was a pard o' mine 'way back in the 'fifties."

"You knew my father then?" The young man was pacing the floor now like a caged lion. The knotted veins of his brown hands and the welts of his throbbing temples revealed the tumult within.

"Yes, he was a pard o' mine, and we'd had mighty bad luck all along, till we struck pay dirt at the Nancy Anne, twelve years ago. From that on, it reads like a novel, the gold we turned. But let me tell you right here, me boy, that what your grandfather 'sinuates to ye about your father's family is lies, all lies, blast his tight-laced pious skin! David James came from as fine stock as ever set foot on English sod. He might 'a been wild, maybe he was; too wild to stand that family's strait-jacket. But the letter 'll show he intended to go back. Then the accident came that ended all for him, with the gold all runnin' through his fingers, too, that was meant for her and the child. Come."

The old man stood up again, his face flushed, his dim eyes afire. At last his mind was set. Purpose was in every motion. "Nobody is going to heap disgrace on the child of David James. That is you. That is you, David, his child," and he bent his head, as he gently laid his two rough, worn hands on David's hair. "Come, lad, help me lift this flagstone."

Together they raised the great weight.

"Julie," called Si, "bring that thar pick." He was Old Si of Gold Frog Gulch again.

There was a swift movement beyond the key-hole, a sudden lifting of the latch. The woman came slowly, with much misgiving, looking sharply at the unwelcome guest. A vague suspicion was upon her, not caused by a possible danger to the buried treasures. Her eyes were on Si as, still looking backward, she closed the door behind her.

"Thar," said the old man as he struck the tin box. "We'll see thar's no reflections on them that can't defend themselves."

Locking the door behind them, the two men carefully opened the tin lid. "Here," said Si, "between these buckskin bags is the letter he wrote—your mother will

know the hand—and thar is that picture of his boy—that's you—that came to San Francisco just after the accident. Them thar bags hold a fortune, Davie, but 'twas the picture the old man prized."

David opened the letter with shaking hands.

"Perhaps," said Si softly, "I'd better leave you alone a spell." He shuffled feebly out.

David, steadying himself against the table, read:

DEAR WIFE: The contents of this box are for you and the child. It will be sent to you after I have passed away. God alone can forgive my silence and my sins.

Good-by. God bless you.

DAVID JAMES.

The son sat long in the stillness, with his eyes on the message of death. Then he bowed his head on the first and only message from his father's hand.

"Good-by, David. It's a clean name you can carry back to them all." The old lantern flickered dimly in the Sierran night, as Si peered for the last time into the face before him.

"Yes, yes," replied the young man, turning to his horse. "It seems mother brought me up just for this."

"Tell your mother ideals aint bad things to have when she can raise a chap like you on 'em," and Si clung feebly to the strong, warm hand.

"Good-by, God bless thee," said David, true to his religious teaching. "I thank thee for thy kindness to my father years ago, and again for thy kindness to mother and me now. Good-by."

As Si stood in the silence, his dim eyes following the rider into the blackness of the night, he murmured, "God forgive me, but it's better so. I, David James, could never make the past right to him, poor chap, or her. They must never know. The ideals must stand."

In the dawn of the early morning a bent man made his way feebly along the cool shadows of the pines. He was leading a well-packed mountain pony and was followed by an Indian squaw. Together, with faces set, they climbed the silent trail that led back to the diggings beyond the range.

LILIAN E. TALBERT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1911.

For three hundred years hardly any important treaty—whether of commerce or of peace—was made between England and the other great powers in which a place was not given to the Newfoundland fisheries. It was their importance and the desire of the nations to share in them that led to Newfoundland, as the late Lord Salisbury said, being "the sport of historic misfortune." Owned by England, Newfoundland was in the early days too remote from her shores for the average Englishman to be able to appreciate the value of those great fisheries, and consequently, as the consideration for peace, they were pledged and hypothesized and mortgaged to France and the United States, and alleged "servitudes" created, which not only retarded and kept back the advancement of Newfoundland, but from their very nature led to the passing of penal laws to prevent settlement in the country and the development of its natural resources. It was thought sufficient that Newfoundland should serve as a nursery for the navies of England, France, and the United States, and accordingly the fishermen of these countries continued to prosecute the fisheries on the great banks for over three hundred years. In the year 1600 there were nearly four hundred fishing ships from England and nearly as many from the Colonies. Today fifteen hundred sail of craft from Newfoundland go "down to the Labrador," and fully ten times as many engage in the fishery in the bays and on the coasts of that country.

Within the next few days the historic old "Jolly Post Hotel," that has stood on Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, nearly two centuries and a half, will be but a memory. The demolition of the ancient stone house, prominent in Colonial days, is almost finished. In its place there will soon arise modern stores. The famous hostelry was erected in the middle of the seventeenth century—the exact date is unknown—by Isaiah Worrel, who had inherited the fourteen acres of ground from his father, John Worrel. The land was part of a tract of 750 acres that William Penn deeded to Henry Waddy in 1680. It was the first post house for the change of post horses from Philadelphia to New York. Its garden in the rear of the building, with its lilacs and other shrubbery, its numerous walks with boxwood borders, the ornamental arbors with their cosy seats surrounded by woodbine and other vines, formed an ideal rendezvous for young and old, during the days of the Revolution. The walls echoed the sounds of shots during the battle of Germantown. Patriotic women carried to the Jolly Post goods to be sent from there to Valley Forge, when Washington's army was in winter encampment.

One of Edison's latest suggestions is the use of thin sheets of nickel in the place of paper for books. He says he can make by an automatic process plates of nickel one-twenty-thousandth of an inch thick, tough and flexible, at a cost of a dollar and a quarter a pound. The nickel plates are perfect for printing purposes, and are practically indestructible.

The city of Konia—the ancient Iconium, once pagan, then Christian, and now Mahometan, the scene of Paul's labors and once the capital of the Seljunian empire, estimated to have today a population of 60,000—is rising again to prominence through the opening of railroad communication to Constantinople.

TURGENEV, THE HOPELESS REFORMER.

A Study of the Great Russian Novelist.

It is probable that the death of Tolstoy was one of the events that inspired the bringing out of J. A. T. Lloyd's book, "Two Russian Reformers—Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy," though the studies that make up the volume were evidently written some time before the removal of that imposing figure. Whether for the moment or for a permanent place on the bookshelf, the work is to be commended. Mr. Lloyd is perhaps drawn by sympathy more to Turgenev than to Tolstoy, but there is no evidence of an inclination to minimize the achievements of either. His study of Turgenev is more particular, especially in its criticism of the Russian stories, and it is done with insight and appreciation. It is not intended as a life-story merely, for it retraces, and doubles its references frequently, but it leaves out of the record few of the details necessary to make the picture impressive.

Turgenev came of a wealthy family, and his mother was an aristocrat without feeling for her servants, or even for her children. Her sons were treated only a little less cruelly than the serfs. Ivan, the second son, was a dreamy, solitary lad, and even in his earliest years experienced the sorrow that want of affection and neglect breeds in childish minds:

Over and over again in his novels he returns to that mysterious Russian garden in which there seemed to ferment the drowsy, humming life of all the summers in the world. One sees him escaping to the solace of this haunted garden, a lonely boy, spied upon by parasites and often punished with malignant severity. One sees him becoming involuntarily a watcher, as though he had been born a connoisseur of souls. For, here on the very threshold of youth, disillusion has come to him. The difficult relations between his father and mother were not concealed from these young, questioning eyes. Child as he was, he had learned to suspect those nearest to him. Long afterwards he exclaimed, with a knowledge of life that had its origin in his very childhood: "But as for marrying, what a cruel irony!"

This is an incident that displays the impulses of the mother, who knew neither love nor pity:

But if Mme. Turgenev was disdainful towards artists, she was absolutely tyrannous towards her serfs, even towards the doctor, Porphyre Kartachev, who accompanied Ivan when he was a university student in Berlin. Porphyre acted as a kind of superior valet, and when they returned to Russia the relations between master and servant were most cordial and Mme. Turgenev alone continued to treat him as a serf. Ivan implored his mother to emancipate him, but she absolutely refused. Once, when her adopted daughter was ill, Mme. Turgenev wished to call in other doctors, but Porphyre assured her that it was unnecessary and that he himself would cure the patient. Mme. Turgenev looked him in the eyes as she said: "Remember, if you do not cure her you will go to Siberia." Porphyre accepted the risk and, fortunately for him, his patient recovered.

One of the results of the system that controlled conditions in Russian homes at that period is shown in the story of Turgenev's first experience with women:

Turgenev struggled hopelessly against this coma of tyranny which lay everywhere around him. It was unnecessary to convince his reason; by temperament he was antagonistic to the idea of owning a fellow-creature, and yet even he violated this deep inner conviction and purchased a serf girl. Turgenev had a rich uncle at Moscow, at whose house he met a cousin, Elizabeth Turgenev, a blonde of about sixteen who possessed a property near Orel. She administered the affairs of this village herself, and Turgenev paid her a visit once or twice every week. Elizabeth had a young *femme de chambre*, a serf girl named Féotista who was called Fétiska. She was not at all beautiful, but she appealed to Turgenev just as some of the wistful serf girls in his sketches appealed to him. "Fétiska," writes Pavlovsky, "did not strike one at first glance; her beauty was not at all extraordinary. A brunette, thinish, not ugly but not pretty, nothing more, one might have pictured her readily thus; but on observing her more closely, one found in her drawn features, in her pretty face tanned by the sun, in her sad glances, something which attracted and charmed." Turgenev observed her closely; he was charmed. Elizabeth Turgenev was very fond of Fétiska and had her dressed like a lady. Her cousin had already sworn to do his best to bring about the abolition of the serfs, but none the less he desired to purchase Fétiska. Elizabeth refused his price, saying that on no account would she be separated from her maid. After much bargaining the price of seven hundred roubles was arranged, though a serf girl at that time was valued at a maximum of fifty roubles. Turgenev took her to Spasskoë-Celo, where he remained in retirement with her for about a year. During this time he tried to teach her to read, but apparently with very little success. He seems, indeed, to have wearied of her quickly enough, and to have taken to shooting as a distraction. None the less, it was probably this romance *manqué* that inspired that sensitive sympathy with a serf girl in a false position which is so significant in "Fathers and Sons."

Turgenev never married. He was affectionate with his daughter, and carefully arranged the details of her education, but he had taken in with the disillusionments of his youth a cynical regard for this most important relation:

The attitude of the younger towards the older generation is divulged in every page of this treasury of the heart's secrets. It is his own father and mother whom he reveals in this clear-eyed scrutiny of youth. How well he knew the exteriors of those familiar figures! How well he divined what he was always forbidden to know—the inner recesses of their temperaments! One sees the elderly, jealous woman dissatisfied with life and incapable of either adaptability or submission. She is suspicious of her husband and suspicious of her son. That hitter boyhood of the great novelist is mercilessly revealed without any softening process of memory. The old quarrels, the old insults, the old recriminations vibrate into life after the interval of years.

At the age of twenty-three Turgenev very nearly became a university professor. His studies at Berlin had almost Germanized him. Some of the reflections of his student days are seen in this note:

As one reads the novels of Turgenev one finds oneself over and over again in some heated and crowded room where, over a samovar, young men with white, eager faces are clamoring over ideas with as passionate a persistence as brokers

clamor over securities. What is the meaning of life? they ask, and at any moment, it would seem, each is willing to cast his individual existence into the melting-pot of destiny. Surely these people will save Russia! With a heart heating like this the great silent country can not remain always inanimate and cold. Yes, they are speaking for Russia, and their words vibrate with the noble rhythm of revolt and the straining faces are lit up by sunken, tameless eyes.

A peculiar reaction from his early experiences is pointed out by the reviewer:

It was at this period of his life that he came permanently under the influence of women of the world, who were, he confessed, the only women who could inspire him. The confession is interesting, because his heroines are almost invariably *ingénues*, and when he introduces a woman of the world, whether as Maria Nikolaevna in a modified sense or Irene in "Smoke" in a highly developed sense, she brings with her inevitably the atmosphere of destruction.

Now comes an incident that affected all the later course of the novelist's life:

In 1843 Malihran's sister, Pauline Garcia, came to sing in St. Petersburg for the first time. From the very first moment Turgenev appears to have become her slave. He speaks about her to every one, even to his mother, who becomes uneasy and goes to hear "cette maudite bohémienne" sing on her visit to Moscow. Turgenev, in short, is as possessed by this artist as any one of his own stricken heroes. In his exaltation he describes to Bielinski the ecstasy of the moment in which the singer passed a perfumed handkerchief across his forehead. In 1847 she had become Mme. Viardot, and Turgenev went to Europe in her train.

Turgenev was called back to Russia by the illness of his mother. Her death left him independent in means, and a little more than a year afterward, in 1852, his first book, "Annals of a Sportsman," was published:

The following year was marked by the Crimean War, which meant for Turgenev nothing more or less than the discovery of Count Tolstoy. "Have you read his 'Sebastopol'?" he writes in 1855 to Serge Aksakov. "As for me, I read it and cried hurrah and I drank the author's health." Some little time afterwards he met the future author of "Anna Karénina." From the very first their personalities grated on each other, and it is this grating of personalities that accounts for that exploited quarrel which so nearly led to the exchange of pistol-shots between the two great Russian authors. The immediate cause of this quarrel was a contemptuous comment by Tolstoy on Turgenev's education of his daughter, but the real cause was undoubtedly the latent antagonism of two temperaments, each after its own fashion perfectly sincere.

Before this he had known Bielinski, the Russian critic, and Dostoievski, the novelist, who was sent to Siberia, but he was still a dilettante in everything but art. He saw little to encourage him in the character of the young men of Russia. Among her young women he must have discovered more cheering indications:

These Russian girls in the novels of Turgenev are not waiting for a Prince Charming to win them by some flattering caress. They are not waiting for some one to lure them into a world of omance to the accompaniment of dream music. On the contrary they await a leader who is engaged in the actual struggle with misery and pain. To him, if only he is the right man, they will gladly dedicate their lives, sacrificing all their guarded youthfulness and their protected beauty. For they are willing, oh, so willing, to follow the hard road, the dangerous road, the road that winds desolately away from home and friends and the familiar safety. Patiently they wait for him who will lead.

Paris was a place of pleasure for him, if not of unmixed delights:

In the meantime his external life flowed by in perfect calm. He was comparatively happy, for he had acquired that love for the sameness of one day with another which, wanderer though he had been and exile though he continued to be, he shared with his future friend, Gustave Flaubert. With Mme. Viardot he would enjoy music, and with her husband he would enjoy sport. Naturally gossip was more or less malignant on the subject of this old friendship, but to gossip Turgenev was by temperament wholly indifferent. The life suited him, giving him the particular phase of exotic domesticity which could alone satisfy his difficult and yet inconspicuously simple nature.

This incident may be taken as Turgenev's serious judgment of the Russian peasantry:

His relations with his own peasants may be judged from this characteristic little prophecy. "One day," said he to his friend Polonski, "we shall be seated behind the house drinking tea. Suddenly there will arrive by the garden a crowd of peasants. They will take off their hats and bow profoundly. 'Well, brothers, I shall say to them, what is it that you want?' 'Excuse us, master,' they will reply; 'don't get angry. You are a good master, and we love you well. . . . But all the same we must hang you, and him as well' (pointing you out Polonski). 'What's that? Hang us?' 'Oh, yes! there is a ukase that orders it. . . . We have brought a rope. Say your prayers. . . . We can easily wait a little while.'"

Mr. Lloyd has an even greater regard for one of the Russian writers of that day:

It is a misfortune that these two great Russian writers should have been so antipathetic to one another. It is a profound misfortune that he who best interpreted to the Western world the soul of Russia should have been the personal antagonist of the veritable confessor of that soul. For, whatever sombre, inchoate message wells up from the depths of the Slav's heart was Dostoievsky's by right of suffering, of punishment, of divination. He, and neither Turgenev nor Tolstoy, is the ultimate revealer of the wounded soul of the Slav who believed without reasoning, who divines without analyzing, who feels without knowing. And Turgenev knew in his heart, through all his gentle, penetrating irony, that this epileptic of genius was not at all a badly balanced mediocrity.

Turgenev was not entirely captivated by the great Frenchmen, whom he met on equal terms:

But the French spirit, though he appreciates its exquisite suavity and biting gaiety, was alien from his meditative and ironical genius. The magniloquence of Hugo, especially, irritated him, and though he acknowledged him to be the greatest lyric poet of his period, he condemned him as a novelist. His personality was essentially grating to Turgenev. "Once," he says, "while I was at his house, we talked about German poetry. Victor Hugo, who does not like anybody to speak in his presence, interrupted me, and undertook a portrait of Goethe. 'His best work,' said he in an Olympian tone, 'is "Wallenstein".' 'Pardon, dear master, "Wallenstein" is not by Goethe. It is by Schiller.' 'It is all the same: I have read neither one nor the other; but I know them much better

than those who have learnt them by heart.' To this superb statement the author of "Smoke" made no reply.

Though Turgenev did not like the man Tolstoy, and was not convinced of his sincerity in religious utterance, he appreciated his literary work and regarded it with unqualified admiration. This is the way in which he introduced Tolstoy's first pages to a Parisian publisher:

"Listen," he said. "Here is *copy* for your paper of an absolutely first-rate kind. This means that I am not its author. The master, for he is a *real* master, is almost unknown; but I assure you, upon my soul and conscience. . . . Two days afterward there appeared in the *Temps* "Les Souvenirs de Sébastopol," by Léon Tolstoy.

In precisely the same spirit of disinterested kindness Turgenev did his best to make Zola known in Russia. He used to boast, indeed, of having discovered the talent of Zola, though it was utterly antipathetic to Turgenev.

The very latest success in the literary circles of France is proof that Turgenev's appraisal of the value of life studies was just:

But before anything else in the world Turgenev was an artist. "Has any misfortune happened to you?" he said once to a friend. "Sit down and write 'This or that has happened, I have experienced this or that emotion.' The grief will pass and the excellent page will remain. This page sometimes may become the nucleus of a great work, which will be artistic since it will be true, actually lifelike."

Flaubert was much impressed with the young Turgenev. This, from his "Journal des Goncourts," gives a pen picture of the Russian:

"Dinner at Magny's: Charles Edmond brought us Turgenev, that foreign writer with such a delicate talent, the author of the 'Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe' and of the 'Hamlet Russe.' He is a charming colossus, a suave giant with white hair, who seems to be the good genius of some mountain or forest. He is handsome, gloriously handsome, enormously handsome, with the blue of the heavens in his eyes, with the charm of the Russian sing-song accent, with that melody in which there lurks a suspicion of the child and of the negro. Pleased and put at his ease by the ovation that we gave him, he talked to us curiously on the subject of Russian literature, which he maintains, from the novel to the play, to be regularly launched upon the waves of realism."

There was no more welcome guest than he at No-hant, where he charmed George Sand, as he charmed others at dinners in the capital, but all this time his real affections were absent in the desolate steppes of his native country:

The famous dinners were called "the dinners of the Hissed Authors." Flaubert, Alphonse Daudet has told us, was a member of this dining society through the failure of his "Candidat," Zola through the "Bouton de Rose," Goncourt on account of "Henriette Maréchal." Daudet himself claimed right by his "Arlesienne." "As for Turgenev," he adds, "he pledged his word that he had been hissed in Russia, and as it was a long way off, we did not go there to find out."

From the scenes of entertainment in Paris, the biographer turns often to the pages of Turgenev's stories, and with rare perception discloses the secrets that they only half reveal:

Russian scenes, scenes of his home and of those first breathless transports of youth's guess at love, became for the moment more real to him than the actuality of age and the nearing menace of Death. In such moments he is really Sanin again, living over once more that far-off romance with the Italian girl at Frankfurt. For, in moments such as these, the savour of life returns to him, so that in age itself he can renew without mockery the ecstasy of youth. But the bubble breaks only too swiftly, and in "The Labourer and the Man with the White Hand" bitter memories, also real enough, return to him. A useless idealist pleads for liberty, works after his fashion for liberty, and foolishly, uselessly, dies for liberty. And when he has paid this last price for the cause one of the genuine people exclaims to his comrade, "Don't you suppose we could get a bit of the rope he's hanged with?"

The heroes and the heroines of those sad Russian novels and sketches are compared with illuminating method:

Turgenev believed in the final deliverance of the Russian soul, and that Turgenev expressed the faith that was in him, not through the lips of men, but through the lips of Russian women. They, these quiet, steadfast women, asking nothing for themselves, seeking only to give, they at least detect from the holocaust a white flame slowly piercing its way through all the concealing smoke. For them Turgenev has a reverence beyond mere words of praise. One after the other they come to him, in Baden, in Paris, in Russia, these heroines who are like no others in any other literature, whispering to him the frozen secrets of his country. In their presence the cosmopolitan analyst of human passion becomes a more veritable giant of the steppes, filled with one knows not what shy reverence before these exquisite women, who are telling him what Russia means. In no one of his books has it been the woman who has hesitated on the eve of action. Everything that Turgenev denied to his stricken heroes he granted abundantly to these blonde and candid daughters of the North, whose very love was inseparable from sacrifice.

Turgenev died in Paris, December 3, 1883, in the beginning of his sixty-sixth year. His body was taken to St. Petersburg at the request of the government:

Four days later in the Russian capital the dead man's prophecy to Polonsky was fulfilled. "Wait a little," he had said, "and then you will see how they will treat us." His funeral, like that of his enemy Dostoievsky, was a national pageant of mourning. Turgenev, who almost all his life had been neglected by his countrymen, was followed to the cemetery by two hundred and eighty-five deputations, and an enormous crowd. He had returned to Russia at last for good, and, very fittingly, he was buried close to the great Russian critic, Bielinsky, who had understood him from the first.

Few have studied life more carefully than Turgenev, though it was always Russian life and character that drew his serious regard. Few have studied with a seeming of less sunshine in the view, or written with less of its joy. His novels and sketches, even in the medium of a foreign tongue, lose none of their distinctive qualities in rereading.

TWO RUSSIAN REFORMERS: Ivan Turgenev, Leo Tolstoy. By J. A. T. Lloyd. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Missions and Modern Thought.

That the nineteenth century by its scientific discoveries and the daring of its speculations effected a marked change in the attitude of Christianity towards missionary work is fully admitted by Professor Carver. Time was when the Protestant Church felt it had a sure anchorage in the Bible as the seat of authority, but the assaults of modern criticism have been fatal to that confidence. "We face the fact that theology has suffered a very serious shock from which up to the moment it has not recovered, and it is clearly evident that it can no more live the old life." Mr. Carver faces the new situation with frankness, not ignoring such a vital question as to whether the disintegration of Christian theology leaves any Christianity to preach. In this connection, however, he reminds his reader that it is not the function of the missionary to teach dogmatics, and that "so long as reality and life and love are left, all the essentials of God abide, and the man who finds them stirring in his own soul has a mission to all who look for light." And as to whether there is any Christ left to preach, he finds that today he is "giving life to the world as never before." Still, Mr. Carver is fully aware that adaptation to modern aims is necessary, and he believes that it would be an immense gain, for one thing, for missions to be free from all association with the political ambitions and complications of national policies and international relationships. And, more important still, he urges that our age calls for a careful and searching review of the Christian message and of the Christian apologetic to be used on the mission fields.

MISSIONS AND MODERN THOUGHT. By William Owen Carver. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

The Readjustment.

One newspaper story does not make a novelist. The forgetting of that fact has been Mr. Irwin's undoing. His achievement in "rewriting" the dispatches from San Francisco during the days of the fire, when his intimate knowledge of the old city enabled him to impart "local color" with a ready brush, has evidently been the compelling motive in the writing of this story, but the ability to "rewrite" and the ability to create are not the same thing. Consequently for a novel this attempt is heavy reading, for the characters are seen from the outside rather than depicted from within. Neither Bertram Chester, nor Eleanor Gray, nor Kate Waddington is more than a lay figure, talking in a machine-like manner. Mr. Irwin is at his best in describing the old haunts of San Francisco and will provide natives of the city with occupation for an idle hour in the identification of the places labeled as Mme. Loisel's, the Hotel Marseillaise, Sanguinetti's, and the Café Zinkand. The hero and two heroines, however, are somewhat of a trial all through, and it is practically impossible to become interested in their doings or sayings. This is especially true of the first-named, whose "freshness" makes him a constant irritation. Eleanor was well rid of such a life-mate.

THE READJUSTMENT. By Will Irwin. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.20 net.

The New New Guinea.

By the apparently needless "new" of her title Beatrice Grimshaw directs attention to the fact that since 1906 the British section of New Guinea has been administered by Australia. That change of government certainly inaugurated a new era for the ninety odd thousand square miles of the island which is under British control. For example, while less than thirty thousand acres of land had been purchased or leased from 1884 up to 1906, more than three hundred thousand acres have found owners or occupiers since 1906. In fact, the new New Guinea is now forging ahead at a great rate, attracting planters and explorers in ever-increasing numbers, so that at no distant date it is likely to be an important section of the Australian Commonwealth.

Few districts of the world offer so many inducements for men and women who are prepared to rough it or "do without" for a few years. Lands are given for nothing, actually for ten years, and at a trifling rental for long leases, and seeds and plants at cost price, and instruction and advice for the asking. At the same time land speculators are kept at a distance; only serious and industrious settlers are wanted. For all its many attractions of climate and fertile soil, New Guinea is a land to tax the efforts of the stoutest-hearted. "Stanley's journey to Central Africa was a mere picnic party compared with the lot of the New Guinea explorer." Yet there are large tracts of safe, known, and accessible country waiting for settlement. And those who have the island-ownership fever may find paradises to their hearts' content. There is one shadow, however, which Miss Grimshaw does not omit from her brightly painted picture; the Jap is intruding himself along the coast and among the islands. He possesses charts of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia that make legiti-

mate government surveys look foolish. He knows more than he has any business to know about Australian harbors."

Whether for the prospective settler or the mere lover of travel literature this is a fascinating volume. Miss Grimshaw was on such good terms with the governor of New Guinea that she was able to visit all kinds of out-of-the-way places and see the natives at their best and worst. Such privileges were well bestowed, for Miss Grimshaw has turned all her experiences to good account and sets them forth in an attractive manner. There are also numerous photographs of the natives and typical examples of New Guinea scenery.

THE NEW NEW GUINEA. By Beatrice Grimshaw. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

HOWARDS END. By E. M. Foster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

A novel of London life, with much illuminating dialogue, and characters drawn to illustrate the clash of culture and modern materialism.

FARINA—GENERAL OPLE—TALE OF CHLOE. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH—THE GENTLEMAN OF FIFTY—THE SENTIMENTALISTS. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Volumes XXI and XXII of the Memorial edition, handsomely printed on eye-resting, heavy paper, and bound in silk. Published by subscription only, at \$2 a volume.

THE PENDULUM. By Scota Sorin. New York: Duffield & Co.

A story that transports its characters from New York to various scenes in Europe, and introduces some descriptions and reminiscences.

THE LEVER. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A novel of rather more than ordinary length, with its scenes in Washington and New York. Its characters are American and its motives are connected with aspects of public life.

BERENICE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Mr. Oppenheim is well known to novel readers, and this, his first story of 1911, will be welcomed, though it is said to be different from anything he has written. It is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy and Howard Somerville.

THE GIFT OF THE GRASS. By John Troutwood Moore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of the Kentucky blue-grass country, assuming to be the autobiography of a racing colt. All lovers of horses will find interest and more in its descriptions, and in its illustrations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STORY OF MODERN FRANCE. By H. A. Guerber. New York: American Book Company; 65 cents.

A historical reader which gives the story of France from Louis XIV to the present time. Intended for grammar schools, primarily, but it may well minister to the needs of busy adult readers.

AN EASTERN VOYAGE. By Count Fritz von Hochberg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10 net.

A journal of travels through the British empire in the East and South, and Japan. Twenty-five colored and forty-eight black and white illustrations. Handsomely printed and bound. A record of personal experience by a close observer, who kept a diary and set down all the curious and interesting happenings of his journey by sea and land.

THE CRABLE OF THE DEEP. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A popular edition of the eminent surgeon's work on the West Indies. It is illustrated with fifty-four reproductions from photographs by the author, and four maps. It is replete with historical reminiscence as well as of spirited description of natural manifestations.

BLAKE'S VISION OF THE BOOK OF JOB. A study. By Joseph H. Wicksteed. M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

This essay on Blake's poetical work is a thoughtful exposition, whose value is enhanced by the accompanying reproductions of Blake's illustrations.

BECKIE'S BOOK OF BASTINGS. By Mrs. William Beckman. Sacramento, Cal.: Jos. M. Anderson.

A collection of brief satirical and humorous paragraphs, for the greater part, with now and then a serious and pathetic diversion. Handsomely printed on toned paper, and bound in huckram.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF MOVING OBJECTS. By Adolphe Abrahams, F. R. P. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net.

A valuable manual for advanced workers with the camera. It is rich in suggestion, as well as in technical information.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR. By Jean Louis Soula-vie. Translated from the French by E. Jules Meras. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.50 net.

Memoirs said to be drawn from the notebook of a Maréchal, faithful, but hostile, as are most of the books relating to this great favorite of the king. Illustrated with seven fine portraits.

THE GREAT ILLUSION. A Study of the Relation of Military Power in Nations to Their Economic and Social Advantages. By Norman Angell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

This work is issued simultaneously in the principal countries of Europe, as well as in America. It is said to be an original presentment of the case against war, not from the sentimental, but from the economic standpoint.

THE PROVINCES OF CHINA. With a History of the First Year of H. I. M. Hsuan Tung. Reprinted from the *National Review*. Shanghai: The National Review.

An invaluable gazetteer, with maps. It presents a mass of information, much of which has

been inaccessible. The historical chapter is comprehensive. A good index is appended, and there is a brief bibliography of works on China.

FORTY SONGS. By Richard Strauss. Edited by James Huneker. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$2.50.

This is the latest addition to the Musicians' Library series, and it is timely and valuable. There are two editions—for low and for high voice. It is the first collection of Strauss's songs in America, and it has been compiled by a competent band.

A LESSON IN MARRIAGE. Play in two acts. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Grace Isabel Colbron. New York: Brandt's.

The translator's work seems to have been well done, and the drama is worthy of study.

CALIFORNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. By Charles Elmer Jenney. Edinburgh: Valentine & Anderson; 50 cents.

A miniature volume of verse, beautifully printed, and bound in silk plaid. Illustrated with reproductions of photographs of land and water. A charming gift-book.

A COMPACT RHYMING DICTIONARY. By P. R. Bennett. London: George Routledge & Sons; 50 cents.

It is easy to praise the result of the labor put into this compilation, but it is not advisable to aid incipient poets who should find it most helpful.

THE POEMS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited with an introduction by John Drinkwater. London: George Routledge & Sons; 50 cents.

In spite of its low price a worthy and attractive edition. The little volume will commend itself to all who admire that "gentle and heroic spirit."

WE OF THE NEVER-NEVER. By Mrs. Eneas Gunn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

An entertaining record of a year in Australia, among the bush-folk. It is well illustrated with reproductions of photographs.

DIARY OF A REFUGEE. By Frances Fearn. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

As its title indicates, this is the actual setting-down by a Louisiana woman of her experiences in 1862. It gives glimpses of intimate life on a great plantation in slavery times in the extreme South.

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK NIETSCHE. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

An intimate and admiring biography of the pessimistic philosopher. His labor to make German prose modern is fully appreciated in this volume, which is a monument of thought and research.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AND PUNCH. By Walter Jerrold. London: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

It would seem that the title alone is enough to stir the interest of all general readers. The son has written well, and from close acquaintance with his father's aims and achievements. The frontispiece portrait is a notable feature of the volume.

ASPHODEL. By Mary J. Serrano. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

A poem of 120 stanzas, that seems, in spite of its distinctive utterance, a bit belated in its advent to a prosaic time.

HUXLEY AND EDUCATION. By Henry Fairfield Osborn, LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An address made at the opening of the college year at Columbia University in September, 1910.

MARGARET FULLER AND GOETHE. By Frederick Augustus Braun, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Traces the "development of a remarkable personality, her religion and philosophy, and her relation to Emerson, F. J. Clarke, and Transcendentalism."

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS AND THEIR COMPENSATION. By Gilbert L. Campbell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

This is the sixth in the series of essays in economics brought out by the prize offers of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, of Chicago.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Tales from the Old French.

Isabel Butler's translations of typical *lais*, *fabliaux*, and *contes* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries make a volume of singular charm. They depart from the originals in substituting prose for octosyllabic rhyming couplets, but the prose is so musical and so faithfully quaint that the difference of medium does not matter. As illustration of how far the short story has traveled in its development or degeneration these examples from the earliest attempts of French tale-telling have great literary interest, but, apart from that, they are stories of inherent charm, full of the atmosphere of chivalry, and give the reader a "fresh sense of the time in which they were written, its feasts and tournaments bright with gold and vair; its wars, its interrupted traffic and barter; its license, its asceticism; its prayers and its visions." How successfully the translator has caught the spirit of the olden time is illustrated by her description of the bird which is the subject of the first story: "Pleasant and delectable was that green tree; and to it twice each day, and no more, came a bird to sing, in the morning namely, and again at eventide. So wondrous fair was the bird it were over long to tell you all its fashion. More small was it than the sparrow, yet somewhat greater than the wren, and it sang so sweetly and fairly that know ye of a sooth, not the nightingale, nor merle, nor mavis, nor starling, methinketh, nor voice of lark or calender, were so good to hear as was its song. And it was so ready with refrains and lays and songs and new tunes, that a harp, or viol, or rebec were as nought beside it." In title-page, type, and hindering the appearance of the volume is in artistic harmony with its contents.

TALES FROM THE OLD FRENCH. Translated by Isabel Butler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Mazzini and Other Essays.

Most of these "essays" are lectures. Two or three seem not to have been delivered in public, but the majority were framed for platform use. Hence they have all the defects of oral utterances, and especially of oral utterances of a markedly propagandist kind. Mr. Lloyd was an idealist of a particularly ardent type, and as a consequence his treatment of Mazzini, or William Morris, or the abstract themes of the other contents of this volume, is one-sided and far from judicial. At times there seems to be actual misrepresentation. Take the case of Mazzini. The Italian patriot did certainly talk a great deal about the "rights" of the people, but on the other hand he spoke with as much zest about the "duties" of the people. That, however, would not be gathered from Mr. Lloyd's lecture, and to that extent he misrepresented his subject. All the papers are marked by those extreme views for which Mr. Lloyd was well known, but it must be added that they are lively reading and are of value as representing a certain point of view.

MAZZINI AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

There is a fine appreciation, "John Synge and His Plays," by Warren Barton Blake, in the issue of the *Dial* for January 16. Synge was a gifted Irish writer, who died at thirty-eight, but he left a number of remarkable dramas in evidence of his genius. Mr. Blake reviews his work, describes the conditions that attended its production, and selects with critical judgment some of the many brilliant passages that were set down by the dramatist in his short literary career. Synge's plays may well be commended to serious students of the drama, and some of them to the needs of American theatre managers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish early this year a volume entitled "William the Silent," by Ruth Putnam, author of "A Mediaeval Princess," "Charles the Bold," etc. This volume of the Hero series is designed to sketch William the Silent in his human aspect with human inconsistencies and shortcomings.

Two bills are being prepared by members of the Missouri legislature which provide for memorials to Mark Twain. One measure contemplates the purchase of the boyhood home of Mark Twain, associated with "Huckleberry Finn," which now stands within the corporate limits of Hannibal. The other bill provides ten thousand dollars for a monument. The Hannibal Commercial Club has announced that if the legislature will provide a monument the citizens of Hannibal will furnish the most conspicuous point in that city for a site. This will probably be Lovers Leap, a bluff overlooking the Mississippi, which is close to the cave made famous in "Tom Sawyer."

Gilbert K. Chesterton has written a study of William Blake which is being brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co. in their Popular Library of Art.

General H. M. Chittenden, U. S. A., a graduate of West Point, 1884, who served as chief engineer of the Fourth Army Corps during the Spanish-American War, has writ-

ten a book, to bear the title "War or Peace: A Present Day Duty and a Future Hope," which declares in favor of the discontinuance of war as a means of national adjustment. A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish the work soon.

Florence Barclay's "The Rosary" has unquestionably been the most popular book of 1910. It has far surpassed all other books in consecutive appearances among the "six best sellers." The sales of the book have aggregated 230,000 copies, say the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Stability of Truth: A Discussion of Reality as Related to Thought and Action" is the title of a new work by Dr. David Starr Jordan, to be issued soon by Henry Holt & Co.

The first of a noteworthy series of articles by William Winter on "Shakespeare on the Stage" opens the February *Century Magazine*. It describes the individual conception and business of the more notable actors who have interpreted Hamlet.

It seems a curious thing that the French Academy should continue to ignore the claims of distinguished women to membership in that high-purposed society. Anatole France said, recently, on this question: "I should call it perfectly legitimate for the Académie to elect women of talent and quality. Nothing seems to me more logical and traditional, and among the reasons that arise in my mind, as I examine the question without previous reflection, I see this argument at once: the very purpose of the Académie Française. What is that purpose? Unquestionably this: To conserve Beauty and Tradition in France, to represent genius and good manners, to associate them in a select company who thus incarnate the eminent qualities of this country, or at least what its founders believed to be its essential virtues. Now, woman is no stranger to good manners or French traditions; and a woman of talent, of nobility, of supreme distinction, may well deserve a place in the company who, in the eyes of certain people, represent the flower of the French virtues."

Captain Arthur H. Clark, author of "The Clipper Ship Era," has for fifteen years represented the corporation of Lloyd's, London, at New York. He looks back upon a long career of active service in the merchant marine and his knowledge of clipper ships is derived not only from written and printed records, but from practical experience, he having as a boy shipped in a clipper bound for San Francisco and China.

In the February number of *Ainslee's Magazine* appears a reprint of the first story ever published by O. Henry in any magazine. It is entitled "Money Maze," and appeared originally in *Ainslee's* for May, 1901. It is an excellent example of O. Henry's humor.

The popularity of Admiral Evans's "A Sailor's Log" continues unabated. D. Appleton & Co. have recently put the book to press for the fifteenth time.

Ian Hay, the young Scotch author who came into immediate popularity with American readers last year through his two novels, "The Right Stuff" and "A Man's Man," is now in this country on a brief holiday visit to his publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company. He witnessed the New Year's Eve celebration in New York, to which city he is not a stranger, as may be inferred from his amusing description of Coney Island in "A Man's Man." He is a graduate of St. John's, Cambridge, and assistant master at Fettes College, one of the leading boarding-schools of Scotland.

St. Valentine's Day Observance

becomes more general yearly and "grown-ups" as well as "the kiddies" are adopting this as another occasion for the sending of friendly greetings or messages of love.

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Edwards, Brewster & Clover, Mills Building.
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"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

There is a faint strain of foreignness about the performance of "The Chocolate Soldier" which it is rather difficult to place. I suppose it is a mingling of the Bulgarian atmosphere native to the play and a perception of the foreign nationality of one or two of the players. For the pretty little blonde woman who assumes the rôle of Nadina is called Antoinette Kopetzky on the programme, while Ilon Bergere is the appellation—if theatre bills do not lie—of the buxom, dark-haired smiler that plays the rôle of Mascha. Furthermore, the opera, or operetta, or musical comedy, does not classify itself quite as easily as do most of these musical trifles that are meant only to amuse, although we finally discover that it is opera bouffe.

Remembering "Arms and the Man," as those of us do who saw Katherine Grey play in it with the very competent support of Robert Warwick and Harrison Hunter, we felt ourselves, during the preliminaries of the opening scene, in the attitude of spectators at a play. Then, suddenly, the music began—charming music, too—and the three pretty women on the stage seemed to be taking part in a light opera of the "Maritana" type.

With the coming of the chocolate soldier, who, pursued by the Bulgarian enemy, bursts from the balcony into Nadina's maiden bower, we are suddenly switched back into something resembling musical comedy, with occasional relapses into light opera. But, on account of its Shaw origin, there is a coherency to the book of the play and a skillful winding up of threads not generally observed in musical comedy. Nor are there elaborate dances and marches projected suddenly and unreasonably on the scene.

All of Mascha's coquettish dances seemed to bubble out of her through pure exuberance of temperament and a natural tendency to bedazzle and ensnare the nearest male. The military effects were entirely congruous to the story, as there is a search party in the first act minutely inspecting the pin-cushions and pillow-covers in Nadine's chamber for the missing refugee, and the return of soldiers from war in later ones.

As I remember, in Shaw's play, the whole idea was to throw ridicule on conventionally romantic situations. A glimmer of this spirit appears in the first act, in which the chocolate soldier is unable to fight off the invading slumber of fatigue, in spite of the presence of lovely woman multiplied by three, with all three succumbing to his deliberately wielded masculine attractions. No doubt, when this piece was played on the continent, the situation in the first act, with its *risqué* possibilities, was treated with that sparkle of wit and discreetly veiled audacity which so delights audiences abroad. But, as given at the Savoy Theatre, everybody concerned was in a thoroughly respectable frame of mind, even the matron of the subjugated trio, whose indiscretion went no further than smoothing the locks of the all-conquering refugee, and slipping her photograph into his pocket.

This apparently insignificant act was contributory to the crux of the situation. The pocketed garment was not Bumerli's (the correct cognomen of "the chocolate soldier"), but belonged to Nadina's father, Aurelia, the aforesaid matron, with that all-pervading recklessness of wives concerning the comfortably aging garments of their husbands which hang in the closet, bestowed upon Bumerli a house-coat with three pockets. In each pocket was left a tribute by each of the enamored ones—a photograph of herself. And from each pocket was subsequently rescued by each of the three, a photograph which she fondly believed, at the moment of rescue, to be *the* one. Of course there was a mix-up, and amusing scenes resulted.

Still, "The Chocolate Soldier" disappoints expectations in one respect. It is not quite hilarious enough. There are funny little complications, with resultant funny little scenes, which are permeated by ripples of laughter, but there is not sufficient occasion for steady hilarity, although the company is good, and the chocolate soldier himself is a very successful merimont maker. This rôle is assumed by John R. Phillips, who can sing, act, and gyrate amusingly around the stage. He is also a humorist, and shines gayly in the kind of dialogue employed by Bumerli, who is deficient in the bump of reverence, and practices toward women a cheerful impertinence which mows them down like grain under the scythe.

Edmond Mulcahy, the basso, in the rôle of

the conventionally outlined husband of opera bouffe, who amiably endures his wife, but sends appreciatively wandering glances toward everything else in petticoats, played it with big bursts of contagious laughter that won the favor of the audience and predisposed it toward a mood of gaiety.

Major Spiridoff, in the original play, was a particularly Shawesque creation. This character, as gleefully outlined by G. B. S., supplied a type of the character which clothes, or, rather, in this case, arms, made the man. Spiridoff's uniform is a mere shell, with nothing human inside of it except vanity, and an imaginary aura of conventional bravery and gallantry surrounding the shell, which casts a glamour over foolish womankind.

Opera bouffe, however, has somewhat changed this idea, and, as played by Harry Davis, Spiridoff becomes a mere self-adoring human phonograph, saying the things which a fatuously handsome soldier is supposed to say, and absorbing incense with a lordly air.

The bouffe spirit is well maintained in the character of Captain Massakroff, a fiercely mustached warrior who loves to figure impressively in the safer, more peaceful scenes of bloody war. This character was given a very good make-up by Frank Belcher, who endowed the bristling warrior with a panoply of excellently foolish military self-importance. Mr. Belcher was complimented with a rousing home greeting by the audience, but although we detected satisfied smiles behind Massakroff's huge mustache, the doughty warrior refused to step down from his pedestal of gorgeous incapacity.

Place aux dames. I don't exactly see how it was that the male actors, so far, have pushed themselves out of their proper place. Antoinette Kopetzky, who plays the lead, is small, plump, pleasing, and active. She has a fresh, pretty voice, plenty good enough for the rôle, as she climbs up the crescendo very satisfactorily in the popular romanza which all the café players have made familiar to the public. The little singer has an assortment of pretty attitudes which express a wide range of entirely womanly sentiments, suitable to the heroine of a light-opera love affair. Quick, brisk, birdlike in her sudden relapses from one pose to the other, she was, on the whole, a little too pantomimic to capture entirely her audience, yet, at the same time, was quite a fetching little figure.

Both Margaret Crawford, in the rôle of Aurelia, the wife, and Ilon Bergere, as Mascha, revealed themselves possessors of pretty voices, and the three rendered with genuine melodious charm a number of trios and concerted numbers.

Oscar Strauss's music, of course, has considerable individuality, and the many tuneful numbers that diversified the progress of the piece are much ahead of what we expected. The music has distinction, sentiment, and the quality of consistency with the text. The more serious numbers are full of appeal, and the lighter ones occasionally sparkle out into little bursts of roguishness which bring involuntary smiles.

In spite of its many good qualities, the opera goes a little heavily during the first act, but it gains in lightness and gaiety in the later acts, when bursts of laughter begin to break out spontaneously in the audience.

The scenes are set with the splendor inseparable from the lighter order of musical entertainment, and the Bulgarian costumes and the characteristic mural ornamentation furnish an element of richly colored atmosphere that appeals potently to an eye that dwells lovingly on glowing colors.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Symphony Society of Boston, its mayor and council, are at loggerheads with the women of the cultured city because they will not remove their hats when attending performances of the Symphony Society. Some time ago Boston passed an ordinance making it unlawful for women to wear big hats at public performances, and ever since the city officials, managers and ushers have been endeavoring to enforce the law without success. The mayor threatens to take away the society's license unless women remove their hats. The women simply smile, and wear their hats. Society attends these æsthetic performances ostensibly to hear the music, and also to show their good clothes. The officials will find it a very difficult problem in their endeavor to divorce the two æsthetics, a symphony in A minor and a symphony in a milliner's classic confection. The Boston society folk, like the English suffragettes, would rather go to jail than give up their rights as to personal adornment. At least, this is the view of an Eastern journal devoted to the millinery trade.

"Why pay a man \$600 a week to act," queries Frederick Thompson, "when he couldn't earn \$60 a week in any other walk of life? Two things have got to happen or there will be soon no such thing as the theatre business. The prices of admission and the salaries of actors must come down. The best seat in any theatre should not cost more than \$1. People could then get the lower-priced seats for practically the same sum that they now pay for moving picture attractions of the better class."

CURRENT VERSE.

Away.

I said to my heart one day as I lay
Where the wind of the West blew in:
"I will drink no more of the city's din,
I will up and away
Where the barchells dance on the hills,
And the long, free spaces are;
Where life is life; in the mill of the mills
It is only dust and tar."

And I plunged into the solitudes
As a swimmer apart for the seas,
And gave my soul to the wonder of these—
To the fields and the woods,
And the winds that never a man's cheek knew,
And the heights where silence reigns,
And sank my heart in the boundless view;
Ah, God, the plains, the plains!

But often now as I lie where the sky
Goes up from the leagues of grass,
An infinite, passionless dome of glass,
And the night climbs high,
I see far away the lights of the bay
Where the towers of Carnival shine,
And I know that the city is out at her play,
And it flushes my pulse like wine.

Grass and grass and grass forever!
Sky and sky and nothing more!
To be cast on a desolate shore
Where life comes never!
To wake and feed with the steer and the steed,
To go round and round on the range!
If only the herd would stampee!
Dear God, for a change, for a change!
—Edwin Davies Schoonmoker, in *Hampton's Magazine*.

The Message of Age.

I come to you to sing of happiness,
Which many years I sought for in my soul
As though it were some philosophic goal:
I found it not, but only emptiness.
And then I sought for pleasure in the press
Of those delights no creeds or thoughts control,
The beat of cymbals, and the foaming howl,
And, living madly, knew content still less.
Yet happiness was here at hand for me,
In cool and even contours of my room—
With light just flowing from the soother north—
And on the wharves where solemn steamers
loom,
In all their mystery of going forth
To taste the sullen splendor of the sea.
—Fredegon Maitland, in *London Nation*.

Ad Finem.

I like to think this friendship that we hold
As Youth's high gift in our two hands today
Still shall we find as bright, untarnished gold
What time the fleeting years have left us gray.
I like to think we two shall watch the May
Dance down her happy hills and autumn fold
The world in flame and beauty, we grown old
Staunch comrades on an undivided way.

I like to think of winter nights made bright
By book and heart's flame when we two shall
smile
At memories of today—we two content
To count our vanished dawns by candlelight
Seeing we hold in our old hands the while
That gift of gold Youth left us as she went.
—Theodosia Garrison, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The Weaver.

The Weaver, weaving in a silent room
The iridescent web of Fancy's loom,
That opaline and changing Cloth of Gold,
For his soul's ransom, with his soul's sweat told;
With reverent awe, with foaming of the lips
He drew his dream forms from the black eclipse
Of primal voids. He saw his work unroll,
Compelled and guided by the Oversoul.
He fed the loom thread after shining thread,
His flying hand a Hand divine led.
Exulting colors, ecstasies of light
Reft from some god on his forbidden height;
All lights, all shadows and all melodies;
All discords trumpeted by winds and seas.
All evanescent odors that are met
Within the faded chaplet of Regret;
A devil's prayer, that blistered where it fell
And hell smut drifted on the smoke of hell;
A drop of sunlight from a dewy lawn,
Spilled from the golden flagons of the dawn;
A Saint's desire, more white than shining wool;
The Scarlet Soul of the Sin Beautiful;
Flotsam and jetsam drifted to his hand,
Wreckage of all man's souls, from no man's land.
And good or ill, his fingers wove it in.
The god compelled; it ever must have been.
He heard His trumpet from an angry height
When the red lightning stashed the heart of night;
A deeper silence on the silence falls;
A deeper shadow on the shadowed walls;
God and the weaver and a silent loom,
And shadows dripping blackness on the gloom
Above his finished work; and over all
God's Shadow thrown above him as a pall,
Starlit, sun flaming, with its glooms unfurled
Between him and the shadow of the world.
And his work blossoms purple, gold and red,
And the white face above it of the dead.
The Weaver's web is woven; let him keep
Between the eve and dawn his tryst with sleep.
—S. J. Alexander, in *Smart Set*.

Making Minutes Shorter

A few seconds saved on every minute helps the traveling public.

With deepest interest and much curiosity the thousands who use street-cars daily in this city await the arrival of the splendid pay-as-you-enter conveyances from the East. The first shipment of the new cars is scheduled to arrive very shortly, and within a few weeks San Franciscans will be treated to a ride under conditions entirely new to most of them.

Visitors returning from the East speak in flattering terms of the P-A-Y-E system, as it is popularly termed beyond the Mississippi. It was conceived by the street-car companies with a view to solving, as far as possible, the problem of congestion and quicker and better service for the public. How well it has accomplished this object is best attested by the manner in which these cars are replacing all others in New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and elsewhere.

The same problem confronted the United Railroads right here at home. San Francisco, with a rapidly growing population, to say nothing of the many thousands of trans-bay people who cross to this side daily, augmenting the number of street-car travelers, has kept pace with the enlargement of the traffic system, despite the fact that fully 400 new cars have been added since 1906. Large and well equipped, they proved ideal for the service to which they were dedicated, but, ever enlarging, ever advancing, keeping the future of San Francisco in sight, the United Railroads, after watching the operation of the pay-as-you-enter system work out successfully in the East, at once placed an order for eighty of the latest type of these cars, and as fast as they arrive, they will be commissioned to assist the hurrying public.

The new cars enable passengers to enter and exit with more speed and much less crowding than at present. Gaining time is a concomitant of the present-day busy life, and the humble street-car, which plays its part in doing in four minutes what was formerly done in five, has at the end of the day largely increased its usefulness and enabled a far larger number of people to be carried to their destinations than ever before in a given time.

Another feature of the pay-as-you-enter cars is the station of the conductor. He will always be on the rear platform, to give information and to insure the safety of passengers boarding or leaving the car.

Particularly pleasing to the public will be the electric signal push buttons. They will be located between all windows, and when desirous to leave the car, one simply presses the button when half a block from the corner of the block.

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HUMPERDINCK'S NEW OPERA.

From a three-column New York *Evening Post* review of "Königskinder," the new opera by Engelbert Humperdinck, produced December 28, for the first time on any stage, at the Metropolitan Opera House, some significant paragraphs are chosen, to show the importance and character of the work. The reviewer says that it is a greater work than the popular "Hänsel and Gretel."

"Its heroine is a goose-girl. Her pedigree is uncertain, like that of Mélisande. The hideous witch who stole her as a child, and with whom she now dwells in a lonely hut in the forest, maliciously asserts that she is the hangman's daughter; but her appearance and actions indicate unmistakably that she is of noble birth. Just as she is becoming old enough to love, there comes along another 'Königskind,' a young prince, who, preferring adventure in the forest to the artificial etiquette of court life, accidentally comes to the witch's place of abode. She happens to be absent, having gone into the woods to gather poisonous herbs and toadstools. Before leaving, she had expressed her contempt for the Goosegirl: 'You will never be a witch!' Yet the prince finds her bewitching, and she, who has never seen a man in all her life, promptly falls in love, too. They drink alternately from the spout of the fountain; their lips meet, and the mischief is done. He tears the wreath of white flowers she has on her head, and offers her in its place the crown he has taken along on his flight; but when she tries to elope with him the witch's spell paralyzes her limbs and prevents her from escaping into the forest, and he, taunting her with preferring her geese to him, leaves angrily, just before the witch returns with her venomous load.

"The test of a good libretto is that the story must tell itself on the stage to the eyes of the spectators. In the 'Königskinder' the plot does thus explain itself, with one unavoidable exception. The next incident is unintelligible without a knowledge of the text, or the ability to understand what the characters who now appear on the stage are saying. These characters are a Spielmann, or town fiddler, a Woodchopper, and a Broom-maker. They have come as ambassadors to the Witch from the community of Hellabrunn, which, wishing to have a king, wants to consult her as to the best way of getting one. She answers: 'At your festival to-morrow, the first that passes through your gate, be he rogue or changeling, let him be your king.'

The end of the opera, as of most operas, is tragic. After many misadventures together the children die in the forest, and the snow covers them. They are found, when too late, and carried away for a royal burial. "Even in a brief summary the reader can not fail to note the poetic charm and pathos of this story and its suitability for a musical setting. In divining this suitability, and making the best possible use of it, Engelbert Humperdinck has given to the world the greatest operatic work that has come from Germany in nearly three decades—since the production of 'Parsifal' in 1882.

"Musicians will marvel for years over the superb skill shown in the 'Königskinder' score—over its composer's almost Wagnerian genius in creating characteristic leading motives and modifying them in outline, color, and mood, according to the situation. He also follows the example of Mozart and Wagner in citing a theme from one of his own operas; when the Broom-maker and the Wood-chopper knock at the Witch's door, the orchestra plays the witch motive from 'Hänsel and Gretel.' The gem of the whole score is the introduction to the last act.

"Ernst Rosmer's libretto is a masterpiece, free from the glaring absurdities that abound in most of the 'books' that composers have to content themselves with, and full of fanciful touches. The mere reading of it, without music, will, as in the case of the 'Lohengrin' text, bring tears to the eyes. Add to this Humperdinck's emotional music and Geraldine Farrar's pathetic acting and singing, and the effect is irresistible. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Both after the dress rehearsal and the first public performance there were many reddened eyes. One well-known composer confessed that he had wept for the first time in ten years. 'Ernst Rosmer' is the pseudonym of Frau Max Bernstein of Munich.

"Even Madame Butterfly is not a more congenial or touching rôle for Miss Farrar than this new one, which suits her both vocally and dramatically. From her first appearance under a great tree, rosy, beautiful, delicately blooming in spite of the Witch's cruelty, to her last under the same tree, when fate has been even more cruel than the witch, and the lovely child has changed to a pale, sad-eyed woman, she touches every heart. Miss Farrar conveys very beautifully this mental development from girlhood to womanhood, through love and suffering, and, weak as she has become from hunger and cold, her courage still holds out to cheer the beloved one.

"Twice recently the Metropolitan management has given opera-goers splendid pictures of snow-peaks towering above forests, and

each has been absolutely characteristic, the first of the Sierras with their giant redwoods, the second of Alpine peaks with steep and pine-clad snowy slopes. In both cases, too, the changes of light were equally natural and beautiful. In the first act of 'Königskinder' a realistic Alpine glow was followed by the equally realistic pallid gray, which always appears before the secondary paler rose, and this again was followed by a lovely night sky and the illumination of crescent moon and stars, cold and ghostly. The last scene was equally beautiful, the trees loaded to breaking with snow, the steep hills covered deep with white, and the witch's cabin a sadly dilapidated wreck of its former self. The falling of the star in the first act, and its illumination of the dying flower, and the fluttering of the hungry doves about the witch's cabin in which the poor Spielmann had taken up his abode, in Act III, were cleverly managed."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Girl in the Taxi" begins its second week of success at the Columbia Theatre next Monday evening. The musical farce is one of the merriest diversions the Columbia has offered recently. That it strikes a popular chord is proved by the overwhelming audiences which congregate at each performance of the piece, and it is sure that before the close of the local engagement patrons will be turned away unable to secure even standing room. The complications and laugh-producing situations in "The Girl in the Taxi" are too numerous to mention. It is a farce distinct in tone and character, and a vehicle of hilarious fun and pungent satire. Aside from these acceptable favors, "The Girl in the Taxi" makes a special appeal with its assortment of song hits and the manner of its brilliant production. Pearl Sindelar appears in the title-rôle. Her gowns never fail to bring admiration from the feminine portion of the audiences. Bobby Barry has the rôle of Bertie Stewart, the unsophisticated youth who pawns his father's clothes to further his desires in keeping appointments with Mignon, the girl in the taxi. Nicholas Judels, who was last seen here with Blanche Walsh in "The Test," gives a perfect portrayal of the French waiter, Alexis, at Churchill's café. Harry Hanlon, as Bertie's father, presents a flawless interpretation of the gay married man.

"The Chocolate Soldier" will begin its second and last week at the Savoy Theatre Sunday evening. The Strauss comic opera and its interpreters are reviewed at length elsewhere in this issue. The interest and thorough appreciation shown the first night have grown steadily, and the production will leave fragrant memories. The fine orchestra brings out the charm of Strauss's music, and deserves mention as a feature of the entertainment. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

The programme for next week at the Orpheum is headed by Harry Tate's original English Company, which will present its famous comedy "Motoring," a timely skit on the present automobile vogue. This satire, which is genuinely funny, illustrates the adventures of a regular "A-Haw" British clubman who goes out for a spin in his motor-car with his simple son Ronald and a language-murdering chauffeur, who doesn't know a sprocket from a carburetor. A breakdown on a desolate country road leads to the fun-making, in which passers-by and an inquisitive country lad add to the comedy situations. John Neff and Carrie Starr will contribute an entertaining skit. Neff is one of the best eccentric comedians in vaudeville, and Miss Starr is a lively and engaging actress. Mme. Vallecita's leopards will be an interesting incident of the new bill. The beasts are full grown and perform in a cage built of aluminum. They present a marvelous exhibition of animal training. An extraordinary feature is the musical novelty introduced by them. Hugh Lloyd, "king of the air," will be a novel attraction. He presents himself as a British "middy" and looks singularly out of place on the springy rope without the aid of balancing pole or umbrella. Next week will be the last of Charles B. Lawlor and his daughters, the Victoria Four, Borani and Nevaro, and Clayton White and Marie Stuart in George V. Hobart's slang classic, "Cherie."

It is not unlikely that "The Girl in the Taxi" will remain at the Columbia Theatre for a third week, as the great success of the farce has brought out the biggest demand for seats noted in a long time past.

Following "The Chocolate Soldier," James T. Powers will begin a brief engagement at the Savoy Theatre on Sunday evening, February 5, in the great musical comedy success, "Havana."

The John Craig prize offered to the undergraduate in Harvard or Radcliffe who should submit the play considered best worthy of production, has been awarded to Miss Florence Agnes Lincoln of Charlestown, a special student in Radcliffe College. Her play is entitled "The End of the Bridge," and it is a domestic drama of modern American life.

Miracle Plays at Stanford University.

One of the most unusual and picturesque performances ever given at Stanford will be the staging next week, Friday and Saturday, of three old English miracle plays by the English Club of the university. The plays are "The Salutation," "The Second Shepherd's Play," and "The Play of the Three Kings," and they will be produced in exact reproduction of the original method, the only departure being the use of the indoor stage with scenery of the same description as that used by Ben. Greet instead of the wagon used by the original actors. Costumes and setting are to be historically correct and every detail has been worked out with reference to old descriptions and pictures. The plays all deal with the general subject of the Nativity, and a comedy interlude is supplied by the Shepherd's play, which is one of the best of early farces.

A special performance will be given on Saturday afternoon, February 4, at 2:15, for the benefit of residents of nearby towns. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Ruth Sampson at Stanford University and are \$1, 75 and 50 cents.

Pepito Arriola, the Boy Pianist.

The twelve-year-old Spanish pianist, Pepito Arriola, has certainly captured musical San Francisco, and another large audience will gather at Christian Science Hall Sunday afternoon at 2:30 to hear his wonderful playing. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until five o'clock Saturday, and the office at the hall will be open Sunday after ten a. m.

The programme on this occasion will include Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 2, No. 3, a group of Chopin works, consisting of the Valse in C sharp minor, Mazurka in B flat major, Etude in D flat major, and Ballade, Op. 23; Leschetizky's "Octave Study," "Toccata" by Jonas, and Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Waves."

Arriola has made such a wonderful success here that Mr. Greenbaum is negotiating for some return concert.

Bernhardt's Women.

William Winter, still the sanest and best equipped of dramatic critics, has a forceful summing up of Sarah Bernhardt's qualities as an actress in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*. Here is a paragraph from his article:

Sarah Bernhardt, as an actress, within her natural field, is a wonderful performer, even a genius. But that natural field, unhappily, is one of morbid eccentricity, and the better its most typical images are presented the less desirable they show themselves of being presented at all. Representative embodiments by this actress are Frou-Frou, Fedora, Floria, Theodora, Gismonda, Cleopatra, Magda, Cesarine in "La Femme de Claude," Izevl, and Blanche Marie in "La Dame de Chantant." No spectator was ever benefited, cheered, encouraged, ennobled, instructed, or even rationally entertained by the prospect of those embodiments, or any one of them, and it is beyond reasonable dispute that the exhibition of them has exerted a deplorable influence. No person acquainted with the subject has ever denied the merits of Mme. Bernhardt's acting: it is the duty of the critical observer to specify and define them. They are, in brief, the ability to elicit complete and decisive dramatic effect from situations of horror, terror, vehement passion, and mental anguish; neatness in the adjustment of manifold details; evenly sustained continuity; ability to show a woman who seeks to cause physical infatuation and who generally can succeed in doing so; a woman in whom vanity, cruelty, selfishness, and animal propensity are supreme; a woman of formidable, sometimes dangerous, sometimes terrible mental force. The woman of intrinsic grandeur—the woman essentially good and noble—she has not succeeded in portraying. "Nature's above art in that." Queen Katharine and Hermione, for example, are characters beyond her reach. Her inadequacy in this relation was clearly shown by her presentment of Phædra. She has never truthfully depicted a woman who truly loves. She never could have given a veritable personation of Imogen, or Viola, or Juliet, or Rosalind.

Albert Chevalier, the music-hall favorite, was born in 1861. He did not sing a coster song in public till the revival of Byron's "Aladdin" in 1888, and he did not make his appearance in a music hall till February 5, 1891 (says Walter Prichard Eaton). Previous to that appearance, which altered his whole career, and seemed at the time, indeed, to promise the alteration of the English music halls, Chevalier was a successful character actor. He acted with the Kendalls as early as 1879. He appeared in Pinero's "The Magistrate." He supported George Alexander. He even sang in musical comedy. Yet when he appeared in New York this month in the leading rôle of "Daddy Dufard," of which he is also the author, in collaboration with Lechmore Worrall, the newspapers referred to his "début in the legitimate drama," knowing nothing whatever it would seem, about his early career.

Francis Wilson will be the first of the Charles Frohman stars to come here this winter. Wilson will make his appearance in the comedy success called "The Bachelor's Baby," one of the delightful stage works of the day.

Sigmund Beel's Violin Recitals.

Sigmund Beel, "our own California violin virtuoso," who for the past fifteen years has been gaining his laurels abroad, will give two concerts at Christian Science Hall under the management of Will L. Greenbaum. The first of these is announced for next Thursday night, February 2, when, with the able assistance of accompanist Gyula Ormay, the following exceptionally interesting programme will be given: "Sonata" in D major, Handel; "Concerto" in A minor, Vieuxtemps; "Sonata" in G minor, Bach; "En Balcon," Debussy; "Minuet," Handel; "Prelude and Allegro," Pugnani-Kreisler; "Rhapsodie Piemontese," Sinigaglia.

The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 5, when the "Chaconne" by Vitali, "Concerto" by Saint-Saëns, a Bach "Sonata," "Two Irish Airs" by Esposito, and numbers by Novacek and Kosloff will comprise the programme. Seats will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Oakland music lovers will hear Mr. Beel next Friday afternoon, February 3, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, at 3:30. Seats will be ready at the theatre box-office only next Monday.

"Madame Sherry" will visit San Francisco late next month. The music of the musical comedy has been a good recommendation for it.

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Starting Sunday, Feb. 5—JAMES T. POW-
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VANITY FAIR.

Those who have quite naturally believed that the aborigines of New York would tolerate anything should mark the uprising against the hatpin. The trouble is really a part of the subway problem. Just as all roads lead to Rome, so all grievances can be traced back to the overcrowding on the main artery of metropolitan traffic.

There are circumstances when close proximity with the eternal feminine is not a grievance, but then, on the other hand, it may become a positive terror. The New Yorker is by no means ungallant. The fact that so many of his fellow-victims are women has caused him to stifle his resentment against a packing process that would wring protests from a sardine, but when the peril of positive mutilation has been added to that of compression he finds a voice at last. To say that the worm will turn is to misuse metaphor. No worm could turn in the subway, if current reports speak truly.

The New Yorker says he can tolerate the hatpin anywhere but in the subway. So long as he has a sporting chance of escape he will say nothing, but he has no chance here. From the corner of his eye he sees four inches of glittering steel and he knows that nothing can save him if the woman in front should turn her head. She certainly will turn her head presently, and he will be raked fore and aft, whatever that may mean. She may get both his eyes at one fell swoop. She may plow her victorious way across his forehead or open up a channel of communication between his mouth and his ear. She is pretty sure to get him somewhere, and he will not be able even to staunch his honorable wounds until he reaches the street. One victim testifies that he had never really prayed, at least not fervently, until he faced the hatpin in the subway. Deathbed repentances are never much anyway, and he got the point across the left cheek.

Therefore there is to be an ordinance, and at this sign of relief there is an outpouring of testimony from poor abject wretches all over the city. Metaphorically speaking, they are showing their wounds and invoking vengeance from the civic gods. And yet some of them are almost apologetic. They would never have said a word about it if insult had not been added to injury. Have not men shed their blood for women in all ages and been proud of it? And they will do it again, but they must have the compensation of sweet sympathy and gratitude.

Take, for instance, the case of John McLaughlin, who writes to the board of aldermen. Now, McLaughlin is as chivalrous a soul as ever breathed. If chain mail and lances had not gone out of fashion he would be wearing them at this moment and rescuing maidens from giants and doing all the delightful stunts that we read about in mediæval idylls. But the times are against McLaughlin. All he can do nowadays is to give up his seat to the modern maiden and get the whole arctic north squeezed into a glance for his reward. This is what happened to McLaughlin on the subway, and more, too. He and his son gave up their seats to two women, who not only omitted the formality of thanks, but one of them "got" him in the neck with her pin. McLaughlin says the blood ran for ten minutes, so that his painful distress secured for him the feminine attention denied to his courtesy. In point of fact the women laughed. Not only did they laugh, but they asked the conductor to eject McLaughlin from the car for disorderly conduct. It would have served him right, too. What excuse can there be for a man who permits himself to bleed in the presence of ladies.

The complaints are not all from men. A well-known club woman says she counted thirty dangerous hatpins on a single train, and when she remonstrated with one of the Amazons she was called an old maid and a cat, and you can't say much more than that. Another bad case is that of a musical composer whose left eye was deftly extracted. He says he needed that eye in his business.

Queen Mary is to have a special crown for the coronation, and within certain narrow limits she may select the shape and the style. That is to say, she may decide on the number of hoops and their curve. There must be a circle of diamonds on a narrow ermine border, a cap of crimson velvet, four crosses and four diamond fleurs-de-llys.

We have been hearing a good deal about Queen Mary lately, from which it may be inferred that the royal lady is not popular. Bits of information that are officially inspired always bear the earmark of their source. For one thing they are always stupid and without imagination or a knowledge of the popular mind. For example, we were told ostentatiously that Queen Mary always takes her knitting with her when she goes visiting, for fear that she shall waste time. It is hard to see how a queen can waste time more effectively than by knitting. Kings and queens are supposed to have duties, social and otherwise, that they are peculiarly fitted to perform and for which they are equipped by training, education, and heredity. Of late years there has been some doubt as to the reality and the value of these duties, but

that is another matter. The fiction remains, and such stories as this are not likely to strengthen it. Any one who does unskilled or mechanical labor that others can easily be paid to do is wasting time, and any woman can knit. If a queen has no other duty than to look pretty, then she should look pretty with all her might and use the peculiar powers of her place to that end. But surely Queen Mary could find something better to do than either to look pretty or to knit. These are not the duties of a queen any more than it is the duty of an admiral to clean the brasswork or holystone the deck. Every good and sensible woman in the world has clear ideas of what she would do if she were a queen, of the great movements that she would foster, of the new ideas that she would stimulate, of the idiotic conventions that she would break down in her efforts to reach the hearts of the people. But these ideas so seldom come to kings and queens. It may be that their position absolutely hedges them off from the world of real men and women and that they are in Egyptian darkness so far as human hopes and pains are concerned. It must be so, otherwise there would be no effort to appeal to the popular imagination by a story that the queen carries her knitting in her pocket or that the prime minister works a jig-saw at cabinet meetings. People who wish to have queens do not want queens who knit. They can hire people who knit at very reasonable rates nowadays. They want queens who are queens. If bits of popular information about royalties must be circulated why not engage a regular press agent who knows his business and who can produce something worth while instead of some court functionary who looks out upon the world as upon a menagerie and who is only guessing at what the poor beasts would like for dinner?

American ladies, who, of course, have nothing to do with anything so vulgar as politics, and who yet wish to be presented at the German court, are finding that politics and society are closely connected. Germany was offended because the American warships were unable to visit a German port, and the potash question, that no one understands or wants to understand, has increased the tension. These, of course, are only some of the reasons for a certain exclusiveness in German court circles that is being felt painfully by social aspirants from America. At the recent drawing-room only three American ladies were presented, the court chamberlain having gracefully notified the embassy that the number must be severely restricted.

Another sign of coolness between the two countries is to be found in popular disapproval of the Carnegie donation. The German newspapers are full of unpleasant questions as to the way in which the steel king used to get his living and the emperor is being blamed for the thanks that he offered in the name of the nation.

Of course the ladies care nothing about the Carnegie fund, but they do care very much about the court, and there are heart-burnings among those who will have to return to their own, their native land, without the *éclat* of a presentation. But, on the other hand, what a glory awaits the successful ones who will be able to triumph over their dear sisters. The worst of it is that the successful ones are practically nobodies, the wives of professors and common people from the embassy, attachés and the like. The court officials seem to have no sense of the importance of money, and the big check-book can do no more than the small one. It will be a bad look-out for the globe-trotting ladies from Chicago if European courts are to put on airs

and graces or allow mere vulgar politics to dictate the order of proceedings.

Mrs. Taft has earned the thanks of the giddy ones by a change in the cards of invitation to the White House. Hitherto these cards have stated the hour of departure as well as of arrival, but henceforth the guests may stay as long as they like and dance to their hearts' content. As a result the festivities were much prolonged at the recent reception, and every one seemed to have a particularly good time and to feel that a restraint had been removed.

The President himself is a fine dancer and enjoys himself to the limit. Curiously enough, Mr. Cannon, too, is an enthusiast, and somehow we hardly associate this form of amusement with the venerable Speaker, who seems better qualified to set the tunes for others to dance to. But one never knows, and it is said that Mr. Cannon never shows to better advantage than on the ballroom floor, where he can forget his age and his enemies—and make others forget them, too—and so recall the days of his youth in the mazes of the dance.

The White House receptions are now more popular with the younger set than they have been for a long time. No doubt the influence of Miss Taft may be detected here, and certainly she is always to the front when there is fun going forward. She is always in the middle of everything lively at the White House and she is usually to be found at the best places outside. Mr. and Mrs. Preston Gibson recently gave her a surprise party at the Playhouse Club, and it was a marked success, this being the second entertainment given in the Playhouse, which is about to be opened formally.

The Playhouse will appeal to those men and women who feel that a round of dinners and dances can not meet the social needs of those whose artistic spirits want a spice of the unvoted, an atmosphere of culture and achievement which is too often lacking in the merely formal entertainment of the fashionable. Persons who "do things" will receive recognition in the new organization, which, while it numbers among its members all the ultra smart set of Washington, is said by its founders not to be exclusive in the sense that only the wealthy may become members. Artists and playwrights, poets and novelists, pianists and singers, will all do their share toward the creation of the much-craved "atmosphere." The official world is also well represented among the founders. Two Cabinet members, Secretary MacVeagh and Secretary Meyer, are among its members.

France and Italy have often been rivals in artistic matters, and of late a curious double-barreled controversy has been going on. French musicians on the one hand protesting acrimoniously against the predominance of Italian opera in Paris, while on the other hand Italian authors are protesting no less vigorously against the predominance of French plays and French fiction in the peninsula. In the meantime the Italian poet and novelist D'Annunzio carries the war into the enemy's country, having had recently a grand reception in Paris, at which he had the privilege of hearing a panegyric two hours long pronounced upon his new novel, "Forse ch si, forse ch no," by Count Robert de Montesquieu.

In France is an organization called the "Congress des Classes Moyennes." Translated, this means "Congress of the Middle Classes." The sharpness with which class lines are drawn in Europe continues to puzzle some Americans, although there are others

who think we have class divisions, without the names. The French middle classes correspond to the German "mittelstand," and comprise the middlemen of the towns and the country and also many contractors, master builders, and clerks. The organization has an annual luncheon, at which the most distinguished men of France are accustomed to speak.

"Hello! Hello!" "Hello!" "Is this May?" "No, it's January. You got the wrong number."—*Newark News*.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is told in Barry O'Brien's new book on John Bright how, on one occasion, Sydney Smith, while looking critically at the unfinished portrait of a celebrated Non-conformist divine, said to the artist, "Do you not think you could throw into the face a stronger expression of hostility to the Established Church?"

This was heard in an overcrowded elevated train: "Say, Dick," said the young man whose football tactics had won him a strap in the rush. "Say, Dick, I've been riding in on the 'L' every morning except Sundays and holidays for two years, and I've never given up a seat to a lady yet." "You're a polite one," sneered Dick. "Nothing of the kind," retorted the young man. "I've never had a seat to give up."

Of sporting offers made by the large eaters of old, that made to Charles Gustavus of Sweden when he was besieging Prague is worthy of recall. A peasant offered for the king's amusement to devour a large hog then and there. General Koenigsmark, so runs the tale, suggested that one with such an appetite ought to be burned as a sorcerer, on which the peasant said to the king: "Sir, if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig."

B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the executive board of the Frisco system of railroads, on one occasion took to task a young man in his employ who had announced his intention of marrying. The youth in question was drawing a small salary, and Yoakum remonstrated with him on the ground that he could not afford to marry, and that his wife would have to suffer great privations. "Oh," said the young man. "I guess I've got as much right to starve a woman to death as any other man has."

While one thing essential to a cultured lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary that he should parade his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before an Arkansas jury. His opponent replied: "Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who just addressed you has roamed with Romulus, canted with Cantharides, ripped with Euripides, socked with Socrates, but what does he know about the laws of Arkansas?"

The late Senator Pettus, of Alabama, was a devotee of draw poker. He did not care whether he won or lost. All he wanted to do was to sit at a table, draw cards, and bet his money. One evening he arrived at Tate Spring, in East Tennessee, and began his hunt for a game. At last he located one, and confided to a friend that he was going to spend the night in the game. "But," objected the friend, "that's a crooked game. Those fellows will rob you." "Well, I'm going to play anyway," said Pettus. "What else can I do? It's the only game in town."

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it, but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of the day you would tell that story."

A venerable, white-haired parson received a month or so ago several requests from young women for a lock of his hair. The divine, pleased at this expression of respect, gladly complied with the requests. It was not long, however, before his wife received a communication that put an end to her husband's pleasant delusion. The note was as follows: Dear Mrs. —: Do please ask your husband to send me just a little lock of his hair. All the girls have been taking lessons in making flowers. So many of the girls have asked him that I thought I'd rather address you. Will you be so kind? It's so hard to get white hair for lilies of the valley."

A negro servant in a fashionable West Philadelphia home suffers greatly with indigestion. Recently her mistress insisted that the family doctor be called in to prescribe for her. The physician advised a dessert-spoonful of a certain powder, which he provided to be taken after each meal. Next day the physician was called on the telephone. "Say, Mistah Doctah," said a voice. "I've done lost mah dessert-spoon an' there sho' aint anoder in de house. What am I gwine to do, please?" "Oh, take a little on a half-dollar," answered the doctor, and he hung up the receiver. The physician was called hurriedly that night to the residence of his patient. He found the

darkey rocking to and fro in a chair, abject despair depicted on her face. "Fo' de lawd, doctah," she wailed. "I cudden't find a half-dollar and done took a whole one wiv mah medicin'. Now dat misery keeps on gettin' wusser and wusser, and, what am wusser yet, dat dollar wahn't mah dollar, nohow."

J. Pierpont Morgan, at one of the dinners marking the recent session of the church congress in Cincinnati, deplored the too common separation of religion and business. "Too many employers," Mr. Morgan said, "are like John Nicholson. Nicholson advertised for a porter, and one of the applicants said to him: 'I think I'd suit, sir. I have a recommendation here from my clergyman that——' That recommendation," John Nicholson interrupted, "is all very good as far as it goes. As I shan't need you on Sundays, however, I'd prefer a reference from somebody who can vouch for you during the week."

At one town in his district Congressman Cole of Ohio in his campaign was to divide his time with a local spellbinder. The local man spoke first, and was to have kept going for half an hour, but he made it an hour and a half. When he got through he made an apology for encroaching on Cole's time. "It reminds me," Cole said, as he faced his audience, "of what I once heard in a courtroom. The defendant had been found guilty of a criminal charge. The judge sentenced him to fifteen years. 'Have you anything to say?' demanded the court of the prisoner. 'Nothing but this,' was the reply. 'I think you're mighty liberal with another man's time.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Waiter.

Little tips of silver
Dropped into his hand,
Make this for the waiter
A mighty pleasant land.
—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Missing Rhymes Found.

Bill Jones was an elderly bachelor,
And he hadn't even a satchel or
Valise; so he stole one—sad, sad step!
For that was the way he lost his rep.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Average.

The average man proposes once
The average woman takes him.
If he won't propose (Lord only knows
Just how 't is done) she makes him.
—*Puck.*

The Grad's Lament.

Before I took a course at law
My bills were always paid by paw,
But now he says my sheepskin should a generous
living bring.
Dad's put a padlock on his pelf;
Scant is the coin I earn myself;
And so a little earning seems a mighty dangerous
thing.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tragedy.

She'll be married tonight! And I'll be there to see
The fun and the tears and the joy;
She'd be hurt, to be sure, were I absent—for she
Was my playmate, when I was a boy.
My playmate! Ah, yes, and the chum of my youth,
And my ideal, as years took their flight—
The one girl of all that I cared for, in truth—
And she's going to be married tonight!

Does she dream how it's hurting my heart to be there?
Can she guess all the anguish I'll feel?
She may look in my eyes—will she know, will she care
For the pain that my face may reveal?
Will she note if I shudder in sudden affright
At the solemn words, sealing my doom?
Will she pity me? Ah, who can tell? For, tonight
She'll be married. And I am the groom!
—*Boston Traveler.*

The New Hair-Restorer.

("Extreme cold doubtless strengthens one's hair,"—*Sir Ernest Shackleton.*)
If you want to grow a head of hyacinthine hairiness,
Rivalling the chevelure of Samson in his prime,
Do not stop in England in a spirit of contrariness:
Trying hair-restorers is a silly waste of time.
Buy a coat that's lined with fur in fashion magisterial,
Join an expedition that is going to the Pole—
Arctic or Antarctic is completely immaterial—
The freest locality on earth should be your goal.

The reasons for your journey are not hidden in obscurity,
Frost is the specific for a baldish millionaire:
The circumpolar atmosphere of germicidal purity
Kills the wicked microbes that are browsing on your hair.
But if you can't afford to be an Arctic expedition—
And you'll need both time and money if you're going to be that—
It's considerably cheaper to remain as a practitioner
Of the simple dodge of putting ice each morning
in your hat.
—*London Sketch.*

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,755; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named to be the owners in fee-simple absolute, and each of said plaintiffs to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest of and in said real property, and each piece and parcel thereof, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be meet and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all of the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

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J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

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J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

After the social activity caused by the Chesebrough-Newhall wedding, the Greenway Assembly, and the Avenali-Cadwalader wedding at the close of last week, the events of this week have seemed unpretentious in contrast.

On Tuesday night the Dancing Club hall at Century Club and the Skating Club party afforded entertainment for the younger set, and the Friday Night Club furnished pleasure for the same young people at the close of the week.

A dinner over which Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler presided in honor of Baron and Baroness von Turke occupied a place of social importance on Wednesday.

The dinner dance given on Friday night by former Senator Charles Felton in honor of his granddaughter, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, at the Fairmont Hotel, was one of the prettiest affairs of the week.

The receptions at the Pacific Union Club at their new quarters on California Street, which took place Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week were notable social events, and were attended by many of those prominent in society.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Sadler have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Sadler, to Mr. Bertrand Lyle York, a young business man of Oakland. The wedding will take place late in the summer.

Miss Edith Rucker was the motif for Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale's dance at her home on Saturday evening. Among the young people present were Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Helen Johnson, Miss Helen Cowles, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Margaret Carrigan, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Amalia Simpson, Mr. Fred St. Goar, Mr. Jere Sullivan, Mr. Fred Johnson, Mr. William Van Fleet, Mr. Clark Van Fleet, Mr. Herbert Casey, and Mr. Stanley Kennedy.

At a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell on Friday night at the Fairmont Hotel their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Miss Edith Rucker, and Mr. Frank Owen.

Miss Dorothy Baker presided at a dinner at her home on Jackson Street preceding the Greenway Assembly on Friday night. Her guest list included Mrs. Drummmond MacGavin, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Margaret Doe, Miss Elva de Pue, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, Mr. Herbert Schmidt, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Philip Baker, Mr. Hugh Fairlie, Mr. Hilmyer Deuprey, Mr. Carl Wolfe, Mr. Harry Rolfe, and Lieutenant Barclay, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman gave one of the handsome dinner dances of the week on Wednesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lehman and Miss Goodhart of New York.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and her daughter, Miss Edith Livermore, who has just returned from Europe, were hostesses at a reception on Friday afternoon at their home on Russian Hill. Assisting them in receiving their guests were Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. W. B. Sherman, Mrs. Norman Livermore, Miss Edith Livermore, Miss Minnie Rogers, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Mrs. James King Steele chaperoned an aviation party given by her sister, Miss Ethel Shorh, last Saturday, which was followed by an informal tea at the Shorh home. Among those in the party were Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. James Waite, Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham, Mrs. Campbell Shorh, Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Marie Stoney, Miss Margaret McDonald, Miss Mary Colburn, Miss Marie Rose Dean, Miss Maude Howard, Miss Ila Sonntag, and Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen was hostess at a tea at her home on Saturday in honor of Miss Minna Van Bergen, one of the debutantes of the season. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Charles Jackson, Miss Rhoda Pickering, Miss Louise McCormick, and Miss Lillian Van Vorst.

Mrs. D. L. Ghirardelli was hostess at an informal home on Friday afternoon.

Miss Helen Leavitt was hostess at a tea at her home on Octavia Street in compliment to Mrs. Alden Wheeler, one of the season's brides. In the receiving line were Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Correnah de Pue, Miss Janet Painter, Miss Esperance Ghirardelli, Miss Mildred Pierson, Miss Marjorie Smith, and Mrs. A. Blackstone.

Captain Pond and the officers of the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* were hosts at a buffet luncheon on Wednesday. About one hundred guests were entertained. Among them were Major and Mrs. Roosevelt, Admiral and Mrs. Milton, Admiral Ruff, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Mildred Lansing, Miss Anna Peters, and Miss Dora Finn.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood presided at a dinner on Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ley Vernon of London. Other guests were Miss Marian Miller, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Lillian Whitney, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Bernard Ford, and Mr. Wilberforce Williams.

Miss Martha Foster was hostess at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday night, at which she entertained the following guests: Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Sarah Coffin, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Louisiana Foster, Mr. William Duncan, Mr. Kent Platt, Mr. Edward Lyman, Mr. John Cushing, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Leonard Abbott, Mr. Erwin Richter, Mr. Talbot Walker, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, Mr. Herbert Bonfield, Mr. Spencer Grant, Mr. Rudolph Schilling, Mr. Arthur W. Foster, Jr., and Mr. Paul Foster.

Mrs. Ralston White was hostess at a tea at the Bellevue on Friday in honor of Miss Maud Wilson, the fiancée of Mr. Effingham Sutton. Mrs. White's guests included Miss Lillian Whitney,

Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Clarita Blair, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Florida Hunt, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Ethel Wramplemeir, Miss Justine McCleanahan, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Rowena Wilson, Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Edith Treanor, Miss Gladys Wickson, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Hannah Du Bois, Miss Emily Du Bois, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. James Henry Sherman, and Mrs. Douglas Fry.

Mrs. Charles Carter Nichols was hostess at a tea on Thursday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Augustus B. Moulder, who is visiting here from Hongkong.

Mrs. William Romaine was hostess at a tea on Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. George Kenyon, who is the guest of Mrs. E. T. Allen.

Miss Cora Smedberg entertained at a Sunday afternoon tea in honor of Miss Dora Winn, at which were present about forty members of the younger set.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer was hostess at a theatre party at the Savoy on Monday night, followed by a supper party. The affair was in honor of Miss Jennie Blair, who has just returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis presided at a dinner on Friday evening in honor of Miss Helene and Miss Katherine Stoney. In the party were Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Katherine Stoney, and Miss Helene Stoney. Mr. Samuel Hamilton, Mr. Robert Hayne, Mr. George Nickel, Mr. Campbell Whyte, Mr. Eldridge Green, and Mr. Harry Brett.

Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood and her sister, Miss Leona Stone, entertained at a luncheon on Saturday in honor of Mrs. J. E. Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watt, who have been spending the week in San Francisco from their home in Napa, entertained at a dinner dance on Saturday evening at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen were hosts at a dinner on Friday evening in the red room at the Bohemian Club, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell, Miss Marion La Tourette, Miss Elizabeth Zane, Mr. Gay Skipworth, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mrs. Irving Moulton was a bridge hostess on Friday, entertaining in honor of Mrs. William L. Ashe, whose wedding with Mr. Walter Seymour will take place in March.

Miss Clara Allen was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Thursday, at which she entertained a group of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained at a dinner in honor of Miss Marie Louise Elkins at their home at San Mateo on January 26.

Miss Florence Braverman was hostess at an Orpheum party on Monday afternoon, and afterward entertained her guests at tea at the Hotel St. Francis. Among those enjoying her hospitality were Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, and Miss Erna St. Goar.

Miss Hannah Du Bois was hostess at an informal tea Monday, at which she entertained a score of girls in honor of Miss Cora Smith.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at an informal luncheon at her Broadway home on Monday in compliment to Miss Morrison, a visitor from Portland, who is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained at a luncheon in the gray room at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday.

Mrs. G. Livingston Lansing entertained at a tea on Monday in honor of her daughter, Miss Mildred Lansing. Assisting her in receiving her guests were Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Allen Olsen, Mrs. Fitzgerald Kenney, Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn, Miss Marie Bates, Miss Arabella Morrow, and Miss Ruth Holt.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicken was hostess at a theatre party followed by a supper at the Fairmont Hotel Monday evening, at which she entertained sixteen guests.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Monday.

Mr. Humphrey B. Sullivan entertained at a dinner at the Union League Club on Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Judis, who leave on February 5 for Europe. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan, Captain and Mrs. Clarence Doane, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfeld.

New York acclaims the rumor that Collector Loeb will become Mr. Taft's secretary.

The Mardi Gras Ball.

The Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital is arranging for a Mardi Gras Ball to be given February 28 at the Pavilion on Steiner and Sutter Streets. The general admission for those who dance in costume will be \$5, and the boxes, which seat six, are being sold for \$50. The general admission tickets will include supper. There will be handsome prizes awarded for the most beautiful and most consistently sustained costumes. The unmasking will take place at midnight. Among those who have already taken boxes are Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. Edgar Preston, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mrs. J. H. Wilkinson, Mrs. Patten, Mrs. W. H. Le Bortaux, Mrs. William Sherwood, Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mrs. William S. Thomas, Mrs. W. E. Deane, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. William O'Connor, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. Knox Maddox.

One of the prominent picture experts of Paris, Mr. Henry W. Pike, is quoted by a correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* as indorsing a statement by William M. Cbase, the New York artist, that there are 50,000 spurious Corots in America. "The D'Aulby-Hamilton Paine scandal," says Mr. Pike, "is only one of hundreds which might arise if other wealthy Americans engaged experts to inspect their private galleries. It requires only six months to produce a painting which it is impossible for any one except a deep student of classic art to distinguish from one that's genuine. The D'Aulby trial disclosed how the late E. H. Harriman was swindled. It is not generally known, however, that practically all of J. Pierpont Morgan's early purchases are reposing shamefully in a forgotten anteroom, for the experts engaged later by Mr. Morgan found that they were merely copies."

"American and English Genealogies in the Library of Congress" is the title of a work recently published by the government. This preliminary list contains about 4000 titles and gives, as a rule, only the genealogies published in separate form. Articles or notices on families which have appeared in periodicals or collective works, and works of a genealogical nature classed with local history or biography have, with a few exceptions, been omitted. The works are arranged alphabetically by names of families, and under each family chronologically. In the analytical work it has been the aim to make reference from the allied families to the main family, where the several generations appear in full. The publication consists of 805 pages. It is for sale by the superintendent of documents, Government Printing Office; price, \$1.05, cloth.

In Michigan, the secretary of state has evolved an idea for stopping speeding of automobiles. He has sent out blanks to all townships and cities with a request for the names and addresses and other data about all persons who have been arrested for speeding in the last year. It is the intention to make a blacklist of this and have a copy sent out to all authorities, so if a person is arrested for speeding it will be possible to find out at once if he has been arrested before for that offense. In this way the judges will know what fines to inflict, taking in consideration the record of the person arrested.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Everett, are on the Riviera, en route to Cairo. They will make the Nile trip and return home late in the spring.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Jane Hotaling, Jr., have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara and Coronado.

Mrs. John Covode of New York, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Nichols, will return East next month.

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia arrived a few days ago to be with her mother, Mrs. Orville Pratt, who has been seriously ill.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, accompanied by her niece, Miss Bessie Zane, and Mrs. Mary Tobin, will go to Santa Barbara for the month of February.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from the East, where they spent several months.

Captain and Mrs. J. R. Fourie are visiting friends here en route from Fort Adams to Fort Stevens, Oregon, where Captain Fourie has been assigned for duty.

Miss Isabel McLaughlin has returned to her school in Paris, after having spent the Christmas holidays at Sherbourne, near London.

Mrs. Patrick Calboun is en route to New York, where she will join Mr. Calboun. They will return to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Miss Dorothy Boericke is now the guest of friends at Fort Warren, near Boston, after a delightful visit in Canada and New York. She does not expect to return to San Francisco until April.

Mr. William Bassett and his daughter, Miss Amy Bassett, have closed their Menlo Park home and taken an apartment in town for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Ethel Crocker has returned to Paris, after having spent some weeks with Princess Andre Poniatowski at Cannes.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn and their sons are in Germany, having passed the holiday season at Dresden.

Mrs. Norman Livermore has returned from Galveston, Texas, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Seeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilchrist Owen have gone to Santa Barbara for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. Maxwell Milton, who has been visiting his parents, Admiral and Mrs. Milton, left Friday for Arizona.

Mrs. Laurence Pool and Mrs. George Gibbs, who have been spending several months in New York, are planning to return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tohin, and Miss Vera de Sabla are planning to leave next week for Coronado, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. George Carr has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue, after a pleasant visit in Los Gatos.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose have come up to the city for the remainder of the season and have taken an apartment at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George Joerns has joined her husband, Lieutenant Joerns, at Mare Island, and will remain there during the station of the *Yorktown* there.

Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan has been spending the past few weeks at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Sidney Cushing, and Miss Jennie Hooker left on Thursday for New York, and will sail on January 28 for Europe and will spend the spring months in Cairo.

After spending six weeks with friends in the south of France, Miss Cora de Marville has returned to her home, 35 rue de Chaillet, in Paris.

Mrs. William Mayo Newball and Miss Marian Newhall left Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud and Mr. E. C. Le Montague of Monterey have been spending the week in town as the guests of Mrs. John A. Darling.

Mr. Gayle Anderton came down from Sonora for the Chesbrough-Newball wedding, and remained during the week in town.

Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann have returned from Los Angeles, where they have been spending several weeks.

General and Mrs. Frederick Funston are expected shortly from Fort Leavenworth, and will visit here briefly before sailing for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali (formerly Miss Linda Cadwalader) have returned from their honeymoon trip and have taken a house in town for the season.

Mrs. Samuel Wilson has returned from a long absence in Europe, and has taken an apartment at the Sussex for the winter.

Mrs. Peter Martin is planning to leave for New York about February 7 for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, who are spending the winter at the Plaza.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dorn of Portland arrived at Del Monte last week, with Miss Mozenoth and Mr. William Rafter, also of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton Van Nuys of Los Angeles were among the week-end guests at Del Monte.

Baron Henry Schroeder and Mr. W. G. Holway were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Baron at Del Monte.

Miss Evelyn McCormick is in Monterey again for some sketching.

Mr. R. White Steel of Bryn Mawr, with his son and daughter, has taken apartments for a long visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Llewellyn of Chicago will make an extended stay at Del Monte.

Recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, included Mrs. B. Roberts, Miss L. V. Merle, Miss Mollie Merle, Mr. A. A. Berti, Mr. John McCarthy, Jr., Mr. W. F. Stokely, Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Clay, Mr. G. J. Donovan, Mr. George W. Smith, Mr. Thomas Martin.

In the production at New York this week of Rostand's "Chantecler," Maude Adams is said to have achieved the success that the charm of her personality always wins, but the critics do not speak highly of the leading part in this fanciful drama as a vehicle for her distinctly feminine art.

RURAL DELIGHTS.

It may not be the most appropriate season to reprint this selection from Josh Billings, but it contains some quaint revelations of an instinct that is superior to dates on a calendar, and its humor is fresher than most of that to be found in the mechanical work of present-day jesters:

The village of New Ashford is located in the state of Massachusetts, and is about 150 miles west of Plymouth rock.

It is one of them towns that don't make enny fuss, hut for pure water, pure morals and good rye and injun bread, it stands on tiptoe.

It was settled soon after the landing of the pilgrims hi sum ov that party, and like all ov the Nu England towns waz, at one time, seclerated for its stern religious creed and its excellent rum and tanzy.

It may seem a leetle strange tew these latterday saints tew hear me mix up rum and religion together, hut i had an unkle who preached God's word in the town next south ov New Ashford, 80 years ago, and who died in due time and went to heaven. This genial old saint alwus took, on week daze, three magnificent horns uv rum and tanzy, and Sundaze he took four. I hav no doubt it lengthened out his time and hraced up his faith. But I wouldn't advise enny ov the young klergy ov today tew meddle with rum and tanzy as a fertilizer. The tanzy is all rite—it grows az green and az litter az ever; for man kan't adulterate it, hut the rum has been beheviled into rank pizon. One sich horn az mi unkle used tew absorb between hiz sermons on Sundays (5 inches, good and strong) would disfranchise a whole drove ov preachers now.

In them daze the preacher waz a stalwart man, and could mo his swarth in the hayfield with the best ov them, and could ride a hard trotting coh or a boss, 6 miles an hour, all day, akrost the mountains, and set down at night to hiled pork and kahbage, and kold injun puddin, and after thanking the Lord for hiz menny mersys, eat hiz way klean to the middle ov the table.

But times, and men, hav altered, and so haz rum and tanzy.

I dont want them good old times tew cum back again; we aint pure enuff now tew stand them, neither are we tuuff enuff.

But, dear Mr. —, i will now get hack tew where i am, and tell yu sumthin about New Ashford.

If yu luv a mountain cum up here and see me. Right in front ov the little tavern where i am staying, rizes up a chunk ov land, that will make yu feel weak tew look at it. I hav hin on its top, and far above waz the hrite hlu ski, without a kloud swimming in it, while belo me the rain shot slanting on the valley, and the liting played its mad pranks. How iz this for hi?

But what a still place this New Ashford iz. At sunrize the roosters crow all around, once apiece; at sunset the cows cum hollering home tew to be milked; and at twilite out steals the crickets, with a song, the hurdeu ov which seems sad and weary.

This iz all the racket there iz in New Ashford. It iz so still here that yu can hear a feather drop from a bluejay's tail.

Out ov this mountain squeezed hi the

weight ov it, leaks a little brook ov water, and up and down this brook each day i loiter. In mi hand i have a short pole, on the end ov the pole a short line, on the line a sharp hook, looped on the hook a gruh, or a worm. Every now and then there cum's dancing out ov this little brook a live trout no longer than yure finer, hut az sweet az a stick ov kandy, an in he goes on the top ov mi haskit. This iz what i am here for; trout for breakfast, trout for dinner and trout for supper.

I am az happy and az lazy as a yearling heifer.

I have not a kare on my mind, not a ake in my hoddy.

I haven't read a newspaper for a week, and wouldn't read one for a dollar.

I shall stay here until mi munny gives out, and shall cum back tew the senseless crash ov the city with a tear in mi eye, and holes in both of mi hoots.

This world is phull of fun, hut most pholkes look to hi for it.

On one side of this mountain they say there iz rattlesnaix; on that side of the mountain iz where i don't go. I am just az fraid ov a snaiz az a woman iz; i had rather meet the devil, ennytime, on a hust, than a three-foot snaik. A striped snaik in the morning spiles the rest ov the day for me.

The fust thing i do in the morning, when i get up, is tew go out and look at the mountain, and see if it iz there. If this mountain should go away, how lonesum i should be.

Yesterday i picked one quart ov field straw-herrys, kaught 27 trout and gathered a whole parcell ov wintergreen leaves, a hig daze work. When i got home last night tired, no man could hav bought them ov me for 700 dollars, hut i suppose, after all, that it waz the tired that waz wuth the munny.

There is a grate deal ov raw hliss in gitting tired.

Dear Mr. —, good-hye, it iz now 9 o'clock P. M., and every thing in New Ashford iz fast asleep, including the crickets. I will just step out and see if the mountain iz there, and then i will go to bed, too.

Oh, the hliss of living up in New Ashford, cluss hi the side ov a grate, giant mountain tew guard yu, where everything iz az still az a hoy's tin whistle at midnite; where a musketo couldn't liv long enuff tew take one hite; where hoard iz only 4 dollars a week, and everybody, kats and all, at 9 o'clock P. M. are fast asleep, and snoring.

A league has been formed in Berlin to correct the manners of the people of the city. The motto is "Pro gentilezza," which is inscribed on a medal that the members will wear. It is announced that "any polite person" is entitled to membership. The society is not original, an organization with the same programme already existing in Rome, and, indeed, inspiring the Berlin movement. The Italian motto has been chosen as a mark of courtesy to the society at Rome.

David Graham Phillips, the novelist, was shot and fatally wounded in New York last Monday by Fitzhugh Goldsborough, an insane musician, who committed suicide immediately after firing five shots at Phillips.

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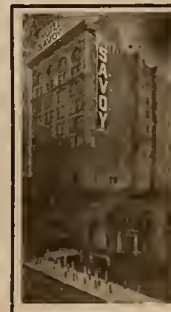
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The difference between learning golf and motoring is that in golf at first you hit nothing, but in motoring everything.—Puck.

"Mamma, hasn't papa made enough money to be able to retire from business?" "Yes, dear; that's why he doesn't retire."—Chicago Tribune.

McRooney—How long was Pat sick, Mrs. Clancy? Mrs. Clancy—Only two days, Mr. McRooney. McRooney—Sure Pat was always a hustler!—Puck.

"What do you think of the new problem play?" "Nothing," replied Miss Cayenne. "It was bad enough to see it, without thinking about it."—Washington Star.

Feminine Voter (at a meeting)—I'm not prejudiced at all. I'm going with a perfectly open and unbiased mind to listen to what I'm convinced is pure rubbish!—Block and White.

Uncle—My dear boy, it's a fact that the hacilli on paper money have caused many a death before now. Nephew—Well, uncle, you might let me have a few notes. I'm very tired of life.—Fliegende Blätter.

"An easy job will suit me, senator." "How about winding the clocks every week?" "I might make that do. But what's the matter with tearing the leaves off the calendars every month?"—Washington Herald.

She—So you're staff artist on the Daily Whirl? Why, I never see your name on anything. He—Oh, I haven't got that far yet. They just let me make the cross to show where the accident occurred.—Chicago News.

"Better hurry up that battleship for delivery," suggested the shipyard manager. "Is there going to be war?" asked the superintendent. "No, but it's only etiquette to deliver the boat before war goes out of style altogether."—Toledo Blade.

"My wife is always horrowing trouble." "What kind of trouble is she horrowing now?" "She is afraid whiskers will be in style when our little boy grows up, so that he will not have a chance to show the cunning dimple in his chin."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Teacher—Now, Earlie, tell us when is the harvest season? Earlie—From November to March. Teacher—Why, Earlie, I am surprised that you should name such barren months. Who told you they were the harvest season? Earlie—Pa. He's a plumber.—Milwaukee News.

Mrs. Blueblood—John, who was that man who just howed to us? Blueblood—Er—that is my tailor. Mrs. Blueblood—Such insolence! You should make him keep his distance. Blueblood—I've done my best, my dear. I've stood him off now for two years.—Boston Transcript.

"I rather like the motif of that picture," said Mrs. Oldcastle, after she had carefully inspected the new work of art. "Yes, so do I," replied her hostess, as they were passing from the gallery, "only both me and Josiah thought the artist meant it for a cow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"It is a great honor for a statesman to have his portrait circulated before the gaze of posterity on our national currency," remarked the treasury official. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "and yet did you ever know anybody to hold on to a dollar bill long enough to know whose picture is on it?"—Washington Star.

"I have sent that heirress another letter protesting my affection and asking her to marry me," said Count Fucash. "You want to be careful how you put that sort of thing into the mails," replied the frank friend. "The Postoffice Department is getting mighty strict about anything that looks like a get-rich-quick enterprise."—Washington Star.

"So you are from the West!" exclaimed the Boston woman. "Yes," replied the lady from Omaha, "I am not only from the West, but I am a native of the West." "Dear me, are you? How interesting. I like the West very much." "Then you have been there?" "Yes, I spent several days in Worcester last summer and I almost went as far as Albany."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you wish to go to church this evening? Father is going to preach, you know," the minister's fair daughter asked. The young man considered. "Um. The last time I went he rather fell on some of my small failings. Do you know what his text will be tonight?" "Yes; 'Love one another.'" He regarded the round pink cheek approvingly. "Suppose," he suggested softly, "that we let the old gentleman go preach, while we sit out on the porch and practice."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Giles," said De Whizz to his chauffeur, before he started on his run across the State, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?" "Yes, sir." "Are you sure, Giles?" "Yes, sir; I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir, and I have greased the cornet-a-piston, the pluribus unum, the exhaust pipe, the muffled tread, the thingumhoh, the rigamajig, and both the hot boxes." "Are those

all the parts you have oiled, Giles?" "Yes, sir." "You have forgotten the most important place of all. Take the can and squirt a few drops of oil on the license number, so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the license number, Giles."—Newark News.

"Certainly I will make a few remarks," said the cigar salesman who, because of his solemn garb, had been mistaken for a man of the cloth. Ascending the platform, he said: "Men are like cigars. Often you can not tell by the wrapper what the filler is. Sometimes a good old stogie is more popular than an imported celebrity. Some men are all right in the showcase, on display, but are great disappointments when you get them home. No matter how fine a man is, eventually he meets his match. A two-fer often puts on as many airs as a fifty-center. Some men never get to the front at all except during campaigns. Some are very fancy outside and are selected for presents. Others have a rough exterior, but spread cheer and comfort about them because of what is inside. But all men, as all cigars, good or bad, twofers, stogies, rich or poor, come to ashes at last."—The Stondard.

A Devonshire lady once sent to her son a pair of trousers by hook post, which is, of course, cheaper than parcel post. The postal officials wrote to her: "Clothes can not be sent by hook post. If you will refer to the Postoffice Guide you will see under what conditions articles may be sent by hook post." After a few days the lady replied: "I have looked in the Postoffice Guide and find that articles which are open at both ends may be sent by hook post. And if trousers are not open at both ends, I should like to know what is."

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Preserving the Park.

New York's periodical struggle to preserve Central Park is now in progress. This time the concession asked for is for an "art building," and those who propose it represent great forces of wealth, taste, and public spirit. But the opposition sees in the projected art building a dangerous precedent. The art building will grow precisely as the Metropolitan Museum has grown, until it will cover a considerable acreage; and the precedent once established will make it difficult to deny space in the park to any generally worthy purpose. Central Park at best is none too large for the purposes for which it serves, and there is a proper sentiment in opposition to any movement tending to curtail its space, no matter in what name or to what purpose. Something of this sentiment is needed in San Francisco to preserve Golden Gate Park against encroachments. Large as it is, it is none too large, and nothing ought to be permitted to cut in upon it. The proposition to give it over to the uses of the Panama-Pacific Exposition is in its way attractive, and yet we

can but think that it would be a mistake. It would destroy much in the way of ornamentation that years and vast sums of money have created without leaving anything of real value in return. It would, too, practically put the larger part of the park out of commission as a public recreation ground for a period of scarcely less than five years.

Government by Law or Government by Men—Which?

If thoughtful men have not been edified by the antics of the reform circus now in continuous performance at Sacramento, if they have looked with some amusement and more contempt upon doings inspired by political resentment, the exhilarations of a little brief authority, the bumptious pretensions of inexperience and demagoguery, they have at least felt a certain sense of security in the solidity of social and political foundations, calculated to withstand shocks, and inured to assault. But if we may credit reports from Sacramento, there is now in process a movement, inspired and promoted by a no less potential figure than the governor of the State, to pull from under our political structure one of the cornerstones of its integrity. It is seriously proposed, we are told, to establish in California that group of political devices with which Oregon and some other States are now struggling experimentally—the Referendum, the Initiative, and the Recall. The plan, it is given out, is to force through a cowed and subservient legislature a series of constitutional amendments, and then by further arbitrary procedures to bring about their acceptance while California is still in the throes of the distemper which carried Mr. Hiram Johnson into the governor's chair and so put the powers of State government in the hands of an irresponsible and venturesome dictatorship.

Of these proposals that which more especially excites apprehension is the Recall, because of the tremendous dangers of political disintegration and of other powers of mischief involved in it. The Recall is a scheme designed to limit official tenures by making them subject to nullification under easily instituted procedures of appeal to popular vote. If anybody for any reason questions the official course of a man in office, he may be required to sustain his position in a special election, which may be called upon petition by a small percentage of the electorate. If a majority votes to sustain him, he remains in his place; if a majority votes to put him out, out he goes. The principle involved is in direct opposition to that determined upon by the makers of our system, who after full discussion were convinced that a fixed tenure of office is the only certain foundation of solidity and strength in government. After more than a century of successful operation, the principle of fixed tenures has the approval of solid political thinkers everywhere. Very recently President Taft, referring to this principle, commended it as imposing wise "obstructions to sudden emotional movements of the people, not taken with the deliberation necessary to secure wisdom; movements that ought to be delayed and held up until they could pass not only under the observation of Philip drunk, but of Philip sober."

If the proposal at Sacramento related merely to administrative functionaries, it might be esteemed relatively innocuous, because governors, secretaries of state, bank superintendents, and the thousand-and-one minor arms of administrative authority, may come or go without grievous harm to the system. But it is the special vice of Governor Johnson's scheme that it will apply the Recall to judicial officers—to the justices and judges of our courts. Here, indeed, is a proposal which demands the attention of every citizen, for it menaces fundamentally the most powerful of all the supports of social order, and public and private rights. It is nothing less than a proposal to take the interpretation and adjudication of law from the sphere of assured knowledge and fixed responsibility and hand

them over to the popular voice, even in the very crises of emotional and excited times, under circumstances fatal to deliberation and wisdom. If we may reverse the phrase of President Taft, it would take the powers of judgment from Philip sober and give them into the hands of Philip drunk.

The first certain effect of applying the principle of the Recall in the judicial sphere would be to create a universal sense of insecurity, for no man could cherish any assurance with respect to a system from which the cornerstone of judicial authority and integrity had been removed. Another immediate effect would be the impossibility of securing for judicial posts men qualified by knowledge and character to sustain them. Even now it is difficult to draw into judicial life men competent for its responsibilities. And it would be absolutely impossible if the tenure of office were made subject to the assaults of popular passion or of private malice. Every lawyer knows that this is the truth. Under the Recall principle applied in the judicial sphere judicial service would be declined by men of character and independence and would fall to the necessitous, the self-seeking, the timid, the subservient. Our benches would be filled not by lawyers strong in knowledge of and devotion to the law, but by creatures studious of the arts of popular ingratiating. Judgments would be founded not upon consideration of the law itself, but with reference to the prejudices, the passions, the moods, of the public mind. We would have results not founded in wisdom nurtured by deliberation, but reflecting the politician's estimate of the popular opinion or mood, however whimsical it might be.

It calls for no great wisdom to see whence such a system would speedily lead us. We should fall, if not into downright anarchy, into something painfully like it. If there could be no reliance upon the integrity of courts, there could be no assurance of the enforcement of the laws upon which social order depends. A country without law is a country ripe for despotism, for every citizen with a stake in the country must under such conditions welcome any power competent to maintain order, no matter how arbitrary the means. Can any man who has observed the course of history, or any man of simple powers of understanding and reason, doubt for one moment, if the adjudication and administration of the law should be taken from the hands of responsibility, authority, independence, and given over to the mob, that the next step in the course of political and social disintegration would be the substitution of some arbitrary authority upon the ruins of popular liberty?

It is in solemn view of the dangers involved in proposals now made at Sacramento that we cry out in alarm and dread lest the spirit of a reckless innovation, unrestrained by wisdom or caution, may tear down a prop upon which the integrity and security of society depend.

San Francisco Gets the Fair.

Tuesday's vote in the House of Representatives assures San Francisco the fair. The final and formal determination, to be sure, has yet to be made, but that is scarcely more than a matter of routine. Tuesday's vote was the vote which counted.

The fight, especially in these later weeks, has been intense, and it has been won by the characteristic spirit of San Francisco, sustained by the devoted friendship of the West and largely of the North. New Orleans forced the sectional issue, and though only at the last moment San Francisco took up the gage, she met it finally with an emphasis which makes plain where the vital powers of the country lie. Those who have managed this contest for San Francisco, especially in its concluding phases, have shown a fine capacity for organization, and deserve as they will receive the appreciation of the community.

Now, the business of creating an international expo-

sition worthy of the event to be celebrated, worthy of the city which has undertaken to organize and administer it, looms before us. It is a work calling for the highest powers and the largest measure of devotion, and the time—four years—is none too long. The start must be prompt and it must be on right lines—we say right lines, because a false start upon a mistaken plan would be worse than no start at all.

The funds provided by the State, by the city of San Francisco, and by private subscription, are ample if every dollar is made to count. But large as the amount looks in the lump it is none too much. There will be no money to throw away in extravagances or in those forms of overcharge which so often beset and embarrass great enterprises. It will be necessary before a blow is struck to so lay down the plan and so establish the methods of carrying it out that every dollar spent will bring a dollar's worth in the form of definite achievement.

It hardly needs to be said that San Francisco has much of community advantage to hope for through this fair. The work of preparing for it will make great local activity; the period of the fair will surely be one of intense local life in every aspect. San Francisco is past the stage for artificial booms; we shall have nothing of this sort in the time immediately ahead, but we shall have an activity which ought to be stimulating to every community interest.

Even before the vote of Tuesday the song of the croaker was heard in the land. There are those to say that after the fair San Francisco will reap a reactionary harvest in the form of depression and stagnation. The few infected by this dismal negativism have not looked closely into the circumstances which surround this particular enterprise. Elsewhere expositions have been held in celebration of some notable anniversary, in exploitation of some great historic achievement, or as mere projects calculated for amusement and advertisement. In this instance an exposition is given to celebrate the inauguration of new conditions—conditions in the nature of things expansive and stimulating. This is an event, not indeed regardless of the past, but looking less to the past than to the future, one to be followed not by loss of sources of advantage, but by new and immensely augmented conditions and facilities. There is in the distinction a significance which may well inspire hopes not merely for the period of preparation and the period of fruition, but for that other period which is to follow.

"To a Frazzle."

In the history of American politics nothing more curious or anomalous is recorded than the mutations within the little space of four months in the Republican organization of New York State. William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, grandson of Thurlow Weed, "brains of the Old Guard," friend and supporter of Roosevelt for many years, more recently the object of bitterest enmity on the part of Roosevelt, deposed and beaten by Roosevelt's efforts last October, has been elected chairman of the reorganized Republican State Committee—the same committee chosen by the Saratoga convention, which was organized and personally bossed by Mr. Roosevelt. The motion in the committee to make Barnes chairman was made by Timothy Woodruff, member of the Old Guard, and curiously enough it was seconded by Mr. Lloyd Griscom, friend of Roosevelt and chairman of the New York City Republican organization. The lion and the lamb have lain down together—this time the lion inside the lamb.

There is room for no end of speculation with respect to this almost dramatic "come-back" of William Barnes, Jr. One suggestion is that Mr. Roosevelt has been entirely disregarded in a political organization of his own party in his own State. Another is that the outcome is a bit of shrewd politics on Roosevelt's part, intended to work out in some mysterious way to his own advantage in 1912. But a more rational theory is that the party has pulled itself together to the end of getting behind the candidacy of President Taft for renomination next year. This is the generally accepted notion, and it is one tending to make the incident acceptable to the rational and conservative Republicans of the country.

The New York Times sees first in the reorganized party assurance that Mr. Taft will have the support of the united Republicanism of New York next year; it sees, second, the elimination of Roosevelt with an overwhelming rebuke for the part played in last year's campaign. There must, it says, be searching of hearts among Mr. Roosevelt's following in the present state

of things as compared with that of a few brief months ago. It points out that, from the day when Mr. Roosevelt started out in gayety of heart to rescue his party from the perils to which Mr. Barnes and his associates had exposed it, to the day when Mr. Barnes is promoted to the headship of the organization, there "has been for the ex-President an almost uninterrupted series of disappointments, reverses, and humiliations." How has it all come about? The Times answers in these terms:

For one thing, Mr. Roosevelt never really undertook to perform the task he professed to set himself. He did not drive the Old Guard from power; he only sought to divide it, and by an alliance with one part of it to seize the machinery of his party. That gave him control of the State convention, but it hopelessly handicapped him for the campaign of purification he had declared he would wage. As a matter of fact, he abandoned that campaign and all pretense of it. As soon as he had named his candidate for governor he began to plead for "harmony" with the very men he had promised to fight. He hastily put out of sight the issue of exposing and uprooting corruption, and concentrated nearly all his attention on national issues, and on his personal relation to those issues. Indeed he made of himself the one national issue. He projected into the canvass his own notions, theories, ambitions, jealousies, suspicions, and stirred up a lot of bad blood in his own party without seriously affecting the position of the opposing party.

Worst of all, he wobbled. Not only did he first attack and then court the Old Guard, but he swung from the extreme "New Nationalism" of his early utterances to schemes to placate the standpaters and the "interests." Meanwhile the Old Guard stood silently and grimly aloof awaiting the result which they rightly believed would follow. Whatever fear they may at first have had for the assailant who sallied out so furiously against them, they had none for the desperate, vociferous, but oscillating and inconsistent agitator whom they saw reeling to defeat.

An obvious lesson of the events of the past four months in New York is this, namely, that one who proposes reforms on moral grounds must not only come with clean hands, but must carry himself in the spirit of his pretensions. Mr. Roosevelt did not come with clean hands, because he had been one of the creators and supporters of the Old Guard. He did not carry himself in the spirit of his pretensions, for while shouting the names of purity and morality, he gave reign to every vindictive passion and employed, even in exaggerated forms, the methods which he affected to condemn. He was plainly seen to be a reformer, not inspired by moral purpose, but one who only sought to substitute one arbitrary régime for another. As between claimants for party authority, even a committee chosen by Mr. Roosevelt's own convention at Saratoga has preferred a practical man without sanctimonious affectations, to one whose every action in the campaign gave the lie to his professions.

At the same time, looking at the situation from this distance, it is not pleasant to contemplate Mr. William Barnes, Jr., as the head of the Republican politics of New York. For it can not be forgotten that Mr. Barnes represents pretty much everything that was objectionable in the rule of the Old Guard. Mr. Barnes has won the chairmanship of the party, but it is hardly possible that in so brief a time so spotted a leopard can have changed his spots, or that he and his associates of the Old Guard can have gained the confidence of the public. Mr. Roosevelt, indeed, has lost it, but that is far from saying that Barnes & Co. have won it.

A Compliment—and Some History.

Mr. Robert Balfour, whom we are accustomed to regard as a Californian because of the friendly sentiments developed by his many years' residence here, has been made a baronet by King George. Presumably this honor has come to Mr. Balfour in recognition not only of his parliamentary service, which has been notable, but as a tribute to his energy and distinction in the broader world of British commerce and finance. It is easy, too, to believe that in his association with the government in recent years Mr. Balfour's knowledge of commercial conditions, his practical wisdom, his fidelity, his industry, have been resources of dependability and value. Mr. Balfour is fully deserving of this compliment, and his many friends in California will be gratified that it has come to him.

The incident serves to remind us of the intelligent and sympathetic connection in England and in other European countries between political and commercial motives. And in a way it explains why "politics," with us a term almost odious, has in these countries a very real and elevated dignity. British commerce serves the interest of the British race, incidentally of British government. British government returns the favor by serving legitimately and broadly the interests of British

commerce. It has been so since the days of the great Reform, and to this fact quite as much as to any other is due the preëminence of England in the world's affairs. With us politics has largely become an interest by itself, operating upon motives quite independent of the broad interests of commerce, not uncommonly in ignorance and contempt of them. This circumstance goes far to explain the defects and weaknesses of our commercial system as illustrated notably in the fact that the American flag has practically been driven from the sea.

A bit of recent history in which California is directly interested may serve to illustrate the point. Some six years ago an American citizen, eminent in the world of finance and transportation, visited Japan and personally negotiated with the government of that country an arrangement under which American capital was to become a vital factor in the transportation system of Japan and of the countries on the mainland under Japanese influence. Under this agreement a large part of the Oriental transportation world, nothing less than Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, would have come directly under American influence, and in a sense under American authority. In its motive and in its practical effect it would widely have extended the American interest in the Orient, and have sustained an American system of transportation in the Pacific Ocean. It was a stroke of enterprise which should have rejoiced the American government and commanded its instant and hearty cooperation.

The American citizen who had carried forward this negotiation sailed for home in high spirits, busying his mind on the voyage with projects of the highest aim, regarded commercially and from the spirit of patriotism. And what did he find when he reached his own country, or very shortly after? He found that the executive department at Washington, without publicity, without consultation with anybody at once intelligent and responsible in the financial and commercial spheres, had negotiated a "memorandum treaty" with the Japanese government—a diplomatic trick involving a distinct usurpation of powers, since it disregarded the constitutional right of the Senate to participate in the treaty-making policy—by which his own plans were practically nullified. For the motive back of the Japanese policy in the first instance had been that of financial necessity. Japan was exhausted by her war with Russia, her coffers emptied, her credit gone, her needs great. Her statesmen had made the bargain outlined above because it enabled them to meet pressing requirements. But under the "memorandum treaty," negotiated immediately after with the government at Washington, the situation changed. It restored the credit of Japan, put funds in its treasury, and gave to its statesmen such strength of resource as to enable them to cancel the commercial arrangement. A great plan to create an American sphere of commercial and financial influence came to nothing because an American President, disregarding of any other interests save those of his personal politics, contemptuous of the aims and uses of commerce and finance, had "jumped in" with the full powers of the American government to make a foolish and harmful treaty.

It is quite possible that the personal resentment of President Roosevelt against Mr. Harriman had something to do with the course of the executive department in this matter. It is easily believable, in view of many other things which occurred about the same time, that President Roosevelt was unwilling that the interests of American nationality should be advanced in the Orient by Mr. Harriman. This theory accredits neither Mr. Roosevelt's understanding or his character, but it is nevertheless one supported by many convincing suggestions. At any rate, the action of the State Department in negotiating the so-called "memorandum treaty," in contempt of the commercial and financial interests involved, cut the United States out of advantages of the highest value—advantages which would have been reflected in an important extension of American commercial influence and in notable reinstatement of the American flag in the Pacific Ocean. The case is one where the powers of government, whether employed in malice or in ignorance or both, were used not to support the national interest, but to beat it down even upon the threshold of a supreme achievement.

It is quite needless to ask what the British government or the German government would have done under similar circumstances. Recent history, known of all men, answers the question even before it is put. India, Egypt, South Africa, the Orient—these countries, even in their contemporary history,

enforce the suggestion. Everywhere the powers of government work coöperatively with the forces of commerce, and out of all this have come those amazing extensions of enterprise and influence which encircle the world. If America has small share in these great developments, the incident above noted sufficiently explains why.

A Bad Political Job.

The "kicking-out" of Alden Anderson, Superintendent of Banks, duly accomplished according to schedule as pre-announced by Governor Johnson, is a matter of current history worth attention. Mr. Anderson was appointed in 1909, he being the first incumbent under a law enacted that year for the protection of bank depositors. The immediate inspiration of this law was the wrecking and looting of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company by one J. Dalzell Brown, a client of Governor Johnson, who, then in close affiliation with the district attorney's office, got Brown off with a nominal punishment.

The Act creating the office of Superintendent of Banks made the governor the appointing power, but did not give him authority to suspend or dismiss the Superintendent. The appointee was to hold for a fixed period of four years. In the spring of 1910 Mr. Anderson became a candidate for the governorship in rivalry with Mr. Hiram Johnson, present incumbent of that office, and on July 1st resigned the Superintendency of Banks to avoid complicating his office in any way with his gubernatorial candidacy. No successor was appointed, however, and he continued to hold the office until after the campaign in which he was defeated by Mr. Johnson. On December 1, 1910, Governor Gillett reappointed Mr. Anderson for the unexpired portion of the original term, that is, from December 1, 1910, to July 1, 1913. Mr. Anderson's term, therefore, had, when Governor Johnson assumed office, a little less than two and a half years to run.

There has been no question with respect to the fidelity and efficiency of Mr. Anderson in the Superintendency of Banks. He was chosen for the office because he was an ideal man for it; he accepted it under executive urgency abandoning a more lucrative occupation in order to take it. Not even Governor Johnson in his most frenzied verbal assaults has raised the point of efficiency. The banking interests of the State have been a unit in support of the system as it has stood; they have likewise been a unit in commending Mr. Anderson's administration of the office.

Governor Johnson's wish to "kick Anderson out" has borne no relation to the sufficiency of the law or to the efficiency of its administration. It has been a matter purely personal and political. He has wanted the "patronage" of the office, which in Mr. Anderson's hands has been organized on a business basis, but which in strictly partisan hands might be made to serve political motives both large and small. Under the law there was no way to get rid of Anderson, since he held under a tenure independent of executive authority. Under the law the Governor must wait for two years and a half before his opportunity would come. To be sure, he got an opinion from the Attorney-General to the effect that he might by a devious plan vacate the office. But this he did not venture to do, even though claiming the right. His plan was to make the legislature, which under a severe steam-roller process he has brought to a state of pitiful subservience, take the responsibility upon its own shoulders, or at least share in it. With this idea he conceived the scheme of repealing the banking act, thus vacating the office of Superintendent, and of reënacting it to the end of putting at the head of it a creature of his own selection. Under pretenses devised for public deception certain slight changes in the law are to be made, not to the end of making it more effective, for that was not the purpose. The purpose was to get rid of Anderson, first because he had been a political rival, and therefore a subject of personal hate on the part of the Governor, second because the Governor wanted to control the office.

Well, the thing has been done. Aggressively, abruptly, and to the accompaniment of rude and vicious denunciation on the part of the Governor—denunciation of a man of unblemished character and reputation, whose public service has extended over a long period during which Mr. Johnson busied himself professionally in protecting the enemies of society against the righteous vengeance of the law. California's book of careful and beneficent statutes is marked all over with the record of Alden Anderson's work during ten years past. The records of the criminal courts of Sac-

ramento and San Francisco show what Mr. Johnson has been doing—nothing less than snatching murderers from the gallows and bank-wreckers from the penitentiary.

Mr. Johnson has had his way. It has not been a manly way because he has not gone about it with high purpose or with manly dignity. He has not dared to use the powers which he claimed to hold in his own hand, but has meanly attempted to put this dirty job upon the State legislature. The act gains nothing in dignity or even plausibility because of this cheap and cowardly evasion. Now, Mr. Johnson will name a creature of his own choice as Superintendent of Banks. He will not be a better man than Alden Anderson, for there are no better men. He will not be so good a man, for no man equally independent and worthy is likely to take the office under the conditions implied by its acceptance as matters now stand.

The thing has indeed been done, and no grosser job of machine politics was ever done in California or anywhere else. It has been done, too, in the name of reform—of purity and morality in politics. The which recalls and emphasizes the famous sneer of the late Roscoe Conkling that when Dr. Johnson defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel, he overlooked the tremendous possibilities of the word reform.

An Example and an Inspiration.

Five years ago the people of Seattle conceived the idea of a fair in exposition of the development of Alaska and the Northwest. The plan was modest, but generous. The city of Seattle and the State of Washington promptly made financial provision for it, and the work of preparing the site and of constructing the necessary buildings was given into the hands of a committee of citizens, of which Mr. Charles J. Smith was the executive head.

The enterprise being essentially a public one, based upon public funds, called for policies conceived on the broadest lines. It was felt obligatory by Mr. Smith and his committee to put upon the work no restrictions of a discriminating kind. Whoever should apply for work should have opportunity to do it in due and proper order. This policy did not meet the approval of the labor unions. They demanded monopoly of labor in all the departments of construction and preparation, and when this demand was denied they accepted the determination with grumbling and protest. When the buildings were fairly under way, discontent rose to fever heat and at a critical time it was demanded in behalf of organized labor that only labor in affiliation with it should be given employment, under threat that unless this demand should be acceded to the work would be abandoned and the exposition killed in its inception.

Then Mr. Smith, a quiet but resolute man, accustomed to administration of large enterprises, very sure of the justice of his judgments and very sure of himself, took the floor. "This," he said, "is a public enterprise. It is an enterprise supported by public money. In such an enterprise so supported, all citizens have equal rights. There can be in this work no discrimination between classes of citizens. However I or those with me trusted with the execution of this work, might be disposed to consider demands made against us in our private relations, we have no right to consider them in relation to this essentially public work. This fair will be built under the open-shop rule or it will not be built at all." This was all. There was no gritting of teeth, no clenching of fists, no loud or unnecessary talk. But Mr. Smith meant precisely what he said and the unionists understood it. They knew that either the work would go on under the open-shop rule or it would not go on at all.

There was obstreperous talk on the part of the unionist whippers-in. There were loud threats and there was some delay. But in the end the unionists knocked under, as they always do when they encounter a fixed moral force, and the work went on as it had been planned, under the rule of the open shop. The fair was ready on schedule time, and, as all the world knows, it was a tremendous success.

In the making of the Seattle fair union labor had its full and fair share and no more. Its men worked side by side with non-unionists and there even grew between the two classes a certain rivalry which was good for the fair and for the men themselves. It saved money to the fair committee in large sums and it made a demonstration of lasting value, since it exhibited the possibility of establishing coöperation among classes of labor, instead of a ruinous and destructive competition.

The result was good for Seattle, in that it established a principle not only of sound economic, but of sound moral value. No small part of that moral strength which has enabled Seattle to resist the aggressive and unreasonable demands of advanced unionism, to hold her industries upon the equitable and humane basis of the open shop, came through this experience.

The *Argonaut* presents this brief history with the hope that it may serve as a stimulating example to San Francisco. Our fair, like that at Seattle, is a public enterprise sustained largely by funds raised by general taxation. Those who are administering this fund will have no right in law or morals to discriminate in favor of one class of labor as against another class. It is a case for the rule of the open shop. It is a case where any other rule would be unreasonable, unworthy, iniquitous.

Men and brethren of San Francisco, are we prepared to say, if the need shall come, that we will build this fair under the equitable rule of the open shop or that we will not build it at all? There is no doubt as to what the answer ought to be, and the *Argonaut* believes that there is no doubt as to what it will be. There is here, we believe, for all our concessions in time past, a spirit which will resent and resist the attempts on the part of any class in the community to claim a monopoly of labor for which all classes and orders of men are taxed.

Editorial Notes.

The scandal aroused by the persistent rumors that King George married morganatically the daughter of a British admiral at Malta could be laid to rest in a moment by a direct statement from the king himself that the charge is untrue. Surely some way could be found, consistent alike with dignity and etiquette, by which a king can take the same course that would instantly suggest itself to one who is not a king. The personal opinions and convictions of highly placed functionaries, bishops and the like, neither have nor ought to have any weight with the public. If the charge is untrue the king himself is the only one who knows it to be untrue, and he is the only one who can say so with authority, and his word would of course be accepted without question. On the other hand, if the charge be true let that also be stated. Let us at least have something definite from the only one who is qualified to give it. To depute such an obvious human duty to officials who can not have any positive or personal knowledge of the matter is merely to plow the sand.

An important office at Washington is diligently seeking a man. It is the office of Secretary to the President, for which a salary of \$10,000 a year has been provided by Congress. In the two years of his administration the President has had two secretaries. First, Mr. Carpenter of San Francisco, who, although highly efficient in a way, had no conception of the larger opportunities and obligations of his job. Next came Mr. Norton from somewhere in the Middle West, who has been a misfit in one way as far as Mr. Carpenter was in the other. Mr. Norton undertook the rôle of political guide and diplomat and has failed at every point. Personally an aggressive insurgent, he has qualified his partisanship by counseling with the extreme stand-pat element. His various political projects have met the fate which comes to a man who undertakes to ride two horses going in opposite directions. Mr. Norton now sees his own unfitness for the work and has announced his retirement, to take effect any time between now and the end of the congressional session. The office of Secretary to the President is a place of large importance, since the secretary is nothing less than assistant to the President in large as well as in small affairs. Mr. Taft needs as his secretary not a scheming politician, but a man of sound common sense who knows men and who knows affairs, and who understands above all else the art of getting the President's side of every question unobtrusively yet effectively before the country. In no small part the misunderstandings which have marked Mr. Taft's presidential career have grown out of the lack of the qualities above described in his secretary.

Boys in eleven Southern States were interested in a corn-growing contest recently concluded, which was inspired and conducted by Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, of the United States Department of Agriculture.

At the close of 1910 there were 921,083 pensioners on the roll—an army more than eleven times as large as the total enlisted force of the United States army today.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Professor Edmond Perrier has distinct opinions on the possibility of life upon other planets, and Professor Perrier is a member of the French Academy of Sciences and director of the Physical Institute in Paris, and therefore distinguished enough to be heard with respect. He writes as a zoologist, and not as an astronomer, and as the field of speculation has been occupied so far only by the astronomers it is doubly interesting thus to get an opinion from another camp. The professor thinks that Venus and Mars may be inhabited, but not the more distant planets. The irreverent layman, who can hardly conceive of matter except as the home of some sort of life, will think that there must be an intolerable waste of good material in the outer confines of the solar system, but he may well be thankful for small mercies, seeing that a few years ago it was a positive blasphemy even to speculate on the existence of life outside the earth. Venus, says the professor, may harbor ferns and such plants as we had during our carboniferous period, and also reptiles as in our triassic period, but there are no birds or human beings, and as Venus has no moon there can be no night animals. But may we not conceive of night animals that need no moon? Bats and moths are active on dark nights as well as on moonlit ones, and the professor's conclusions upon this and other points seem to be singularly fanciful. Mars, on the other hand, would be an ideal home for mammals and birds. Its winters are cold and its summers are hot, while as the planet has a lesser gravity there should be a profusion of jumping and running animals. Mars should therefore be a good place for athletes and for people who jump from one subject to another. The extremes of heat and cold suggest forms of life that survive only one season, such as butterflies and also animals with great powers of reproduction, as well as fruits and large insects. The struggle for Martian existence being severe, there would be a high order of intelligence, but the animals as a rule would be small and agile, such as ants. Gazelles and apes could live on Mars, and perhaps something approaching men may have developed from the apes. The professor's theories are set forth in *La Revue* for the benefit of those who like a little imagination mingled with their science. Professor Perrier should by all means come to America. He might often get a full front page on a Sunday supplement, and who knows?—perhaps the Chicago University might offer him a chair. They deal in this sort of thing at the Chicago University.

Manuel, once King of Portugal, seems to be quite a nice boy, barring those amorous frailties incidental to his age. A leisurely, if impecunious, exile in London has caused him to realize his ignorance, and now he has taken to his studies with laudable diligence. Arithmetic is his weak point, but his tutors are coaching him steadily, and he has some hopes of Oxford if he can but overcome his royal habit of dropping each and every pursuit as soon as he wearies of it. Most people would like to do this, but only kings and wealthy women are able to. Manuel, it is said, has almost reached the point where he can recognize that the revolution was a blessing in disguise. For the moment the disguise seemed to be an almost impenetrable one, but there is balm in Gilead, and when Manuel has once passed the *pens asinorum* he will feel that all material triumphs have become insignificant in comparison.

Now that home rule is said to be once more to the front—as though it had ever been anywhere else—people are recalling some of the funny sayings of Lord Morris, the Irish judge. When Lord and Lady Aberdeen held their first viceregal reception in Dublin they were made unpleasantly aware that the majority of their guests were inwardly frowning on their home rule convictions. Lady Aberdeen asked Lord Morris how many of those present might be supposed to share those convictions. "Indeed, yer ladyship," he replied, "there's just yerself and the waiters." Upon another occasion Lord Morris was asked for his general opinion on the Irish difficulty and he answered, "Well, d'ye see, whin a stupid people try to govern a clever people there'll always be some difficulty in it. An' that's just the Irish difficulty."

It is usually supposed that Monaco is the smallest independent state in Europe, but as a matter of fact there are three states that are still smaller. It is also a matter of common belief that France, Switzerland, and Portugal are the only republics in Europe, but there are two others, the republics of Andorra and San Marino. These two republics and the principality of Liechtenstein are all of them smaller than Monaco, and they all claim to be autonomous and independent. Liechtenstein is crowded away between Austria and Switzerland, and it used to have a tiny army of its own, but this was abolished for fear some one might want to fight with it. Austria keeps a benevolent eye upon Liechtenstein, while France performs a similar paternal function toward Andorra, which is in the eastern Pyrenees, but San Marino looks after her own territory, thirty-three square miles in extent, without foreign aid. And it is said that the people of San Marino are just as proud of their glorious republic and of its enlightened institutions as republicans anywhere else, and no doubt with good reason. San Marino has an army of one thousand men, which is about thirty men to the square mile, and these thousand men have been found amply sufficient to keep at bay the predatory hordes of military Europe. As a matter of fact, it was San Marino that once gave asylum to Garibaldi, and it did it effectively, too.

Germany has suddenly awakened to the startling fact that race suicide is rampant in its midst, and the authorities are doubtless lamenting that they did not bring this matter to the attention of Mr. Roosevelt during his all too hurried crusade through Europe. Last year's birthrate for every one thousand of population was only thirty-three, as against thirty-

six for the ten years ending with 1890 and forty-two for every thousand in 1875. The fault lies with the wealthy classes, who are said to be unwilling to assume parental responsibilities. Doubtless the emperor will meet the situation with some words of gracious admonition. He has already furnished the needed example.

The disaster at Messina has caused Italian scientists to turn their attention to the subject of earthquakes, and now Signor Gino Cucchetti writes to the *Rassegna Contemporanea* in order to elaborate a theory of the geologist Venturino Sabatini. Signor Sabatini believes that earthquakes are caused by the destruction of forests. Trees, he says, produce a binding of the subsoil, and when trees are cut down there is a tendency to faults and the resisting power of the soil is lessened. The theory is quite a good one, for a scientist, but it seems to overlook the fact that some severe earthquakes have recently occurred in territories that have been without trees for ages. There are now nearly as many earthquake theories as there are scientists, and they range all the way from deforestation to sunspots. What we need is a cure.

The resistance to vaccination in England is now so strong and so successful that the *Lancet* looks lugubriously forward to a day when the community will be "practically unvaccinated." The *Lancet* shudders at the possible effect of this state of things upon the United States and other countries. As a matter of fact, there were 24,000 cases of smallpox recently reported in this country in spite of vaccination precautions, while Canada also has suffered severely. Outbreaks have occurred lately in nearly every part of civilization, including Germany, where both sanitary and vaccination precautions are excellent. The *Lancet* seems to be justified when it speaks of a "condition of things that can not be contemplated without a feeling of the greatest anxiety."

The permanent officials of the British government, most of them Tory to the backbone, are somewhat perplexed by the discovery that Canada does not want a royal duke for governor-general. There are quite a number of royalties without visible means of support, and surely a British colony ought to appreciate a sort of imitation king, who could establish a sort of imitation court and show the aborigines how these things ought to be done. But, unfortunately, Canada looks at the thing differently, and her views are pronounced. She wants a figurehead all right, but not a royal one. She does not wish to be overwhelmed with ceremonial, nor, on the other hand, is she anxious to have some aspiring young man who would imbibe the fatal heresy that a governor-general ought to govern. The Canadians have a curious idea that they can govern themselves, and what they want is some presentable gentleman who will float along on the society and political stream and not take himself too seriously. Of course he must be married. Under these conditions the Duke of Connaught and Prince Alexander of Teck seem to be excluded, and now comes a suggestion that Lewis V. Harcourt may fill the bill satisfactorily. Mr. Harcourt has all the qualifications, including experience, seeing that he has been colonial minister. He will not feel that the destinies of Canada have been confided to his hands by an all-wise Providence, and he could always be trusted to act sensibly, which does not seem much but which is actually the greatest and rarest of all God's gifts. Moreover, he has a charming wife, the daughter of Walter H. Burns, who married a sister of J. Pierpont Morgan. Moreover, Mr. Harcourt's stepmother is a daughter of John Lothrop Motley, the historian who was once United States minister to England. Mr. Harcourt is thus doubly within the pale of democratic tradition.

It seems that Temple Bar is not to be returned to the city of London, although there were some expectations to that effect when Lady Meux died. Temple Bar, when it was moved from Fleet Street for obstructing the traffic, became the entrance gate to Theobald's Park, which was Lady Meux's residence, but the terms of the will require that the park shall be left intact. So the famous Bar will stay where it is, and this perhaps is best, seeing that it is no longer needed for the heads of traitors, although there are still plenty of traitors. Lady Meux seems to have left an extraordinary amount of priceless bric-à-brac. Her collection of Nelson relics, including his sword, goes to Lord Charles Beresford. Her Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, for which she built a special museum, are bequeathed to the British Museum, while a curious clause in the will provides for the return to the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia or his successor of all her Abyssinian manuscripts. These documents are supposed to have come into Lady Meux's possession after the taking of Magdala, and perhaps it would be ungracious to ask how this came about. The possession of loot is one of those mysterious things over which we throw a veil, but it is known that after the war was over the Emperor of Abyssinia sent emissaries to England to regain possession of the manuscripts and that they returned empty-handed. It is now supposed that Lady Meux promised to return the literary treasures after her death and that this clause of her will is in fulfillment of her promise. Among other interesting bequests is that of Whistler's "Sable Picture of Lady Meux" to the National Gallery.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Dr. Paul Krager, a well-known physician of Vienna, affirms that the mustache has a distinct value for the health. He believes that its utility lies in protecting the nose against the invasion of dust and bacteria. Recording 500 cases of severe headache and throat and nose trouble among his men patients, he found that 420 of them had their upper lip clean shaven. One has only to consider the function of the eyelashes in protecting the eye from dust and small particles to see that there is nothing unreasonable about the doctor's conclusion.

OLD FAVORITES.

Barbara.

On the Sabbath day
Through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the crispened yellow leaves I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music, in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,

I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere

While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;
But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleamed, and vanished, in a moment—O that face was surely thine

Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!

O earnest eyes of grace!

When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
You came running out to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist:

The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist—
A purple stain of agony was on the lips I kissed,
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched, in my despair,

Sunny noon and midnight air;

I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there.

O many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone,
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone—
Within the dripping church, the rain plashing on your stone,
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you think

Of the precious golden link

I clasped around your happy arms while sitting by yon brink?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music and we watched through latticed bars

The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its stars,
Till the day broke, Barbara?

Yet, love, I am unblest;

With many doubts oppress,

I wander like the desert mind without a place of rest.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled; for death hath told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know—things deeper than all lore

You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain!

You will never come again.

There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea;
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with death and thee,
Barbara!

—Alexander Smith.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CLARENCE W. ASHFORD, Attorney-at-Law.

Kapiolani Building.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, January 20, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: From the *Argonaut* of January 14, 1911:

Miss Granelia Packer is the first woman wireless-telegraph operator. Miss Packer is in the service on a New York steamship, sailing to Florida.

The "effete East" is a full decade behind the times in this respect. As early as 1901 (possibly earlier) woman operators, and part Hawaiians at that, were regularly employed in operating the pioneer commercial wireless telegraph plant of the world, between the islands of Hawaii. Score two, please, for our little Occidental Territory.

Yours truly,
C. W. ASHFORD.

James H. Collins, writing of "the orderly German mind," notes that a generation ago the chief exports of Germany were philosophy, poetry, music, and emigrants, while today she ships machinery, chemicals, textiles, and other manufactured products, and the mere thought of her competition scares America and has brought England to the verge of hysteria. How has this come about? You could put all Germany, and Pennsylvania to boot, in the State of Texas. Yet there are upward of 70,000,000 Germans. With scant natural resources, the Teuton had to think hard and make the best of it. Just as in scholarly and scientific research, his agricultural and industrial labors have been intense, methodical, plodding, thorough. He has taught the world how to farm. He is supreme in the economic use of chemicals. Mr. Collins cites an interesting specific instance: An American corporation built a steel mill. A German company undertook to build a coke plant free of charge, make all the coke needed during ten years gratis, and then hand over the plant for nothing—taking its compensation from the coal-tar by-products.

Argentina has provided for its president, Dr. José F. Alcoris, one of the most elegant and sumptuous private cars in the western hemisphere. This car was built in Birmingham, England. It is seventy-eight feet long and is mounted on two six-wheeled trucks. It contains a handsome observation room with a bay window effect at the end, and is furnished in mahogany and equipped with a marble fireplace. There are three bedrooms and baths en suite, and servants' quarters. The exterior is of steel, painted a cream white with gold trimmings. The entrances are in the middle of the car and the ends are rounded.

MAUDE ADAMS AS CHANTECLER.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes of the Frohman Production of Rostand's Allegory.

Monday, January 23, was a gala night in New York, for then we were given, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, the first performance of Rostand's "Chantecler" in English. As in Paris, the New York performance was postponed from time to time, and, finally, when curiosity was at the straining point, it was produced. The theatre was packed from pit to dome, and a few hours after the box-office was opened not a seat was to be had for the first performance. Of course a great many tickets fell into the hands of speculators, who reaped a golden harvest; many, I understand, sold orchestra seats for as much as \$15 and \$20 apiece.

It was an interesting audience that gathered at the Knickerbocker, but it was not as distinguished an audience as I had expected to see. There were a great many of the usual "among those present" first-nighters, but there were not as many of the literati, or, to quote from Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, "the idle rich," as I had expected to see. Fashion was represented in some of the boxes, but most of them were occupied by theatrical managers, their friends and families. Mrs. Jackson Gouraud (*née* Crocker) was there in an orchestra chair, and if she had not been I doubt if the curtain would have been rung up. Mrs. Gouraud has not missed a "first night" in New York in the last twenty years, and I am sure that audience and actors would feel that there was something wrong if they did not see her sitting down in the front of the house. Usually she is on the first row, but at this performance she was four or five rows back. Some years ago, when I had the misfortune to have a play produced in New York, on an evening when there were other performances, I watched eagerly from a dark corner of my box for the appearance of Mrs. Gouraud. When I saw her come slowly down the aisle and take her seat in the front row I knew that my first night was the first night.

I would not have missed the first performance of "Chantecler," for that is the only one I really care to see. The effect of the play upon the audience was what interested me rather than the performance itself. One uncontrolled "guffaw" from the gods' gallery would have damned the play then and there. There were audible smiles during the first ten minutes, but no guffaws, so the day was saved.

Mr. Charles Frohman knows his business better than I do, and I dare say that he knew what he was about when he gave Miss Maude Adams the part of Chantecler. He counted more upon her popularity, more upon curiosity to see her in such a part, than upon her fitness for the rôle. The part of Chantecler was written, as every one knows, for the late and still lamented Coquelin. In reading the play one can hear his inimitable delivery of the lines, but one should try to forget this when one goes to the Knickerbocker Theatre.

So that the audience would get a sight of the real Maude Adams, she was chosen to deliver the prologue, which, in the original version of the play, is delivered by a man, one representing the manager. But instead of a man, Miss Adams stepped out before the curtain, which in this instance was green, not red, as the book calls for. She was dressed in a becoming white silk, or satin, gown, and looked very pretty, and spoke her lines with all the charm and the little mannerisms for which she is conspicuous. It was very prettily done, and that these lines were delivered by a woman rather than a man made little difference, but that the virile and sonorous lines of the cock should be delivered by a woman, and successfully, was more than any audience had a right to expect. Charlotte Cushman could have, perhaps, delivered the "Ode to the Sun" with all the impressiveness that a man might have given it. Not so Miss Adams. She spoke the lines prettily, but anything less masculine than her voice and manner could scarcely be imagined. It is her daintiness and "cute" little way that make her so popular; there is nothing dainty nor "cute" about a barnyard rooster. She should have played the Hen Pheasant, though the part was not badly done by Miss May Blaney. Still it was not played as Mme. Simone (wedded La Barge) played it in Paris. Miss Adams would have been charming in this part, but then there would have been no special advertising in her playing the part of a hen pheasant, but there was a lot of advertising in her playing the part of the cock of the walk. Miss Adams has played male parts before, notably L'Aiglon, in which she was an interesting and pathetic figure, but this was her first, and let us hope her last, assumption of the rôle of a full-grown man. Of course she had to crow as the cock, but it was a feminine crow, and could by no possibility have "awaked the morn."

Mr. Frohman has selected a good cast for this play. Mr. Arthur Byron as the dog Patou, Ernest Lawford as the Blackbird, William Lewers as the Peacock, Robert Peyton Carter as the Turkey Cock are all good actors. Mr. Lawford was particularly good as the flippant and sarcastic Blackbird, but when all is said and done, what is the point of all this fuss and feathers. Even in France, where actors know better how to carry off plays of this sort than do ours, it had only a success of curiosity, and the same fate awaits it here. It will have a pecuniary success, and the children will love it as they love "Peter Pan" and the "Bluebird," and they will be delighted when they hear Arthur Byron barking from his kennel door, and hear Miss Adams clap her wings and crow.

The version of "Chantecler" played at the Knickerbocker was made by Mr. Louis N. Parker. It is not a translation, as is the book by Miss Gertrude Hall, but is rather an adaptation, and even that I imagine has been readapted by some other hand than Mr. Parker's. It is very much cut from the original, particularly the part of the dog and of the Hen Pheasant. The play will run at the Knickerbocker for eight weeks and then go on tour. I shall be interested to know what her provincial audiences will say when Miss Adams does the cock-a-doodle-doo! And I should also like to know what Rostand would say should he hear this masculine invitation to the dawn coming from such feminine lips!

I am told that the actors in "Chantecler" are very tired of their parts, not only because they don't like the idea of appearing in such grotesque costumes, but because they can't sit down. There is no way for them to rest on account of their tails. When they are ready to drop with fatigue they can assume no recumbent position. They must either lean up against something or get down on their knees; as for sitting, you can see how impossible it would be. I would suggest that Mr. Frohman have poles fitted up in the dressing-rooms where they can roost between the acts.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, January 26, 1911.

In its river beds Scotland has real gold, which in the days of Macbeth and the early kings was worked into crowns and coins, jewelry and the like. For centuries the ancient deposits have been nothing more than a tradition. From time to time gold-seekers have dug pits and channels in the river bank to the annoyance of huntsmen, but nothing worth while had been discovered until recently. In the last days of the Scottish kings gold mining in the Leadhill district of Lanarkshire was said to have been quite an industry, and certain coins of that period were struck from native gold. The immediate supply probably worked out and the workings were abandoned. A few years ago gold was discovered in workable deposits in Argyll, but when a few grains were recovered it was noted that the expense made further mining impossible, so it was abandoned. At Kildonan, where gold is said to be deposited in considerable quantity, operations have always been forbidden. Now it is reported that the Duke of Sutherland is about to permit mining on his estates at Kildonan, and experts believe that with improved apparatus the gold can be taken out profitably.

Sir John Aird, builder of the famous Assuan dam across the Nile, died in London early in the new year. He was born in 1833 and was a member of the contracting firm of John Aird & Sons. Besides his great engineering feat in Egypt, for which he was made a peer in 1901 and also decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Medjidie, he later engaged in the colossal scheme at Hodbarrow, described as "pushing the sea back," in order that the Cumberland iron mines might be worked. He was prominent in politics and had served in Parliament as a member of the Conservative party.

The minute wasted by each postman, waiting for some one to open the door, counts up in the course of his rounds and may amount to an hour or more every day. In a town employing eight or ten carriers it costs the postoffice an extra day's work. In large cities the loss may run into hundreds of dollars. The Postmaster-General estimates the yearly loss over the whole country as a result of this little delay multiplied millions of time as more than \$1,000,000. A reform is hoped for in the proposal to restrict city deliveries at residences to those who furnish proper receptacles at their doors.

In some of the East Indian islands and on the mainland of Hindustan are to be found the smallest race of honey bees in the world. These dwarf honey collectors are known to entomologists as *apis florea*. Their honeycombs are no larger than a child's hand and the cells are about the size of a small pinhead. This honey is excellent, as is the wax. The little creatures build the combs on the branch of a low tree, and as they have not to provide for winter they work all the year through, raising broods like themselves.

Recently, when the circus exhibited in Montpelier, Vermont, there was no work for eleven prisoners. The sheriff purchased tickets for them and allowed them to see the show without an escort. Some had long terms to serve, and the crowd and darkness furnished an excellent opportunity to escape. Fifteen minutes after the performance was over every one was back where he belonged. New England hospitality may well be accepted at its real value.

On February 9 the most cosmopolitan legislature in Canada will reassemble. The legislature of Manitoba contains English, Irish, and Scotch; two Icelanders, one German, and one Jew. The only Welshman it ever had was bowled out last election. There are five languages spoken in the House, and on either side there is not a single man born in the province that elected him.

An American sewing machine company has opened eight schools in southern China, at which natives are taught to embroider with silk by machinery.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Manuel is still remembered in Portugal. The new government recently decided to give him a pension of \$3300 a month and has sent to him in England a check for the amount accruing during the last three months of 1910.

A boy of fifteen, C. F. Waters, of Epsom, secured first place in the last examination of the Royal College of Organists, in London. There were 204 candidates, of whom only thirty-four passed. For eighteen months he has been organist at a city church.

John R. Voorhis, appointed State superintendent of elections in New York by Governor Dix, is eighty-two years old, but as vigorous as many on the hither side of fifty. He has lived in his home on Greenwich Street, New York City, more than forty years.

Gibbs Mansfield, the only son of the late Richard Mansfield, the eminent actor, is now twelve years old and at school in Vevey, France. The boy is said to inherit his father's gifts of dramatic expression and also to have a distinct inclination toward their use.

John R. McLean, owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Washington *Post*, succeeded his father, Washington McLean, in his connection with the Ohio paper. He began as a reporter under his father's management. Mr. McLean was expelled from Harvard when a boy and completed his education in Germany.

Miss May Garcia, though not a Mexican by birth, is deeply interested in President Diaz and the fortunes of his government, and has done important service in gaining information of the plans of the revolutionists. She tracked Madero for weeks, and is said to have secured evidence which led to the European exile of General Bernardo Reyes.

Mme. Theophile Draga, the "first lady" of Portugal since the elevation of her husband to the head of the provisional government, is not particularly pleased with her new prominence and its increased duties and cares. To an English visitor she lately expressed regret at the interruption to the happy domestic life that Professor Draga had enjoyed for forty years.

Emperor Francis Joseph's heir, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, is already assuming some of the duties of the wearer of the crown of Austro-Hungary, owing to the emperor's great age. The archduke a fortnight ago appeared before the Delegations at Budapest and for the first time at the opening of a session read the speech from the throne. His appearance at such a function was regarded by the Hungarians as an event of great importance.

Professor Silas M. Macvane, who has resigned the chair of ancient and modern history at Harvard after a service of thirty-six years with the university, intends to remove to Italy, where, it is said, he will devote himself to the preparation of text-books on economics and the science of government. His wife and three daughters now live there, one of the daughters, Miss Dorothy, having recently made a successful debut in grand opera. The resignation takes effect next September.

John W. Beatty, M. A., director of the department of fine arts in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, is a painter and etcher whose work has been highly praised at home and abroad. One of his paintings, "Plymouth Hills," a Massachusetts landscape subject, was purchased for the National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, last year, and it will be one of the works comprising the American group of paintings to be sent to the International Exhibition of Art and History in Rome this year.

Brigadier-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., chief of artillery, is recognized as one of the world's experts in submarine mines. In his hands rests much of the responsibility for guarding the shore-line of the country. General Murray was born in Missouri in 1851 and was graduated at the United States Military Academy, second in his class, in 1874. He is a lawyer as well as a military man, and has also been a professor of military science and tactics at Yale. He has written several technical works relating to army subjects.

Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, who has lately been called from the University of Kansas to the University of Pittsburgh, has become widely known through his researches and developments in industrial chemistry. Many of his discoveries have proved highly valuable on the farms and in the dairies. Professor Duncan is a Canadian by birth, and is now only forty-two years old. He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals, and has written two books, one of which, "The Chemistry of Commerce," has had much notice even outside of the professional ranks.

Mr. Robert Balfour, now Sir Robert Balfour, Baronet, having been included in the New Year's honor list by King George, came to San Francisco in February, 1869, and opened the San Francisco office of Balfour, Guthrie & Co. He remained here until 1893, and after a further six years in Liverpool removed to London, where the head office of the firm was established. He became Member of Parliament for Partick Division of Lanarkshire in the autumn of 1905, was reelected in January, 1910, and again in December, 1910, sitting on the present Government side.

SWEEP AWAY BY THE RIVER.

The Story of Farmer Lemanceau's Crime.

Every day the water rose, and after every night, early in the morning, when Dominique Guinebertière, who is fisherman, carrier, and several other things, reached the town, he did not fail to say: "The Loire has risen a quarter of a yard at the Rochefort bridge; there is nothing for you to do but to get ready to go upstairs, you and your animals." He added "By your leave" for the sake of good manners.

The people on the island were neither surprised nor alarmed. They were accustomed to the flood, like their horses, their cows, their hens, and their cats; like their houses, even, which had been built with a view to inundations. This was not a calamity; it was merely a period of the year which had come round again. The islanders slept just as well as if it had been told them—"During the coming week there will be a high wind." Only at night, they observed, as connoisseurs, the double sheet of glistening, rippling water, plunging at full speed, cutting away the fields which had grown brown, and the island, now quite narrow and pointed at both ends, like a little motionless shuttle between two swaying sails. The sunset clouds formed red designs upon the shining water, designs which quickly darkened and buried themselves in the troubled shadows where one surmised the river to be flowing. The night passed. At dawn it could be seen that the fields had diminished, and that the surface of the water had increased.

The island was Béhuard, one of the many islands of the Loire, of moderate extent—less than three kilometres in length and less than one kilometre in breadth—quite flat, except for a rock which raised itself up in the middle of the island. Upon this rock there are wild rose-bushes, sown by the wind, and a votive chapel built by Louis XI. Round the chapel are some twenty houses, the first of which benefit by the slope of the rock and are scarcely ever touched by the floods. The others have everything to dread. They have an outside stairway, built of the white stone of the country, by means of which the people can easily move their property to the garret. Alongside of this stairway the family boat is moored; for each family has its own flat boat, ordinarily fastened to the willows on the banks, and which are brought, progressively, through the foot-paths, through the submerged roads, to the house which is soon to be besieged by the waves. In the surr unding country a few isolated farms have been established upon mounds. There soil is everywhere light, and enormously productive. The island, seen from a distance, is all green. Above its hedges and its grain fields it has five or six tufts of poplars, giant trees, planted in groups, the leaves of which never know a moment's repose from March, when they come to life, until October, when their gold is blown down upon the blue waters.

In one of these farms, the most remote on the island, below, near the end of it, there lived a peasant renowned for his avarice and for his skill in cultivating the ground. He owned five acres of this sand enriched by the floods of winter and then warmed by the reflections of the arms of the Loire. This land produced all that could be wished, and even a profusion of weeds not asked for. But the house, never repaired, was in bad condition. And as the water did not cease rising for six days, Jean François Lemanceau, alone in his kitchen, which was full of the smell of the wet soil, began to say to himself: "I was wrong not to repair the frame of the house, which is shaky. The Loire is capable of lifting up my roof like a boat."

Overhead, in the garret, the maidservant was setting along the sloping timbers the articles of furniture which she had moved there with great difficulty: the two cupboards, the table, the chairs, the kitchen utensils, the churns, and all the farm tools, except the plows and harrows, which she could not think of moving.

The Loire on this day had glided to the stacks of hay and straw, which rested upon fagots a few yards from the threshold. The farmer, however, had slept in his bed at the end of the kitchen, and the maidservant in the nook adjoining the stable. But early in the morning it was necessary to finish the work of removal, for the river had made its way into the house, and appeared in the middle of the kitchen, and moved the straw in the stable beneath the hoofs of the white mare and the two cows.

Jean François Lemanceau made as much haste as his sixty-five years permitted to climb to the last step of his stairway. And he saw that all the island had disappeared, except the poplars and the houses on the rock. The sound of the current was like the unceasing beating of wings. The river was rising with frightful rapidity.

"Mathurine," he called; "bring up the mattresses and the straw beds at once, and give me the girths for the animals!"

Always, at Béhuard and in the low parts of the valley, men must set their wits at work to save the animals, after having saved the people. So this was what Lemanceau did. He went down into the current to his heap of fagots and carried them into the stable, placing them in front of the mangers and loading them with heavy stones, so as to make a floor of them; and upon the floor he succeeded in hoisting the white mare and the cows. The animals, who had seen the water, made but slight resistance. Thus perched up, their heads touched the ceiling. And to hold them securely, for

fear of a false step, of a caving-in, the farmer passed round each of them a girth, which he fastened to the ends of the beams.

The next day, which was the 31st of March and a Sunday, the water was still rising, and so regularly that it became necessary to take the animals into the garret. That was the last refuge for them all. When the farmer had finished the rescue he said to Mathurine, who had helped him: "The bell is ringing for mass, Mathurine. I will take you there and will go to the baker's for some bread."

Then they embarked, at the top of the stairway, in the strong flat-boat. Despite his age, the farmer had still enough vigor to pole the boat over the flooded meadows, for the water was not deep and the current, broken by so many hedges and trees, lacked space to gain the terrible violence which it had on the two shores of the island.

Mathurine had seated herself upon a chair; she had hastily tied a satin ribbon about her headdress and had put on a black silk apron. She gazed in front of her, fixedly, fearfully, at the troubled waters, over which they slowly advanced. She was an orphan, thin as poverty, strong as a man, brought up among the valley farms, and was a girl who had never known what it was to have enough sleep. Nobody knew her age, but she worked too well not to be quite young. She was seldom heard to speak. Her face was bony, tanned by the sun and wind; and all her beauty consisted in teeth whiter than the bread she ate, and blue eyes, small indeed, but of great gentleness; eyes which appealed to the heart like the cry of an infant. Her eyes were remembered after her face was forgotten.

"Master François," she said, "I think that this is a bad day which has begun."

"I have seen others, and am still alive," replied the farmer, bending his shoulder to the pole.

Nevertheless he could not help casting a glance behind him at the farm, which the water surrounded like a coffin, and he shook his head with all the rage of a shaggy old bison. He had an anxiety which he did not express; and it certainly was not simply for the pleasure of being agreeable to his servant that he pushed the boat toward the village.

The bells were sounding, those of Béhuard and of ten parishes hidden in the blue of the hills round the immense lake formed by the river. Human voices were also to be heard. Boats like Lemanceau's, and others still smaller, some going up and some going down stream, traced a way between the poplars, willows, and elms toward the isle crowned by the slate bell-tower. In each of them there were two or three women, seated upon chairs and laughing. But the men did not laugh, for they judged that the flood was growing dangerous, and that the clouds above had a bad violet hue.

By ten o'clock in the morning the village street, changed into a canal, was full of barks and of canoes. And women, children, and men, letting the poles drop, made their way over the sides of the boats and landed. Among them farmer Lemanceau observed a tall young man who sculled a canoe in which there was a girl beautifully dressed, gloved, and with a hat and an umbrella. The sculler had the air of being so proud of his conquest, of his youth, and his skill, he was so perfectly indifferent to any possible peril, that the old farmer said: "So you are not afraid of anything, Dominique?"

"On land, I am afraid of the police; on water, I am afraid of nothing!"

"In that case," the farmer resumed, seriously, "come round my way tomorrow morning. Perhaps I shall need a helping hand, if the Loire still rises, to save a few bushels of seed-corn which I have in the garret."

"Golden and silver seed-corn, no doubt! You want a good sailor who won't throw your pistoles in the water. How much will you give me, Master François?"

The farmer, annoyed by the reference to his wealth so publicly made, shrugged his shoulders and grumbled: "I will lend you enough to set you up in life, you beach-runner!"

Dominique saw him go up the short distance of the street which was not under water, and go into the tavern at the foot of the steps cut in the rock. He also saw the poor maidservant to whom nobody spoke, and who was standing at the edge of the last boat, ready to jump, but fearing to wet her gown.

"Wait!" he called. "Wait, Mathurine!"

And, holding in one hand the gloved fingers of his betrothed, advancing with her from boat to boat, he came toward Mathurine, stretching out to her his other hand, and they all three jumped together to the dry land, while the old women, grouped together upon the rock which they adorned with their bonnets, approved the gallantry, and said to one another: "These young people, these young people! How well they understand each other!"

The servant was so pleased by the attention which she had received, and was so thankful, that she forgot herself for more than ten minutes, while she watched Dominique, who had gone among the men who were waiting the ringing of the bell, that they might go into the chapel. Dominique, on his side, thought: "It is a pity that such a hard-working, honest girl should have taken service with an old fellow of this sort, miserly and hard to please!"

At eleven o'clock, when the boats left the rock of Béhuard, it had begun to rain steadily. Master François and his servant were back at the farm in less than five minutes, borne along by the current and the wind, which were both in the same direction. He had

scarcely returned before he lifted a plank of the garret floor and ascertained that the water only needed to rise half a yard to reach the refuge where he was isolated, far from all help, with his servant, his animals, and his money, which he had hidden in an earthen pot, covered with nettles. He leaned out of the dormer window in the roof and saw that his stacks of fodder were in danger of drifting away. Until night he tried to save from the river a little of this precious wealth, which he loaded upon his boat and which Mathurine heaped up in the garret. When he stopped working, before closing the garret door for the night, he noticed that the noise of the water had grown to the sound of thunder, that the clouds were running with amazing speed; that the masses of foam swept by very swiftly, past the slates of the roof, which they almost touched. And he was frightened.

"Mathurine," he said, "if you know any prayers to prevent houses from being thrown down by the water, say them. It will be a bad night for us. You were right this morning!"

The servant had flung herself down on the hay which she had just saved, near the two cows and the horse. The farmer could not see her, because of the great number of beams and of articles of furniture which separated them. She did not answer; and, having vainly tried to see through the surrounding gloom, he seated himself, leaning against the door, and placed his lantern close beside him.

"Mathurine," he continued, "I ought to have stayed at the tavern. At my age a man can not see well enough to guide a boat on such a night as this. I can not even see you! I should dash myself against the trees. Tell me, are you hungry? You have worked so hard! Are you thirsty?"

He listened, and heard that she was asleep, and heard her turn over. Fatigue had overcome hunger, thirst, and fear. Soon Master François heard another sound—the water shaking the slates. He felt the swaying of the roof, of the whole garret. Without waking the sleeper, he spoke of the death which was near at hand.

It was very late in the night, and the wind and the waves were raging, when a heavy blow was struck upon the door and a voice called the farmer by his name.

Lemanceau started, seized his lantern with one hand, and drew the bolt of the door with the other.

Dominique Guinebertière, in his shirt-sleeves, wet, with a terrible expression of face, and with a rope wound about his left arm, cried: "Get on board at once! A dike has broken. Quick!"

The terrified farmer leaped upon the stone landing at the top of the stairway, and saw the canoe, no bigger than a child's bed, which Dominique held by the "Leave your boat and take mine!" he cried. "That is too small!"

"Yours is at the other side of Nantes," the young man answered. "Hurry! Don't stumble!"

"I am in the boat!"

"And Mathurine?" Leaning over the canoe, which tossed and rolled in the current, Dominique listened intently. "And Mathurine?" he repeated. "Where have you put her?"

In a whirlwind of rain Master François replied: "Don't trouble yourself about her! She is better off than we are!"

Dominique leaped at once into the darkness, and before he had time to seize an oar the canoe was swept along more than thirty yards from the house. Besides, it was useless to row. Dominique only tried to steer between the trees, some hidden under the water, others rising through the gloom like clouds of smoke. He tried to keep out of a very fierce current, which he had met on his way to the house, and which would have carried him into the Loire. He hoped to cross an arm of the river, under the shelter of the end of the island. In a quarter of an hour he landed the old man in a vine. But just as Lemanceau rose to catch the rope which Dominique flung to him, he called out in a terrified voice: "Look there, off shore!"

At a distance in the darkness which no one could measure a light shone and trembled on the mad waters. Something blacker than the night enveloped it.

"Oh," cried Master François, "run there with your canoe. Save her, Dominique! It is she!"

"Who?"

The farmer paused a moment before answering, like those who weigh their words; then he said, beseechingly: "It is she who is passing by! Go and save her. My house has been carried away!"

Dominique considered carefully the little plume of light, which moved rapidly downward, trembling over the waves, and veiled by the gusts of rain. He judged that it must be on the main branch of the Loire, and that, in any case, it was approaching the bridge. If this were really the farmhouse, lighted by the glimmer of the lantern, the wreck would be broken to piece against the stone piles, and would crumble and be scattered broadcast over the regions covered by the flood.

"So much the worse, Master François!" he said. "You will be a little less rich. There is nothing to be done with the Loire when it is angry. It is a good thing for you that you got out of your house. Now I am going to land. There is nothing more which I can do."

But a voice cried, already far off: "Mathurine stayed. She was asleep. I am sure that she is calling. Save her! Save her!"

He owned his crime by fleeing. His voice was lost

in the wind. The sailor pushed his canoe out into the stream. He was dizzy from fatigue and the violence of the storm. It was as if in a dream that he heard the boiling of the water against the piles of the bridge. Ten times, at the risk of his life, Dominique crossed the Loire. The image of the servant filled his spirit. He expected to see her rise out of the gloom, distracted, with outstretched arms, lighted by the lantern. Again and again he called: "Mathurine! Mathurine!"

There was no reply. Before daylight he was found, insensible, in a road with steep banks where his boat had landed. The servant was never found. Her sad eyes never again thanked any one.

Master Jean François Lemanceau did not return to the island. As to Dominique Guinebertière, he bought a new boat. And if you want to cross the Loire, either above or below the island, try to cross it with him.—*Translated from the Argonaut from the French of René Bazin, by Edward Tuckerman Mason.*

A COUNT ON HIS TRAVELS.

Some Incidents of a Journey Through the East.

The travelers who write books can so easily be nuisances, and most of them are. No other kind of book gives quite such opportunities for self-revelation as the diary of a journey. To set a man loose in the garden of the world with a roving commission to gather a nosegay of experiences is very much the same thing as to invite him to select a private library from a book store. With every separate choice he reveals his own soul and strips it naked for our inspection. As a display of preferences, of tendencies, of wisdom or ignorance, of strength or weakness, the travel book is unmatched, and as there are so few good ones it is evident that wise men fear to tread a path where they are sure to be jostled by the fools.

But Count Fritz Hochberg belongs to the small and distinguished minority. He has no enthusiasms, and nothing is so tiresome as enthusiasms in a travel book. He is a German, and his journey was through the British empire in the East and Japan, but nowhere is there a trace of that most vulgar of all vulgarities, the vulgarity of patriotism. He does not rhapsodize about missionaries. In fact he says frankly that he hates them, nor does he devote a single chapter to trade expansion, statistics, or any tiresome things of the kind. He is content to leave the problem of the East and all other problems unsolved and to present his experiences in their lighter form, with a cynical but genuine humor and as a worldly philosopher to whom nothing matters very much except kindness. He does not quite see why his diary must open in England except that the beginning is a good place to begin, and then in a few lines he is telling us about the young men who had the next room to himself in the Southampton hotel and whose painfully audible confidences would have been quite unsuited to lady neighbors—"they might learn more about humanity than was welcome."

The count went first of all to Australia. On the whole, he doesn't seem to like Australians very much. He found among them that peculiar insolence that is sometimes supposed to be the proof of human equality and the hallmark of democracy. Perhaps it was specially provoked by his title:

It is astonishing what an impression a blessed title makes in this defiantly, insolently socialistic, or, let us say, democratic looking country. I had hardly pronounced my name, when everybody turned round and stared at me, as if I'd come from the moon, all the heads of the writing clerks came up from their bent positions to have a good stare. This really made me smile. Consequently, we arrived, or I arrived, at the hotel at 3:30 positively ravenous with hunger, as I hadn't had anything since breakfast, to find Healy in a depressed mood at the table.

"They haven't got any more hot lunch," he muttered. Of course I thought he wanted to pull my leg, so when a red-headed man (who apparently pretended to be a waiter) occasionally came up, I asked him for some hot lunch in my politest English. "Lunch is over at two," he snorted back, "you'll have to be satisfied with cold meat; on the whole we don't like serving you." I grasped the situation at once. After Australia I'll be fit to travel in America. But, having been four months in Japan, where people even smile if you tell them they are d—d swindlers, I most amiably smiled back on the red-headed snorter, and said I should be delighted to have some cold lunch and would be so kind as to bring me some toast. "No, toast I couldn't get." "Well, bread, then?" "Yes, bread, yes." "Very well, then, that will do." When he brought the stuff (cold ham and turkey, a very good one) he had locked himself up in the refrigerator, and had almost died (he told us), but it certainly had had a marvelous effect on him, very likely having been so near death he had repented of his snorting sins, at least he was all smiles; brought me ham and turkey four times, and actually said "it was delightful to see somebody with so hearty an appetite" as mine (he didn't seem satisfied with H's) and ended with bringing me delicious cherries. Then, of course, I told him I'd never had a better lunch, and we parted hosom friends, he shaking hands with me, and "hope I'll soon meet you again." I hoped not.

At Sydney the count went to see a prize-fight. He had never seen one before, and presumably was anxious to witness a notorious Anglo-Saxon institution. It is needless to say that he did not like it, and was disgusted equally by its brutality and its unfairness:

I could not help drawing a parallel between this special English way of national sport and the one an Asiatic race has, which most Europeans, and especially most Britishers, consider inferior; I mean the Japanese wrestling. I'm sure the Japanese wrestler doesn't come from a superior class of society to the English boxer. But that's just where the point lies. What a gentlemanly, fair fight and show of skill and ability his is compared to the disgusting, hideous, clumsy exhibition of raw brutality I saw at Sydney. I draw a line here at my thoughts and the deeper feelings and characteristics of two nations. The one is supposed by "white" superiors to want "European civilization" and "ennobling Christianity,"

while the other—enough. I can not understand how any government can allow so brutalizing an exhibition. It is worse than the German students' dueling in its childish idiocy. But at least that is done privately before a few witnesses. In this "Athletic Club" I saw youths, boys, and even children of from six to seven years. No wonder if they grow up into brutes who finally commit murder. And what's the use of boxing? It is a well-known fact that every skilled Japanese police-wrestler, trained in the art of "disjointing," gets the best of the most expert boxer before the boxer knows where he is. And the hideous intractable compared to the Japanese wrestling: those perspiring, blood-covered creatures, gargling and spitting blood, fanned by ruffians in dirty trousers, with half-torn still dirtier Jaeger shirts and mended braces, with just as dirty towels. . . . No! no! it won't stand the comparison. The one is fair athletic sport, the other is heastly, disgusting brutality.

Later on the author recalls another little incident in a spectacle that evidently impressed him strongly and unpleasantly:

I don't think I noted it down in the description of the fight at Sydney that old Mr. Browne said all of a sudden, "By Jove, it is raining." "Oh, no," I answered; "besides, the place is covered in." "Yes," he said, "I see that, but I got several drops on my head and hand, and there again one." "I did too," I replied, "but that's perspiration from the gallery people," and so it was.

The count found nothing to admire in the Maori aborigines, although it is now so much the fashion to sentimentalize over the noble savage. He says "they are to me quite the dirtiest lot of people I ever came across, and hideously ugly, too." At one place a Maori woman especially attracted his attention:

On her creepy, crawly, indescribably dirty, black tussled head, she had pinned an enormous Leghorn hat, draped with bright geranium-red tulle. Her whole figure was covered with a brilliant green and cornflower blue checked shawl, out of the top of which, behind her Leghorn hat, an infant peeped in a monkeyish way. As this shawl kept the infant tied to her body, it is easy to imagine what an indescribably grotesque figure she cut. The fringe of the shawl just touched the ground. The waddling, the ungraceful walk, the vulgar movements, everything shows what an ugly race they are. One thinks of those graceful black forms one sees stepping along with the dignity of a queen in glorious Egypt, trailing their long black or brown draperies in the dust, like a court train, while one hand upholds the large water-jug on the proudly carried head, or balances a naked baby on the undulating hip, every movement graceful, dignified, harmonious, artistic.

The people of New Guinea were equally distasteful by reason of their dirt. In the huts "were squatting monster women, three-quarters naked, showing horrible forms, as far as they were not hidden by the quantities of glass beads and tusk and teeth necklaces." The men were "picturesquely ugly," but with faces full of character. In fact the men and women might have belonged to different races, so utterly different are they. "Only the dirt is alike." Speaking of the missions, the author says that he can not understand their object:

The missionary told me they didn't teach them Christianity (which surely is a blessing), nor English nor German, but their own Kanaka language. So I really wonder what's the use of it. Then we were driven to another island where was another mission. I couldn't help laughing when I thought if they only knew how I hate all missionaries and missions. But I didn't pretend. True, I didn't tell them I was not interested in their work, I simply inquired about it, as, except Miss E., none of the others spoke, and, besides, the missionaries could tell us something about the natives' habits.

There was much to admire in China and plenty of those illuminating incidents that afford an insight into national character. At Canton the author wished to take his friends to a Chinese music hall and entrusted the selection to his guide:

After dinner I had promised the three a Chinese music hall, like one I had seen in Shanghai, with the Brandeis, and I knew it was quite respectable, as the Brandeis took their unmarried sisters there. I had asked the old idiot if he knew of such a music hall, and he had said "of course," and he would come and fetch us after dinner. So when he came, we marched off behind him, as he said it was not far. He took us into a house where downstairs was a restaurant, as there usually is, and then upstairs, and opened a door and pushed us into a room where there were some half-drunken Chinese, very scantily dressed, and some awful girls. I saw at once to my horror where the old fool had taken us. It was an awful house in almost hit him, and it was only Miss E. who stopped me, "Only let us leave at once," she said. Miss Christal had, thank goodness, realized nothing, it all went too quickly. In the street I went for the guide again, and he placidly retorted, "What do you want? This is a house where girls are singing as you wished, and men choose a wife for one night." Had he any teeth left I would have knocked them out of the brute's head. I expect somebody else has done it already. He certainly does not get a recommendation from me.

Of course the execution ground was one of the sights of the city and in no way to be overlooked:

Of course I forgot to say that we saw the execution ground, but I had made Healy promise first that he would not have an execution, because for a couple of dollars they behead people for you to see. It is a horrid-looking place, and there are still spots of blood on the ground where they had recently beheaded some, and the clothes of the victims were still lying about. The executioner, an evil-looking, tall, thin, old man, was there, too, and I'm sure only too ready for a couple of dollars to chop us some heads off.

India was another fruitful field for observation and, it may be confessed, for censure. The horses in Calcutta are cruelly ill-treated, and the author wonders why it is that the English, who cultivate humanitarian societies at home, are yet so indifferent to barbarities committed upon animals in their dependencies. But he has no sympathy with Indian nationalism. Indeed, he foresees the direst results from such concessions as have already been granted. But surely he is a little too wholesale when he says of several hundreds of millions of people that "these Hindus are an awful lot":

I'm afraid Lord Curzon tied a heavy clog to the English nation by making India for the Indians and there will, I am sure, in time to come, be great trouble for the government. It appears to me something like setting the serfs free in Russia. One has seen what came out of that. It sets people free who are not yet meant to be free, the result is chaos.

The Indians have become already intolerable and . . . sumptuous, and they have lost in civilization. India for the Indians!—That is what we call "Gefuehls Politik"; I don't know how one says it in English—"sentimental policy" is hardly the right translation. But why not, then, evacuate India altogether if one is so stupidly sensitive? As it is, the English are only preparing a second mutiny.

A cremation on the banks of the Ganges came within the day's programme. The deceased was an old lady, and the chief mourner was her grandson. The body was plentifully drenched with water from the sacred river and then the whole bedstead was placed on a pile of wood and the mouth filled with bits of gold and orange-colored flowers:

Then the priest, or undertaker (I couldn't ask questions as we were too near) handed the same fat young man a large torch of lit straw, and while he walked slowly with this smoking, flaming torch three times round the wood stack, other priests on the steps of the temple near by began to heat deep drums and cymbals and to intone a low, quaint chant. It sounded very weird and impressive. Then he set fire to the stack, and as soon as the blue smoke curled up, they all washed their hands in the river and departed. I wish I had departed too; I was half mesmerized, as it had really all been very dignified and impressive and solemn. But after they had gone, a man walked up to the smoking stack and out of two large earthen pots poured some yellowish liquid over the whole. He seemed to be a sort of undertaker. "Melted butter," my hostman informed me from behind, "so that it should burn better." To me it seemed as if some one had slapped me in the face. All the charm was gone, and I was sad, indescribably sad, as if somebody had broken something I was fond of. It was so odd to pour melted butter over one's dead grandmother that she should burn better.

A visit to the celebrated Monkey Temple had a curious sequel. The author's department must have been admirable, for he so ingratiated himself with the priestly attendant that he was invited to become an acolyte or a private disciple:

It was of no use my telling him my age and religion—that was of no importance, he wanted me as his private disciple. What is age? Religion? He was going to teach me. I was to be his disciple, his private disciple—that was the main thing, and nobody else should have anything to do with me. I was really quite sorry for him, he seemed to have set his heart on it so much, but I had to disappoint him, though I disliked disillusioning the kind creature. I told him he would find me very different from what he thought, but it was of no use, he saw something special in me, and said he was a good judge of people and had found me to be what he wanted. Surely this was very flattering, but do you, who know my physique, see me, draped in white muslin, and hare-footed, acting as acolyte in the Holy of Holies of the Monkey Temple in Benares for the rest of my life. I didn't! As a child I always wanted to become Pope, but only because somebody had told me that the Pope rode on a white mule; and other people later in life have often told me I would either end as a Jesuit priest or a monk, so decidedly I seem predestined for the clergy, and on the whole I would really and truly have loved the Roman Catholic priesthood. It was touch-and-go whether I entered a Franciscan convent last year, when the waves of fate went too high even for my courage and pluck, and there I felt sure of finding rest and peace and calm and quietness. But priest in the Monkey Temple! I, who hate monkeys so much! I don't think I could do it to please anybody. Not even the good-looking young Brahmin.

At Cashmere the correct thing was to go bear-hunting, and there were but few failures to be entered against the credit of the guides. The traveler who wished to shoot bears and was willing to pay for the luxury should at least have something to shoot at, and so long as he could carry home a bearskin for a trophy it would be unbecoming to ask too many questions:

A dark spot is pointed out to you in the thick underbrush, at which, being told it is a bear feeding, you shoot. The black thing moves away, shikary and you run to the spot, where you find fresh blood, but it is by then getting so dark that you can't go on that night. "We'll find him dead next morning for sure," the shikary tells you, and you give in. Next morning the skin of the bear is brought to you, "as the coolies have found him, and it was too far to bring the whole bear." The fact is that it is all a trick to get the fee each shikary gets for the bear. They put up a black cloth attached to a string, which one of them pulls along after you have fired. They have sprinkled some chicken's blood in the place, and next morning bring you some skin they have got from some curer, and which is smeared inside with fresh blood, and most likely has been hanging over night in water, and so on. This trick has been played often on sportsmen new to the country I'm told, who are mostly taken in by it.

The Buddhist priests find small favor in the eyes of the count, who is at least impartial in his religious animosities:

The pig-tailed holy blackguards are allowed everything, even to be married. They give the corn to the peasant to grind out, and take 25 per cent of the harvest. They are the only people in the Laddakh and Thibet who are rich and live well. They look as if they never washed. Why are religious people generally so dirty? Is it in order that God's spirit, when it flies over the earth, should be able to find the pious people easier? The odor of sanctity? Wherever it stinks there are pious people. One finds it in all creeds and all nations. Really pious people don't wash, except the Moham-medans—I beg their pardon. It is true, clever Mohammed made it a duty for them; he must have been a very clever man, knowing the human animal thoroughly. I've never seen, except in a few criminals of the worst type, such scoundrelly expressions as these dirty monks have here. And they look so cruel, capable of anything.

A large part of the second of these two fine volumes must be left unnoticed, but enough has been done to show the vivacity with which they are written. The author is a born raconteur and with an unerring vision for the quaint, the eccentric, and the weird. About half of his second volume is devoted to Japan, and he finds always something new to say about this over-described and perhaps overrated land. At least he never writes a line that is conventional or commonplace. A large number of colored and black and white illustrations complete a work which ought to be rewarded by the appreciation that it has earned.

AN EASTERN VOYAGE: A Journal of the Travels of Count Fritz Hochberg through the British Empire in the East and Japan. In two volumes. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$10.

CROWNING A KING.

Ancient Precedent Will Be the Keynote of the Approaching Celebration in England.

No one would suppose from a casual survey of London that a royal coronation is close at hand. It is true the great event is still six months away, but a whole host of anxious officials are already wondering how they can crowd so many and such varied duties into so short a time. It may be admitted that the average citizen knows little of such matters and cares less. The struggle for existence will go roaring onward whether kings are crowned or not, and perhaps even it increases in bitterness with the dislocation of traffic and business. But coronations and court ceremonials belong to an established order of things that must be taken seriously. Precedent and routine are just as potent in the lives of nations as of individuals.

At such times as this we become aware of the existence of an army of officials and of their strange duties that we never think about at other times. Of course they are to be found in all ancient systems of government if any one had the curiosity to look for them, which no one has. But when some great ceremonial is in progress they come out in the open and ask to be recognized, and then we wonder how they spend their time between whiles. They tell us about the harassing problems that they are called upon to solve, the anxious questions that must be answered, the intricate manœuvres that must be carried out according to strict precedent, for goodness only knows what would happen to the empire if some herald or some knight at arms should depart even by a hair's breadth from the formula established by William the Conqueror or by Edward I. Such a thing is too dreadful to contemplate. Of course these gentlemen do not bring their sorrows direct to the public. That would be *infra dig.*, but all the same the information is allowed to filter down through the social strata until it reaches the special correspondent, who communicates it to the perspiring world with the air of having received it the night before in strict confidence from the king.

It is all very interesting, not so much the information itself as the state of mind of the individuals who think of nothing else and whose whole life is bounded by questions of precedent and etiquette. What strange people they must be. For example, take the case of the earl marshal, who really looks upon himself seriously, and who is just now weighted down by a sense of responsibility to which that of the prime minister is as nothing. Consider what this gentleman has to do, what he is already doing six months in advance, and sitting up half the night, too, so as not to be late. Every peeress in the land will be at the coronation, but do not imagine that because a lady is a peeress her social status is thereby fixed. Not a bit of it. There are peeresses and peeresses, and one peeress will look down upon another with that peculiar arctic frigidity that ladies know so well how to use at a court ceremonial or in the kitchen. It is an art beyond the reach of man. The earl marshal has to regulate all these matters of precedence, and as a result he is the recipient of enough malicious animal magnetism to ruin a less robust constitution. He is upheld only by a strong sense of duty, by the British empire, and by constant prayer. He must determine what kind of peeress he has to deal with in each case, and so assign her to her own rung of the ladder. She may be a widow who has remarried out of the peerage, but do not imagine even then that she is finally classified. There are still sub-heads and minor schedules to which she must be assigned. She may be a peeress in her own right, and if so she may come to the coronation and sit close to the footstool, but she must leave her husband at home with the baby. Serves him right, too. Fancy a commoner, a plain mister, a knight, or even a baronet marrying a widowed peeress in her own right. Let him take what comes to him and wait outside on the mat. But the earl marshal must go further still, even if he has to work overtime at a rate and a half. Perhaps the widowed peeress is not a peeress in her own right. Perhaps she becomes a peeress by marrying a peer, who then very sensibly died, and she married the milkman. Very well, there is a place for her, but not at the coronation. She has the whole vast outside to choose from, and the earl marshal will assign her to oblivion and extinction with a stroke of his lordly pen. Serves her right, too. Having once married a peer she should have rested on her laurels or been satisfied with an *affaire*. There is no pleasing some people. Then, again, suppose the widowed but remarried peeress was a duchess who has selected a baron, a mere baron, for her second husband. She is still a peeress. Not all the waters of the wide, wide sea can wash that away, but she is now an inferior kind of peeress. She must sit with the baronesses and ruffraff of that kind, and if she should happen to meet a duchess at the abbey the duchess will look straight at her and not know who she is from Eve, even though they were abusing the neighbors only yesterday over the same washtub. Therefore the duties of the earl marshal are not to be laughed at. There is a solemnity, even a danger, about them that should check frivolity. And the foregoing is only a specimen, a weak and inefficient sample of what he has to do. Not only has he to classify and assort the peeresses and to see that they don't jump the fences, but he has to supervise their costumes, and he won't be allowed inside the dressing-rooms either. And on the top of all this, here is Mr.

Asquith talking vaguely about creating six hundred new peers, who would have wives and sisters and aunts, all to be classified, pedigreed, labeled, and assorted at the last moment.

And the earl marshal is but one of many overburdened officials. There is a commission that is sitting regularly for the determination of questions that are awful in their significance. For example, who is to carry the white wand as Lord Steward of Ireland, and what is he to do with it, and in fact where is it? Who shall carry the silver baton as Lord High Steward of Scotland, and who saw it last and who has the pawn-ticket? Has the Duke of Newcastle a right to provide a glove for the king's right hand, and how about the left hand? Must the barons of the Cinque ports unfurl a canopy over the royal head? Enumerate the Cinque ports and give your reasons. How about the robes and ornaments of the Ulster king-at-arms, the Athlone pursuivant and the Dublin and Cork heralds and the Walker trustees? Has any one seen these gentlemen since William the Conqueror, and will they be sober? By the way, there is a discordant note, a suggestion of modernity about the Walker trustees. What are they doing in this galley? We shall be having boards of directors next, and then the whole thing will be vulgarized.

It is unfortunate that some of the old landmarks have been abolished. Where is the chief carver and the chief cup-bearer, the royal napier, and the royal lardner? We shall miss their familiar faces next June. Why may not the lord of Addington Manor fulfill his time-honored obligation to offer the king a bowl of gruel and dill water? Can it be that the king does not like gruel and has no present need of the dill water that has proved so solacing to generations of suffering babies? It is painful to see these old customs disappear and to realize the obliterating march of the years. And where, oh, where, is the poet laureate? Will he write an ode? But there, we have troubles enough already. Let us bear the ills we have rather than fly to others that we know not of.

Of course it is easy to laugh at the quaintness of the coming coronation, but let us be sure that we have something to laugh at. That half a dozen grave and reverend gentlemen should discuss the right-hand glove of the king seems silly enough, but it is really more silly than that half a dozen aged multi-millionaires should discuss a rise in the stock market that can do no more for them than add a cipher to their ledger entries? May there not be something even wholesome in a national ceremonial that is pure and simple pageantry and therefore sweet-scented with the romance of vanished centuries? PICCADILLY.

LONDON, January 15, 1911.

There are cases on record where counterfeit coins are worth more than the coin which they imitate. In former times platinum, which has about the same weight as gold, was worth only one-third as much. The counterfeiter sawed the real coin into three sections, leaving both the obverse and the reverse sides untouched. The third part was taken out and platinum substituted for it. A little milling machine and some skillful soldering did the rest. The counterfeit was almost beyond detection, even to its ring. Since those days platinum has increased tremendously in value, and a coin counterfeited in this way is now worth more than the genuine.

It was in 1586 that Ralph Lane, then governor of Virginia, and Sir Francis Drake carried with them to England all the implements and materials of tobacco smoking, and these they handed over to Sir Walter Raleigh. Ralph Lane is credited with being the first English smoker, though it was owing to the influence and example of the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh—who, history says, "tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold"—that the habit soon became universal.

It was known to most students of Indian history that Walter Landor Dickens, a soldier son of Charles Dickens, had died and was buried in the Military Cemetery in Calcutta. For years the grave had remained undiscovered, but it was recently found and the inscription on the stone is still clear. Young Dickens was twenty-three years old at his death. He was attached to the Forty-Second Highlanders, the celebrated "Black Watch."

The Swedish state railways have three classes of fares, the proportion in price being about 5:3:2. Heretofore only the first and second-class passengers have had access to special sleepers, also run by the state railways, but now sleepers have been also put in for third-class passengers. The price for these is very low. The fare from Stockholm to Gothenburg, 285 miles, covered in ten hours, is \$3, and the sleeper ticket is only 67 cents extra.

Rat Portage, at the north end of the Lake of the Woods, in southern Manitoba, was a lumber camp for years, but it became a lumber city and began to consider its name undignified. Now it is known as Kenora, which is more euphonious, but not so distinctive after all.

Twenty-one of the fifty-eight counties of California have a woman superintendent of schools.

BOYS AND THE FARM.

One of the features of the new census that has occasioned much discussion is the showing of increased population in the cities at the expense of the rural districts. Some of the most prosperous agricultural sections, notably in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, and Kansas, have marked a decline. Even in the eastern provinces of Canada the same remarkable change is shown. Professor George Wilkie has a thoughtful article in a recent issue of the *Canadian Courier* which surveys this phenomenon and searches for its cause. Some of his conclusions are presented in the paragraphs following:

Fifty years ago the conditions of life of the great body of people were simple. The food was for the most part the production of the immediate neighborhood. Transportation was so little developed that it could not be otherwise. Most of the manufacturing was domestic. Some was carried on by the farmer's own household. The shoemaker, the tailor, the weaver, the spinner made his wares for his rural customer, or in the customer's house or in the neighboring village. The wagon and many other of the farm implements were made in the neighboring villages. Then farming required more men. The reaper with the sickle reaped in handfuls. The cradler cut his acre or two a day and the man following him bound as much. The hay was mowed by hand, raked by hand, pitched by hand. The rails for fencing and the wood for fuel were made at home. The farmer killed and cured his own meats, and for the local markets as well.

In short the farmer bought little from the city, and the city bought then as now from the farmer the greater portion of its food. The city had its merchants, wholesale and retail. It had its manufactures on a small scale. It had no railway men, for railways were not yet; nor telegraphs, nor telephones, nor electric lights, nor gas, nor street-cars, nor motor-cars, nor photographic galleries, nor moving-picture shows. If you took out of the city all those men who there pursue callings unknown sixty years ago, and with them all those who are dependent directly or indirectly upon them, you would reduce the population far towards where it was sixty years ago.

Thus we find two branches of a single cause have been in joint operation.

The business of the farmer is mainly, almost wholly, to supply food. The business of non-farmers is to supply the other demands of humanity. Humanity per head requires today almost exactly the same amount of food as it required sixty years ago; but the non-farmer requires today photographs, phonographs, moving pictures, electric light, gas light, acetylene light, railways, tramways, automobiles, steamboats, powerboats, wireless telegraphy, and other things which no man knew of sixty years ago. Of these things the farmer produces none. Still more the boots he wears, the clothing, the furniture, his fuel, his fencing, his tools which he produced at home or had made in the little village are now made for him in the city factory.

This is a condition as wide as civilization, which has continued for many years in one direction at an accelerating rate and has affected the proportion in which the world has demanded its product from the farmer and from the non-farmer. And it will help to explain the flow of population cityward. Suppose that all the farmers' sons had stayed on the farm, the other conditions continuing as we have seen them, who would have built the railways, the steamboats, the telegraph lines, the telephone lines, the automobiles, the reapers, mowers, binders, hay-rakes, seed drills, dustless cleaners, electric-light systems? The former denizens of the city would have been busy supplying the goods they had always supplied.

It was to make all these new things that the boy left the farm. Not that he knew it was so—no one knew that, but he knew, and no one better, that all these new things made a market for his brain and his brawn. It was well for him and is well for us that he saw the demand, and has so well succeeded in supplying it. All this simply shows the working of a simple law.

Has that condition of things changed? The last fifteen years have produced but one invention greatly affecting the demand for labor—the automobile. It is interesting to note how great a change in the demand for labor that one article has caused. It is estimated that over 1,000,000 men in the United States alone are engaged in manufacturing automobiles, and that over 5,000,000 are directly dependent on that industry for a livelihood. That industry was unknown fifteen years ago. So that all these 5,000,000 have been drawn from those and the progeny of those in other industries. If a fair share was drawn from the farm that would account for some of the migration cityward.

There is at present in sight no other industry which promises or threatens such drafts on the supply of labor as this, nor anything comparable to the enormous drafts that have been made by the railway, the telegraph, and the telephone. If there should be any long time without such drafts, the movement cityward would dwindle with the decreasing demand, and with the improved condition of the farmer as compared with the non-farmer, doubtless the movement would continue until pressure set in from the opposite direction.

There are twenty-five million acres of forest in the Philippine Islands, said to be, acre for acre, four times as valuable as forests in the United States.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Industrial Accidents.

Eight of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essays in economics have already been published, and now comes the ninth on "Industrial Accidents and Their Compensation," from the pen of Gilbert L. Campbell. The author explains that it was not originally intended for publication and that it is now so brief as to be little more than a hasty review. In this case brevity is a virtue and the best guaranty of public attention. Mr. Campbell is certainly to be congratulated on his assiduity to collecting his material from all over the world and in presenting so careful a picture of the status occupied by his subject in the various countries of civilization.

But some of his remedies seem much too radical for general acceptance in America, however firmly they may be established in Europe. It is indeed remarkable to note how swiftly the older countries have been carried on the flood of paternalistic legislation and how completely the rights of employers have sometimes been submerged. That employers should be held accountable for the safety of surroundings and equipment and for the negligent acts of their employees is generally admitted in principle, but upon what grounds should "the employer's defense of contributory negligence be denied"? The contention that "constant care is impossible" cuts both ways. Why, too, should employers "be held accountable for unpreventable accidents," and why, also, should they "hear the burden of proof," except on the ground that the workman must be protected against his own wrong-doing and at the expense of all other classes of the community. The author says truly that the incorporation of these principles into the American law will be a long and difficult process. It will be an impossible process until we are prepared for the creation of a privileged caste whose rights are to take precedence over and to nullify all others. Mr. Campbell has done a valuable piece of research work, but it would be improved by the omission of a page or two of recommendations that are so glibly given as almost to hide the fact that they indicate a revolution in the law of the land.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS AND THEIR COMPENSATION. By Gilbert L. Campbell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Shelburne Essays.

For several years past one of the events of the book season which has been looked forward to with most interest by the serious lover of literature has been the publication of a new volume of Mr. More's penetrating and scholarly essays. This year that pleasure seems likely to be tempered for some readers, for Mr. More appears to grow more severe in his judgments, and, in respect to several of his authors, to lay so much stress upon exceptions as to lose sight of the rule. No literary critic today is so worthily sustaining the austere traditions of Matthew Arnold, but Mr. More is surely in danger of becoming more austere than the enemy of Philistinism. Arnold could be critical enough, yet, save in rare cases, his judgments did not rob his reader of all desire to turn to the author whose work had been passed in review. Now, Mr. More in several of these essays so refines upon criticism that in the end he leaves the impression that perhaps, after all, Shelley and Wordsworth and Hood and Tennyson and William Morris are hardly worth so much attention as they usually receive. That may not be Mr. More's intention, but if he should re-read his own words five years hence he will probably realize that such is the effect of his over-insistence upon defects. Again, issue must be taken with such a statement as that "it can not be thought that a new life of Hood was widely desired." As a matter of fact there is no worthy life of Hood in existence, for the memoir produced by his son and daughter is a miserable piece of work. Nor is it quite accurate to affirm that Hood's reputation rests upon his punning gifts. The Golden Treasury disproves that.

SHELBERNE ESSAYS. By Paul Elmer More. Seventh series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Adventures in Friendship.

All who enjoyed making the acquaintance of those simple but lovable rural folk who brightened the pages of Mr. Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment" will be eager to return to the village in which they live and make a hook friendship with the old maid, the roadside prophet, and many another rustic hero or heroine. Miss Aiken, the old maid in question, is representative of the rest in her simple ways and generous affections. Mr. Grayson paints her portrait lovingly, and reveals the kindly soul by her environment as well as by her speech. In his company the reader is privileged to enter Miss Aiken's home and take note of the characteristic contents of her bright little sitting-room:

"There on the center-table you will discover 'Snow-Bound,' by James Greenleaf Whittier; Tupper's Poems; a large embossed Bible; the family plush album; and a book, with a gilt ladder on the cover which leads upward to gilt stars, called the 'Path of Life.' On the wall are two companion pictures of a

rosy, fat child, in faded gilt frames, one called 'Wide Awake,' the other 'Fast Asleep.' Not far away, in the corner, on the top of the walnut whatnot, is a curious vase filled with pampas plumes; there are sea-shells and a piece of coral on the shelf below. And right in the midst of the room are three very large black rocking-chairs with cushions in every conceivable and available place—including cushions on the arms. Two of them are for you and me, if we should come to call; the other is for the cat."

Which shows how closely Mr. Grayson observes his models, and gives a hint of the kindly spirit that breathes through all his delightful sketches.

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

The Big Game of Africa.

Mr. Tjader's richly illustrated volume has a twofold appeal: it will be read with deep interest by all lovers of natural history who have no desire to go a-shooting, and it is just the hook for sportsmen who contemplate big-game hunting expeditions to Africa. It is based upon the author's experiences and observations gathered during three different visits to British East Africa, and German East Africa and Uganda, and is replete with practical information of all kinds. While the height of the now fashionable shooting season is from October to February, Mr. Tjader votes in favor of from May to October, during which time it is much cooler and the sportsman is not so likely to run across another caravan. Those who wish to count the cost of an expedition will find ample details here. Allowing for a retinue of forty men and their wages and food, and the cost of the hunting license, Mr. Tjader estimates that a four months' trip may be carried out for seventeen hundred dollars. This, however, will not include guns and a photographic outfit of the kind Mr. Tjader advises. His advice on the last point is sound and lucid, and his preference for the reflex type of camera will commend itself to all photographers. Equally full and wise are his hints as to the animals that may be encountered. The list includes the lion, elephant, giraffe, hippopotamus, leopards and cheetahs, rhinoceros, antelopes, hyenas, monkeys, and pigs. With regard to the first two on the list, Mr. Tjader is inclined to vote for the second as the king of beasts, agreeing with those sportsmen who do not think the lion noble or fearless except when wounded or cornered. The illustrations are from the author's photographs.

THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA. By Richard Tjader. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Japan for a Week.

Slight as is Mr. Thompson's volume, not much more than a third of its pages are devoted to Japan. He made his journey via Berlin, Moscow, and the Transsiberian Railway, and after leaving Japan visited Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore, and Colombo. He found Berlin, as compared with Paris, "over-decorated and something stodgy," but was told there were no "slums." On Moscow there is this note: "Everybody drives in droschki—I don't know why. Perhaps because they are frightened of the drivers. And no wonder. If you halt for so much as half a second by the kerb, some fifty-five or fifty-seven of these deteriorated pirates swoop down on you from fifty-five or fifty-seven points of the compass, like a charge of wild Tartars. And they can charge."

In the southern part of Japan Mr. Thompson found everything Japanese. But disillusion awaited him. In Kyoto he went to a Geisha entertainment. "After we had spilled a sufficiency of assorted foodstuffs over our clothes with the aid of the elusive chopsticks, the fascinating Geisha, eight in number, began their world-renowned performance. Four unhappy, elderly spinsters twanged the more or less gay guitar of the country, with the same effect upon themselves, apparently, that such music might have produced upon a self-respecting dog, for it moved them to lift up their voices in most melancholy dissonance. We were told afterwards that if our party had not included ladies, the Geisha would have been more lively. Be that as it may, I can swear that if our party had included ghosts, the Geisha could not have been more depressing." At all stages of his journey Mr. Thompson saw rapidly and in an impressionistic way, with interesting results so far as his reader is concerned.

JAPAN FOR A WEEK. By A. M. Thompson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

An Oberland Chalet.

Among the many hooks on Switzerland which each publishing season produces it is a relief to come upon so bright and unconventional a volume as this by Mrs. Wood. It is the record of a summer spent in the playground of Europe with headquarters at a modest chalet about a mile and a half from Grindelwald station. From that convenient centre many excursions were made by the vacationists, each described with rare high spirits and a keen love for the beauties of nature. Of course this is a different Switzer-

land from that known to the tourist who keeps in the beaten track and can not live away from a table d'hôte, but for that reason it is all the more enjoyable. The Swiss are shown at nearer quarters than usual, and one learns much about many delightful nooks and corners ignored by the usual type of travel-hook. To those who may be tempted to emulate her experience in keeping house in Switzerland and tramping hither and thither Mrs. Wood offers due warning that they must be prepared to rough it, to wear old clothes and hobnail boots, and sleep in one-franc-fifty lodgings or under the stars when necessary. The illustrations, which are mostly from excellent photographs, have been well chosen.

AN OBERLAND CHALET. By Edith Elmer Wood. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$2 net.

Brief Reviews.

"Sunshine Annie," by Josephine Scribner Gates (Bohls-Merrill Company), is a story for little girls based on James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphant Annie." The tinted illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory are pleasingly done.

Brandu's, New York, have published "A Lesson in Marriage," a play in two acts by Björnsterne Björnson, translated from the Norwegian by Grace Isabel Colhron. The little volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price, 50 cents.

"Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene," by William Lee Howard, M. D. (E. J. Clode), is a frank statement of a distressing problem. There is no reason to doubt the author's assurance that a "desire to save the future men and women of our land is the reason, and the only reason," for its publication.

Charles Pierce Burton, whose hooks for boys are becoming an institution, has now added "The Bob's Hill Braves" (Henry Holt & Co.) to his list. It deals with a crowd of Massachusetts youngsters who spend a holiday in Illinois and have a series of adventures dear to the boy's heart in which Indians and explorers have their full share.

In "The Photography of Moving Objects," by Adolphe Abrahams (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents), we find every possible information on an important and delightful branch of the photographic art. The book is not merely a compilation. It contains the results of a thoughtful experience expressed in a clear and convincing way.

"A Compact Rhyming Dictionary," by P. R. Bennett (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents), claims to be "more complete, more compact, and more up to date than any other rhyming dictionary on the market." Apart from the propriety of encouraging the verse-makers of the day the author has certainly produced a most attractive little volume and one that slips with deplorable ease into the waistcoat pocket.

Lilian Whiting's books on what, for some strange reason, is called New Thought, are well and favorably known. Her latest, "Life Transfigured" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25), is somewhat similar to her previous works, being an effort to show the workings of spiritual law in the events of daily life and the gradual accomplishment of a divine plan through every-day happenings. It is marked by a clarity of diction and by an unmistakable sincerity.

Under the title of "Huxley and Education" Charles Scribner's Sons have published the address delivered last year to the students of Columbia University by Henry Fairfield Osborn, LL. D., Hon. D. Sc., and Da Costa Professor of Zoology. Dr. Osborn doubtless surprised his hearers when he told them that if they were living in a "triumphant democracy" they were also in the midst of a "triumphant mediocrity," and that they must go to such cities as Paris to find ideas at a premium and money values relegated to obscurity. The highest ambition of the Frenchman could never be won by the men of the marts. The author quotes Huxley as saying that the man has had a liberal education "whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind."

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The Straphangers' Paradise

Liverpool appears to be the straphangers' heaven. Consular reports are to the effect that there is almost entire absence of overcrowding of street-cars in the city famed for salt, even in the opening and closing business hours.

However, these reports fail to state that traffic conditions in Liverpool are better than in Boston or San Francisco. The average American abroad would find equal cause for complaint as though he were at home. It's all a matter of regulation and temperament.

By law, the carrying capacity of "buses and street-cars in Europe is limited, hence the joy of the straphanger. These conveyances are permitted to carry—except on rare occasions—only such passengers as can be accommodated with seats, and a very few who are allowed to stand on the rear platform.

This is as the law says it shall be. And right here is where temperament comes in. The average European workman or business man does not object to a minute's wait for the next car. But the American? He will often take the crowded car ahead in preference to the empty following.

Our people simply must get there—wherever "there" is—and they must have the first car that comes along. Now suppose the European system were tried out here—especially during some afternoon as the shops were closing. A full-fledged riot would be precipitated on the spot.

Again referring to the European system. In Liverpool there are signs on each car, stating just how many passengers it can accommodate, and after this number has clambered aboard no more are allowed to enter. After watching the daily crush here, a smile is forced as one imagines the outcome were this even attempted in San Francisco.

No city has yet solved the problem of street-car crowding during the rush hours of the day, and comparative tables disclose the fact that San Francisco stands well to the front among cities which are making every effort to handle the situation at present and prepare for the future. Crowding is the result of growth, and the faster the growth of the community, the more is this state of affairs observed. Boston, with all its age, culture, and endeavors, has not been able to find a solution of the question. Quoting the Boston *Traveler*:

"In spite of trailers and every other provision for handling rush traffic, it is still true that in most foreign cities people are delayed during the heaviest hours of the day by the rules that prevent overcrowding of the cars. No city has really solved the problem of giving everybody a seat without making anybody wait, and it is doubtful if it ever will be solved. As the American will not wait, some proportion of him must apparently continue to hang to a strap.

"Boston is today unfortunate in the fact that its street railway lines can not carry enough cars to move the people without discomfort during rush hours."

The truth is that while every one clamors for the most efficient and expeditious car service, few have ever thought of the individual's own power and responsibility in improving and expediting service. The men who crowd the front and rear platforms do not realize that every moment lost in taking on and discharging passengers not only delays progress to their own destination, but must affect the progress of hundreds of passengers in cars behind them.

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Mad Majesties.

It may be doubted if Dr. Rappoport has chosen the best line of attack upon the hereditary principle in government, or, indeed, if any attack at all is needed. Hereditary monarchy has few hearty defenders nowadays, and those who do appear in the lists for it are usually content with the claim that it is better than its substitutes, or that the modern king has been so shorn of his powers that he is hardly a ruler at all.

But Dr. Rappoport takes another line. He tries to show that insanity is peculiarly liable to lie in wait for those who have inherited their thrones and that the hereditary monarchy is practically an invitation to the maniac and the degenerate. In support of this theory he gives us life sketches of some eight or nine royal lunatics, including Juana of Spain, Don Carlos, Christian VII, Eric XIV, and Ivan IV, and certainly they are records that it would be hard to surpass in brutality, ferocity, and hestiality.

But we find ourselves still unconvinced, at least not more convinced than we were before. We knew already that some kings have been mad, as well as some people who were not kings, and it would be strange if it were otherwise. Unrestrained power works disastrously upon weak minds that might otherwise have remained normal, but this would apply nearly as much to those who have acquired their power as to those who have inherited it. And it is in this connection that the author allows himself to be betrayed into extravagance and inaccuracy. He says, for example, "wherever nature has placed one of her aristocrats, one of her supermen, a giant with a vast brain and a powerful mind, a Caesar or a Napoleon, upon the pinnacle of power the exaltation produced no disastrous effect upon him." Surely Napoleon is an infelicitous illustration. Another example quoted by Dr. Rappoport is that of Saul, who undoubtedly suffered from melancholia and mania. But then Saul did not inherit his throne. He was appointed to it, while his son Jonathan, who would have succeeded him had he lived, was of a particularly admirable disposition. Then again we are told that "among the Roman Cæsars all those who ascended the throne by the right of heredity were wicked and cruel, whilst the emperors who were adopted sons of their predecessors proved benevolent rulers." How about Constantine, who was the son of the Emperor Constantius and who was neither wicked nor cruel.

Dr. Rappoport would have been better advised had he given us these admirable and graphic sketches on their own merits rather than as proofs of a theory, but when we remember that there have been thousands of kings, we are not much impressed by the citation of a dozen cases of royal insanity.

MAD MAJESTIES: Or Raving Rulers and Submissive Subjects, by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. New York: Brentano's; \$4.

Princess Sayrane.

The historical novel is no longer expected to paint an accurate picture of ancient days. Its historical setting is merely a fanciful frame for a modern story to which a new flavor is given by artificial speech and scenic aids. Perhaps in addition we may learn a few historical facts, or what pass for facts, but a truthful picture is beyond our reach.

"Princess Sayrane" is a story of Prester John of Abyssinia, who falls in love with the daughter of the King of Egypt. Professing to send an emissary to pave his way, he comes himself, and we know at once that Sayrane will fall in love with the supposed messenger and that there will be complications. It all comes out right in the end, and the author may be congratulated on a romance that is tenderly and faithfully told and that leaves a pleasant memory behind it.

PRINCESS SAYRANE, by Edith Ogden Harrison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.

Lives of the Fur Folk.

The author of this series of nature sketches has built them upon the approved plan. We have stories of a fox, a rabbit, a cat, and a hager, all of them told with an assumed knowledge of animal psychology that we are still a long way from possessing. Of course they are fascinatingly interesting, especially to children, but we may question the wisdom of presenting even facts so thickly sugar-coated with imagination and presumption.

In one respect at least the author steps distinctly over the frontier of the legitimate. Speaking of animals with abnormal intelligence, he says that "it must not be forgotten that it is from similar exceptions, who lived and died in long past ages, that our own powers of reason and reflection, our morality, sense of religion, our artists, heroes, and saints have evolved." Now this may be the author's personal view of evolutionary processes, it may be correct or incorrect, but it should not be presented to the young as indisputable fact or as a theory upon which the thought of the world has agreed. We may also wonder what justification the author can find for assuming that an animal's dread of the unfamiliar is the germ of human

superstition. Once more, it may be so, but it should not be presented as an axiom.

LIVES OF THE FUR FOLK, by M. D. Haviland. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

John Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling, died in London last month. The elder Kipling was an artist and an architectural sculptor. He was curator of the museum in Lahore from 1875 to 1893, when he retired. The designs for the illustrations in the Outward Bound edition of his son's stories were made by him.

A novel entitled "Canaan," written by a young Brazilian diplomat, M. Joseph Graça Aranda, *chargé d'affaires* at Christiania, has stirred the interest of European critics, and Signor Ferrero calls it "the" novel of contemporary America. He says: "Its characters live and act in the setting of an immense historical phenomenon, which no writer, so far as I know, had yet selected as the subject for a work of art. This historical phenomenon is the great drama that is being enacted beyond the Atlantic in every country north and south—the clash of races, the mélange of cultures, the dislocation produced in the social organization of American States by the arrival of masses of humanity from over-peopled Europe. In this novel the history of individuals has therefore a profound social and philosophic significance." It must be added that the scene of M. Aranda's story is laid in Brazil, his native country.

Good jokes and funny pictures are not easily obtained in the quantity required by daily papers that issue broadsides of alleged humor. The New York *Mail and Express* in this embarrassment helped itself to copyrighted pictures from *Life*, the ablest of the weekly journals devoted to humor and satire, and now it is sorry. *Life* went into court to prove its rights, and the *Mail and Express* was found guilty and judgment was given against it for \$750 and costs.

Will Levington Comfort's story, "Routledge Rides Alone," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is now in its seventh edition.

The February Century Magazine.

Among recent issues of the best monthly magazines there has been none so rich in worthy biographical studies and reminiscences as the February number of the *Century*. The history of Martin Luther and his work, by Arthur C. McGiffert, begun in the December issue, is continued, with growing interest. "Side-Lights on Lincoln," by Lambert Tree and other contemporaries, gives some new particulars. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge writes with knowledge and appreciation of Thomas Brackett Reed, greatest of parliamentarians. In William Winter's paper on Hamlet and his impersonators much of theatrical biography is given, as well as serious discussion of the play. In the editorial department there is a deserved tribute to E. C. Stedman, the poet, and in the earlier pages some notes on Walt Whitman, with reproductions of his manuscript. Mary Garden writes of "Acting in the Lyric Drama," and contrasts the old operas with their modern successors, from the singer's point of view and her own experience. And all but one of these personal essays are accompanied by portraits in which the art of the engraver as well as of the photographer is employed with good results. There are also, as usual, notable short stories and miscellaneous contributions. Especially attractive are the illustrations of the number.

Original Valentines.

Paul Elder & Co. have issued a number of original designs in valentines which are a little out of the ordinary, though they still appeal to the humorous as well as the sentimental impulses stirred by the recurrence of February 14. The cards and folders are good examples of the taste and care which mark all publications of this publishing house.

It will probably come as something of a surprise to many to be told that American literature and Russian are "twins." And yet this is the statement made by Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale in his "Essays on Russian Novelists," just published by the Macmillan Company. In explaining just what he means by the statement, Professor Phelps presents an interesting comparison of Russian literature with the other literatures of the world. He says: "At the start, we notice a rather curious fact, which sharply differentiates Russian literature from the literature of England, France, Spain, Italy, and even from that of Germany. Russia is old; her literature is new. Russian literature goes back to the ninth century; Russian literature, so far as it interests the world, begins in the nineteenth. Russian literature and American literature are twins. But there is this strong contrast, caused partly by the difference in the age of the two nations. In the early years of the nineteenth century, American literature sounds like a child learning to talk, and then aping its elders; Russian literature is the voice of a giant, waking from a long sleep, and becoming articulate."

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NEW AND OLD AT THE ORPHEUM.

It would be a pity to have John Neff copy-right his act, as given at the Orpheum. In the interest of a long-suffering public, he should be afforded no protection against pirates. On the contrary, his idea should be a precedent and an unalterable example for all vaudeville players who give musical acts, introducing a variety of instruments on which they can not play, but on which they persistently practice. Mr. Neff offers the customary instruments. He has them brought on in glittering array attached to a shining rack. He also displays the usual programme cards, announcing in large type "Aida," "Poet and Peasant," "Zampa," and other terrifying selections. The audience gets ready to hold its breath. When you hold your breath you are insensible to agonies of all sizes, from pin-pricks to clattering xylophones. Then Mr. Neff comes on with a banjo, and, after some little preliminary preparation and hesitation he sings. He doesn't play a note. Also with the trombone, ditto the violin, likewise with a venomous cornet. He fondles these pets of the amateur virtuosi with rare nonchalance and ease, but he does not provoke them to utterance. But he sings, and he ogles, and he quips, with considerable of melodic charm and more of humorous expression. He also talks with "Central" through the telephone, and the telephone girl sings to him. And the back curtain becomes transparent and the audience is enabled to see the singer as well as to hear her song. Now this is all original, and good, especially the omission of instrumental atrocities; but for full measure Mr. Neff does an eccentric dance. Miss Carrie Starr, the telephone girl, assists him in his patter, before and after her song, and twinkles cheerfully. But Mr. Neff is the full moon. Why did no comedian think of doing this delightfully clever but perfectly obvious thing before?

When Harry Tate and his English company were here a year or so ago in their skit, "Motoring," that, too, was new and screamingly funny. It is not new now, but it is just as funny as it was before. The "big red touring-car" of the newspaper reporter's fancy dashes to the centre of the stage and halts, the owner-driver turning his head to speak to some one he has just passed. "Yes, just going to run down to Fresno. Two hundred miles—make it in an hour. If the roads were better would do it in fifteen minutes." Then he moves the lever, but the car doesn't notice it. He moves the lever, both levers, again, backward and forward, with calm patience. Once more the car disdains his attentions. Then the trouble begins. Between the youthful son on the back seat and the wise but woefully inefficient chauffeur who sits beside the owner there is a cloud of advice. It is the "coefficient of the tangent" that is missing, according to one; the disinclination of the sprocket to connect with the carburetor is the difficulty, according to the other. The owner alights and calls for the tools which have been forgotten. There are mysterious, alarming explosions at intervals. A supernaturally curious boy approaches and proves his perverse inability to get out of the way. The owner goes under the car and accumulates a graphite countenance. A rural officer intrudes and arrests the party for fast driving. The plot is Ibsen-like in its realism, but it possesses possibilities for producing riotous amusement that no Norse or Latin playwright ever dreamed of. Mr. Tate and his confederates make the most of them. Those who have cars of their own laugh as uproariously as those who have none and dislike the people who ride in them.

Never again will the performer on the slack wire who carries a balancing-pole or umbrella interest you, after you have seen Hugh Lloyd dance on a slender rope without such aids to equilibrium. Mr. Lloyd is not content with skipping and tripping lightly, and posing, but he bounces high in the air, and somersaults with unerring accuracy, alighting as safely on the cord as on a spring mattress. More, he plays the violin in quick jig-time and never loses a note as he goes up and down and over. There is a diversity of talent displayed by this artist that, outside of the world of politics, seems unqualifiedly amazing.

Mme. Vallecita puts five lithe and sleek leopards through a variety of paces in a big iron cage. Three of the animals are kindly disposed, but one of them induces the necessary thrills by vicious snarls and impotent sweeps of a big and ugly paw when the trainer

comes near. Mme. Vallecita is not a big woman, but her courage is sufficient to carry the reckless act through without mishap.

Some very good character work is done by the Lawlors, a father and two daughters, in their cosmopolitan salad sketch, "Night and Day on the Sidewalks of New York." Mr. Lawlor has a remarkably good baritone voice, though not of great volume, and he sings well in every character—an Italian organ grinder, a Bowery rough, and an Irish lad. The Misses Lawlor are no less gifted in impersonation, but their songs do not carry so well. The scene drop is a view of the East River with two bridges showing, and Brooklyn in the distance.

Clayton White and Marie Stuart, a couple almost as well known to Orpheum patrons as Professor Rosner or the head usher, are here once more, and little changed—perhaps a trifle stouter and more familiar. Miss Stuart still sings the French er—er, well, the *chanson* which she has sung on former visits. If it is not the same carol it has at least the same kick, right, first entrance. Mr. White is not a Bert Leslie or an Arthur Deagon, though he does the parts associated with those portrayers of sporting-life characters, and does them fairly well. The sketch in which White and Stuart appear may be written down as one of George V. Hobart's near successes.

Comedy acrobatic work is the specialty of Arthur Borani and Annie Nevoro. The gymnastic stunts are not bad, but the comedy is of the silent variety. The Victoria Four imitate a male quartet.

Notwithstanding the certainty that not all are pippins in any vaudeville basket, there are as many laughs in this week's bill as the Orpheum management should be allowed to offer at any one entertainment. You can not have Alice Lloyd, or Cressy and Dayne, every week, but you can always have some good music and enlivening fun. John Neff and Harry Tate belong in the long list of money's-worth attractions. GEORGE L. SHOALS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performance of "The Chocolate Soldier" will be given at the Savoy Theatre this (Saturday) evening, and on Sunday night James T. Powers will begin a limited engagement in the Shubert production of "Havana," an entertaining combination of melody, movement, and fun, in which the music ranks with the most delightful, it being by the composer of "Florodora." Mr. Powers, of course, is the principal comedy element, and he is said to shine even more brilliantly than ever before in his long and successful laugh-creating career. In "Havana" he plays the rôle of Samuel Nix, bos'un of the yacht *Wasp*. Being in comic-opera land, Nix, of course, is plunged into all sorts of trouble. First he is endeavoring to escape a deserted wife, and runs into a hornet's nest in the form of a band of Cuban revolutionists. The police arrest Nix and are about to put him to death when his wife comes forward to claim his life. The music is by Arthur Voegtlin of the New York Hippodrome, the costumes by Melville Ellis, and the business and dancing numbers by Ned Wayburn. There are three acts and all of the scenes are laid in Havana.

The engagement of "The Girl in the Taxi" will continue for a third week at the Columbia Theatre, beginning Monday night. The only matinee is on Saturday. This amusing French farce has been running at the Columbia Theatre closely on to two weeks, and not once during that time has there been anything but a crowded house. "The Girl in the Taxi" has succeeded in making herself popular. Aside from the fact that the play is actor-proof, the performance of Bobby Barry as Bertie Stewart, Harry Hanlon as Papa Stewart, Nicholas Judels as Alexis, and Pearl Sindelar as the girl in the taxi, add greatly to the entertainment. The fun starts from the curtain rise and lasts till the close of the play is reached.

Nothing better in the way of vaudeville has ever been offered to the public than that contained in the programme announced for next week at the Orpheum. Frank Tinney, the famous burnt-cork comedian, will be the headliner. The audience begins to giggle the moment it gains sight of him, and almost immediately after is indulging in uncontrollable laughter. Tinney is also an excellent pianist, and one of the best monologists in vaudeville. Miss Amy Butler, the diminutive comedienne, will appear with what she calls "her big quartet." She is a capital vocalist and the numbers which she and her four male associates introduce are novel and effective. Maxim's Models will be an artistic feature. Among the world-famous paintings of which they will give living reproductions are "A Fish Story," "The Gleaners," "The Sirens," "The Village Blacksmith," "Waiting for the Boatman," "The Proposal," "La Tosca," "Evening Idyls," and "The Spirit of '76." Comedy, novelty, and acrobatics will compose the specialty to be presented by the Reed Brothers, gymnasts. Next week will be the last of Mme. Vallecita and her trained leopards, Neff and Starr, Hugh Lloyd, and Harry Tate's London Com-

pany in the screamingly funny automobile skit, "Motoring."

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, commencing with Monday, February 13, will be the big production of "The Arcadians," which Charles Frohman is to send here with a company of unusual strength. Gilbert Childs, Marie Shields, Johnny Osbourne, Vernon Davidson, Alice Russch, Moya Mannering, Edward Morris, and Ruth Thorpe are at the head of the list. Johnny Osbourne, who made all who saw it laugh in "Dairy Maids" and "Florodora," will be seen in the rôle of James Smith, the London restaurant keeper who drops into Arcady via an aeroplane accident. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

Among the plays to be produced here by Bernhardt during her engagement at the Columbia Theatre are "La Samaritaine," "Madame X," "L'Aiglon," and "La Tosca."

Low Fields's mammoth production, "The Midnight Sons," described as a "musical moving picture in eight films," will follow

"Havana" at the Savoy Theatre. It was one of the biggest successes the season past in New York.

Billy Burke will continue in her new play, "Suzanne," in New York for some time, both the star and comedy having made an exceptionally fine impression. Charles Frohman will send this attraction direct to San Francisco at the close of its New York run.

Adele Rafter, at one time with the Bostonians, later with Kolb & Dill, a singer possessed of a notable soprano voice, and of an attractive and refined personality, died a few days ago in New York. Miss Rafter met with an automobile accident when on the Coast a little more than a year ago, and was affected by it for some time, but had recovered sufficiently to resume her professional career when she was attacked by the illness that resulted in her death.

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VANITY FAIR.

The ubiquitous palmist has been in a good deal of trouble lately all over the country. It is really a shame that the police should have this further worry added to the annoyance caused by dynamiters, blackhanders, and the like, but there can be no question that the defenseless rich ought to be protected against those who would prey upon the ignorance and guilelessness of wealth and modern education.

Now there was a time when fortune-telling was associated with innocent servant girls, who were defrauded out of their hard-earned shillings in return for the prospective delights of a husband who should be an absolute facsimile of the last and lordly hero of the "Lady's Novlette." What heroes they were, to be sure! What magnificent names they had, and how their dark, piercing eyes flashed upon the slightest provocation or without any provocation at all. Surely they were cheap at the price, even though they were fashioned of such stuff as dreams are made of. The dreams alone were worth the money. We were confidently assured that the sway of the fortune-teller was due to lack of education. Let the schoolmaster wave his magic wand and credulity would disappear. Teach the servant girl a little science, open for her the portals of knowledge, and the fortune-telling charlatans would wither away for lack of support. What should we do without those dear, cheerful people who keep us chronically convinced that we are about to be blessed and that if we will but swallow some particular legislative pill we shall sweep right through the gates of gold into an elysium of joy?

Well, we have educated the servant girl, but how in the name of heaven shall we educate her mistress? We penalized the palmist because he was trading upon ignorance and because we owed the duty of protection to those whom we had excluded from the school. It is true we don't hear much about the maid and her grievances nowadays, but then it takes quite a large income to support a grievance and to make it audible. It is the mistress, the highly educated mistress, the college graduate with the European finish, who has the grievances now, and whom we feel it our sacred duty to protect. For she will go to fortune-tellers, she has a perfect passion for palmists, she would rather peer into the future than eat. And as a result she is swindled, shamelessly swindled, and the mighty conscience of this mighty nation is stirred to its depths at the sight of her plight. The toiling millions of America call with one voice upon the police force to cease their pictorial pursuit of the agile dynamiter and the lively hurglar and to turn their attention to saving the wife and daughter of the millionaire from the wiles of the palmist. It is a holy crusade, and one calculated to quicken the pulses of a hicklayer.

The fortune-teller has changed his tune with his clientele. He no longer promises husbands, for the ladies who visit him are already well supplied, indeed over supplied. Nor does he promise them money, for already they have more money than they know what to do with. The ladies who visit the palmist are more interested in the present than in the future. They want to know if their husbands and lovers are faithful, and it is quite likely that the husbands and lovers are consulting other sybils about them.

Take it altogether, it is rather a clever piece of business. It need hardly be said that the palmist always finds a line or a cross that tells of infidelity. She is usually a woman of sentiment, and her disclosure is a tactful one. "I find here a line that seems to indicate that your husband is not quite regular in his habits." She will be fairly safe in that statement at least, but it confirms the suspicions of the wife, who is painfully aware that her husband's only regularity is one of irregularity. "Oh, I knew it, I knew it," she cries tearfully. "What shall I do? What do you advise?" Of course the palmist has nothing to do with the ordinary vulgar detective. Far be it from her to touch the unclean thing, but still she happens to know of a private inquirer whose discretion is unimpeachable, and it might be well to provide one's self with facts. Then the game begins. There are fees to the palmist and daily fees to the detective. Slowly a web of blackmail is woven around a woman whose superstition and garrulity leave no undrawn curtain in her life. Domestic estrangement is the least of the resulting evils. Perhaps even divorce is not the greatest, and so the police are summoned to protect the lady from her own folly and to suppress a fortune-telling nuisance which is merely a cloak for unblushing conspiracy. But what a commentary upon a system of education that is still supposed to be the cure for all the ills that our communal flesh is heir to.

The English court seems to be a rather dull place just at present, to be suffering, in fact, from excessive virtue, and most of us have a leaning to a theoretic rather than to a practical goodness. Every one was much gratified to learn that King George and his estimable queen had an extra long suit of the domestic proprieties and that giddy people would not

he welcomed in the royal circle. There were to be no ladies with a past, no beauties whose presence was to be explained only by their facile complacency, no sounds of revelry by night, none of that easy good-fellowship that is so hateful to the Puritanic soul. Everything was to be decorous, and the conversation of the court was to centre around learned societies so far as the gentlemen were concerned, and charitable institutions, the church, and the care of babies for the women. It was all to be delightfully nice and warranted to pass the censorship of the Y. W. C. A.

But now some of the disaffected ones—sons of Belial doubtless—are saying that the court is dull. The king is supposed to be out of health and depressed by the attack upon the hereditary principle. Consequently he is silent, and when the king is silent every one else must be silent, too. The king must lead the conversation, and it is had etiquette to speak unless you are spoken to. Moreover, the queen can hardly be described as a horn conversationalist, and even the best-intentioned courtiers can not talk continually about babies. Then, too, the queen knits, and every man who has a knitting wife knows what that means and what an atmosphere of crushing disapproval can emanate from her even when she is most silent. Consequently the court is dull, and it is said that there are times when even a few words of prayer would prove a welcome relief to the embarrassments of total silence.

Of course we all like decorum—in others. We all like to feel that the great unregenerate world around us is having a good example set to it, but when a little frivolity does break its way into royal circles our disapproval is of the tolerant and smiling kind. And especially do we like virility in kings, so long as we must have kings. It is believed that King George is not very virile, that he allows himself to be ruled by a wife who has strong views on the laxities of the last reign and who believes that the greatest of national needs are churchgoing and knitting. But the people like to take good example in taltold doses, very small and very compressed. They like the court to be well behaved, but not pious, and if there should be occasional reminders that royalties are human and subject to human temptations—well, that also is something that it is delightful to forgive.

Who is Paul Poiret? To be ignorant on such a point is probably to confess one's self unknown, and certainly M. Poiret's power should prove his notoriety, for he issues his orders to the feminine world with all the easy autocracy of a czar. And M. Poiret says that when the hobbie skirt ceases to hobbie its place shall be taken by the harem skirt.

It is an ominous title, and yet withal appropriate. The harem skirt is not a skirt at all. It is trousers, unashamed and un concealed trousers, bifurcated and perhaps even hared like the ignominious nether garment of male men. The north pole of said trousers will be full and gathered or pleated, but it will taper away toward the ankles after the peg-top pattern. We have all seen the harem skirt in pictures of Turkish women. We have even basely admired their revelation that women have two legs, indeed that they have legs at all. And now M. Poiret says that our women are to wear them, and he speaks as one baving authority.

But M. Poiret had better walk warily. There are societies in America for suppressing this sort of thing and there are legislators eager to pass laws against femininity that transgresses certain not always intelligible barriers. Why, there are judges in this home of the free who will divorce a woman who smokes a cigarette in public, and what they would do to a woman who wore trousers in public hardly bears thinking of. And a trousers with such a name, too, so suggestive of plural marriages. Perish the thought! Such a thing will never be allowed, and if M. Poiret comes over here with his immoral trousers he is likely to be excluded as an undesirable citizen. Imagine one of our virgin custom-house officers when confronted with this appalling garment. Imagine how the flush of shame would mantle his damask cheek. Imagine how he would throw himself as one man into the breach to stem the torrent of foreign immodesty. No, M. Poiret, you must try again. It shall never be said that our women wear trousers, except in a figurative sense.

The manager of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York has unmasked his batteries in favor of the woman who smokes. He says he is amazed at the way restaurant men and hotel managers see fit to regard a habit which is so common in all the hotels in London and on the continent. And well he may be. It is not a matter of prudery, but of sheer and naked hypocrisy. New York is full of all-night restaurants in which the women are to be numbered by the thousand. They behave pretty much as they like, and they often like to behave in a way that would shock a drayman. They drink cocktails and they carouse with all and sundry. Against this the restaurant manager has nothing to say, but the moment a well-behaved woman, properly escorted, smokes a cigarette she is brutally ordered by some waiter to desist. Now if the managers were to say frankly that they are

compelled by public opinion to act in this way their position would be unassailable. But they say nothing of the sort. They prate about female modesty, which is the last thing in creation they know anything about, and assume a general pose as guardians of the public virtue. Then their pose becomes simply disgusting, even nauseating. The manager of the Ritz-Carlton says that such behavior as is to be found among the women in the Broadway restaurants would not be tolerated in Europe, where cigarette smoking is so usual that no one takes any notice of it. He says that he supposed this to be a free country, which shows how ill-informed he is. He says further that to forbid a woman to smoke a cigarette is to commit an outrage against her, and these are the words of truth and soberness. The Ritz-Carlton manager requires good behavior of his guests, and this is about the last thing that is expected by many of the other restaurants, who have small objection to open solicitation, but whose righteous and God-fearing instincts are outraged by the sight of a cigarette.

The Prince of Fuerstenberg, an intimate friend of the Czar of Russia, was placed in a predicament recently on a journey through Germany to attend the funeral of a friend. The prince retired to a sleeping-car and left all his clothes and his shoes with his valet, who was assigned to another car, with instructions to awake his master at a certain small station. During the night the train was broken into two sections, leaving the prince in the first section and his valet in the second. When the prince's destination was reached he was awakened and compelled to disembark in freezing temperature clad in pajamas and a borrowed blanket, and was forced to pace the station platform in his bare feet, clad like an Indian, until the second section of the train with his valet arrived.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was a Kingston, Ontario, woman who recently sized up one feature of the servant girl question in a new way. She said: "I got a girl to relieve me of physical fatigue, and soon I got rid of her to relieve me of mental fatigue."

One of the negroes on John Sharp Williams' place did him quite a valuable service once, and he wished to show his appreciation. After paying him, Mr. Williams asked: "Now, uncle, which shall I give you, a ton of coal or a big bottle of whisky?" "Massa John," he replied, "yo shorely knows Ah on'y hahns wood."

A St. Paul heiress had been besieged by fortune-hunters. One night, awakening to find a masked man in her bedroom who covered her with a pistol, she heard a stern voice say: "I do not want your life, but your money, lady." The heiress sighed wearily. "Oh, go away," she answered. "You are just like the rest of them."

A pompous doctor was going round the wards, followed by a crowd of students. "I can tell a man's occupation by his disease," he said, turning to a patient. "Now, this man is a musician. Aren't you?" "Yes, sir," "And you play a wind instrument?" "Yes," "You see, gentlemen, nothing is worse for the lungs than the wind instrument. What is your instrument, my friend?" And the man replied: "Concertina."

A Methodist bishop's wife addressed a meeting of slum housewives on their home duties. The address made the home life seem very fine and ideal. One housewife present, however, said the bishop's wife didn't go far enough to help her. Said she: "She's all right as far as she goes, but what I'd like to ask her is this: What does she do when her old bishop comes home on pay night with his envelope empty and a fightin' jag on?"

A Cleveland took his family to a Florida winter resort, not long ago, and made arrangements to pay the whole bill in advance. The hotel proprietor figured awhile, and then announced what it would come to. The Cleveland man produced his checkbook. While filling in the amount he asked: "When do you move out?" "Move out?" "Yes, when can you give possession. I've bought the place for cash, haven't I?"

A youth from Calhoun County, Illinois, which has nothing but steamboat transportation, went over to Elsberry, Missouri, to catch a Burlington train to St. Louis. He had never seen a train, and when the Hannibal local came rolling in he stood there gaping, watched it hiss and steam and finally pull out. "I thought you was goin' to St. Louis on that train!" shouted the station agent, thrusting his head through the window. "I was," answered the youth, "but they didn't put down no gangplank."

Once an American divine spent Christmas in a Highland inn. On Christmas morning he gave the maid a tip of a sovereign, and he said, looking earnestly at her—for she was a pretty maid: "Do you know, Kathleen, you are a very good-looking lassie?" Of course Kathleen was pleased, but, being modest, she blushed like a rose and answered: "Ah, na; ah, na! But my kinsin, sir, is beautiful!" The divine frowned. "Leave the room, you wicked young haggard!" he said sternly. He didn't know that modest Kathleen had been simply praising in her Highland dialect the superior charms of her cousin, Janet of Peebles.

The leading negroes of a Georgia town started a bank and invited persons of their race to become customers. One day a darkey, with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus over one shoulder and a cotton shirt, showed up at the bank. "See here," he said, "I want mah ten dollahs." "Who is yuh?" asked the cashier. "Mah name's Jim Johnson, an' I want dat ten dollahs." "Yuh aint got no money in dis here bank," said the cashier, after looking over the books. "Yes, I has," insisted the visitor. "I put ten dollahs in here six months er go." "Why, man, yuh shure is foolish. De intrist done et dat up long er go."

The skaters turned at the sound of a sudden breaking of the ice and fled. But one, less fortunate than the rest, was overtaken by the widening crack, threw up his arms, and fell in with a hearty splash. "Help!" "He's drowning!" "Get a ladder!" At last the ladder was procured. Cautiously approaching the pool, which was ornamented by the luckless man's head and shoulders, the park keeper placed the ladder in position and began to creep along it. "Come in a hit closer!" he shouted. "I can't swim," answered the impromptu hater. "But you're only up to yer armpits, man," said the park keeper. "You aint got no need to swim. Walk." "Walk, be blowed!" responded the

other. "This water's ten foot deep." "Ten foot deep!" exclaimed the park keeper. "Then how are you keepin' up?" "How?" retorted the hater. "Why, I'm standing on the hloke that hroke the ice!"

Edward W. Redfield, the painter, said at the Art Club, in Philadelphia, apropos of picture prices: "I am glad there are not many buyers like an old farmer in Centre Bridge. A distinguished etcher, sketching in Centre Bridge, made a study of the farmer's barn. The farmer happened to appear, and said he'd like to have the sketch. 'Ef 'taint too dear,' he added, cautiously. 'Oh,' said the etcher, who makes \$12,000 a year, 'I won't charge you anything for the sketch, but—' His eye lighted on the pigeon. 'But I'll tell you what. You can give me one of those nice little pink suckling pigs there.' 'Why, man,' said the farmer with a frown, 'do ye know what them pigs is worth? They're worth a dollar apiece.'"

The year that Cleveland and Hendricks were elected, Hendricks went down to Louisiana to hunt and fish and rest up after the work of the campaign. Justice White was with him a good deal. While he was greatly pleased with the results of the election, the thing that gave him the most gratification was that the people of Indiana had been so patriotic and enthusiastic that they had turned out in great numbers to vote. "Why," he said, "98 per cent of the registered vote went to the polls. Hardly anybody stayed at home. Think of that! Ninety-eight per cent of the registered vote!" "Oh, that's nothing," Justice White rejoined. "Right now we are passing through a precinct in which, according to the returns, 498 per cent of the registered vote was polled."

THE MERRY MUZE.

One Answer.

Sir Folly goes a-dancing by,
Fun and frolic in his eye,
On his lips a careless lay,
"Ho, Sir Folly! Why so gay?"
Says he:
"I know a woman."

Beggar Wisdom shuffles near,
Downcast eye, no word of cheer,
Rags and tatters, meanly clad,
"Brother Wisdom, why so sad?"
Says he:
"I know a woman." —Life.

Modern Discipline.

Jimmy is an awful boy,
He's full of sinful tricks;
I really don't know what to do
His moral self to fix.

I've had his adenoids cut out,
His tonsils are gone, too,
His 'pendix verminiform' removed—
Now what can I do?

I've tried a dozen breakfast foods,
But sad as it may be,
They do not work—I'll have to do
What father did to me.
—Milwaukee News.

A Polar Dash.

'Twas Saturday night, and six men dashed
For the Pole, each deep perplexed;
Each one wanted to be the first one there
Who the barber shouted "Next!"
—Baltimore Sun.

The Quest.

"When," the Book Monthly asks, "will somebody give us a novel of which the happy spinster of forty-five shall be the heroine?"
Oft have I searched the libraries to find me—
Her for whose charms my throbbing heart doth long,
Hoping that to her failings love would blind me,
Hinting that one so gracious knows no wrong.
Through the sad years—no, never mind how many—

I have been waiting, watching; but in vain,
Joys come to other men: to me—not any;
Only a yearning close akin to pain!
Still, though, I pray
The bliss that other men feel may be mine, some day.

I have no craving for the Maid from Mudie's,
Blue-eyed, and modest as the violet;
And to the country lass my attitude is
Distant, as that of one unconquered yet.
Beauty has lost its power to attract me;
Coyness, coquetting, leaves me quite unmoved.
These have not caused the agony that's wracked me,

Fatal as they to other men have proved.
No heroine
Whom Ouida ever dreamt of to my taste has been.

She whom I seek is not, perhaps, romantic;
Girlhood and all its follies she's outgrown.
Pretty? No; but her intellect's gigantic,
And all the charms she has are quite her own.
She may not move me to great deeds of daring;
Portly, and more than middle-aged is she;
But she will air the winter clothes I wear,
And be a mother, more or less, to me.
But, I'm afraid
Since she's elusive, I'll wed some more winsome maid!
—Westminster Gazette.

A Candy-Filled Valentine.

A most appropriate valentine. Dainty satin or paper, heart-shaped boxes filled with sweets. Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

WELLS FARGO NEVADA NATIONAL BANK
of San Francisco
No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits.....\$1,067,549.97
Cash and Sight Exchange.....12,523,591.86
Total Resources.....43,905,859.87

ISAIAH W. HELLMAN.....President
F. L. LIPMAN, JR.....Vice-President
JAMES K. WILSON.....Vice-President
FRANK B. KING.....Cashier
W. MCGAVIN.....Asst. Cashier
E. L. JACOBS.....Asst. Cashier
V. H. ROSSETTI.....Asst. Cashier
C. L. DAVIS.....Asst. Cashier

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WILLIAM SPROULE F. L. LIPMAN
WM. HAAS

Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

J. C. WILSON

(NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE)
THE STOCK AND BOND EXCHANGE, S. F.
Main office: MILLS BUILDING, San Francisco
BRANCH OFFICES
Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles.
Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach.
Correspondents: HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co., 25
Pine St., New York; 3 The Rookery, Chicago.

MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....THREE MILLION DOLLARS

A General Banking Business Transacted. Accounts of Individuals, Firms, Corporations and Banks Solicited

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Owned by the Stockholders of Mercantile National Bank of San Francisco

CAPITAL.....ONE MILLION DOLLARS

Authorized to act as Executor and as Trustee in all capacities

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

464 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,755; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at the northwesterly corner of the intersection of the line of Filmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence easterly on the northerly line of Filmore Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being a part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northerly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named to be the owners in fee-simple absolute, and each of said plaintiffs to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest of and in said real property, and each piece and parcel thereof, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
SAVINGS (THE GERMAN BANK) COMMERCIAL
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital.....\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund.....109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910.....42,039,580.06
Total Assets.....44,775,559.56

OFFICERS—President, N. Oblandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys. Board of Directors—N. Oblandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Igo. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Mgr. RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 432 Clement Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. For receipt and payment of deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

The Anglo and London Paris National Bank
N. W. cor. Sutter and Sansome Streets

Capital.....\$4,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits.....1,700,000

SIG. GREENEBAUM, President; H. Fleishacker, Vice-President and Manager; Joseph Friedlander, Vice-President; C. F. Huot, Vice-President; R. Altschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; W. H. Asst. Cashier; H. Chynski, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Bardick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....THREE MILLION DOLLARS

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

464 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the western line of Filmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Filmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Filmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all of the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Though the week has been one of comparative social quiet, when measured against the gaiety of the season to date, the calendar has been so filled with affairs of a pleasant informal nature that the big dances, one of which has marked each of the previous weeks, have scarcely been missed. The only formal functions were the Felton dinner-dance at the Fairmont Hotel, the Irwin dinner preceding it, and the Friday Night Dance at the Century Club.

On Tuesday Mrs. M. C. Sloss, assisted by Mrs. Joseph Sloss, gave a large tea at the Fairmont Hotel; Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader entertained at dinner; Dr. and Mrs. T. Billingslea made Colonel Dravo their guest of honor at a card party; Mrs. Edward de Laveaga entertained at bridge and tea, her guests being invited to meet Miss Olga Atherton; Mrs. Ella Hotelling gave a bridge afternoon for Mrs. Samuel Blair.

On Wednesday Mrs. John P. Wallace gave a bridge tea at the Hotel St. Francis; Mrs. Kirkham Wright was hostess at a reception; Miss Marguerite Doe entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel; the wedding of Miss Olga Atherton and Mr. George Mullins took place at Menlo Park.

On Thursday Miss Marian Miller presided at a luncheon in honor of Miss Maud Wilson; Mrs. David Henderson gave a reception at the Fairmont Hotel; Mrs. E. W. Kittredge was hostess at a small dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner for Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, and their bridal party.

On Saturday the University Assembly Dance takes place, the Dumont-Deal wedding ceremony will be performed, and Mr. Tevis Blanding will be host at a debutante tea in honor of Miss Marian Dickson.

The wedding of Miss Jennie Dunphy and Captain Rodwell Meyer took place on January 21 in London. The bride is the daughter of the late William Dunphy, and is well known in society here.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Hearn, Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Bourn, Mr. Laidlaw, Mr. Perry Eyre, Captain Payson, Mr. Berry, and Mr. Frank Michael.

The dinner-dance at which Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl entertained for Miss Marie Louise Elkins on Thursday night at their San Mateo home was attended by a large number of guests from town, among whom were Miss Jane Selby, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Helena Stoney, Miss Myra Josse-lyn, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Mr. Millen Griffith, Mr. Carl Wolf, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Felton Elkins, Mr. Talbot Walker, Mr. Christian de Guigne, Mr. Stanford Gwin, Mr. Stuart Lowrie, Mr. Frank King, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Henry von Schroeder.

Miss Clara Allen entertained a group of the younger girls at a luncheon at her home on Thursday in honor of Miss Anita Maillard. Miss Allen had as her guests Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Ethel MacAllister, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Louise McCormick, and Miss Vera de Sahla.

Miss Marian Miller entertained for a group of huds at luncheon on Thursday. Miss Gertrude Thomas was the guest of honor, and a dozen girls enjoyed her hospitality. Among them were Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Miss Ysobel Chase, and Miss Ernestine McNear.

Miss Edith Rucker's luncheon on Wednesday was planned in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe and was chaperoned by Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham and

Mrs. Antoine Borel, Jr. The guests were Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Maria Simpson, Miss Marie Tyson, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Louise Wallach, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Rhoda Niehl, Miss Gladys Poillon, and Miss Harriett Stone.

On Friday Mrs. Charles Fee was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Baroness von Turcke. Among those sharing Mrs. Fee's hospitality on this occasion were Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mrs. Charles Stowell, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. W. C. Cullen, Mrs. George de La Tour, Mrs. Redmond Payne, Mrs. Russell Cool, Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler gave a dinner at the Century Club on Wednesday evening in honor of Baron and Baroness von Turcke. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Captain and Mrs. Haldimand P. Young, Judge and Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, Professor and Mrs. Hugo Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlaacks, Judge and Mrs. Cooper, Dr. Arnold Genthe, and Miss Brainard of Vermont.

Mrs. Laurence Fuller was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of her sister, Miss Marian La Tourette, who is visiting here from Philadelphia.

Miss Vera de Sahla was hostess at a pretty luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday in honor of Miss Maud Wilson, the fiancée of Mr. Effingham Sutton. The guests included Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mme. de Coulon, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Amy Brewer, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Laura Pearkes, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Helen Baker, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Edith Pearkes, Miss Margaret Seldon, Miss Ella Sonntag, Miss Katherine Finnigan, and Miss Anita Maillard.

Miss Violet Cook was hostess at a pretty dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday, and she and her guests later attended the dance of the Friday Night Club at Century Hall. Among Miss Cook's guests were Miss Bliss Rucker, Miss Jennie Hammon, Miss Miriam Brice, Miss Eva Sathou, Miss Marie Payne, Miss Estelle Jacobs, Miss Madeline Cummings, Miss Adeline Bogart, Miss Elizabeth Bates, Miss Winn Martin, Mr. Stephen Nirney, Mr. George Boerhaus, Mr. Frank McCann, Lieutenant Pond, Mr. Laurence Cook, Mr. Harold Thoburn, Mr. Wendell Hammond, Mr. Lingard Payne, and Mr. George L. Cook.

The neighbors gave their third dance of the winter series at Conservatory Hall on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, assisted by her sister, Miss Leona Stone, entertained at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Mrs. J. E. Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon. The guests included Mrs. Robert Greer, Mrs. Domingo Ghirardelli, Mrs. Vera Ellinwood, Mrs. Layman, Miss Minnie Layman, Miss Mihan, and Miss Edith Trcanor.

The officers of the East Garrison on Angel Island were hosts at a dance on Saturday evening.

Miss Cora Smedberg was hostess at a tea on Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Dora Winn and Miss Constance McLaren. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. McVior and Miss Bessie Ashton.

Miss Mildred Lansing entertained at a tea on Wednesday. Among her guests were Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Walter Greer, Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn, Mrs. Fitzgerald Keeney, Mrs. Allen Olsen, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Marie Stoney, Miss Theobald, Miss Arabelle Mau, Miss Mary Bates, Miss Ruth Holt, Miss Katherine Booth, Miss Winn Martin, Miss Gertrude Speyer, Mrs. Charles Warren, Jr., Mrs. Joseph McElroy, Miss Laura Farnsworth, and Miss Laura Little.

Mrs. D. L. Ghirardelli was hostess at an informal tea at her home on Vallejo Street on Friday. Fifty girls of the younger set were entertained in honor of Miss Esperance Ghirardelli, who has recently returned from Europe.

Mrs. John Darling entertained at a reception on Tuesday at the Stewart in honor of Mrs. John Bidwell.

Miss Marie Louise Elkins was the complimented guest at a dinner dance given at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday night by her grandfather, former Senator Charles N. Felton. About seventy guests were entertained at dinner and two hundred additional guests were invited for the hall.

Mrs. Alfred Ford entertained at a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Marguerite Belden.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge made Mrs. John Bidwell her guest of honor at a luncheon on Wednesday, at which the following guests were asked to meet her: Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Alfred Ford, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mrs. John Swift, and Mrs. George Gibbs.

A reception at the Presidio on Wednesday marked the farewell to Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, who sail in a few days for the Philippines, and the welcome of Colonel and Mrs. Wisser, who are taking up their quarters at the post.

Mrs. Carroll Buck was hostess at a luncheon at Alcatraz on Saturday in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

Miss Anna Olney was hostess at a matinee box party followed by a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Thursday, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Allan MacDonald. Among those present were Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Hilda Van Sicken, Miss Marian La Tourette, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Gertrude Palmer, and Miss Olive Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at a dinner at their home on Washington Street in honor of their daughter, Miss Helene Irwin, and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. The party afterward attended the Felton dinner dance at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. E. F. Ashburner was hostess on Friday at a luncheon in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose. Her other guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Smedberg, Mrs. John A.

Lundeen, Mrs. James de Barth Shorh, Mrs. Carroll Buck, and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn.

Mrs. William Peyton entertained at luncheon on Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests were Mrs. Benjamin Hayne, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. Langley Porter, Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Mrs. H. M. Haskell, Miss Nannie Rodgers, Miss Genevieve Harvey, and Miss Coleman.

Miss Helen Gray made Miss Marian Lally her guest of honor at a pretty luncheon on Wednesday. Bidden to meet her were Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ethel Jackson, Miss Elyse Schultze, Miss Cecil Cowles, Miss Hattie Schultz, Miss Olga Junghlatt, Miss Ruth Sadler, Mrs. Frank Ames, and Mrs. William Murdoch.

Mrs. John Bruener entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Jeannette Deal.

Belasco Coached Caruso.

David Belasco's press agent makes a good story of the famous stage director's work at the Metropolitan Opera House:

"According to the terms of Signor Puccini's contract with Mr. Belasco for making an operatic version of his famous play, Mr. Belasco agreed to personally supervise all rehearsals and have charge of the dramatic and histrionic end of the production. It is a matter of tradition that David Belasco is a veritable wizard as a stage director, and that all obstacles dissolve at the touch of his magic hand, but nevertheless, master though he is, David Belasco soon realized that he had a tremendous task before him in the coaching and training of this flock of famous song-birds. In common with the less important members of the company, Signor Caruso, the tenor, and Mme. Emmy Destinn, the soprano, who take the rôles of Dick Johnson, the road agent, and Minnie, the 'Girl,' speak no English—Mr. Belasco speaks no Italian. This alone was difficulty enough to stagger a less stout-hearted man than Mr. Belasco, but there was an even greater obstacle to surmount, and that was the radical difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon temperament. This difference Mr. Belasco found most pronounced in the love-making scenes between the famous singers. These were essentially Latin and Italian rather than Anglo-Saxon and American, and Mr. Belasco realized immediately that he must teach the great Caruso how to love a girl, not as an Italian bandit would perform that pleasant duty, but as an American 'road agent' might, would and actually did do it. But how could even a David Belasco tell such a hero of opera, a man whose language he did not speak, and whose psychology was of a different race—how could anybody tell such a man the manner in which he should implant the kiss of love on the lips of a virtuous har-maid of the Sierras? How could he do it diplomatically? Mr. Belasco pondered the matter several weeks, whereupon with true Belasco genius he one day cut the gordian knot by deciding that he would not tell him at all, but that he would 'show him.' And show Enrico Caruso David Belasco did, by enacting the part of the handit lover himself and then there planting on the Destinn lips the true and only sort of a kiss that a real live American road agent would print upon his sweetheart's mouth."

Miss Wilson in Concert.

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, will be heard in a recital of arias and songs at a concert to be given on the evening of the 17th of February, at the Hotel St. Francis. The concert will be given under the patronage of well-known society women. Miss Wilson has been giving a series of concerts in the drawing-rooms of Washington and New York, and has also been heard on the professional stage of the large cities, as well as in Europe. She made her American debut about two years ago, winning great favor through the possession of a voice of admirable quality.

There is now on exhibition in a parlor at the Hotel St. Francis a painting by the famous Austrian artist, Count Geza S. de Perhach, named "Past Visions of Hell." The picture has produced something of a sensation, and has attracted many visitors. Tickets of admission are 50 cents. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be given to the use of the Independent Suffrage Association of California.

Dannbauer would gamble his last cent. That was his great weakness. He went home one evening after a bad day. He looked tired. "Wife," he said, "have you got anything to eat?" "Yes, lots of things," the wife said. "Well, cook up everything you've got—everything!" "Gracious, are you that hungry?" "I'm not hungry at all; I'm going to sell the stove."

She—They say that an apple a day will keep the doctor away. He—Why stop there? An onion a day will keep everybody away.—Tit-Bits.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Miss Vera de Sahla, and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin have gone to Coronado for a month.

Miss Mary Angus, who has made an extended visit abroad, has returned to her home here, and greeted her friends on Friday at her residence on Union Street.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer has returned from New York, where she went to meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, on their arrival from Europe.

Miss Helen Gray will spend the month of February in Santa Barbara with her grandmother, Mrs. Frank Ames.

Colonel Dravo, U. S. A., is the guest of Captain and Mrs. William Elliott at the Presidio.

Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, accompanied by Honorable and Mrs. John Ward, are expected to reach their country home at Millbrae this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Davis have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Granada.

Mrs. George Gibbs has returned to San Francisco, and is settled again in her home on Jackson Street. She spent the early part of the winter in New York with Mrs. Laurence Poole.

Mrs. Frederick Zeile has given up her apartment at the Fairmont Hotel, Miss Ruth Zeile has returned to her school in New York, and Miss Marian Zeile has joined her grandmother, Mrs. Henriette Zeile, at her home on California Street. Mrs. Fred Zeile is occupying an apartment at the Kittero on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney reached here from Europe on Sunday evening, and will spend the remainder of the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali (formerly Miss Linda Cadwalader) have returned from their honeymoon, and have an apartment at Leavenworth and Green Streets.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding are leaving shortly for Europe, where they will spend six months in travel.

Bishop William Ford Nichols left Sunday to join Mrs. Nichols and Miss Nichols in New York. They will sail from there for Europe in February.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Captain and Mrs. John Brice, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mrs. Sidney Cushing sailed Saturday on the *Cleveland* from New York for the Mediterranean.

Miss Sara Coffin and Miss Louisiana Foster left Sunday morning for Savannah, Georgia, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols).

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Boyet, who are spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel at San Mateo, are planning to return to Europe in the spring. They have an attractive home in Switzerland, where they will spend the summer.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose are spending several weeks in town at the Palace Hotel, and are being frequently entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler and Miss Olive Wheeler will go to Europe for the summer, taking with them Miss Lillias Wheeler, who graduates from Vassar in June.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, will spend the coming summer in Europe. They are at present at Cairo, but will return soon to Paris.

Miss Dorothy Morrison of Portland is spending a month here as the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett.

Miss Maye Colburn has been spending the week here as the guest of Miss Ethel Shorh.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander and her daughter, Miss Harriett Alexander, have returned to Paris, after a visit to the Riviera.

Miss Myrtle Smith of Minneapolis is the guest of Miss Alice Warner at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus (formerly Miss Alice Rooney) are at present in Switzerland and are expected to return next month.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Becker of Los Angeles are among the guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ley Vernon are visitors from London, who are being much entertained by their friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford of New York are at Del Monte for a long stay.

Mrs. William H. Crocker will leave early in March to join her daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, in Paris, where she is now the guest of her aunt, Princess Poniatowski.

Mrs. Downey Harvey was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron at Del Monte last week.

When Ellen Terry was presented with a Founders' gold medal at the New Theatre, New York, recently—an honor conferred in recognition of her great services to dramatic art—she was called upon to make a speech of acceptance. It so happened that the actress was exceedingly hoarse and she was therefore forced to cut her remarks short. So she told this story: "A friend of mine once bought a parrot and gave much money for it with the understanding that it could speak fluently, but when he reached home with it he found to his dismay that the bird was dumb. So he took it back. 'This parrot can not say a word,' he said indignantly to the bird fancier. 'It can't talk at all.' 'Talk!' the dealer exclaimed. 'Come to think of it, I know it can't, but it's a devil to think!'"

Grace Van Studdiford is the star in "The Paradise of Mahomet," a French comic opera with music by Robert Planquette, which has been worked over by Harry B. Smith. It is said the music is good, though not particularly melodious. George Leon Moore, formerly of the Princess Comic Opera Company, is the leading tenor in the piece.

Grand opera paid its own way in Chicago this season. New York is envious.

Josef Hofmann, Piano Virtuoso.

Josef Hofmann, who has been a prominent figure in the world of music ever since he was six years old, for like Pepito Arriola he was one of the real geniuses, will be the next musical star to be presented by Manager Will L. Greenbaum. Hofmann is one of the very few "child wonders" who have fulfilled the promises of their early youth, and he has even more than fulfilled this, for today there is positively no greater master-pianist living than Hofmann. Furthermore he is one of the very few pianists who can attract a big audience and hold it to the end of his programme.

The two Sunday afternoons selected are February 19 and 26, at the Columbia Theatre, and the only evening concert will be given Thursday night, February 23, at Christian Science Hall.

Mail orders for these three concerts may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., the prices being \$2, \$1.50, and \$1.

Hofmann will play in Oakland on Friday afternoon, February 24, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, at 3:30.

Sigmund Beel's Sunday Concert.

Sigmund Beel, who has unquestionably developed into a violin virtuoso of rank who need not fear comparison with the foremost, will give his only matinee concert Sunday afternoon, February 5, at Christian Science Hall, with the assistance of that splendid accompanist, Gyula Ormay.

The programme will be an exceptionally interesting and beautiful one, including four numbers never heard in this city. Here is the complete offering: Chaconne, *Italian* (eighteenth century); Concerto, B minor, *Saint-Saëns*; Sonata for violin alone, E minor, *Bach*; Two Irish Airs (a) Rich and Rare, (b) "Jig, Fly not yet," *Esposito*; Melodie Tartare, *Kosloff*; Perpetuum Mobile, *Novacek*.

The box-office will be open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday at the hall after ten o'clock, when phone orders will receive courteous attention.

Pepito Arriola's Farewell Recital

Pepito Arriola, the boy pianist, who has been the genuine sensation of Manager Greenbaum's season, will give his farewell concert at Christian Science Hall this (Saturday) afternoon at 2:30.

The programme for this occasion is a stupendous one and includes Beethoven's "Sonata Apassionata," a Scarlatti sonata, two important Chopin works, Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," and other interesting selections, the final group being three of the great masterpieces of Franz Liszt. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until noon on Saturday, and after one o'clock at the hall.

Pepito Arriola will be heard from again both as a performer and composer, for he is one of the few with God-given gifts.

Among the earliest of the spring publications of Charles Scribner's Sons is "The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California," more generally known as "Grizzly Adams." The story is written as he told it to Theodore H. Hittell, in a plain and simple style that has all the marks of absolute truth; yet his account of the capture of wild beasts, especially of grizzly bears and of their taming, of his experiences with Indians and hunters, with storms and floods in the Sierra, make up an intensely thrilling and at times hardly credible hunter's narrative. Adams was famous in his day, some fifty years ago, for a marvelous understanding of wild animals, and he seemed to inspire a sympathy in them which placed him above any one else on record as a tamer. The most extraordinary parts of his story are where he tells of how he lived in the mountains for years with an enormous grizzly which he had raised up from a cub as sole companion.

The thing that will most appeal to Americans in connection with this year's exhibition in Glasgow will be the rare gathering of Scottish art that is promised. The exhibition is to be located on fifty acres in Kelvingrove Park, within a mile of the centre of the city, and its plan includes four great sections—natural history, modern fine arts, industry, and entertainment. The historical section will be housed in the palace of history, and it is expected to form the most noteworthy collection of Scottish historical portraits, literature, etc., ever brought together. Living pictures and pageants are to be arranged to still further set forth Scotland's romantic story. In the palace of modern art will be gathered pictures to represent the best things in a century of Scottish art. Then there will be a great palace of industry to provide for extensive exhibits both national and international in character.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Put By the Flute.

Oh, Love, put by the flute!
Too slight the tender, liquid strain
We heard amid the April rain
Of wild white blooms, to voice the spell
Whereof our lips are mute.
Let organ diapasons tell
The music of the waves which roll
From that unfathomed sea, the Soul.
So, Love, put by the flute.

The flute, oh, Love, put by!
For we unto the Wonder-strand
Are come, from out the valley land,
Upon the Great Adventure bound.
Here river reed notes die
Within the larger pulse of sound.
Lest, list'ning for the luring call
We lose a vaster rhythm's fall,
The flute, dear Love, put by.

Put by the flute, oh, Love!
And yet, so piercing keen the tone
Once heard, in you far vale, wind blown
Down that bright stream, whose hrim we twain
With laughter leaned above,
The joy thereof do we retain
Among our mighty chords, that so
How sweet is youth all men may know.
Put by the flute, oh, Love!
—Gertrude Bartlett, in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

A Violin.

Dark night and storm and passionate breakers'
din,
The sea-birds' note, the vastness of the tide
And softest winds that through the forest sighed
Are with this fibre strangely woven in.
The organ tones of surge and sea begin
Within this mystic temple, sanctified
By all the vanished years that, ere they died,
Had hid their sweetness in a violin.

Some day the buried music shall be found
When master hands awake the sleeping voice
To some great song that in crescendo rings,
And thus, as silence changed to rapturous sound,
My awakened heart must evermore rejoice
Because thy fingers touched the hidden strings.
—From "Sonnets to a Lover," by Myrtle Reed.

The Song of the Colorado.

From the heart of the mighty mountains strong-
sounded for my fate I came,
My far-drawn track to a nameless sea through a
land without a name;
And the earth rose up to hold me, to bid me linger
and stay;
And the brawn and bone of my mother's race were
set to bar my way.

Yet I stayed not, I could not linger; my soul was
tense to the call
The wet winds sing when the long waves leap and
beat on the far sea wall.
I stayed not, I could not linger; patient, resistless,
alone,
I hewed the trail of my destiny deep in the hin-
dering stone.

How narrow that first dim pathway—yet deepening
hour by hour!
Years, ages, eons, spent and forgot, while I gath-
ered me might and power
To answer the call that led me, to carve my road
to the sea,
Till my flood swept out with that greater tide as
tireless and tameless and free.

From the far, wild land that bore me, I drew my
blood as wild—
I, born of the glacier's glory, born of the uplands
piled
Like stairs to the door of heaven, that the Maker
of all might go
Down from his place with honor, to look on the
world and know

That the sun and the wind and the waters, and the
white ice cold and still,
Were moving afloat in the plan he had made,
shaping his wish and will.
When the spirit of worship was on me, turning
alone, apart,
I stayed and carved me temples deep in the
mountain's heart,

Wide-domed and vast and silent, meet for the
God I knew,
With shrines that were shadowed and solemn
and altars of richest hue;
And out of my ceaseless striving I wrought a vic-
tor's hymn,
Flung up to the stars in greeting from my far
track deep and dim.

For the earth was put behind me; I reckoned no
more with them
That come or go at her bidding, and cling to her
garment's hem.
Apart in my rock-hewn pathway, where the great
cliffs shut me in,
The storm-swept clouds were my brethren, and
the stars were my kind and kin.

Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went as one who goes
On some high and strong adventure that only his
own heart knows.
Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went in my chosen
road—
I trafficked with no man's burden—I bent me to
no man's load.

On my tawny, sinuous shoulders no salt-gray
ships swung in;
I washed no feet of cities, like a slave whipped out
and in;
My will was the law of my moving in the land
that my strife had made—
As a man in the house he has builded, master and
unafraid.

O ye that would hedge and hind me—remembering
whence I came!
I, that was, and was mighty, ere your race had
breath or name!
Play with your dreams in the sunshine—delve
and toil and plot—
Yet I keep the way of my will to the sea, when ye
and your race are not!
—From "Cactus and Pine," by Sharlot M. Hall.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Does your husband smoke incessantly?"
"Worse than that; he smokes in the parlor."
—*Baltimore American*.

"My wife is one woman in a thousand."
"What now?" "I just left her at the bargain counter."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Preacher—And does your husband vote as he prays? The Wife—Oh, yes; about once a year!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"It's jes' about as hard to pick good advice," said Uncle Eben, "as it is to do yoh own thinkin' in de first place."—*Washington Star*.

Sophomore—Wonder what makes the telegraph lines hum? Senior—I've wired dad for dough, and I guess he's talking hack.—*Chicago Journal*.

Mrs. Gnaggs—I'll never forget the night you proposed to me. You acted like a perfect fool. Mr. Gnaggs—That wasn't acting.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Why did I ever leave home and mother?" solihed his wife. "Chiefly because your family were too stingy to take us in," he answered bitterly.—*Life*.

"Son, I hear you have joined the Boy Scout movement." "Yes, dad." "Well, s'pose you scout ahead and see if your mother is sitting up for me."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"I see your son has gone to work." "Yep." "How is he getting along?" "Oh, fine. Anything in the way of a novelty always appeals to him."—*Washington Herald*.

"Does he inherit his father's genius?" "No. Only his father's eccentricities of genius. That is why we are giving a benefit for him."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"So your Shakespeare Club is a great success?" "Yes. We have accumulated enough fines for non-attendance to take us all to a musical comedy."—*Washington Herald*.

Londoner (to Pat, seeing a football game for the first time)—What do you think of it, Pat? Pat—Begorra, it 'ud be a jewel of a game if they only had shticks!—*Punch*.

The Sage—After forty years o' married life I've made up me mind it doesn't matter how often a man an' his wife disagrees, as long as he don't let her know it.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. Muggins—Don't you ever try to save any money? Mr. Muggins—Sure. I saved \$4 today. Borrowed struck me for \$5, and I only let him have \$1.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Briggs—Is it true that you have broken off your engagement to that girl who lives in the suburbs? Griggs—Yes; they raised the commutation rates on me and I have transferred to a town girl.—*Life*.

"I operated on Mrs. Gobsa Golde for appendicitis last night." "Goodness!" said the lady. "I wonder who'll have it next!" "I don't know," the surgeon answered absently. "I haven't decided yet."—*Human Life*.

"What's the trouble in Plunkville?" "We've tried a mayor and we've tried a commission." "Well?" "Now we're thinking of offering the management of our city to some good magazine."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is your young man gittin' a sal'ry, 'Melia?" "Sure he is. An' what's mo', de boss tol' William he's gwine to double it." "Dat's fine! How much is he gittin' now?" "I dunno what he's gittin' now, but I speck it's somefin' like half what he's gwine to get."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Hullo, Binks!" said Wobbles. "I hear you've been in the chicken business." "Yep," said Binks. "Made anything out of it?" asked Wobbles. "Yep," said Binks. "Ten thousand dollars." "Ten thousand dollars in the chicken business?" demanded Wobbles. "Nope. Out of it," said Binks.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Doctor—Mrs. Browning telephoned me to come over and see her husband. I must go at once. His Wife—What is the matter with him? The Doctor—I don't know; but Mrs. Browning has a hook entitled "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must get there before she does it.—*Canadian Courier*.

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?" "Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her; I used to hang over the fence in the front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."—*Houston Post*.

"My hoy," said a police sergeant to a patrolman, "you used to say I was lazy." Then the sergeant hent his arm. "But look at these stripes, my hoy. I didn't get these by loafing ou the corners, eh?" "No, sarge," the patrolman answered with a sour smile. "I knew you didn't get them in that way, or you'd be a zehra by now."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"They charged like demons!" said a retired colonel excitedly at his club. "I never saw anything like it. The way they charged positively staggered me!" "What does he mean?" whispered a member to his neighbor.

"Is he talking about one of his battles?" "No," replied the other; "he is talking about the holiday he spent at the seaside!"—*Liverpool Mercury*.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Chivalry from New Orleans.

It was to be expected that New Orleans would maintain her chivalrous traditions in face of a natural disappointment at the choice of San Francisco for the exposition. Of course she has done so. She not only accepts the decision—now absolutely and finally confirmed—but she comes well to the front with words of encouragement and offers of help. In other words, she acts as San Francisco would have acted had the choice gone against her.

The main factors in the decision were geographical, and therefore not to be overcome. Every one knows that an exposition at New Orleans would lack nothing that good taste and the ripest skill could give it, while Southern hospitality is a matter of appreciative knowledge all over the world. But primarily the exposition is neither Californian nor Louisianian. It is national, and it is international, and therefore geographical considerations were paramount. It will be the duty of San Francisco to give to the exposition the grace and charm that New Orleans would certainly have given to it and to emulate th

which the Southern city is so rich. In doing this it is good to know—although it was a foregone certainty—that we shall have the applause and the coöperation of New Orleans.

Canadian Reciprocity.

Mr. Taft must have been well aware that he was throwing a stone into a hornet nest when he framed his reciprocity treaty with Canada. From the standpoint of view it is a peculiarly flagrant treaty. It must be taken or left without amendment and without opportunity for those peculiar processes of "adjustment" so dear to the tariff framer's heart, since obviously it must agree precisely with the corresponding proposals to be submitted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the Canadian electorate. The feeling of the country is unmistakable. Every section of Congress has expressed a solicitous regard for the consumer and a desire to help him keep house. Here now is an unrivaled opportunity presented by the President to strike a body blow at the high cost of living and to sweep away some of the absurdities that have been allowed to cluster about an artificial frontier that separates two nations identical in blood, language, needs, and aspirations. The countries run side by side for 3000 miles. Each has commodities that the other needs and each is complaining of restrictions that are self-imposed, but that are none the less onerous. The deputation of 800 Canadian farmers that went recently to Ottawa to demand lower duties was described by the *London Times* as "unequaled by anything in the history of the Canadian Parliament." A much more imposing demonstration has been furnished on this side of the line by the recent elections and the trend of opinion that they outlined. Mr. Taft's proposals are those of a broad and enlightened statesmanship. Doubtless he knows how to sustain them, but they should at least be safe from the assaults of a few party mutineers who think in terms of codfish and cutlery and who confuse the interests of the American nation with the percentage calculations of a village store in New England.

There is nothing alarming about the new proposals. Indeed they are not new, seeing that they are nearly identical with the Canadian treaty of 1855. Raw food products almost without exception are to go on the free list. That means that the food preparations based upon these raw products can be sold both in America and in Canada more cheaply by the amount of the duty. Canada removes her duty on cotton-oil, thus opening a large market for our producers, and in return we admit Canadian lumber. That is to say, instead of annihilating our own forests for the production of paper pulp we shall have access to the Canadian supplies. Secondary food products, such as fresh meats and canned goods, will cross the boundary in both directions under a lower scale, and there is also a reduction of duties on cutlery, watches, leather goods, and plate glass. Canada will admit our agricultural machinery on the same terms as we admit hers, and there are also a number of other reductions of lesser importance. The net result will be that all Americans and all Canadians will be able to buy a number of commodities that are universally used at a much lower figure than at present, and it will be hard—it ought to be impossible—to defeat such a reform by plaintive cries of competition from Gloucester or Duluth. Parish politics are not so influential at Washington as they used to be, and we are slowly learning to think nationally rather than by districts.

The contention that reciprocity with Canada is a blow at protection is mere moonshine. It is nothing of the kind, and it would not matter if it were. Mr. McKinley is not usually regarded as an enemy of protection, and if Mr. McKinley can be said to have had a pet project it was just this very idea of reciprocity with Canada. Indeed, it may be said to have been his

past," he said, and a tariff that does not exclude does not protect. Certainly there is no reason why a day of exclusion should be continued with Canada or why two identical nations inhabiting the same continent who earnestly wish to exchange their products in a simple and advantageous way should be forbidden to do so. If Canada can supply us with salt codfish a little more cheaply than we can supply ourselves, then by all means let her do so, and we will have a second helping of that dainty delicacy on Fridays. On the other hand, if we can sell matches and "notions" to Canada rather more cheaply than she can sell them to herself we should like the chance to do so. That either Canadian or American standpatters should contend seriously that the commercial stability of either country will be endangered because their respective merchants are allowed to make a deal with each other without the interference of a customs officer is one of those curious mental astigmatism that can be cured only by ridicule.

The Recall and the Judges.

There is small reason to hope that the legislature will balk at the proposal to apply the recall principle to the judges. The subject is still with the committee, and no doubt every one concerned will faithfully go through the motions of deliberation and discussion. But the plan is a part of the programme by which every public official must be brought within reach of the mob lash, and it will go through if the new dictatorship has ordered to that effect.

The application of the recall to the judiciary is naturally causing misgivings among thoughtful men. Unfortunately they do not all speak out so clearly as Mr. Gavin McNab, who reduces the whole argument to the simple question: "Shall the judge be compelled to decide the case according to the meaning of the law as he reads it, or as a majority of the voters wish the law to be at a particular time? Shall the judge be required to expound the law or to make the law?" The judge's oath of accession requires him to administer and to expound the law as he finds it. The advocates of the recall folly are anxious to shake the whip in the judge's face and to remind him that the only way in which he can find salvation is not by a conscientious observance of his oath, but by servile attention to the prevailing whim of the crowd. His honesty and his learning are to count for nothing at all. Let him fail to obey orders and off comes his head. And the orders, while ostensibly coming from the mob—which is bad enough—will actually come from the mob's master, which is much worse. That is to say, they will come from the Ruef or the Schmitz of the moment. Just at present they would come from Governor Johnson.

One would suppose that even a radical had brains enough to see this, to understand that the stability of the judiciary, its dignity, and its independence are the only possible safeguards against autocracy and men on horseback. Let it be granted that there have been bad judges, although we shall presently look back with regret upon the worst of them in comparison with the fawning, servile, venal creatures we are likely to get under the recall. But who is responsible for the bad judges except the voters who elected them? And what conceivable remedy can there be except a greater care at the ballot-box? Once more the proposition is so simple that even a reformer should be able to grasp it, but perhaps he knows his followers too well to expect electoral intelligence from them. (If apple pie doesn't agree with us, then we will not eat apple pie. But along comes the reformer and begs us to eat all the apple pie we want. He has a patent medicine that will bring it all up at the first sign of internal trouble. There you have the recall, and they call it the new politics.)

Of course there is plenty of support for the project. Ambitious politicians want it because the judges are only officials whom they can not whistle

to heel. The labor unions want it because it will enable them to "get" the judges who have old-fashioned prejudices against murder, mutilation, arson, thuggery, and intimidation. Every prisoner in every jail wants it because he has a score to settle with the judge who sentenced him. And every coarse hoodlum in the slums wants it because it will give him a maudlin sense of equality with character and intelligence. These classes being of considerable volume and having voices like bulls of Bashan, it is too much to expect that the legislature will remain deaf to such an expression of the "popular sentiment."

The Temple of Janus.

With the approach of spring Europe begins, as usual, to measure the chances of peace and war. Spring means hard roads suited to the passage of artillery, and mountain passes clear of snow and open to the marching of men. War becomes comparatively easy, and ancient grievances, discontents, and jealousies begin to simmer in the political pot. The chancelleries get anxious, and the acrobats of diplomacy outdo themselves in their efforts to preserve the shifting factor known as the balance of power.

The experts seem to think that the outlook is favorable. There are no open quarrels among the great powers, while the small ones are apparently willing to "stay put," lacking the chance to do otherwise. In the game of give and take there is no overwhelming advantage anywhere, while the process of partitioning helpless countries such as Persia and Morocco has caused no serious complaint except from the victims, who are too weak to count. On the whole, the prospect is a promising one.

Of course there is no real vitality in any of the alliances that now figure on the chessboard where the great game is played. The understanding between England, France, and Russia would be an absolute power for peace if any genuine national sentiment were behind it. There may be such a sentiment in the case of England and France, who were intended by nature to love each other, but who unaccountably hated each other for centuries. But neither nation can entertain any real warmth of feeling for Russia. England and France are the leaders of Europe in democratic advance, while Russia is the last grim outpost of feudal tyranny and of heartless oppression. The hysterical outburst with which the Franco-Russian alliance was first greeted in France has been long since cooled by a recognition that Russia is more interested in Asia than in Europe and that she will do nothing for her ally until she has been conclusively "shown" that it will be to her advantage. In the same way the understanding between England and Russia has no popular sentiment behind it. It is the work of a few individuals and of a cold and calculating intelligence, but the hearts of the two nations are as estranged as ever they were. As a matter of fact the Russian press is even now denouncing perfidious Albion with quite unusual vigor, and the authorities, who could stop the campaign if they wished, are apparently content that it should continue. And this in spite of a triple entente upon which the peace of Europe is supposed to depend. It is a bruised reed to lean upon, but it is the best available.

As a balance to the understanding between England, France, and Russia there is a somewhat similar compact between Germany, Austria, and Italy. But this, too, seems to be a case of paint and plaster rather than of solid materials. Germany is already showing a marked disposition to smile upon Russia, even at the risk of offending Austria, while Italy naturally thinks twice before she makes faces at England or France when she remembers her immense coast line and what a good time it offers to a hostile navy. Moreover, the Emperor of Austria is full of years and sorrows, and who knows what will happen to the empire when he dies? If Austria-Hungary can be described as a happy family it is the sort of happy family that we used to see in the dime museums. The wonder was that its members had not destroyed each other long since.

German apologists are contending now that their country has not received fair treatment from the triple entente, that Germany is on the defensive and not the offensive, and that it has become a reprehensible habit to shout wolf whenever she shows her face. England, they say, has regenerated Egypt and is allowed to stay there as a small reward for her conspicuous piety. France has done the same thing for Tunis and her virtue has been similarly recognized. But when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, to whom she had been a positive fairy godmother, Germany was de-

nounced for her approval of the act, and Russia would certainly have declared war but for the loss of her navy during the little misunderstanding with Japan. Now Germany wants to be recognized as a minister of grace as well as France and England, and she complains that she has been flouted in the distribution of the ill-fitting halos. And perhaps she has just as much sanctity as her rivals, which is a fairly safe admission.

The actual danger of the situation is in a possible outbreak among the eastern principalities now under the nominal control of Turkey. There certainly will be an outbreak if Turkey should find herself unable to digest her new constitution, and already there are many signs of national dyspepsia. The nationettes that crowd the southeast corner of Europe can hardly be blamed if they seize such a chance as would come with a break-up of the Turkish empire, for their grievances are many. They have been tied up in bundles, labeled, delivered, and receipted for again and again, and without the smallest regard to their wishes and they are now avowedly awaiting their opportunity. But the danger to the peace of Europe would be a great one. The foxes of European diplomacy may be able to keep their self-denying ordinance so long as the chickens are in the pen, but to ask them to sit still while the chickens are escaping through the fence is to expect too much of flesh and blood. But the Balkans are quiet now, and if Turkey can but survive her free constitution, her popular elections, her democracy, and her reformers, all may yet be well. But it is a good deal to expect.

The Policeman and the Gambler.

Some of our newspapers and a good many of our citizens think it necessary to adopt what may be called the pose of surprise whenever there is an exposure of wholesale corruption in the police force. Of course it is nothing but a pose. Whenever public duties are impudently neglected in the sight of everybody it is certain that somebody is being paid to neglect them. Whenever criminals are observed arrogantly to be breaking the law day by day and night by night it may be assumed that they know what they are about and that they have bought their immunity. When an exposure is finally forced it is mere hypocrisy to pretend surprise. That four hundred and fifty-six charges are now hanging over the heads of twenty-six policemen, including captains and sergeants, can hardly be said to add to our knowledge except in matters of detail. Every one with eyes and a nose knew that gambling and other forms of iniquity were running full blast with the coöperation of the police. It needed no "exposure" to tell us that. Indeed it is what we voted for at the last mayoralty election and cheered to the echo after election. And it may be said now that every incriminated policeman represents half a dozen others who are not yet incriminated, and the public is perfectly well aware of it. And while on the subject it may be said that such policemen as may be found guilty are not furtive criminals lurking in dark places and pursuing their evil courses in terror of the official eye. Quite the contrary. They are bold rogues who supposed themselves to be parts of the administration machinery and factors in the administration policy. Being stupid as well as wicked, they were unaware that an occasional moral spasm is an essential part of the programme and that they would be ruthlessly sacrificed when the time came for the soft pedal. Perhaps their profits were too large.

Of course this is in no way intended as a reflection upon Chief Seymour, who says ingenuously that it is necessary to clean out these dirty places, not because they are an offense and an abomination, not because they are morally wrong, not even because they are illegal, but because the great exposition is approaching, and it would be bad business to be overrun with criminals. Perhaps Chief Seymour did not know how bad things were. He says himself that they are about as bad as they can be, and he never said anything truer. There will be no disposition to be censorious toward him, but it would be just as well to understand that the gibbeting of a couple of dozen policemen, or even their punishment, does not constitute reform. The only reform worth having is a permanent lesson to the police force that their duty is to enforce the law, and not to carry out plans, programmes, or policies, nor dance attendance on the administration for revised and amended copies of the Ten Commandments. That, of course, is a big task, and it will have to begin higher up than with the patrolmen. But one thing at least is certain. San Francisco is tired of administration

policies that offer protection to certain specified kinds of criminals taken in rotation. The particular kind of criminal now under the harrow was protected far less by a few miserable patrolmen, who sold their alleged souls for the extravagantly high price of a few dollars, than by an administration policy that once believed gambling to be a decoration to the city and now believes that it is a detriment—owing to the exposition and other things.

To judge from some of the official utterances now current it might be thought that the discovery of a gambling den in San Francisco is on all fours with the raiding of a coining plant by Federal detectives, something in the nature of a sudden uncovering of crime that had so far successfully hidden itself. It need hardly be said that every gambler in San Francisco is well known to the police and has been well known for months. At least he was known to every cub reporter on our daily newspapers. Not only was the identity of every gambler known to the police, but his place of operation was similarly known, and also, it would seem from the lists, the amount for which he could be "held up." Both gamblers and police are now suffering not from the effects of some sudden discovery, but rather from a shift in the administration winds. The gamblers had every reason to believe that they would be protected in the "Paris of America," and the police supposed themselves to be cornerstones in the building of that same Paris. Times have changed, unfortunately for both.

There is only one way in which a police force can be rendered immune from the temptations of a criminal who has money. To suppose that innate virtue can do it is absurd, and especially absurd in the case of a body of men selected as we select our police. The only way is to provide an administration that will regard laws as sacred rather than as things to be juggled with for the tenderloin vote, an administration that is known to regard illegality accompanied with corruption as the most heinous of offenses. The virtue of even a policeman will stand up on its own legs if it knows that inflexible, unswerving authority is on the watch and that dereliction is bad policy as well as bad morals. San Francisco knows whether it voted for this kind of administration. Certainly it did not get it.

It is just as well to avoid hypocrisy in this matter so far as we can and to refrain from rubbing our eyes and asking, Can these things be? We have known all along that the gamblers were flourishing like green bay trees and reaping a golden harvest that should have gone to honest men. We have known all along that the gamblers were protected by the police and that the police were paid to protect them. We have known all along that gambling was part of an administration policy and an integral part of the nasty "Paris of America" business. If we feel now like stopping it, well and good. But let us say frankly that we no longer like what once we voted for. And, moreover, let us realize that the chief blame is not with the guilty policemen. By all means help them out of the force with the appropriate rear kick, but at most they are only municipal vermin and therefore without much moral responsibility. The real offenders are to be found elsewhere, among the men who ring the changes on the decalogue and who never offend the tenderloin unless they have to.

A Great Prayer.

There is much to be said for the proposal to publish in volume form the daily prayers offered up by the chaplain of the assembly at Sacramento. As a tactful combination of advice and information these supplications must be of inestimable value when they reach their destination, and if there is such a thing as a reference library in the Elysian fields such a volume as this should find a place therein. In fact it ought to be in every library.

Take, for example, the prayer that has been published as a sample—taken from the pile, so to speak. Like a play by Ibsen, it discloses new meanings and new beauties as we allow our imagination to browse upon it. First comes a touching petition that the Deity will "help us to remember that our government is founded upon intelligence and virtue." Who would have thought it? If we ever needed the divine aid it is just here. Without it we might so easily overlook the "intelligence and virtue," but we shall be all right now. Microscopic vision will be given to us, and if we don't see what we want we will ask for it.

Then the reverend gentleman goes on to supply some of the information that may be lacking on high. The

right of franchise, it seems, like the rain, is given alike to the righteous and the unrighteous. Both have equal power at the ballot-box, and even the "higher ups" are unaccountably allowed to vote. As a result there are "mistakes and frauds." Mercenary men, incompetent men, and unworthy men are raised to "posts of honor for which they are unfit," and although the Almighty may be unaware of these facts it is no time for reticence or false modesty. But the chaplain should be more explicit. The governor may not like these vague references to incompetent and unworthy men. He may forbid the chaplain to pray any more, or he may himself offer up an amendatory prayer, or introduce a bill to censor all future prayers before they reach the throne of grace. The governor would not like to be misrepresented in such a matter.

But there is worse to come. It seems that "thoughtless and vicious citizens" sell their votes and "some politicians" buy them. Not in California. In Ohio perhaps, or in Illinois. This should have been made plain. And even if it were true, there is no need to wash dirty linen in public, right under the vault of heaven as it were. Nevertheless "O God, may we not lose faith in the adequacy of our system," now that we have the direct primary and may get the recall.

But it's a good prayer in spite of its lapses. Probably allowances will be made on high for the small salary that rewards it. It is the best that can be done for the money. But it is not quite clear why the chaplain should pray for "public morality for the masses and private virtue for our representatives." Why this distinction? A little private virtue would be a good thing for the masses, so long as it isn't too private, and it is just as well that our representatives should get some public morality, but is there much chance? We tried this before, and the present legislature is the result. But by all means let us have the volume.

The Failure of the School.

Every part of the country becomes successively the centre of an attack upon our school system. The other day it was Chicago. One irate father complained that the sole mental equipment of his seventeen-year-old son seemed to be a knowledge of how to make paper elephants. He made them very well, but as he was to be a lawyer there seemed to be a lack of point about an acquisition that might be of great value elsewhere. Another father found that his son did not know the alphabet, and was therefore unable to use a card index. And so it goes.

New York is in the limelight just now. Two Vassar graduates have been looking into the matter, and they find that the schools do not fit the pupils for life. What they do fit them for is not clear, for if these unlucky children are unfitted to live they are certainly not fit to die. But we may leave the latter point to the clergy.

It is obvious that the vast proportion of children in a large city will leave school as soon as the law permits in order to take the best job that comes to hand for which they are equipped. Here is the equipment furnished to the last of the compulsory classes in New York: Hygiene, English composition and grammar, penmanship, geography, American history, mathematics, nature study, drawing, raffia and cord work, sewing. As it is painfully obvious that the average school child can neither write legibly, spell correctly, compose grammatically, nor do a sum in the quickest way (nor for the matter of that can many of their teachers), there is evidently something wrong in these departments, but doubtless the raffia work compensates for other deficiencies and must be a great boon to employers. And of course there is the music. The child with music in his soul can laugh at fortune, however his future wife may feel about it, and so the children who are preparing to go to work at fourteen are carefully taught "to write from dictation melodic scale progressions in short phrases, introduction of sharp 4, etc." The investigators find that as a result of this cargo of rubbish the greater proportion of children engage permanently in unskilled labor. Doubtless they do the raffia work and the melodic scale progressions when they get home of an evening.

Education is being murdered by the same disease as politics. Every shouting cheap john who comes along either with recalls and referendums, or raffia and scale progressions, may climb into the saddle and do what he pleases with institutions on which the future of the nation depends. All that is needed is a raucous voice and an impudence of promise that passes all measurement.

Perhaps the education evil is the worse of the two because it is more insidious. And there can be no remedy so long as parents are placidly willing to devolve their own duties on the one-idea people, the cranks and the faddists. Parents who show the utmost solicitude for the adequacy of their children's clothing are wholly unconcerned with what they are being taught, absolutely indifferent to the fact that the schools are consigning them to the ranks of unskilled labor because they are unfit for anything else. When the awakening comes there will be a flood of individual protests that will give the authorities something else to think about than rival text-books and rates of commission thereon.

Mark Twain on Roosevelt.

On Sunday it was announced from New York that a collection of unpublished manuscripts by Mark Twain would be sold by auction. On Wednesday comes the further statement that many of these relics are to be withdrawn from the sale because they relate to persons now living.

That, of course, is reasonable. Even the dead have rights, and death would take on new terrors if it implied the publication of documents intended to be personal or containing confidences that ought to be beyond the sphere of public interest. But such scruples ought not to be applied to manuscripts that are distinctly and legitimately of general import, such as comments upon public affairs or criticisms of public men, and therefore there can be no good reason for the suppression of Mark Twain's opinion of Mr. Roosevelt. Fortunately, it can not be altogether suppressed, for it has already been published, and it is now reproduced here in order that it may have some of the vitality and permanence that it deserves. The manuscript is dated March 6, 1909, and it is described by the author as an "article on the inauguration of President Taft and the deliverance of the country from Roosevelt." Its salient portions are as follows:

Astronomers assure us that the attraction of gravitation on the surface of the sun is twenty-eight times as powerful as is the force at the earth's surface, and that the object which weighs 217 pounds elsewhere would weigh 6000 pounds there.

For seven years this country has lain smothering under a burden like that, the incubus representing in the person of President Roosevelt the difference between 217 pounds and 6000.

Thanks be, we got rid of this disastrous burden—day before yesterday, at last, forever? Probably not. Probably only for a brief breathing spell, wherein, under Mr. Taft, we may hope to get back some of our health—four years. We may expect to have Mr. Roosevelt sitting on us again with his twenty-eight times the weight of any other presidential burden that a hostile Providence would impose upon us for our sins.

Our people have adored this showy charlatan as perhaps no impostor of his breed has been adored since the golden calf; so it is to be expected that the nation will want him back again after he is done hunting other wild animals theoretically in Africa with the safeguard and advertising equipment of a park of artillery and a brass band.

Mark Twain seldom wrote on political affairs, but in conversation he showed that he had strong and deeply rooted convictions. It is therefore all the more significant that in this instance he committed his feelings to paper, not in the form of a memorandum for personal use, but as a finished and titled article. That Mark Twain was almost Shakespearean in his knowledge of human nature and in his power to read character and motives gives a peculiar weight to his estimate of Mr. Roosevelt.

Editorial Notes.

Governor Johnson contributes a special article to the *Record* in defense of the proposal to apply the recall principle to the judiciary. The governor's utterances are never remarkable for the profundity of their reasoning or for their political sagacity, but in this case he has surpassed himself in the sort of cheap clap-trap that always wins a round of applause from the gallery. "It stands to reason," he says, "that if the people be entrusted with power to elect judges, they are entitled to say whether judges shall continue in office after they have rendered decisions against the popular will." If Emma Goldman had said such a thing as this there would be no surprise. It is the sort of thing that she does say, but that the governor of a State should say it is quite another matter. The duty of a judge—according to the school text-books and two thousand years of civilization—is to render decisions according to the law, and not in deference to the "popular will." The demand for the recall comes from the instinctive boss, from the man who is not satisfied with dragooning legislatures and secret conventions, but must also put

the chains around the necks of the judges. To our shame we have had bosses in California for quite a long time, but never before have we had a boss who has ventured to ask for the legislative degradation of the judiciary as a whole or for a system that excludes from the bench every judge who will keep his oath of office even "against the popular will."

It seems that they still hold revivals up in Oregon and that they are just as keen after a special attraction as in the old days of the camp-meeting when the penitent pirate and the prayerful prize-fighter could be counted on as irresistible aids to conversion. A recent Presbyterian revival meeting at Pendleton was cheered by the presence of five full blood Umatilla Indians, who not only participated in but actually led the proceedings. At least one of them had a distinctly bad record in his unregenerate days, before he had heard of the Westminster Confession or acquired views on infant damnation. On one occasion he severely damaged the champion wrestler of his district, and perhaps even now he could point a moral with the same convincing energy as in the good old days. There must have been a mighty stirring of the spirit up in Pendleton when these brands plucked from the burning were contending for the souls of their white brethren. And yet the Umatilla Indians might have preached some much-needed sermons even before they were Christianized. They might have urged the white man to keep his treaties even as they themselves did, for it is a notable fact that no treaty was ever violated by the red man nor ever observed by the white. They might have said a good deal on the virtues of chastity, hospitality, honesty, and truth-telling had they been so pointed, but curiously enough it is only the white man who "points with pride" to his own excellencies. However, let us hope that the Pendleton Presbyterians are all the better for the ministrations of their Indian brothers. Let us hope, moreover, that the Indian brothers have not exchanged their aboriginal virtues for the white man's theology. That would be a bad business.

The trial in New York of the banker Robin on a charge of colossal fraud has been marked by an incident that may be taken as a warning by the fraternity of expert alienists. Six of these gentlemen testified that the accused was insane, and according to all the precedents there was nothing left for the jury to do but to crawl on their stomachs, knock their foreheads on the ground, and return a verdict accordingly. But they changed the usual procedure and violated the Constitution by a nearly unanimous statement that they themselves had observed the prisoner in court and heard his evidence. So far as to determine whether he knew right from wrong—and this is all the alienist is asked to do—they were just as competent as the physicians, and that in their opinion he did know right from wrong and must be handled accordingly. So the six alienists, doubtless deploring the spread of anarchist doctrines, retired to a back seat, where it is to be hoped they will remain.

Even the friendly eye of partisanship can not blind itself to the disappointment felt everywhere in California—and as poignantly in his own home as elsewhere—over the election of Mr. Works to the senatorship. Even the Los Angeles *Graphic*, gooiest of googoes, has this to say of the return of the senator-elect to his own home:

Senator Works's reception at the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday evening was neither large nor of an enthusiastic nature. The senator delivered an address that was received almost in silence. I could not help contrasting it with the enthusiasm noticeable when Frank Flint returned, following his election. It is self-evident that the selection of John D. Works as successor to Senator Flint has not set Southern California aflame. One of the best evidences was the paucity of so-called representative men in the community at the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday night. Of the list of published vice-presidents named for the occasion fewer than one-half the number appeared.

Next month in Mobile there will be a celebration of the two hundred anniversary of the first settlement of the city. Mobile was founded more than fifteen years prior to New Orleans, and until 1723 it remained the capital of Louisiana. Few American cities have existed under more flags than this one. Until 1763 it was French, from that time until 1813 it was Spanish. General Wilkinson seized it for the United States in the last year mentioned and the Stars and Stripes waved over it until the Civil War, when the flag of the Confederacy was run up. Mobile, in two centuries, has lived under five different flags. It is said to have been begun in 1702, but missionaries may have visited the place earlier.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It is not surprising that there should be friction between the Dowager Queen Christina of Spain and her daughter-in-law, Queen Victoria. There is often friction between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, especially when they are cooped up as between the walls of a royal palace. Nor would the event be important except for the fact that the royal ladies have their followings throughout the country and that Christina is a clerical while Victoria is supposed to favor the anti-clericals, who are just now in the saddle by grace of King Alfonso and his premier.

It is lamentable to learn that something like a fracas has just occurred. It seems that the Prince of the Asturias was playing with puzzle pictures, as even royal children will do. Picking up one of them that happened to be decorated with the picture of a monkey this intelligent child remarked to his baby brother, "Don't you think that's like grandma?" He meant no harm. He had never heard of high treason, but his quick eye detected a resemblance—fanciful perhaps—between two of God's creatures. Unfortunately grandma overheard the simile and slapped the Prince of the Asturias, and for this of course there can be no excuse. The solar system contains only one woman who has a right to slap the Prince of the Asturias, and when that one woman heard of the outrage there was a scene. There is no need to say that when Alfonso returned from business he, too, was dragged into the fray. He was sent to his mother's rooms and there said exactly what he had been told to say. Communication between the two households is now a matter of Arctic exploration, and the clericals and the anti-clericals love each other even less than before. And here we see one of the sources of great historical movements.

A surprising piece of information is hidden away in a Paris dispatch. It seems that a committee of the French Senate has been sitting to determine whether the Dauphin, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, known to sentimental ladies as the "little captive king," did or did not die in the Temple. The committee has now presented a report to the Senate to the effect that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, but that he escaped, and furthermore that the late Mr. Naundorff was that same Dauphin and that the claim so persistently advanced by his descendants was a just one. At the same time it is to be observed that the president of the committee was Senator Boissy d'Anglas, who has long upheld the Naundorff case, but that seems hardly to invalidate the finding.

Perhaps it does not matter very much except to the Orleans family. The demand for kings in France is just now a small one, although the market may change. The republic will not abdicate tomorrow in favor of a Mr. Naundorff, whose name is not quite of the kind to ingratiate the French populace. Moreover, it is to be doubted if the findings of the commission will convince any one who is not already convinced. There is, after all, one fact that remains persistently in the mind of the investigation. The Duchesse d'Angouleme, sister of the Dauphin, was in the Temple at the same time as her brother. Whatever was known to any human being about the Dauphin was known to her. She evidently knew much more than she would ever divulge, and she always showed herself indifferent to the many claimants that have appeared from time to time. No matter how good the evidence seemed to be, it never interested the duchesse, and for this there can be only one reason: She knew the truth.

The progress of aviation is confronted with a difficulty that threatens its existence. It was described by General Baden Powell at the luncheon just given in England to Mr. C. Grahame-White. Aviators, it seems, have an unfortunate habit of getting married, and then they reform. The more successful is the aviator the more likely is he to attract the attention of some fair lady who is willing to link her life only with the ambitious. But no sooner is she married than she moves heaven and earth to dissuade her husband from further feats. Dissuade is a good word. It has a fine diplomatic flavor about it and suggests a chivalrous compliance with the wish of a lady. As a matter of fact the aviator is forbidden to fly, and of course he obeys.

But Mr. Grahame-White was in a contentious mood. He disagreed with the general absolutely. He believed that the influence of the wife would be used in no such way. On the contrary the great difficulty would be to prevent the wife from flying. too.

Some interesting figures are given in "Foreign Labor Statistics," a publication just issued by the British Board of Trade. It seems that fifty-five persons in every hundred in the United Kingdom are "idle." Of course these include children, the aged, and women who are facetiously called idle because they happen to be married and who merely frivol away their time taking care of a husband and nine children. In Germany the figure is fifty-four, in France forty-nine, and in the United States sixty-two.

The Russian press is displaying a pardonable interest in the "battle of Stepney," when police and soldiers laid regular siege to a house where a couple of anarchist burglars were entrenched. Russia has a sort of unofficial representative in England in the person of Olga Novikoff, a lady who wields a somewhat corrosive pen whenever there is a chance to point a moral or adorn a tale in favor of her own country. Writing to the *Times*, Mme. Novikoff asks what is the difference between a Russian and an English policeman, and continues:

In your eyes, murder is no murder when the victim is a Russian policeman. But when the same criminals kill an English policeman you do not seem to see it quite in the same light. To put yourself in our place. What would you think if "Peter the Painter" were welcomed at St. Petersburg and if our government refused to give him up, because he had only killed an English policeman and was therefore entitled to a right of asylum as a political refugee? Of

course such a crime against civilization is unthinkable on the part of the Russian government, but it would represent only too faithfully the position which England has always been proud to maintain before the world.

Heaven forbid that there should be any interference between the effete monarchies of the old world; but are the cases really parallel? Now if the English policemen had been guilty of violating girls, murdering men and women by slow torture, devastating whole countryside with fire and flame and inaugurating upon earth a veritable kingdom of Satan, if they were but the systematic agents of those who did these things, and if they had been murdered by surviving relatives, friends, and sympathizers whose only weapon was the revolver or the bomb, then indeed there might be something to be said for Mme. Novikoff's ingenious parallel. But the English policemen had done no harm to any one. They were merely trying to arrest a couple of murderous burglars who had been given hospitality and freedom in England and who had robbed and killed in return. The attempt to identify the aims and ideas of "Peter the Painter" and, let us say, of Marie Spiridinova is quite clever, but it will hardly survive the wash.

The dearth of great men is described by a popular writer as one of the portents of the day. Indeed there are now no great men alive, that is to say there are none who have shown themselves to be great either in politics or literature. The great man is one whom every one recognizes to be great, such as Alexander, Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Lincoln, and not merely those who have large circles of trumpeters. Perhaps in some respects King Edward was the greatest man in Europe, and now that he is dead we must give the palm to Emperor William. Of course there are those who do not love the Emperor William, but even his enemies would not find it easy to match him among the rulers. Only a temperament so sanguine as to approach idiocy can expect greatness from the King of Spain, or of Austria, or of Italy, or of England. The Emperor of Russia would be a nonentity with his crown off. So would the King of Greece. So would all the others. The Emperor of Germany may be a bold, bad man; he may be many other things, but no one ever called him a nonentity. It would be absurd as to call him a saint.

And there are no great statesmen. There are many respectabilities, but not one that can measure to the knees of Bismarck, or Gladstone, or Beaconsfield, or Thiers. A few years ago there were a dozen such giants. Now there is not one.

It is the same in the world of literature. Once more there are plenty of respectabilities, but look at the crowd of Tennyson's contemporaries, or Dickens's. They are all gone and they died intellectually inestate. Of course there is Kipling, but will any one read Kipling in two hundred years' time? Is it commercialism that has banished the great man? Or are the decks being cleared for a renaissance?

A Paris newspaper invited its readers to vote on the operas that they would wish to hear most often. The response showed the following votes: "Carmen," 26,116; "Manon," 20,524; "Louise," 15,408; "Lakme," 14,374; "Werther," 13,597; "Mignon," 12,329; "Mireille," 10,943; "The Barber of Seville," 9002; "La Bohème," 5692; and "La Traviata," 5150.

Apart from the curiosities of partiality thus revealed there is a wider significance that deserves mention. Where except in one of the great art centres of the old world would it be possible to obtain such a plebiscite as this upon the mere invitation of a daily newspaper. Suppose a New York newspaper were to invite its readers to vote on their favorite opera, their favorite book, or their favorite picture. How many replies would they receive, unless of course some premium was offered such as a picture of a prize-fight? There might be a couple of hundred, but if there were any more than this the editor would be a much surprised man.

The Berlin *Post* in an article apparently inspired by the official gods announces that the crown prince will be unable to come home from the East by way of the Transsiberian Railroad because of the plague in northern China. The *Post* therefore urges that the Pacific and South American route be chosen and that the United States be avoided under all circumstances because the traveler would certainly be exploited "as a sideshow sensation to be viewed by the multitude either with or without an entrance fee." The *Post* thinks that the crown prince might pay courtesy calls at Hawaii and Panama and that he should then visit the republics of South America "which are parts of the world in which we have the greatest interest." Evidently the omission of German ports from the European itinerary of the American fleet still rankles.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Palestine is exceptionally fitted for forestry. On its sand surfaces as on its chalk hills trees flourish and fruit in an extraordinarily short time. Eucalyptuses, for example, in three or four years reach a height and girth which elsewhere require eight or ten, and when cut off at a height of two metres develop to full trees again. It is a common thing to find great olive and fig trees growing among the rocks. The best oranges on the European market are from the land which is sand yet fetches now the highest price for orange culture. Indeed, there is a jesting phrase among Jewish colonists as to Palestinian fertility: "If you but stick an umbrella in the soil you will next year get a crop of them." The orange trees are especially profitable, as they fruit two months before those of Italy and Spain, giving the advantage to Jewish shippers. Jewish nurserymen are developing marked skill in grafting. Orange culture has now spread from the coast into Samaria. But the olive forestry is most promising. By 1912 the Jewish people will own in Palestine some 60,000 olive and fruit trees.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS,

SAN FRANCISCO, February 4, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The article from your New York correspondent in the *Argonaut* of January 28 has called forth considerable questioning on the part of a number of unprejudiced people who have read it. May I respond to a few points that it raises?

Wonder is expressed that women have not yet obtained the vote. "It is inexpensive," says the article, "and we can none of us understand why they have not got this one thing that they want; they seem to have everything else."

We can easily understand the masculine point of view that the franchise is inexpensive. Most men have done nothing to obtain it except to become twenty-one. The thousands of women in every State of this Union who have been working for half a century or more to achieve their franchise find it very expensive. As to why we have not obtained it there is only one answer: We know of no way of getting it except through men's votes, and the men have not yet given it to us.

It seems to me that the ill-natured tone of this report of the tableaux is entirely uncalled for. I know of no active work in any other cause which calls forth such phrases as "The ladies are up to all sorts of devices to arrest public attention and keep it steadily upon them," or "They are not convincing any one by their antics."

Of course the earnest workers in any cause are anxious to give publicity, not to themselves, but to their cause, and why a dignified presentation like these historical tableaux should be described as "antics" is hard to understand.

Surely such entertainments are given for charity all the time, and I know of no instance where they have been reported in such a carping manner.

If your correspondent is asking for information I will answer two of his questions. He asks: "What have the tableaux to do with suffrage?" This is beside the question. When tableaux are given for a hospital or an institution it has never been demanded that there should be some peculiar fitness in the subject of the tableaux to justify giving them for the particular causes for which they were designed to raise money. In the case of these historical tableaux, as your correspondent purports not to understand that they had not any relation to suffrage, I might point out that beginning with Raphael's Maddona as the type of motherhood and taking types of self-sacrifice, sagacity, governing ability, artistic genius, capacity for human service along many different lines, the tableaux formed an historical series showing woman's place in civilization. For each tableau Mrs. Mackay read a very trenchant account of the life of the woman portrayed, bringing out in each instance a point relative to the question of enfranchisement of women, which made her discourse as a whole an excellent suffrage lecture.

The other question is: "In what way could suffrage benefit from it?" As I said, the attainment of the franchise is an expensive matter for women. As I left New York the day after the tableaux, I can not tell you what the net receipts were, but I just received from Mrs. Mackay a check for nearly \$1000, the proceeds for one organization which I represent which had only five tableaux on the whole programme. It is quite evident, then, that there were very substantial results from suffrage reaped by our various organizations, which are in continual need of money to carry on their different lines of work.

The parvenu tone, the very cheap class emphasis which characterizes this account of the tableaux seems most unworthy. It is evidently introduced to color the whole account, to give some excuse for the invidious and caving tone of the entire description. The only thing that is at all unique or unusual about the circumstance of these tableaux is that it is rather unusual for suffragists to divert any of their energies toward "getting up an entertainment." Once in a great while they have a fair or a play, but generally their funds are raised immediately by subscription in a most unostentatious manner.

Your correspondent saw fit to emphasize the names of a number of women of influence who had so generously taken part in the tableaux, but in the reportorial love for "society news" he neglects to mention the fact that several organizations were represented in these tableaux, not only the Equal Franchise, whose membership does include a great many women of position and influence in New York, who have so unselfishly espoused the suffrage cause—not, let it be added, as a "stimulation to jaded nerves"—but also taking part in these tableaux were the Equality League of self-supporting women, the Women's Political Union, the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League, and the Woman Suffrage Party, all invited by Mrs. Mackay, the president of the Equal Franchise, to cooperate.

These organizations represent women of every station, occupation, and shade of opinion. If the suffrage campaign has done nothing else, it has rendered a great service in teaching women to organize and work together oblivious of class distinction.

Your correspondent knows so little about the technique and the business methods of suffrage work in New York as to characterize the membership of the Political Equality League and the Equal Franchise as "an opportunity at last to be associated with Mrs. Belmont and to be shown over her superior home" or "a possibility of a cup of tea from the hands of Mrs. Mackay's super-gorgeous footman" and should not be allowed to give his cheap, frivolous and entirely misleading accounts to so intelligent a public as the reading public of the *Argonaut*. The suffrage workers who are "associated with" the Political Equality Association are sent, not from "Mrs. Belmont's house," but from the association's business offices on the seventeenth floor, No. 505 Fifth Avenue, to work in the numerous suffrage settlements and reading rooms Mrs. Belmont has established throughout the city. And the members of the Equal Franchise who are "associated with" Mrs. Mackay are not "handed cups of tea by her super-gorgeous footman," but are handed out various forms of organization work to do by the well-trained clerks and secretaries in the Equal Franchise office in the Metropolitan Tower, No. 1 Madison Avenue.

If writers like your New York correspondent do not yet know that suffrage organizations in New York and elsewhere are incorporated business firms handling large amounts of money, sustaining a small staff of paid and an enormous staff of volunteer workers, and conducting a well-organized and effective campaign on business lines, they can learn much by calling for information at any of the numerous business offices of various suffrage organizations in New York City, where any information which they care to have of a serious nature will be cheerfully given to them.

The trouble is that the tone of the press has become so debauched by an inordinate love of personalities, frivolities, and frothy detail, that papers are seldom willing to publish serious accounts of anything that has to do with methods for obtaining social uplifting or for human betterment. Also there is a type of cheap writer who refuses to "take ladies seriously" and who, furthermore, if the lady happens to be a suffragist, refuses to treat her or her activities even with a modicum of decent respect or veracity. I am taking the time to write to you and the *Argonaut* because as a subscriber for many years to your excellent paper, which I always enjoy, I know that you represent a much higher type of journalism than that to which I have referred.

Yours with cordial regard, HARRIET BURTON LAIDLAW.

Chairman for the Borough of Manhattan, Woman Suffrage Party.

NEW THEATRE BUNGLES.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Writes of the Causes of Failure in the New York Elevation of the Drama.

The New Theatre has atoned for some of its sins—not all by a long shot—in giving us a fine production of Josephine Preston Peabody's poetic drama, "The Piper." This is the sort of thing that we had a right to expect from the New Theatre, but which the management of that playhouse has given us but twice before in its two years of mysterious existence. I say mysterious advisedly, for what the New Theatre has existed for, except perhaps to give the elect more comfortable seats than they can get at any other playhouse, has puzzled more persons than the writer of this epistle. Aside from "Sister Beatrice," "The Blue Bird," and now "The Piper," the New Theatre has given us little or nothing that was worth while. Some of the plays produced there were below par, one an offense to decency, to put it mildly. You may say that "Strife" was worth while. So it was in England, but when Pittsburghized, and shorn of the English environment necessary to its proper understanding it was not a great achievement, and failed to arouse public interest.

I do not want to "knock" the New Theatre, and what I say in criticism of its conduct for the past two seasons is said more in sorrow than in anger. I feel, as do many others, that it has lost a great opportunity. It is not impossible to get plays that are worth while. The director could have had "The Blue Bird" a year before he did get it if he had had the foresight of its English and Russian producers. Not only that, but he could have had all English-speaking rights for the paltry sum of one thousand dollars. But he could not make up his mind until after it had been successfully produced abroad, then he had to pay through the nose for it. I suppose that Maeterlinck is only too glad that Mr. Ames turned down the first offer of his representative, for it has meant a small fortune to him on the terms that the New Theatre was finally forced to pay.

With its enormous company of actors the management of the New Theatre has constantly gone outside and brought the "stars" of other organizations into its house. John Mason, with a foolish play that was a failure for reason of its very foolishness; Olga Netherole in Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene," which did not prove popular for obvious reasons, and Marie Tempest in "Vanity Fair," an adaptation of Thackeray's immortal novel by her ex-husband, Cosmo Gordon-Lennox. Bringing in all this outside talent seems to me a confession of weakness, unless it had been done for some big purpose, a great Shakespearean revival, taking advantage of Ellen Terry's visit to this country, as Beerbohm Tree gave "The Merry Wives" with Miss Terry and Mrs. Kendal.

The history of the New Theatre to date reads like a chapter of bangles, for even the construction of the house itself, beautiful though it be, was a bangle. At first we could not hear unless we sat in the front rows. Then a quarter of a million, I believe that is the figure, was spent in lowering the ceiling, which has helped the acoustics, but spoiled the beauty of the great dome. One still has to be well in the middle of the house to see all the stage, for the proscenium square—it is not the usual arch—cuts off much of the view from the sides. Now the directors have discovered that the whole house is a mistake for dramatic productions, and it is generally understood that a newer and smaller theatre will be built for the production of plays and that the present house will be given over to opera. It is not, so it has been emphatically stated, to take the place of the Metropolitan Opera House—that historic pile of yellow brick is to stay where it is—and will not share the fate of the beautiful Madison Square Garden, which is threatened with demolition. What will be the name of the proposed theatre? Will it be called the Newest Theatre to distinguish it from the one first built?

The great mistake that the directors of the New Theatre made was in the appointment of Mr. Winthrop Ames as director of its dramatic affairs. Mr. Ames no doubt did the best he could. He is a gentleman of cultivation and he had had some slight experience in the theatre, but he was at best an amateur. One can not climb in at the cabin window and make a success of theatrical management unless one is a born genius, and even then he must have some practical training. All the training that Mr. Ames had he gave himself. He did not serve an apprenticeship with a well-seasoned manager. His partner at the Castle Square Theatre, in Boston, was another amateur, also a cultivated gentleman, Mr. Lorin F. Deland, the husband of Margaret Deland, whose business was advertising and whose recreation was football, for which game he invented a "wedge" that bears his name.

I have no doubt that Mr. Ames did his best to make the New Theatre a success. He has certainly been devoted to his work and has shirked none of his duties, but he was not the man for the place. It is said that one reason why he was chosen by the board of directors for the position of director was that they wanted a man who would be *persona grata* in their drawing-rooms and at their dinner-tables. That bill Mr. Ames filled to perfection. Other than that I have been struck by the singularity of their choice. The board of directors is made up of men of affairs, shrewd financiers, bankers, and the like, who would no more think of putting an amateur of finance at the head of their business than they would think of flying. But when it comes to

art they seem to think that any one can fill the bill, that training is of no account, and so they put Mr. Ames at the head of the New Theatre. That he has had his troubles I make no doubt. His friends say that there have been too many cooks at Sixty-Third Street and Central Park West. However that may be. Mr. Ames, it is positively announced, has resigned and his resignation has been accepted.

Who the next director of the fortunes of the New Theatre will be is the subject of much conjecture. Undoubtedly he will be a manager of experience, and I hear the name of Mr. George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., freely mentioned as Mr. Ames's successor. Mr. Tyler would be an excellent choice, for, as I have often said of him, he is a manager of ideals and he lives up to them. The way he has stuck to Zangwill and other playwrights of literary quality goes to prove this. And I am confident that he is the only manager in New York who would have discovered the attractions of "Pomander Walk" from a reading of the manuscript, and what is more had the courage to produce it. He is having his reward, for there is no more successful play in town.

I began this letter with the intention of writing about Miss Peabody's "The Piper," but was led off by other matters. Here again the manager has made a serious blunder. He has given the very masculine part of the Piper to Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, a most delightful actress, but with no more masculinity in her make-up than has Maude Adams. The part calls for a man, and for a time Miss Peabody (Mrs. Marks) insisted that it should be played by a man or not at all. Finally she yielded the point, being convinced by Mr. Ames that Miss Matthison was the only person, man or woman, in the New Theatre stock company who could read the lines. This may be perfectly true, but then why not have gone outside the company for a man and let Miss Matthison play the part of Veronika, which is made to her hand. Mr. Walter Hampden wanted to play the Piper, and would no doubt have done it well. He knows how to read the lines of poetic drama and he is at least a man. But audiences are not critical and Miss Matthison is popular, and justly so, and so long as she plays the pipe the people will follow.

This craze for giving women men's parts that has now seized the imagination of managers is a strange one. I hope that it will stop with Miss Adams as the lusty cock and Miss Matthison as the virile piper, and that no one will be tempted, because of their success, to give us Miss Billy Burke as Ingomar.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1911.

After a year in the Philippines, Dr. Donald Gregg, a Harvard graduate, writes thus to the *Springfield Republican*: "Everything about the life here pleases me. To be sure, it is hot at midday, but not so uncomfortably hot as it is in Boston or New York in midsummer. The weather here is much more bearable than in New York, partly because it is not as hot, and partly because houses, costumes, and life are all better suited to warm weather. Thus far I have not passed an uncomfortably warm night. In fact, a number of times I have been cold with a single blanket. Of the trip through the southern islands from which I have just returned, all description would be wholly inadequate. We traveled about 1800 miles by steamer, launch, river boats, dugouts, mule team, horseback, and afoot; over seas, lakes, rivers, mountains, rice paddies; saw snakes, crocodiles, water buffaloes, thousands of ducks, strange birds, bats, insects, fishes, monkeys, and what not, and people of all parts of the earth from India to Holland, of all stations, from slaves to sultans, and of various faiths—Christian, Buddhist, and Mohammedan. I am full of admiration for the way in which Governor Forbes and his associates are handling the situation here, and my only regret is that distance and the inability to understand what has not been experienced permits certain people in the States to remain in an attitude of criticism—an attitude which should be replaced by one of active admiration."

Sir Francis Galton, famous for his researches in the spheres of meteorology and anthropology, died in London January 17 at the age of eighty-eight. Sir Francis Galton, who first made his mark as a traveler sixty years ago, was the father of the modern system of weather-mapping, and in 1869 published the first of his remarkable works dealing with the laws of heredity, which culminated, towards the close of his long life, in his efforts to establish the problem of race improvement on a scientific basis and the endowment of a research fellowship in the University of London for the promotion of the study of Eugenics. He was also the inventor of the composite portrait, and his finger-print system, based on Bertillon's anthropometric method, has with some modifications been adopted by police departments.

There is a patriarch in Wilmington, Delaware, who on Christmas Day entertained at dinner his thirty-two children, besides a bevy of grandchildren and great-grandchildren too numerous to mention. It took eight large turkeys to provide for this memorable dinner. The paterfamilias who gathered this numerous flock around him is no weakling. He has been married three times and led his last wife to the altar nine years ago, when he was sixty-five, since which he has added seven children, including twins, to the family circle.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Count Albert Apponyi, the leading statesman of Hungary, and former minister of public instruction and worship, is now in America. The count, on the joint invitation of the Civic Forum and the American Peace Society, will give a series of lectures on international arbitration.

Ex-Senator James Gordon, of Mississippi, though seventy-seven years old, recently made application for a \$100,000 life-insurance policy. Senator Gordon is still youthful, and is to be one of the principal speakers at the Southern Commercial Congress at Atlanta in the near future.

Horace Boies, often referred to as the "grand old man" of Iowa because he is the only Democratic governor the State has had since the Republican party was organized, is now in his eighty-fourth year. He was a Republican for years, but left the party and was elected and reelected governor as a Democrat, serving from 1890 to 1894. Ex-Governor Boies a few years ago became a resident of California.

The Rev. J. H. Jowett of Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, England, has accepted a call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. The salary offered the minister is \$15,000, and, strange to say, the reverend gentleman in a letter to the officers of the church declares that he does not need so much money. He says that he will be happy in his work with merely the equivalent of his former English stipend.

Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina, Princess of Orange-Nassau and Duchess of Mecklenburg, is the heiress to the throne of the Netherlands, and her birth on April 30, 1909, relieved her people of the imminent fear that their next sovereign would be a German prince. Her people know her well both by sight and through gossip, and it is an article of faith among them that she is wholly and completely Dutch, the picture of her mother. Queen Wilhelmina is manifestly and aggressively Dutch, while her father, Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, had the misfortune to be born in Germany. Queen Wilhelmina, reputed to be the richest woman in Europe, spends little on herself and much on the poor, and the small princess will undoubtedly be trained to live simply and to give both generously and intelligently.

A few days ago in New York a dinner was given to Nathan Straus by Governor Dix and many other prominent men, as a continuing recognition of his good works. Mr. Straus has been for many years one of the most energetic of philanthropists, as well as one of the best respected citizens of the metropolis. He was born in Rhenish Bavaria in 1843 and was brought to America when a child by his parents. His education was gained in the common schools and a business college, and while still a youth he joined his father in the importing glassware business. Later he became interested in two other large mercantile establishments, but all his life he has been interested in civic questions, and particularly in those relating to the poor. In 1890 he established his system of distributing sterilized milk to the poor of New York at his own expense, and also originated the plan of coal depots for a similar purpose. Isidor Straus, the well-known New York merchant, ex-congressman, and educator, is his older brother, and Oscar S. Straus the ambassador, his younger brother.

Albert Niemann, the veteran Wagnerian singer, recently celebrated in Berlin the eightieth anniversary of his birthday. Niemann, who was the great hero of the Bayreuth Festival of 1876 and who created the part of Tannhäuser at the Paris première in 1861, is, in spite of his fourscore years, hale and hearty, and he seems good for at least another decade. His manner of taking leave of the stage was quite different from the usual run of things with operatic stars. One night, twenty-one years ago, after having sung with great success the part of Florestan in "Fidelio," he simply said to his friend and colleague Betz, while they were dressing behind the scenes, "Adieu, my dear Betz, we shall not see each other here again," and he kept his word; that was the last time he ever appeared on the stage of the Berlin Royal Opera. He was entreated from all sides to give a big farewell performance, but in vain. He preferred to retire while still in the full possession of his vocal powers rather than gradually go into decline in harness, as so many other famous operatic singers have done.

Archibald Henderson, A. M., Ph. D., professor of pure mathematics at the University of North Carolina, is now making a prolonged stay in Europe for the purposes of mathematical and other research. His literary activity is unusual, and he contributes to the leading periodicals here and in Europe. Four of his books have either been published recently, or are on the point of publication. They include an authorized biography of George Bernard Shaw—an exhaustive work upon which Dr. Henderson has been engaged for six years—and "Interpreters of Life," a group of essays dealing with such outstanding personalities as Henrik Ibsen, George Meredith, and Maurice Maeterlinck. In addition to his literary work, Dr. Henderson takes a keen interest in political and social questions, and has especially identified himself with the movement for the full enfranchisement of women. These remarkable literary recreations of a mathematician recall the late Charles L. Dodgson, author of "Alice in Wonderland," whose earlier books were all on his favorite science mathematics.

THE COLOR LINE.

How the Pit of Fate Came in the Way of the Chief-Justice.

'Twas a matter of life and death, and the young man was not a little taken aback to find the verdict against him. Acting as his own lawyer, he had made an eloquent plea, and then rested his case, confident, as was the world at large, in the impartiality of Chief Justice Podger. Now bias, he instinctively felt, had passed sentence upon him. Vain as he knew it to be, he must needs expostulate.

"But what possible objection, judge, can you have to my marrying Rachel. She—"

"Loves you, sir—unfortunately. I'm perfectly aware of the fact."

"My family—"

"Is an honorable one, sir; none more so."

"My means—"

"Are adequate to support fifty wives. You needn't tell me that. I know it, young man, just as well as you do. Didn't I draw up your father's will?"

"My character—"

"Is irreproachable; too much so, if anything."

"What in the world, then—?" Lionel Armstrong broke off abruptly of his own accord, being about at his wit's end.

Judge Podger looked him up and down, and up again; then, fixing his glance, he smiled maliciously.

Lionel had many inches, and gave the impression of being every one of them a man. A more satisfactory son-in-law would, to all appearances, be far to seek. Looking his scrutinizer unflinchingly in the eye, he frankly admitted: "Rachel is very young, but—"

"Rachel," interposed her father dogmatically, "is now seventeen—exactly the age her mother was when I married her—and can not marry any too soon to suit me. I believe in early marriages, sir—love marriages, at that. Seventeen's the right age for a girl to marry at—neither younger nor older."

He paused as if defying his would-be son-in-law to controvert this statement; but Lionel failing ignominiously to take any such advantage of the situation, the judge went on: "Now don't you go running away with the idea that I've got some one in mind for her, for I haven't. I wish to goodness I had. The first thing you know, she'll be eighteen; and if there's anything I abominate, it's an old maid. Furthermore, I'm not as young as I used to be—this damn gout'll be the death of me one of these days!—and my heart's set on seeing my girl settled before I go." The judge spoke precisely as he might have done had he been confiding his troubles to some old crony of whose sympathy he was fully assured.

Lionel, however, was not in a very sympathetic humor. "For the life of me," he declared, nettled no less than mystified, "I can't see what objection—"

"Of course you can't," the judge put in; "but I can; and I'd sooner see my daughter dead and buried beside her dear mother than married to a man with red hair!"

Had the judge's sentence concluded with the words "than married to a red-handed murderer," his refusal of his daughter's hand could not have been more emphatic, nor his detestation of the color in question more strongly expressed.

To say that poor Lionel stood aghast would be to sin absurdly on the side of artistic reserve. His guilt was undeniable. It cried aloud to heaven from God only knows how many mouths. Standing there, his sin thus brought home to him, he looked for all the world as if his enemy had met him in the way and, aware of the judge's prejudice, had heaped coals of fire upon his head. His face, however, outruined his hair, as he stammered: "But—but—why, judge, you must be—"

"Not a bit of it, sir; quite the contrary. My objection—"

"Is irrational—"

"Insupportable; and anything but irrational, young man—the result of years of observation on the bench. Why, sir, the most desperate criminals I ever had the pleasure of sentencing were every last one of them red-headed. Now, you needn't get excited; that doesn't alter the facts in the least; for twenty long years I've noted the relation between red hair and crime—ever since a red-haired nincompoop tried to rob me of my wife."

"Of Mrs. Podger?"

"Then Miss Odium, sir—wanted her to run away with him, the scoundrel! Would have worked it, too, only I came upon the scene in the nick of time, and carried her off bodily myself!"

"Rachel," said Lionel, breathing heavily, "has told me the story of your elopement with her mother. Your example is worthy of imitation."

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" roared the judge. "No two cases could possibly be less parallel. In the first place, her father wouldn't listen to reason; then, there's no other red-headed whipper-snapper trying to cajole Rachel into marrying him."

"There is not," Lionel agreed. But his ready concurrence with the other's opinion did not seem to bring about any better understanding between them. Ensued an awkward silence. At length Lionel spoke up: "If that's all, I'm perfectly willing to dye it."

"Dye it! Dye what, sir?"

"My hair."

"Your hair! Perfectly willing to dye it!—go about a walkin' lie!—in disguise! What did I tell you? I 'gited have known it!" And the judge took out a

note-book and therein wrote triumphantly. Then, sternly eying young Armstrong as if he were a felon in the dock, he accused: "You have been trying to get her to run away with you?"

"I have."

"And failed?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't induce her to leave her poor old sick father?"

"No!"

"Oh, you—!" Outraged justice was plainly at a loss for an epithet. By dying of apoplexy, righteous indignation seemed determined to prove Lionel guilty of manslaughter. Interposed the prisoner: "One moment, judge. Mr. Odium, if I mistake not, was neither very young nor in the very best of health when—"

"Confound it, sir! What has that to do with it?" The well-fed face of Chief Justice Podger was now purple.

"Never mind," answered Lionel, wearily. "One more question, judge, and I'm done: Were my hair not red, would you have any objection to my marrying Rachel?"

"None whatever, sir!" And with that Judge Podger, venerable jurist, bowed his daughter's suitor out.

To the ousted Lionel, the familiar streets of his native city were bewilderingly foreign, their wonted din maddening, intolerable. Motormen clanged bells, chauffeurs tooted horns, jarvies cried "Hey, there!"—all at him. Pedestrians seemed to go out of their way to jostle him. A dozen times he came near being run over. And as he stumbled blindly on, his indifferent spirit, walking beside him, a thing apart, smiled to see his body hasten to get out of the way of death. For the first time in his life, he realized the awe-inspiring quality of man, reached a height of spiritual aloofness whence he could look down upon the burden-bearer scornfully as did the saint of old, and say: "That ass, my body!"

After a time, of which he kept no count, he found himself come, by what streets he knew not, to a bascule bridge over the Harlem, listening to the lapping of the waters as to an irresistible siren's song inviting him to drown. He was in exactly the humor to accept such an invitation. Had Rachel died, or married another, or taken vows—forswearing him for the church—he had borne it like a man, met heroically any of the many aspects of Melpomene, but this contemptible trick of Fate's, this forcing upon him of the rôle of marionette in the hands of Momus, filled him with such disgust for life that—the moment being what is misnamed psychological—the idea of suicide took hold of that great body of his, full of its absurd desire to live, determined to throw it headlong into the river.

When the gods say to man: "We would laugh! Play the clown!" may not he, as a last resort, call upon his friend Death to save him from the unmerited indignity?

The mood of the ridiculously rejected suitor answering "Yes!" there ensued a warring of the flesh against the spirit and of the spirit against the flesh, of which conflict a third Lionel Armstrong seemed to be a detached but somewhat interested spectator. Chance intervening, the struggle was but a matter of seconds. The idea momentarily relaxing its grip, the body instinctively backed away from the water. Then there was darkness.

When Lionel came to himself, he was huddled at the bottom of a concrete pit. His mind was perfectly clear, and he realized instantly what had happened. He had backed into the receptacle for the counterpoise of the bridge. Any minute a boat might come along, and then—! Poe's tale of "The Pit and the Pendulum" flashed across his soul like a flame from hell that sears and shrivels. He was a prisoner, and the counterpoise weighed tons.

Straining his ears for the hoarse whistle of an approaching steamer, he cried aloud in agony. His voice seemed but to ascend as through a monstrous megaphone to the deaf blue above him. One glance at the floor of the pit was enough to dissipate any hope of the great mass of metal's not coming to rest there, and the difference between the diameter of the pit and that of the counterpoise might be a few inches, but no more. What so lately had appeared to him the sweetest and most desirable thing left in the world was now at hand, namely accidental death. To his mind's eye it was approaching in the shape of a phantom vessel with a raucous voice. But now he and his body were at one in their frantic desire to escape, in their futile efforts.

From the point of view of the pit, the sentence which had been passed upon him by Judge Podger was so preposterous that it was unbelievable but that it would be reversed by his better judgment. It now seemed to contain none of that finality characteristic of the eminent jurist's spoken word. A man who can not in eighteen years lay the ghost of a jealousy, what business has he to be on the bench, or anywhere save in an insane asylum? Recognizing the absurdity, the injustice, the criminal insanity, of the judge's verdict, would not even his daughter reconsider her decision, and consent to elope, or, at worst to marry—her father willy-nilly—when of age?

Thus the dream came to torment him, and to add to the horror of the idea of death. To his disordered mind's eye, the counterpoise took the form of the executioner-elephant's foot, and himself of the condemned criminal. Like a cat he sprang at the walls and clawed them, till bleeding finger-tips and torn nails brought

him to his senses. He tried to collect his thoughts, but could not keep still—yet must needs laugh himself to scorn for his vain running round and round like a beast about to perish. Hamstrung though he was by horror, he none the less kept going. Madness lay the way of inaction. Fell a lassitude upon the body, leaving the mind active. Long since his involuntary cries for help had become hoarse whispers that sounded in his ears like the echoes of mocking laughter.

Suddenly the whistle of a river steamer blew and a flesh-disintegrating awe caused his gigantic frame to tense as if charged with electricity; then, as if the current were all at once turned off, to wilt, to collapse, to lose visible inches.

As slowly the counterpoise began to descend, Lionel, after fumbling desperately in his pockets, drew forth a pen-knife and thereon smiled grimly. Here was wherewith to fight Fate, an alternative at least. The right of choice was still his. A second time he smiled, now not so grimly; then, grinding his teeth together, he flung the alternative out of the pit, far up into the air, watched it turn its somersaults with curious interest, and when, descending, it disappeared, he bade farewell to the blue heavens laid down on the concrete floor, and there rested his head as on a pillow.

A water-rat of that species which no pied piper has yet been found to charm out of our coast cities, intent on the spectacle of the bridge's uprearing to let the steamer pass, was not a little surprised to see a shiny something shoot out of the mouth of the pit, turn over and over in the air, and land at his very feet. In the twinkling of an eye it was harmless in his pocket, his grimy paw gloating over the smoothness of the mother-of-pearl handle; his for keeps, despite the fact that he must needs peek into the pit, long enough to learn that its lawful owner was there, lying at full length, long enough to think that "dead men don't need no knives." An instant later the bridge-tender's homicidal hand was stayed by a "Hole on dere! Dere's an ole guy fallen into de pit!"

No matter what the risk to freedom, to worldly possessions, the bearer of this startling intelligence could not but wait to see "de drunk" hauled out—at a safe distance, of course; not but what he was ready to cross his heart that he had seen nothing of no knife, and to turn his pockets inside out in proof—of its being in his left shoe. It was his by rights. Had it not been "trowed away"? Had he not "saved de ole guy's life"?

Now, should any curious readers wonder how vermin so intelligent as my water-rat could come to speak repeatedly of Lionel Armstrong as "de ole guy," let me tell them that, when peeked at, the would-be son-in-law of the prejudiced chief-justice was prone upon his face, and that his hair was snow-white.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1911.

The Origin of Gypsies.

In a recent volume, "The Good Old Times," by F. W. Hackwood, some facts are given relating to the wanderers now known the world over as gypsies:

In the fifteenth century a new and undesirable element made its appearance in the lower stratum of English society, to swell the already overcrowded ranks of thriftless wanderers. These were bands of nomads, having no regular means of subsistence, who came to be known as gypsies. The name gypsy, being a corruption of "Egyptian," assumes that Egypt was the original home of this strange people, as was widely believed when they made their first appearance in Europe early in the fifteenth century. This, however, was a mistake, of which their language leaves no doubt, proclaiming as it does that they are wanderers from a more distant East, an outcast tribe from Hindustan.

The French made a similar error in calling them Bohemians, imagining they were the expelled Hussites of Bohemia. In different countries they obtained different names for themselves; as Gitanos in Spain, Zingari in Italy, and Pharaoh-nepak (or Pharaoh's people) in Hungary, although they called themselves Sinté, asserting that they came from Sind—that is, Ind or Hindustan. Notwithstanding their intercourse with other nations, their manners, customs, visage, and appearance have remained distinctive for centuries; and in this country their pretended knowledge of futurity has given them considerable power over the ignorant and superstitious.

The bolder and more heroic spirits of Elizabeth's time who "spurned the base mechanical arts" found outlets for more honorable employment in life beyond the seas—the wild and profligate, perhaps, in seeking adventures in the Spanish Main. But the less adventurous, and perhaps the more unimaginative, to whom regular labor was equally irksome, instead of joining themselves to sea-rovers went out of the towns and villages to the walds and heaths: they discolored their skins, gave an Oriental fashion to their ragged apparel, learned the gypsy dialect, and put on the gypsy nature of cheating and pilfering.

A Saturday half-holiday given the employees of a firm in Switzerland has brought out some protests from the women, who allege that their men folks spend their leisure away from home and spend more money than comports with the well-being of the family. It is held that Sunday is a sufficient holiday, and that as about all the diversions are available on that day, the Saturday afternoon is just a waste, without any compensating gains.

A LIFE OF SENATOR BRODERICK.

Jeremiah Lynch Tells a Stirring Story of Early Days in California.

Senator Jeremiah Lynch is already well known to the book-loving world, and there is a good reason for the value placed upon his writings. His "Egyptian Sketches" and his "Three Years in the Klondyke" have none of the evanescent impressionism that so often pretends to be literature, but they contain more accurate and well-selected information to the square inch than many more pretentious works. Mr. Lynch studied Egypt for months, and he studied Klondyke for years. He took care to meet the people who knew the most and who thought the most, and as a result he has something to give that it is worth while to read and to keep.

Mr. Lynch's latest work is biographical. He needs no excuse for telling the story of David C. Broderick, "A Senator of the 'Fifties," but none the less he states that he undertook the task because the catastrophe to San Francisco "caused the rapid extinction of several pioneers" who helped to make the history of the State, and he judged it well to do the work before it should be too late. Moreover, many of the existing records are incomplete and inaccurate. It need hardly be said that Mr. Lynch has mastered his subject and that there are no missing links in a biography that is both vivid and impressive.

David C. Broderick spent the early years of his life in Washington and New York, and before he reached California he had given evidence of the strength of character that was to carry him far in the years to come. When he was only twenty-six he was made the regular nominee for Congress of the Democratic party, but he was beaten through a split vote. As President Tyler at that time was coquetting with the Democrats a committee was selected by Tammany Hall to receive him, and Broderick played his part and a good deal more, too:

One committee represented the ultra aristocratic element—for Tammany was then respectable—and the other was also a Tammany selection, being made up of young men as distinct from the old men—in other words, the classes against the masses. Broderick was of this second committee, which was expected to gaze, be humble and silent. However, the forty sachems—twenty and twenty—after disembarking from their steamer, walked to the President's residence and, while the mighty rich were awaiting on the lawn the President's appearance, Broderick strode to the door alone, opened, entered, and presently returned with the President of the United States on his arm. Conducting Tyler to the astounded group, he saluted the President and then said in the same loud, clear tones as when directing his fire laddies at a conflagration: "Now, men, form a round circle and the President will talk to you." For the moment no one moved, so completely aghast were they, until one of the immaculates said, like a philosopher: "Come, gentlemen, give attention to the President," and Tyler delivered a short address. But even then Broderick was not done. After the President ceased he very naturally turned to Broderick as the leader, and the latter, quietly taking the President's arm with an injunction to all knickerbockers and firemen to "form the line of march," led the way to the landing, whence the tardy boat containing the real city committee, with its music and platoons of uniforms, had just arrived.

Broderick was hardly persuaded to surrender his prisoner to the other committee, as he hoped to take him in the Tammany boat to New York. He had, however, the grim satisfaction of balking his aristocratic enemies. Not bad for a young man of twenty-five! But it cost him his seat in Congress.

Broderick came to California in 1849 by way of the Chagres River and Panama, a journey that gave little promise of the transformations to come half a century later. Within two years of his arrival occurred the first of the quarrels that were henceforth to attend him always. The office of lieutenant-governor became vacant and Broderick was indicated as an aspirant. Assemblyman Moore made a speech in which he said he objected to candidates "about whose character I know nothing," and this was understood to apply to Broderick. Later in the day he passed Moore in the street and Broderick heard the words "scoundrel" and "rascal." He turned on his heel and Moore then produced a revolver and repeated the words. The bystanders seized and disarmed him:

He was taken into an apartment adjoining, but presently rushed out again to Broderick on the street. Some one had given Moore another or the same weapon, and the furious man, who possessed an unenviable reputation as a desperado, leveled his weapon within a yard of Broderick, who stood immobile, saying, "I will shoot you, you scoundrel!" There was a cry of "He's going to fire!" and the crowd scattered. But Broderick, turning his steel-blue eyes sparkling with fire on his assailant, cried: "You cowardly assassin, why don't you fire? You dare not fire, you coward!" The two men faced each other, one with the weapon of death trembling in his nervous hand and the other armed only with courage and conscience. Awd by his resolute antagonist, Moore hesitated. In another moment the pistol was wrested from his grasp and Broderick was saved. His unflinching firmness in this affair, together with the éclat of the office to which he had just been elevated, made him at once the most conspicuous person in the legislature and brought him directly to the knowledge of the miners.

A year later there was a somewhat similar scene, but once more Broderick escaped unharmed:

Again was Broderick's mettle tested, and again was his life in jeopardy. The occasion was so similar to the one of a year previous that it would be facile to conceive that they were more than a coincidence. Ex-Governor Smith, a man of distinction, and ex-governor of one of the Southern States, vilipended Broderick at a Democratic convention, in a violent address. The latter was not then present, but, true to his nature, he replied at the next session of the State senate, virulently reproaching the former official. Governor Smith's son promptly challenged, and Broderick promptly accepted. They met in Contra Costa County, being thus immune from arrest, and each opponent emptied his revolver at the other, standing twenty yards apart. Broderick, who does

not seem to have been a good shot, missed altogether, but Smith with his sixth and last bullet struck the watch Broderick carried in the fob of his trousers. The latter's skin was slightly abraded by the impact, but the watch possibly saved his life.

Years later, after Broderick's death, this watch was found among his effects carefully safeguarded.

His elevation to the dignities of the lieutenant-governorship reminded Broderick that his education was hardly commensurate, and with the thorough-going vigor that characterized him he set to work to make good the omission:

He had attended school but very little while a boy. His father died when he was fourteen and there were his mother and brother. Books were almost a puzzle to him. His brain was concrete, not abstract; practical, not didactic. His place was in the open, not in the study or office. So he set himself now to make the new cogs that he felt essential to the wheel of his future. He read and studied night after night in his quiet room, like a schoolboy preparing for college. It is said that he engaged an apartment distant from his usual domicile, where he spent long hours in absorbing knowledge, the knowledge that hooks impart. Certainly there was nothing in his conversation thereafter that betrayed a lack of cultivation.

The struggle for the United States senatorship began in 1854. Bigler had been elected governor, but the legislature was doubtful. The strength of Broderick's character is shown by the fact that the State was divided between his friends and his enemies. The existing senators, Gwin and Weller, were naturally united, but their adherents were known as anti-Broderick men. The State convention met at Sacramento and there was a serious quarrel as to the temporary chairmanship:

Pistols were uncovered, bowie-knives glittered; every man in the church was alert and intense. Only a miracle prevented a massacre. In that confined area each bullet would find a victim. A revolver in the hands of a nervous delegate was accidentally discharged and both factions only hesitated to learn who had shot, whilst a few prudent warriors instantly vaulted through stained-glass windows, bearing with them the image of God. Broderick himself displayed in this fearful hour rare tact, courage, and moderation. A person noted more for his skill as a scribe than as a marksman and who many years after constituted himself Broderick's by-no-means profound or impartial biographer, excitedly drew a revolver with trembling hand and brandished it before Broderick's face. "Take care," said the latter, "take care; that might go off and you may hurt some one," and very deliberately (he seemed never to hurry) he leaned forward, wrested the weapon from the palsied grasp, and carefully laid it on the table.

The election day also was marked by turbulence, and Broderick showed that he was quite capable of using the arm of flesh if moral suasion should fail:

During election day he was at the polls in one of the San Francisco districts. Disputes were frequent and the feud vigorous and vindictive between the contending Democrats. Colonel Balie Peyton confronted Broderick and a violent altercation ensued over the ballots. Peyton thrust his hand in his hip pocket and the handle of a pistol appeared. But Broderick, who had his right hand in his trousers' pocket, exclaimed coldly and deliberately: "Move, Colonel Peyton, and you are a dead man." Peyton then knew that Broderick had his hand on a derringer which carried an ounce bullet and which was small enough to be fired from his pocket without drawing—a most deadly weapon in a street brawl. Peyton stood motionless until Broderick said: "There is no need for us to kill each other or have a personal difficulty. Let us take a boat on the bay or a walk under the trees and talk over this matter. If we can not agree then I am ready to fight to the death or to any extent that you may elect." Peyton consented and a few minutes' conversation apart made them both lifelong friends.

Some extended space is devoted to the Vigilance Committee. Cora and Casey had been executed, and for over two months no one had been murdered in San Francisco—an unprecedented record. Then the old trouble began again. A man was ruthlessly shot on the street and the assassin was arrested, patiently tried before the committee of four hundred members, and sentenced to death:

Another prisoner within the fortress walls had killed two men a year or two previous, and committed other felonies which he had boasting and insolently avowed. Divided and bought juries had hitherto saved him, but it was different now. He also was tried, convicted, condemned and, on the 29th of July, the two were hanged together like Cora and Casey in the presence of a Vigilance military force augmented to five thousand men. A looker-on said that "a more impressive, dramatic, or tragic scene was seldom seen." By now the Vigilantes had procured bayonets, which were attached to their muskets, and constant drilling gave them a martial and resolute array. The gray-haired and black-haired stood together; arresting the laws; hanging men without cowl, candle, or judge, yet no execution was ever more grave or solemn. The silence of the tomb pervaded the brilliant July day, and fifty thousand spectators assisted at the event. If death is to be the penalty for death, it would seem that the more public the punishment the more deterrent the effect. What we do not see we may not fear. To view a hanging would deter the average spectator, I should think, from participation as principal.

Senator Broderick's career at Washington must be left untouched, although it is well and clearly described by the author. The final scene came in 1859 and as a result of the historic quarrel with Terry. Upon the nature of that quarrel there is no need to touch. It is one of the best thumbed pages in California history. Broderick sent the final letter to Terry on September 10, 1859, and arrangements for the meeting began at once:

Directly afterwards, the same Saturday, the commissioners on both sides met and drew articles. On reading them one would conclude that they applied to a treaty or conference on high legislation between puissant nations, so lengthy were the written preliminaries. They prepared to slaughter each other in those days with dignity and decorum. One change was made from the ordinary procedure in duels. The word "three" was omitted, it being agreed that the contestants should shoot between the words "fire—one, two." This alteration was insisted upon by Broderick's seconds. He was supposed to be a quicker and more accurate shot than Terry; besides, for humanity's sake, the shorter the period to aim and fire, the less the danger. Broderick was reputed one

of the best shots in the State, while Terry's reputation had been made with the knife and not the pistol. But if two men will separate ten steps and face each other, holding the dueling pistols of the 'fifties, with long barrels that shoot like rifles, they will realize how murderously short the space, and how difficult to miss a man.

The fairness of the duel is open to grave question. The pistols chosen were of unusual make and form, and a curious defect in one of them had been shown upon a previous occasion:

Hence the man who had never handled them nor adjusted the stock to his hand would be certainly at a disadvantage. They had been well tried in a code function two years earlier, between two Californians named Ryer and Langdon. Langdon, who was challenged and won choice of weapon, selected this pair, and also the one he preferred. Both men practiced with the respective pistols allotted to them the day before the duel. Dr. Ryer, in firing the one assigned to him, discovered the hair trigger was so light and delicate that the pistol would be discharged on a sudden jar or motion, without touching the trigger. Even thus forewarned of this eccentric characteristic he was unable to fully guard against the defect, and on the first two exchanges with his antagonist his bullets entered the ground directly in front. On the third round he succeeded in elevating it to his adversary's knee before it was discharged. The bullet struck the knee, but Ryer stated that the bullets from Langdon's weapon whizzed unpleasantly past his ear, clearly evidencing that the other pistol was not similarly affected.

It is clear enough that Terry was familiar with these weapons, whereas Broderick knew nothing of them. At the same time Terry was supposed to be ignorant of the use of firearms and had "always depended upon his knife":

It would appear from the statement of Langford that Terry practiced with these "Aylette" pistols more than once, and it follows that he must perforce have become cognizant of the "tricky" defect or fault in one of them. As the duel occurred over two months after his speech which was the first cause, he had ample time to perfect himself in the use of the pistols and deliberately made all other personal arrangements, contemplating without doubt that the meeting must come.

The final scene was exactly as might be foreseen under such conditions. Broderick was obviously uneasy when he found the unusual shape of the weapon handed to him, and scrutinized and measured the stock with his own hand:

The duellists held their pistols vertically to the side, with the muzzles pointing downward. Colton said, after a moment's interval, "Fire—one—two" like the measured strokes of a cathedral clock. Broderick fired as "one" was pronounced, and Terry at "two." Broderick's bullet struck the earth midway between himself and his adversary. Terry's shot entered Broderick's body about an inch and a half above the right breast, penetrating the lung. Broderick swerved, staggered, and gradually dropped on his left side until his left shoulder rested on the sword, the useless pistol dropping from his nerveless grasp. He told Baker on his death couch between gasps and with the blood gushing from his breast, "Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm, but the blow blinded me and I could not."

After Broderick's fall, Benham walked to Terry, who instantly said, "The wound is not mortal. I have hit two inches too far out." From a man who was presumed not to know how to shoot, this revelation of expert knowledge and confidence is marvelous. The physician who accompanied Broderick's party carried a small bag of surgical instruments, from which a saw protruded, as if he were going to hospital after a battle. He lost his head, became confused, and not until the other doctor came forward was anything done to relieve the stricken man's anguish.

Senator Lynch's book will certainly become the chief authority on the direct events of the few stirring years of California history with which it deals. It is all that such a history should be, precise, well balanced, and judicial.

A SENATOR OF THE 'FIFTIES. By Jeremiah Lynch. With fifteen illustrations. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

Much history is hidden in the ordinary words of the language. "Tabby," for example. This very domestic-sounding word was the Arabian designation of a quarter of Bagdad famous for its manufacture of divers colored silks and cottons—a quarter named after 'Attab, the great-grandson of Omeyya. "Tabby" appears in English literature in the first half of the seventeenth century as the general term for striped taffeta silks. In the same century, "tabby" is applied to a striped or brindled cat. In the eighteenth century, to an "elderly maiden lady." The sense development of this word is in striking contrast with that of another old Arab, "tariff," which came in the sixteenth century, meaning a "multiplication table," and has remained essentially unchanged to the present day.

Oscar J. Braniff of the City of Mexico in a pamphlet embodying practical suggestions for the betterment of the peons, calls attention to the fact that, including Sundays, civil and religious holidays and days on which it is a popular custom not to work, there are from 100 to 150 days in the year, the actual number varying in different regions, given over to idleness by the mass of agricultural laborers in Mexico. Not only does this interfere with work that ought to be done, but Mr. Braniff says that a more momentous evil is the "disorganization and demoralization which are the consequence of these constant interruptions in the labors of the field, and the shiftlessness and vice which these habits of idleness encourage."

In view of Charles Sumner's peculiar historical relation to South Carolina, it is impossible not to note the fact that Senator Tillman's daughter is to marry Charles Sumner Moore (says the *Springfield Republican*). The South Carolina senator's chances of having a grandchild bearing the name of Charles Sumner do not seem to be so awfully remote.

A SOCIETY QUARREL.

Mrs. Asquith and Earl Spencer in the Witness-Box for One Occasion Only.

There is always something tantalizing about an aristocratic libel suit in England. Of course it is truly delightful to get an insight into the lives of the upper ten, and we can never do this so well as when they quarrel—so much comes out in a quarrel—but then on the other hand there are so many reticences that would not be encountered anywhere else. Just when we feel that we are on the brink of something really scandalous there is sure to be an agile turn, and we find ourselves skating once more and disappointingly on the thick ice of decorum. Suppose that instead of Sir Algernon West, and Mrs. Asquith, and the lord high chamberlain, and a round half-dozen peers and peeresses, we had plain Brown, Jones, and Robinson, is it likely we should have been tantalized as we have been by the sight of private doors just wide enough open to show that there is indeed a skeleton inside, but without the slightest chance to discover what sort of skeleton it is? Not a bit of it. That skeleton would have been handed round the court and dissected until not even the last trump could have put it together again.

The trouble with Sir Algernon West arose in this way: He is being prosecuted by Mrs. Horace West, his daughter-in-law, for slander. Sir Algernon used to be private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and he is now quite an elderly man. The slander consisted of certain ill-specified comments adverse to Mrs. West and to the effect that she was extravagant, although there is reason to believe that something worse than extravagance must have been hinted at. Now, extravagance does not seem to be such a terrible accusation, but coupled with the fact that Mrs. West was now separated from her husband, Mr. Horace West, the results were such as to cause a society lady to weep tears of blood and rush to the law for protection. Mrs. Horace West had moved in the highest society. She had been received by the elect everywhere and was "commanded" to court functions and to foreign office receptions. But now the cold shoulder was turned toward her. She received no more of those resplendent cards from the court. Some of her old friends cut her dead, and she was generally made to feel that she was a sort of pariah. What can a lady expect who used to be invited to court and is now invited no more? And all because her father-in-law persists in saying unkind things and explaining that the quarrel between her and his son was entirely her fault.

Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the prime minister, was among the first witnesses. When Mrs. Asquith was wanted she was not to be found, and it was explained that she and a friend had gone to lunch and would certainly take an hour. "Oh, dear," said the judge, "and soon they will be wanting tea." This was so excruciatingly funny that every one laughed. The judicial joke is never too feeble to earn a laugh. Telephones, messengers, and lawyers were all pressed into the search for Mrs. Asquith, who presently strolled back quite unconcerned by the turmoil. But really Mrs. Asquith had very little to say that was to the point. Sir Algernon West had, indeed, told her that his daughter-in-law was extravagant, but she had not taken much notice. She had not excluded Mrs. West from foreign office receptions, and indeed had very little to do with them, nor had she been affected by anything Sir Algernon had told her. The invitations were sent out from the official list, and perhaps she herself would add 100 or 150 of her friends. The total list would include 6000 or 7000 guests. Mrs. Asquith had never heard of any lady being excluded from society because she was extravagant. "Extravagance," she said, "is usually a passport to society." But she had heard of ladies being excluded because they were separated from their husbands.

Then Mrs. West herself gave evidence, but we were still kept in ignorance as to the cause of the quarrel with her husband except that she had had an illness and had been forced into a separation. An attempt to discover the nature of the illness, or the name of the physician, was discouraged. The deed of separation was drawn in such a way as to be grossly offensive to Mrs. West, and she had threatened to bring an action for divorce unless the offensive clauses were withdrawn, and this was done at once, which looks as though Mrs. West had real powder in her gun. But the social ostracism began all the same. She had been invited to roval balls, garden parties, and to the coronation, but all this sort of thing stopped suddenly. She had written to King Edward to complain, and as a result she had been again placed on the court list. But the malign influence continued all the same. She admitted that she knew of the rule made by Queen Victoria that no party to a divorce suit, innocent or guilty, should be admitted to court, but then times have changed since Queen Victoria. Incidentally it appeared that judges also are excluded from court, presumably that they may form no social affiliations.

Earl Spencer, the lord high chamberlain, was the next witness. It is Earl Spencer who determines all question of court invitations, who separates the sheep from the goats. He admitted that he had received communications about Mrs. Horace West, and that her name had been removed from the court list, but as to the nature of these communications and how far they had determined his action, the lord high chamberlain was as reticent as a clam. He was a public official,

and if public officials were to be examined in open court upon such delicate matters as a lady's character the pillars of the British constitution might be expected to collapse. And the judge looked judicial and said that it was so. So we were balked again.

On the whole, it looks as though Mrs. West were the victim of an injustice. She had lost her husband, although the extent of that calamity is a matter of opinion. She had lost her place at court, although King Edward had remedied that particular grievance. But her friends had frowned upon her. They had cut her dead in the street. She had been deprived of luncheons, dinners, and afternoon teas. The festive week end was not for her, and the many hospitalities that have a distinct money value to ladies of uncertain income were denied her. Whether these many sorrows will entitle her to damages against Sir Algernon West remains to be seen, for the case is not yet over. Perhaps the result does not matter much. What does matter is that we should have a chance to peep into the social machinery and to observe that it is regulated by very much the same forces as are to be found elsewhere.

LONDON, January 18, 1911.

Imagine a solid column of oil shooting to a height of more than 450 feet from a hole in the earth, with a mist of minute globules carried by the wind for more than ten miles, settling down upon the vegetation and forming pools of oil within that radius; then a great lake of the fluid four miles long by three miles wide and formed by means of an earthen dam hastily thrown across a natural reservoir, and at the lowest depression of the bank of this lake a channel several feet wide leading into the Tuxpan River, through which the overflow of oil from the wonderful geyser is constantly going to waste. Add to this the outbursts of deadly gases that pour from the mouth of the well at frequent intervals, settling over the country for miles around, bringing death and desolation to all vegetable and animal life that comes within their reach. Imagine all this, and some idea may be had of that wonderful phenomenon, the oil well opened in the Potrero del Llano district, near Tuxpan, Mexico, on January 3, by an English company headed by Lord Cowdray. That this well is the largest producer in the history of the oil industry is admitted. It has demonstrated that underlying the gulf coastal region of Mexico is the greatest reservoir of oil known in the world.

London, like New York, is suffering from high port charges and from insufficient facilities for accommodating big modern steamships. The project of improvement practically decided upon means an expenditure of \$70,000,000, a sum vastly in excess of the Chelsea dock plans carried out by New York, though in some respects London is not so badly off as that city. The artificial basin called "docks" in London has an area altogether of more than a thousand acres, and their activity is hidden from the casual observer by big buildings on the water-front. They have room for adequate warehouses, they have railroad connections, and can handle most of the ships of commerce, though only at high tide can the largest ships go above the Tillbury docks, which are thirty-five miles below London Bridge. The new plans involve deepening the channel from this point up to London Bridge to thirty feet. The Tillbury docks already accommodate vessels loading and unloading with freight cars run to the side of the ship. This advantage it is proposed to extend to the other docks. The port of London is fifty miles deep, from Nore lightship up to London Bridge, but wharfage is available only for the thirty-five miles from Tillbury docks to the Tower Bridge.

Three-fifths of the interest which the modern Greeks take in themselves—and that is much—comes from their worship of their assumed ancestors, the Greeks of the historic period from Homer to Honorius. Every year we discover new things about this vastly interesting people—some broken bit of art, some fragment of a literature which has nine-tenths perished, or sleeps in undiscovered crypts or Egyptian dustheaps—or else some new theory of origin and pilgrimage, invented and elucidated by ingenious scholarship in England, France, or Germany, and of late by excavators from America. Vase-painting, for instance, a Greek art coeval with Greek poetry—older perchance, but we know nothing accurately of the beginnings of either—and more persistent even in its fragments than the later art of the grand painters, Apelles, Polygnatus, Zeuxis, and the rest, of whose known work nothing remains.

A newly invented substitute for the street-car strap is a series of iron rings, attached to a bar running the length of the car. Each ring is fastened with a spring, and returns to a uniform position when the hand is withdrawn from it. The rings are not slightly, but their cleanliness attracts, a polished white surface being kept well scrubbed by the transportation companies which have adopted them.

Marionette or puppet theatres, formerly well beloved by the Italian residents from memories of their old home, have disappeared in New York, being replaced by the moving-picture shows, but the mythological and legendary dramas familiar in the vanished playhouses are still preserved and in more effective form by the films of the biographs.

OLD FAVORITES.

Darien.

"Silent upon a peak in Darien,"
The Spanish steel red in his conquering hand,
While golden, green and gracious the vast land
Of that new world comes sudden into ken—
Stands Nuñez da Balboa. North and south
He sees at last the full Pacific roll
In blue and silver on each shelf and shoal,
And the white har of the broad river's mouth,
And the long, ranked palm-trees. "Queen of Heaven," he
cried,
"Today thou giv'st me this for all my pain,
And I the glorious guerdon give to Spain,
A new earth and new sea to be her pride,
War ground and treasure-house." And while he spoke
The world's heart knew a mightier dawn was broke.

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien"—
Four hundred years being fed, a Greater stood
On that same height; and did behold the flood
Of blue waves leaping; Mother of all men!
Wise Nature! And she spake, "The gift I gave
To Nuñez da Balboa could not keep
Spain from her sins; now must the ages sweep
To larger legend, tho' her own was brave.
Here on this ridge I do foresee fresh birth.
That which departed shall bring side by side,
The sea shall sever what hills did divide;
Shall link in love." And there was joy on earth;
Whilst England and Columbia, quitting fear,
Kissed—and let in the eager waters there.—Edwin Arnold.

Panama.

What time the Lord drew back the sea
And gave thee room, slight Panama,
"I will not have thee great," said he,
"But thou shalt hear the slender key
Of both the gates I huddled me.
And all the great shall come to thee
For leave to pass, O Panama!"
(Flower of the Holy Ghost, white dove,
Breathe sweetness where he wrought in love.)

His oceans call across the land:
"How long, how long, fair Panama,
Wilt thou the shock of tides withstand,
Nor heed us sobbing by the strand?
Set wide thy gates on either hand.
That we may search through saltless sand—
May clasp and kiss, O Panama!"
(Flower of the deep-ensomned dove,
So should his mighty nations love.)

Out-peal his holy temple-clocks:
It is thine hour, glad Panama.
Now shall thy key undo the locks;
The strong shall cleave thy sunken rocks;
Swung loose and floating from their docks,
The world's white fleets shall come in flocks
To thread thy straits, O Panama!
(Flower of the tropics, snowy dove,
Forbid, unless they come in love.)

How beautiful is thy demesne!
Search out thy wealth, proud Panama:
Thy gold, thy pearls of silver sheen,
Thy fruitful palms, thy thickets green;
Load thou the ships that ride between;
Attire thee as becomes a queen:
The great ones greet thee, Panama!
(Flower of the white and peaceful dove,
Let all men pass who come in love.)
—Amanda T. Jones.

Hymn of the West.

O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high,
Engird the earth with splendor round,
From out thy secret place draw nigh
The courts and temples of this ground:
Eternal Light,
Fill with thy might
These domes that in thy purpose grew,
And lift a nation's heart anew!

Illumine Thou each pathway here,
To show the marvels God hath wrought!
Since first thy people's chief and seer
Looked up with that prophetic thought,
Bade Time unroll
The fateful scroll,
And empire unto Freedom gave
From cloudland height to tropic wave.

Poured through the gateways of the North
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,
And, on the wings of morn set forth,
Their mists the far-off peaks divide.
By Thee unsealed,
The mountains yield
Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame,
And gems enwrought of seven-hued flame.

Lo, through what years the soil hath lain
At thine own time to give increase—
The greater and the lesser grain,
The ripening holl, the myriad fleece!
Thy creatures graze
Appointed ways;
League after league across the land
The ceaseless herds obey thy hand.

Thou, whose high archways shine most clear
Above the plenteous Western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fair;
And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their hrood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Around the world in eighty days seemed a remarkable feat some years ago, but now, since the improvements have been made in the Siberian railroads and the time between Moscow and Vladivostok has been reduced to twenty-four hours, it is possible to make the trip in less than half the time. It is now possible to leave London on Monday and reach Yokohama, Japan, on the second Monday following, and in thirty-seven days after setting out on his world-encircling trip the traveler could again be in London. Of course, this does not make allowances for delays.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Frontier Ballads.

Joseph Mills Hanson is a maker of real ballads, and he should be encouraged to write more if he feels that he can do anything so good as the couple of dozen that make up the unassuming little volume just to hand. No one with red blood can read them without a recognition not only of the real feeling underlying them, but of an unusual power to communicate it through the medium of verse that always runs and sometimes gallops. Take, for instance, the concluding stanzas to the verses dedicated to the Dakota militia (1862):

We were not in the fight at Antietam.
We never have seen Wilson's Creek.
We were guiding our trains over Iowa's plains
While the shells at Manassas fell thick.

But we're waging a war for a new land
As the East wages war for the old,
That the mountains and plains of the red man's
domains
May be brought to Columbia's fold.

And though only a squad of militia
That the armies back East never knew,
We are playing a game which is largely the same
With the truculent, turbulent Sioux.

Of the same virile style is the ballad to the "Troop Horses" and to that special horse that stayed by his master under a hail of Indian bullets and who "hadn't moved a mite" though he was "shiverin' with fright":

And I don't believe the men
Who make drawings with a pen
Can ever build a thing of cranks and wheels
That will starve and work and fight,
Summer, winter, day or night,
Like that same old, game old horse that thinks and feels.

Another stirring poem is the "Laramie Trail":

They carved it well, those men of old,
Stern lords of the border war,
They wrought it out with their sabres stout
And marked it with their gore.
They made it stand as an iron band
Along the wild frontier;
The strong trail, the long trail,
The trail of force and fear.

At a time when most of our poetry is artificial there is room for verse that deals with the unsordid and unsightly things of life, and Mr. Hanson should be heard from again. The illustrations by Maynard Dixon are consonant with the verse and therefore just what they ought to be.

FRONTIER BALLADS. By Joseph Mills Hanson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Flying Mercury.

The automobile era has brought with it a literary tendency to write novels that have automobiles for heroes instead of men. Perhaps this is not quite the case with "The Flying Mercury," although a large proportion of its readers will find themselves more interested in the machines than in the human beings. It is true we have a girl who is so scantily sketched as to be unconvincing, and we have also a young man who falls in love with the girl, but who is a chauffeur first, last, and all the time. We can hardly imagine him as existing away from the steering wheel. There is, of course, no reason why machinery should not play its part in fiction. It ought to play its part, but it should be a subsidiary one. The novel that leaves us more interested in a machine than in human character may be fascinating, as in the present case, but it hardly belongs to romantic art.

THE FLYING MERCURY. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Import of Socialism.

The modern exponent of socialism is slowly learning the wisdom of expediency. He no longer invites us to make a sudden plunge in the dark or to attempt the creation of an economic paradise over night. On the contrary, he assures us that we are already socialists without knowing it, and that he has nothing to ask of us except a slight acceleration of speed in the direction that we have already chosen for ourselves. Perhaps Mr. Newton Mann, author of "Import and Outlook of Socialism" is right when he says that the public dislikes things that are called socialism, but that it has a strong partiality for those same things when they are called by some other name. Municipal ownership,

workmen's compensation, and a dozen other nostrums of the kind are socialism pure and simple, whatever they may be called, and once more, perhaps Mr. Mann is right.

Having convinced us that we are all socialists in disguise and that socialism itself is a veritable sucking dove among economic theories, the author goes on to show us the Elysium that awaits us if we bad but the courage to step out. Socialism means fraternity, justice between man and man, the peace of individuals and of nations. It is an alluring programme, and since we have already gone so far toward socialism it is strange that it remains so wholly unfulfilled. Nor is it easy to understand how the acquirement by the state of "possession of the means of industry" can effect so remarkable a change in the human heart.

At the same time Mr. Mann has a sound and saving common sense. He admits that socialism will never come by revolution or by convulsion, nor would he have it so come. It will be the result of a slow and barely appreciated change that will be spread over a long period of time and that has already found its solid foundation in municipal ownership, free education, eight-hour laws, and a hundred other such ways. And when it does come there will be no confiscation of property, no disturbance of family life, no extinction of religion, none of the bogeys usually associated with the economic theory that doubled its vote at the recent elections and that was described by President Taft as the next great issue before the American people.

The author writes without heat, without denunciation, and without threats, and is therefore in pleasing contrast with those who use all three and whose name is legion.

IMPORT AND OUTLOOK OF SOCIALISM. By Newton Mann. Boston: James H. West Company; \$1.50 net.

Child Problems.

The Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology now numbers thirty-three volumes, the latest addition being "Child Problems," by George B. Mangold. Although the average citizen has only the vaguest idea that there is such a thing as a child's problem, he is likely to get an increase of wisdom from Dr. Mangold's opening pages. From these it seems that nearly one-third of the total number of American children fail to reach the third part of their "expected" lifetime, and that only 70 per cent reach the productive period of life and begin to yield returns upon the social investment. It is obvious that a lower death rate compensates for a lesser fecundity, while it is obvious that we can avoid an unnecessary tax upon the mothers by a combination of the two.

Generally speaking, the education of the parent is the only possible way to save the life of the child, but whether this is to be done by the establishment of a governmental board is another matter. We are already nearly suffocated by governmental boards, and there are more coming. The author tells us that out of 108 mothers questioned in New York, seventy-nine never heard how to feed babies, ninety-five knew nothing of the proper use of clothing, and sixty-five had no idea of the curative value of fresh air. Small children, indecently clad even for summer, could be seen playing in the streets in February, while those who know the condition of our crowded city areas will wonder, not that so many children die, but that so many manage to live.

Dr. Mangold's book is to be heartily recommended to those who wish to grapple with the problem. It is considered from well nigh every aspect and with a wealth of fact that speaks much for the laborious care of its compilation. Its courage may be judged from the fact that it recommends some form of instruction in sex hygiene, and perhaps this alone would be found to be a cure for nine-tenths of the evils of child life.

CHILD PROBLEMS. By George B. Mangold. Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Son of the Wind.

The author builds up an energetic story from a slender foundation. Carron, a horse breeder, traces a magnificent wild stallion into the California mountains. While planning its capture he stops at Rader's and falls in love with the daughter of the house, only to find that she is aware of the existence of the coveted horse and has set her heart upon its continued freedom. The character of Blanche, with her passionate love for the wild free things of the open, is well drawn and original, but Carron seems to have a touch of the brute about him. We prefer the horse. We should like him better had he shown less hesitation between the girl and his prey, and the girl is such a success that we can only wonder that there should be any hesitation at all.

SON OF THE WIND. By Lucia Chamberlain, with illustrations by Herman Pfeiffer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

New Books Received.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING, A WHITE HERON, AND SELECTED STORIES. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 25 cents.

With introductory notes and questions and suggestions by Katharine H. Shute.

THE POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN, 1867-

1909. By George Etsojiro Uyehara, B. A., D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

An attempt to trace the Japanese constitutional movement which led to the promulgation of the constitution and the introduction and subsequent development of representative institutions.

INTERPRETERS OF LIFE. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

Dealing with certain figures in contemporary literature—Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Meredith.

THE TRAIL OF '98. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30.

A northland romance by the author of "The Spell of the Yukon" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By William Lyon Phelps, M. A., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

"Russian fiction is like German music—the best in the world. It is with the hope of persuading some American and English readers to substitute in their leisure hours first-class novels for fourth and fifth class that I have written this book."

BEHIND THE SCREENS IN JAPAN. By Evelyn Adam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50. An Englishwoman's impressions.

COLONEL TOOTHUNTER OF MISSOURI. By Ripley D. Saunders, with illustrations by W. B. King. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE ANOERSONS. By S. McNaughton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE LAFAYETTES. By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A further historical work by the author of "Catherine de Medici and the French Restoration," "The Later Years of Catherine de Medici," and "Women and Men of the French Renaissance."

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLOSMITH. By Frank Frankfort Moore, with nine illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

WHAT NATURE IS. By Charles Kendall Franklin. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents. An outline of scientific naturalism.

THE CODE OF THE SPIRIT. By Wilford L. Hoopes. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20. An interpretation of the Decalogue.

THE COMING CREED. By Parley Paul Womer. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 80 cents.

A consideration of the question whether Christianity should be considered primarily a system of doctrine or a way of life.

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT. By Scott Nearing, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

An attempt to controvert three popular beliefs: That things are sacred because they are old; that the submerged class wants to be submerged, and that the submerged class is poverty-stricken because it is degenerate.

SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE REGENCY. By Charles Pinot Duclos. Translated from the French by E. Jules Méras. New York: Sturgis & Walton; \$1.50.

Volume VII of the Court Series of French Memoirs, comprised chiefly of works never before translated into English.

WHEN GON LAUGHS. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50. A collection of twelve short stories.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35.

The central figure is an English statesman, disgraced and exiled, like the famous Italian, but through his own choice, not external misfortune.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. By Gaston Levox. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" and "The Perfume of the Lady in Black."

THE WILDERNESS TRAIL. By Charles A. Hanna. In two volumes, with eighty maps and illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The ventures and adventures of the Pennsylvania traders on the Allegheny path, with some new annals of the old West, and the records of some strong men and some had ones.

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The Refugee.

Without any labored effort toward a detailed accuracy, Captain Gilson is fairly successful in his free-hand sketch of English country life during the French revolution and while the shadow of Napoleon lay across Europe. The refugee is a French aristocrat, the Vicomte Louis des Ormeaux, who barely escapes the guillotine in his own country, flies to England and rewards the hospitality extended to him, first by attempting to abduct his host's daughter, and then by plotting an invasion of French troops. In fact the vicomte is a most finished scoundrel, albeit an elegant and a brave one and deserving of some small measure of admiration. But the success of the story is its sketch of that most fascinating highwayman, Ahershaw, who makes a worthy companion in villainy to the vicomte. The author writes in an easy-going and conversational way, and as though storytelling were a delight to him.

THE REFUGEE. By Captain Charles Gilson, with illustrations by Arthur Becher. New York: The Century Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Chauncey Giles Year Book" (J. B. Lippincott Company) contains 365 selections from Mr. Giles's writings, arranged after the manner of year books and with a portrait frontispiece.

In "An American Boy at Henley" (Little, Brown & Co.) Frank E. Channon tells a good story of English school life with plenty of incident and with an unobtrusive moral that makes in the direction of boyish honor.

Mary Wright Plummer is responsible for a little volume of "Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid" (Henry Holt & Co.). There are sixteen of these stories and eleven illustrations of the career of Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, called El Seid or Cid.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published "Justice," a tragedy in four acts by John Galsworthy (60 cents). "Justice" was first performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, on February 21, 1910. The persons of the play are eighteen in number and the time is the present.

"Golden Words Fitly Spoken," by H. Wellington Woods (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50) is a collection of quotations from famous American and foreign writers. The volume contains portraits of Mr. Woods, Lincoln, Scott, Hugo, Shakespeare, Browning, and Longfellow.

"The Book of the Prophecies of Isaiah," by John Edgar McFadyen, D. D., has been added to the Bible for Home and School series now being issued by the Macmillan Company (90 cents) under the general editorship of Shailer Mathews. Six volumes have now been issued and ten more are in preparation.

Constance D'Arcy Mackay, author of "The Silver Thread and Other Folk Plays for Young People" (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.10), explains that simplicity is the keynote of her work, "as it was of the folk tales from which they were taken—quaint superstitions quick with the life of the soil from which they sprang." The plays are gathered from the Cornish mines, the Rhenish forests, the Lincolnshire fells, the Russian steppes, the sea-coast of Ireland, the hill-slopes of Italy, the fields of Brittany, and the troll-haunted meadows of Norway.

"Stories from Shakespeare," retold by Thomas Carter (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), is a paraphrase of eleven of Shakespeare's chief dramas intended to "introduce younger readers to the best literature in the English language in such a way that they will seek more of it for themselves when they reach the end of the volume." It will probably have a precisely opposite effect and it would be better for children not to read paraphrases, adaptations, or dilutions. At the same time this particular work is well done, while the sixteen full-page colored illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond, R. I., are charming.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

It is said that Miss Sylvia Pankhurst "explains and justifies the militant tactics of the suffragettes" in her book, "The Suffragette," to be published this month by the Sturgis & Walton Company.

Clement Shorter, who publishes one or two books each year, the last being "Napoleon in His Own Defense," also edits the London Sphere and writes for it a literary letter each week. Mr. Shorter entered upon editorial duties twenty-one years ago, on January 1, 1890, when he became editor of the Illustrated London News. Since that time he has had under his control three of the most popular of present-day illustrated journals.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, who died a few days ago, aged sixty-six, began to write stories when she was a girl of thirteen. She was only twenty-four when her book, "The Gates of the East," was published, in 1868, and almost the entire reading public of America accepted it as the most hopeful expression of tender religious feeling that had been offered. Though

her later books on the same subject—experience in a future world—did not repeat the popular success of the first, they were even more thoughtful and better written. In her short stories of New England life Mrs. Ward was at her best. All her writings are marked by delicate fancy and sympathetic insight. They will be read for years to come, no matter what new forces appear in literature.

A publisher recently complaining of the decadence in the quality of American writers' work, said that within a week or so he had had to decline novels from no less than four writers whose names were so favorably known that he would have been glad to have them on his list if their submitted manuscripts at all warranted acceptance.

Some time ago B. W. Huebsch, the publisher of "Are You a Bromide?" announced that it was likely that the words "bromide" and "sulphide" with Gelett Burgess's new meaning attached would become permanent in the language, and now he announces triumphantly that the publishers have asked the author for definitions of the terms for use in the revised Standard Dictionary.

Little, Brown & Co. will bring out next week "The Broad Highway," a novel by Jeffrey Farnol, which has won high favor in London. The story was first published there only a few weeks ago, but is already in its third edition.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

Few are those who do not consider themselves qualified to succeed, should they choose journalism as a profession. Charles Moreau Harger, director of the school of journalism in the University of Kansas, discusses this peculiarity and some other prevalent errors in an essay published in the February number of the Atlantic Monthly. Concerning youthful predilection for making newspaper contributions, Hr. Harger says:

Not until the first piece of copy is handed in does the beginner comprehend the magnitude of his task or the demand made upon him for technical skill. When he sees the editor slash, blue-pencil, and rearrange his story, he appreciates how much he has yet to learn. Of this he was ignorant in his high school and his college days, and he was confident of his ability. An expression of choice of a life-work by the freshman class of a college or university will give a large showing for journalism in the senior year it will fall to a minor figure, not more than from three to seven per cent of the whole. By that period the students have learned some things concerning life, and have decided, either because of temperament, or as did the business man for his son, for some other profession.

Following the practical advice to college students, and a description of recent developments in educational work relating to journalism, to which Mr. Harger gives a page or more, the reader finds some judgments which are better appreciated in the ranks of newspaper men than by the public:

The really provincial journalist, the worker whose scope and ideals are most limited, is often he who has spent years as a part of a great newspaper-making machine. Frequently, when transplanted to what he considers a narrower field, which is actually one of wider demands, he fails in complete efficiency. The province of the city paper is one of news-selection. Out of the vast skein of the day's happenings what shall it select? More "copy" is thrown away than is used. The New York Sun is written as definitely for a given constituency as is a technical journal. Out of the day's news it gives prominence to that which fits into its scheme of treatment, and there is so much news that it can fill its columns with interesting material, yet leave untouched a myriad of events. The New York Evening Post appeals to another constituency, and is made accordingly. The World and Journal have a far different plan, and "play up" stories that are mentioned briefly or ignored by some of their contemporaries. So the writer on a metropolitan paper is trained to sift news, to choose from his wealth of material that which the paper's traditions demand shall receive attention; and so abundant is the supply that he can easily set a feast without exhausting the market's offering. Unconsciously he becomes an epicure, and knows no day will dawn without bringing him his opportunity.

One of the temptations that beset the path of the provincial editor is thus referred to by the essayist:

The profession of the publicist naturally leads to politics, and the editor is directly in the path to political preferment. The growth of the primary system adds greatly to the chance in this direction. One of the essentials of success at a primary is that the candidate have a wide acquaintance with the public, that his name shall have been before the voters sufficiently often for them to become familiar with it. The editor who has made his paper known acquires this acquaintance. He goes into the campaign with a positive asset. One Western State, for instance, has newspaper men for one-third of its State officers and 40 per cent of its delegation in Congress. This is not exceptional. It is merely the result of the special conditions, both of fitness and prominence, in the editor's relation to the public.

This very facility for entering politics is perhaps an objection rather than a benefit. The editor who is a seeker after office finds himself hampered by his ambitions and he is robbed of much of the independence that

goes to make his columns of worth. The ideal position is when the editor owns, clear of debt, a profit-making plant and is not a candidate for any office. Just so far as he departs from this condition does he find himself restricted in the free play of his activities. If debt hovers, there is temptation to seek business at the expense of editorial utterance; if he desires votes, he must temporize often in order to win friendships or to avoid enemies. Freedom from entangling alliances, absolutely an open way, should be the ambition of the successful newspaper worker. Fortunate is the subordinate who has an employer so situated, for in such an office can he do the best thinking and the clearest writing. Though he may succeed in other paths, financially, socially, and politically, he will lack in his career some of the finer enjoyments that can come only with unobstructed vision.

Whether newspaper writing is an aid to literary aspirants or a detriment is a question that can not be answered without knowledge of individual traits—care, reflection, energy. Mr. Harger sums up impartially:

It is not agreed that every-day newspaper work gives especial fitness for progress in literature. The habit of rapid writing, of getting a story to press to catch the first edition, has the effect for many of creating a style unfitted for more serious effort. Yet when temperament and taste are present, there is no position in which the aspirant for a place in the literary field has greater opportunity. To be in touch with the thought and the happenings of the world gives opportunity for interpretation of life to the broader public of the magazine and the published volume. Newspaper work does not make writers of hooks, but experience therein obtained does open the way; and the successes, both in fiction and economics, that have come in the past decade from the pens of newspaper workers is ample evidence of the truth of this statement.

In the succeeding paragraph Mr. Harger goes on record against a popular misunderstanding. Did advertisers really care about the character of the papers which they patronize, there would be fewer forbidding examples in the newspaper world. But there are other lions in the publisher's path:

In a long and varied experience as editor, I have rarely found an advertiser who was concerned regarding the editorial policy of the paper. The advertiser wants publicity, he is interested in circulation—when he obtains that he is satisfied. Instances there are where the advertiser has a personal interest in some local enterprise and naturally resents criticism of its management, but such situations can be dealt with directly and without loss of self-respect to the publisher. Not from the advertiser comes the most interference with the press. If there were as little from men with political schemes, men with pet projects to promote, men (and women) desiring to use the newspaper's columns to boost themselves into higher positions or to acquire some coveted honor, an independent and self-respecting editorial policy could be maintained without material hindrance. With the right sort of good sense and adherence to conviction on the part of the publisher it can be maintained under present conditions—and the problem becomes simpler every year. More papers that can not be cajoled, hought, or hullozed are published today than ever before in the world's history. The "organ" is becoming extinct as the promotion of newspaper publicity becomes more a business and less a means of gratifying ambition.

That a fairer day is approaching may safely be predicted. Mr. Harger indicates this, but is yet a little early in asserting that it has arrived. There is nothing more certain, however, than that the newspaper which is assured of something more than transient popularity must build on the confidence of its readers:

The newspaper, he it published in a country village or in the largest city, seeks first the confidence of its readers. Without this it can not secure either business for its advertising pages, or influence for its ambitions. Publicity alone may once have sufficed, but rivalry is too keen today. Competition brings a realizing sense of fairness. Hence it is that there is a demand for well-equipped young men and clever young women who can instill into the pages of the press frankness, virility, and a touch of what newspaper men call "human interest."

The field is broad; it has place for writers of varied accomplishments: it promises a profession filled with interesting experiences and close contact with the world's pulse. It is not for the sloth nor for the sloven, not for the conscienceless nor for the unprepared. Without real qualifications for it, the ambitious young person would better seek some other life-work.

Many of the important points of the essay are necessarily untouched in these extracts. The topic is one which may be treated at length and yet leave much of interest and value unsaid.

Miss Katherine Busbey's book about the Americans may have a good effect just now in making English people understand that the system of hiring spies to gather society gossip for the newspapers is not universally practiced in this country, in spite of the recent disclosure that this system was being practiced by an American woman in London. Miss Busbey says in her book that the ordinary society news in such a city as Washington is generously furnished by the hostesses, both those who are in an established position and the "hack-street hostesses who have only ambition," and no money.

The Rush Hour

As long as this old world swings on its orbit, just so long will the rush hour continue. It is as much a part of the early morning and evening as the rising and setting of the sun. It is also the finest thermometer of business conditions ever dreamed of. Statistics prove that the problem of the rush hour has never been solved, despite every effort put forth by street-car companies in the great cities. It is the peculiarity, the outgrowth of progressive municipalities.

It was a year ago this month that Mr. Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railroads, said in addressing a meeting of representatives of improvement clubs at the Merchants' Association:

"It is a fact that the street railroads of America handle so many million passengers a year that to state them in round figures would carry no impression to the human mind. The city of New York alone handles daily more passengers than all the steam railroads.

"Now, we handle on the United Railroads alone about 100,000,000 passengers a year. In handling that large crowd, there are the inefficient, the careless, the thoughtless, the self-absorbed, the rude, the men who are not willing to help their neighbors in the gradual movement of travel. The penalty you pay for increasing population is increasing travel and increasing crowds upon your cars. It is not difficult to find a seat for every man in a sparsely-settled community, but it is a fact that there is not a city of 500,000 population in the United States in which there is not a congestion and crowds upon the corners of the streets during the busy hours of the afternoon.

"It is one of the things that is inherent in the transportation business of America. You go to a great city like New York—and this city will become great in the course of time as population presses, because I believe that it is destined to be one of the greatest centres of population in the world—and you find congestion and difficult travel. * * * With all the history of the past few years behind us, with the disaster overcome, there never was a brighter day dawning for San Francisco than is dawning now. But you gentlemen must pay the penalties of increasing population. You can not be great without the burdens of greatness.

"Now, one of the first burdens of greatness it has been found necessary to recognize in every city of any size in this country is to recognize that the right-of-way of your railroad must be kept open, not because you are catering to a monopoly when you are doing it, but because the man who carelessly drives his wagon across the right-of-way of a railroad and stops it for ten minutes may inconvenience 10,000 people. It may not be thought of by the men who ride, but a successful railroad is an endless chain, with your units of carriage running on a half-minute headway, as they do on Market Street, or two minutes' or three minutes' headway, as they are on other streets, and your units should be equidistant from each other; let any obstruction come upon the right-of-way, and if there is a half-minute headway and a ten-minute obstruction, it means a congestion of twenty cars."

The United Railroads are endeavoring to handle traffic with every facility, and to this end are bringing out from the East 80 of the new pay-as-you-enter cars, and the first consignment will arrive here soon. They will mark a new era in street-cars on the coast.

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SEEN IN "HAVANA."

On the play-bill at the Savoy Theatre this week one may read the names of seven people, who are responsible in some measure for the creation of that amusing bit of froth entitled "Havana." However, it is sufficient to give the main credit to Leslie Stuart, composer of "Florodora." From the title we may hope-fully infer that various tropical beauties will diversify the flowery vistas that we, of course, know to be indigenous to that Pearl of the Antilles that Señor Bombito calls "Cuber." At least I think it was Señor Bombito, but one can never be sure of identities in musical comedy.

I have always adored that remark made by Shylock, when he discovered that Jessica had eloped with Lorenzo, a few little trifles of money, and a certain precious ring, which, mourns Shylock, "I would not have given (it) for a wilderness of monkeys." I sometimes think that that truly delightful phrase "a wilderness of monkeys" would apply with peculiar felicity to the prize performers in musical comedy. They are generally remarkably clever, often exceedingly musical, and more often than not they can foot it lightly in or out of my lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasantries of a lute. But they cut monkey antics, mentally and physically, which appeal to our more monkeyish sensibilities.

To save my life I could not specify why Powers is funny. But funny he is, in an irrational, going-off-at-a-tangent, monkey-like way that sets one off in gales. I don't know whether it is his broken-hearted voice, or his South-sea-island expression of simple savage bliss, or the various expressions which ripple over his legs, or the convulsions which appear under his sweater, or the swiftness with which he changes from one kind of monkey to another, or the perpendicularly, during strenuous moments, of his front locks, or the rapidity of his mental and material zigzags, or the Mark Twain-like ramblings of his joke-beckled discourse, or the deft insinuations of his peculiar pantomime; but whenever he is on the stage, dull care be-gones, and we all join hilariously in shouts of the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.

For, during a performance of "Havana," no one can possibly think for one moment. The thinking machinery stretches itself out peacefully, and goes off into a state of som-nolence. True, our senses are apt to share in this somnolent condition when Powers is off the scene. There is no bright, particular star among the women, no subordinate but talented comedian among the men, to still keep the thorns crackling under the pot of bubbling mirth when he is not present.

Helen Darling has evidently been chosen for the rôle of Consuelo, the Cuban belle, because she is handsome and has a figure. But the lack of resonance in her voice corresponds with the lack of magnetism in her mental make-up.

As for the chorus, I couldn't tell, if I had to pass an examination upon which my living depended, which are the cigar girls, which the cigarette girls, and which the newspaper girls. It doesn't seem to matter. All we know is that there are plenty of girls—and their costumes are so pretty and becoming that when the trio with aprons of shaded silk made rapid transits-of-Venus across the stage, with backward smiles toward Van Dusen, the girl-stalker, they had a fictitious air of extreme prettiness that subsequent inspection didn't seem quite to bear out. Which amounts to a compliment to them on the success of their smiles and their dashing transits. I thought that repetition of the girl-business with Van Dusen very fetching and amusing, and Arthur Demers, in spite of his unintelligibility of speech, backed up the girls in doing his share of it so well that we were for the time compensated for the temporary absence of Powers from the scene.

Powers, by the way, has not laid out for him the usual happy comedian lot of kissing all the chorus girls. His Sammy Nix seemed to be in perpetual terror of being captured and borne off by "a skirt," and not even the brood of fledglings that sang "Hullo people, hullo!" won from him one solitary, red-headed kiss.

The fledglings are very young and tender; so young that, in spite of their over-developed millinery, they have undeveloped figures and voices. Their singing, indeed, is distinctly juvenile in tone, and their ridiculously youthful countenances are so childlike that one feels a sort of maternal desire to emulate Mother Hubbard with her brood: to spank

them all soundly and send them to bed. However, no doubt the poor little ephemera enjoy their brief hour before the public, and, probably, if they are good little girls, they help along the family exchequer, and are much more useful in the world than they seem to be, with their tiny persons decked out with stage daintiness of costume.

There is originality neither of situation nor treatment in "Havana"; it is just a manufactured musical comedy of the usual type; and I am inclined to think that that is what the average audience likes best. It is accustomed to a sentimental episode touched up with love ditties, pretty chorus girls going through be-ribboned and be-parasoled drills, a deliciously (sometimes) funny comedian, an attractive soprano, stray men and maids having side-shows of sentiment, comic or otherwise, glittering costumes, highly colored background, a large and numerous costumed population, a funny song or so, a pretty dance or so, and plenty of melodious music.

All these elements are faithfully provided in "Havana," except that there is something of a dearth of music, and a scarcity of good voices.

There is a scene representing a Cuban festivity in which the good-looking, purple young man who seemed to be the chief male singer of the company solemnly executed a very long ditty in words which by no stretch of the imagination could be considered intelligible. The audience gravely listened as attentively as if it knew what it was all about, and applauded the youth at the close because he had something of a natural voice, and audiences are always hungry for music. But I should suggest to the purple-clad youth that he immediately learn a few principles of the management and control of the voice, and simultaneously take a few lessons in stage articulation.

The fledglings have sung their youthful voices away; they just make a girlish twittering, but their twitterings are intelligible.

As for Powers, he makes no pretense of singing; he talks his songs, except for the final syllable, occasionally throwing in a funny bit of vocal caricature, for, whatever he does is funny—and Powers is the show.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Belasco's Golden West Girl.

Since the production of Puccini's opera, made from David Belasco's play, there has been much of reminiscence in the reviews. Mr. Belasco recently said of the play that he considered it his best work:

"I wrote 'The Girl of the Golden West' for two reasons: First, because most other plays of Western life seemed to me caricatures and I wanted to show the life of California in '49 as I knew it. Second, because the play was written for Blanche Bates and it was fitting that a play for Miss Bates, who is herself a daughter of the Golden West, should be of California. I had known her father, a veteran actor, in the years not very far following '49; and I had known her mother, too, in the setting in which their little girl, my future star, was born. I felt that no other actress could speak more feelingly that last line, 'the tag,' which I had already selected before a line of the play was written—the words which 'the girl' speaks. Starting for the East with her lover she looks her farewell to the Sierra Nevada Mountains: 'My beautiful land—my California.'

"The chief scene, those who have seen this play of California will remember, was that in which a girl had secreted her lover in a room overhead, and while a game of cards was in progress below, the blood flowing from his wound dripped down upon the table. That, in the estimation of some, was what made the play a melodrama. That incident not only could happen—but had happened. My father told me of it."

Sir Charles Wyndham is now in this country for the special purpose of completing details for the London production of Margaret Mayo's famous farce, "Baby Mine," which is booked to open in London at Wyndham's Criterion Theatre on February 23. Though he has searched high and low he has not been able to find any native English actress exactly suited to the part which Marguerite Clark is playing in New York and in which she has made the greatest hit of her career.

William Collier seems to have realized successfully in the farce, "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," written by himself and Edgar Selwyn. It is running smoothly in New York. William Collier, Jr., is a youthful member of the cast.

"Rosita" is the title of the new comic opera in which Fritz Scheff is soon to appear. The music for "Rosita" is by Victor Herbert and the book is by Katherine Stewart and Joseph Herbert.

Louis N. Parker's play, "Disraeli," was recently produced at Montreal. George Arliss has the name-part and will star in the piece.

If you desire California's choicest wines, ask your grocer or wine dealer for those produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Arcadians" is one of the recent New York musical productions and successes, a fact attested by its two years' run in that city. It comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, and the engagement is limited to two weeks. "The Arcadians" differs in all respects from the ordinary musical comedy of the day; perhaps its chief distinction is that it is particularly wanting in the old ordinary devices of musical comedy, and is especially free from slap-stick humor. During its long run in New York "The Arcadians" moved to three different theatres before the public could get enough of it. The company which will present the piece in this city ended its engagement at the New York Theatre on October 8, and has been making its way westward with the Golden Gate as its objective point in the tour of the United States. Musically, "The Arcadians" is far superior to any musical play that has been produced in recent years. Delightful, fanciful, swaying music charms the ear through the twenty-nine numbers which compose the score of this fantastic play. A beautifully gowned and well-trained chorus, with a wonderful cast of principals and a gorgeous scenic production are promised. The play is in three acts. The first scene shows the pastoral grassy glens of Arcadia, the second a reproduction of the famous Askwood race-track near London, and the third, an Arcadian restaurant. An augmented orchestra of twenty-five pieces will interpret the music appealingly.

There is one "Havana" which does not have to be located on the map. In fact it is here, there, and everywhere—at least every place which is designated as a big city, for this "Havana" is the musical play which was imported from the Gaiety Theatre, London, which ran for nearly two years in New York, and which will begin its second and last week in San Francisco at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday evening. Seats for the concluding performances of the engagement are going with a rush. "Havana" is undoubtedly one of the most conspicuous musical successes ever imported from England. Doubtless much of its success on this side has been due to the comedy element, which is chiefly the result of Mr. Powers' "book," for he revised the English script.

Fannie Ward, the famous English beauty, who will appear next week at the Orpheum, is one of the most popular of the younger actresses on the British stage and a great favorite in the exclusive social set in London. For eighteen months she appeared in one play in that city, and his late majesty, King Edward, and her majesty, Queen Alexandra, went to see her five times in it. All her gowns are designed by Lady Duff Gordon, the foremost modiste in the world. Miss Ward is the widow of Sam Lewis, the famous London multi-millionaire, and she is the possessor of a mansion in Berkeley Square, London, and a country estate adjoining that of Mr. William Waldorf Astor. Her jewels are celebrated throughout Europe. Miss Ward's contribution will consist of a sketch of originality and brilliancy, called "An Unlucky Star," which has been specially written for her, and in which she will have the support of a company of metropolitan players. Mignonette Kokin will give impersonations of comedienne of foreign lands. Since her last appearance here she has traveled extensively and she brings back many new types and impersonations. Redford and Winchester, two clever jugglers, and Galetti's Simian Circus, which consists of a remarkable troupe of trained monkeys in a skit called "A Day at the Country Fair," will be features of the coming bill. Porter J. White will return for one week only and present his one-act sketch, "The Visitor." Next week concludes the engagements of Amy Butler and Her Big Quartet and the Reed Brothers. It will also be the last of Frank Tinney, who is scoring a great laughing bit. The performance will conclude with a series of Motion Pictures specially imported for the Orpheum Circuit entitled "Lassoing Wild Animals in Africa," and depicting the daring exploits of the famous Buffalo Jones and his cowboys on the veldt and in the jungle.

"The Midnight Sons," Lew Fields's mammoth spectacular musical production, with George W. Monroe and an immense cast, will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy Theatre Sunday evening, February 19.

The closing performance of "The Girl in the Taxi" will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night.

Ruth St. Denis will make her first appearance in San Francisco next month, presenting her much-discussed Oriental dances.

Alice Russon, one of the principals in "The Arcadians," played in a great many of the London musical comedy successes at the Gaiety Theatre. A piquant personality and a fine contralto voice are the elements which are said to have made her an American as well as a London favorite.

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Admission—Men, \$2 - - - Ladies, \$1

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.

VANITY FAIR.

Every time we open our innocent blue eyes to the light of a new day we wonder what particular shine the New York suffragettes have been up to now. Busy little bees, they are never quiet for a moment. If Mrs. Belmont isn't distributing handbills on Broadway the chances are ten to one that she may be found elsewhere. And when Miss Milholland wearies of writing on the flagstones with a piece of chalk she is almost certain to be doing something else. And the others are just the same, only more so.

The latest dispatch from the seat of war says that Mrs. Belmont has opened a restaurant. In the first flush of excitement we nearly shouted "Votes for women," or words to that effect, but we checked ourselves in time. But just think of it! The details are not to hand—just the bare fact, but a tender imagination can do the rest. We see that dauntless woman hobbling down to East Thirty-Fourth Street and playing the humble rôle that shall never be humble any more. She is doing it for her sex, doing it for generations yet unborn and whose chances of getting horn are measurably lessening. Does she stand behind the cash register, or does she take the more active part of the waitress? May her voice be heard in earnest admonition to the geni of the kitchen to "hurry up with the ham and," or in the solicitous inquiry of "Teaorcowfy"? We must wait for these details, but in the meantime we know that Mrs. Belmont is at the post of duty and that her whole life is just made up of one confounded thing after another.

But in all seriousness, what does Mrs. Belmont think she is doing by opening a restaurant? No doubt we can get a fair lunch there if we have the necessary quarter, which is rarely the case, but what of that? In what way is the suffragette cause advanced by a restaurant?

We shall, of course, be told that a restaurant with a suffragette staff is proof positive that the vote will not disqualify women for domestic duties. It proves nothing of the sort, seeing that women have no vote. All that it does actually prove is the possibility of finding some half-dozen women who say that they want votes and who are yet able to boil eggs and make sandwiches. No one doubted it for a moment. It is unquestionable that many suffragettes have had a pious domestic upbringing and were taught culinary righteousness in the days of their youth. They have hackslid, more's the pity.

Probably a great many women will still be able to cook even when they have votes. Men have votes, and men are far better cooks than women. They will continue to make dresses and costumes after they have the vote, for, once more, men have votes, and men make far better dresses and costumes than women do. The richer the woman the more certain she is to hire a man both to cook her dinners and to make her dresses. Therefore Mrs. Belmont's restaurant seems to lack point. But she means well.

It is strange that the public should continue to prattle about the tariff, Mr. Carnegie, and such like insignificances while directing hardly a glance toward the International Custom Cutters' Association lately in session at St. Louis. It only shows how we allow the herring to be drawn across the path while the Goth is at the gate, how we are tempted into trivialities while our liberties are filched from us.

This association ought to be nipped in the bud. It ought to be notified that no matter what new fashions it may devise we will not throw away our clothes until they are worn out. We might be persuaded to part our hair in the middle and tie it up behind with a pink ribbon, because that would cost nothing except self-respect, and we lost that long ago, but we will not throw away a pair of trousers that has been endeared to us by years of constant wear merely because a number of absurd tailors in St. Louis have decided to change the fashions on us. Not on your life.

And what a change it is. Take the case of the trousers. Henceforth, we are told, the trousers must be tight all the way up and down. Now that means no pockets in the nether garment because pockets imply protuberances, and protuberances will be intolerable in a close fit. The average citizen has five pockets in his trousers, and wishes he had five more. They will disappear at one fell swoop unless the tailors at St. Louis can be abolished first.

But there is worse to come. It is the ancient and time-honored custom of man when he changes his trousers to draw them off and on over his shoes. This is not generally known and is now published for the first time, but it is so. With the new trousers he will have to take off his shoes first, and that one fact ought to condemn the project. We don't mind taking off our shoes first when we go to bed, although there are occasions when that formality is wholly neglected, but we refuse to take off our shoes merely because we want to change our trousers.

There are other innovations that make the gorge rise. For example, we are not to be

padded at the sides, but "across the chest." What, in heaven's name, does the fellow mean? We are not proud of our sex, but neither are we ashamed of it. We have no false notions of male superiority, but envy is not among our many vices. We have no intention of aping a form that is not our own, and it is quite enough to have one in the family who keeps mysterious shapes in the left-hand top bureau drawer that disappear after breakfast. Of course we may be wrong. The tailors at St. Louis may mean something quite different, but our suspicions are somewhat confirmed when we read that our waists must be "close" and must "yield the effect of a corset." Close to what?

The London correspondent of the New York Sun has been doing a little press-agent work for King George, and incidentally making his majesty ridiculous. Presumably there is a certain order of mind that reads this kind of slush and imagines itself as basking in a sort of reflected royalty. It must be so or the Sun wouldn't print it.

The king, we are told, is making a "strong impression" on all who come in contact with him. People who come into contact with rulers are usually in a receptive or malleable state of mind, but was the fact worth telegraphing? As a matter of fact this sort of thing is only circulated because so many people are saying the contrary. No one ever said that King Edward made a "strong impression" on those who met him.

King Edward, we are further informed, often deferred to his son's judgment in the last years of his life. "What does George think?" was a frequent query of the late king. Now where did the Sun correspondent get that piece of priceless information? Presumably King Edward would not speak of the Prince of Wales as George except in the presence of his most intimate associates and no doubt the Sun reporter was one of them. Then comes an ecstatic paragraph about the king's liking to be alone in order that he may read serious books, his preference for the domestic life, and his determination to go to bed early, and we know by a sort of prophetic insight that a few lines more will bring us to the information that the king is practically a teetotaler, that he drinks a single glass of weak whisky and water, and that only on ceremonial occasions does he touch wine.

Of course the Sun man is just repeating what some one told him at a club, but he retails it all as though it were an observation of his own while lounging about the royal corridors and bedrooms. The game is simple enough. Even a detective could see through it. A number of ill-natured rumors were circulated to the effect that the king was not abstemious, and as his popularity has never

been great it was thought well to contradict them by a process well understood in England and by which scraps of information are allowed to reach the great army of social funkeys who are never so happy as when retailing scraps of this kind with the grandiose airs of personal observation. Press correspondents get their information from these club funkeys, and as funkeyism is contagious they speedily adopt the same air of aristocratic omniscience. And they cable the whole thing to New York for the funkeys and the gentlemen's gentlemen there.

It would be a pity if two great and enlightened nations such as America and England should go to war about the oyster, but there will be no help for it if the present recrimination should continue. The American does not like the English oyster, and he says opprobrious things about it. Then the Englishman retorts with equally contemptuous comments on the American hivalve, and the situation is growing so tense that it will soon be a case for The Hague tribunal.

The first blow was struck when some misguided person recommended the export of American oysters to England. Whether the suggestion was a piece of malice, whether it was intended to educate the British palate, or whether it was merely one of those harmless proposals with which our consular offices while away the tedium of a two-hour day will never be known, but the New York Times lifted up its voice on the wind and protested. It said that America had no oysters to spare for Englishmen to scoff at. It said that an Englishman does not know a good oyster when he tastes one. It said that an Englishman's idea of an oyster is a brown thing that tastes like copper. It said that it would take a whole generation to cultivate an Englishman so that he could appreciate a real oyster, and then it went on to say, in a fine and final whirl of rhetorical denunciation, that an Englishman knows nothing of a stewed oyster, or a roast or broiled oyster, and as for an oyster cocktail, he never heard of it.

The English nation kept still for a time. It was only stunned, not killed. Then it sent an Express reporter to the London office of the Times to know if the Times meant what it said. The American fleet had just been in the Thames, so the Times man replied that it did mean exactly what it said and that its command of profanity was not sufficiently great to express accurately its opinion of the English oyster. Then the Express man broke some furniture, jumped on his enemy's new silk hat, and went away to elaborate a plan of campaign.

He went to see Mr. Tabor, who lives in Billingsgate and who therefore has a certain fluency in the vernacular denied to those who

do not live in Billingsgate. Mr. Tabor is the highest dealer in oysters yet produced by Great Britain, and he was equal to the occasion. He said the American oyster tastes like sour milk and that it was just as well to stew, roast, or broil it if that was the most convenient way to hide its taste. The real important thing was to overpower its flavor by a stronger one. Stew the taste right out of it and it might then be eaten with impunity. Mr. Tabor went on to suggest that the American oyster might be tolerated by those who had never tasted the real thing, and who were therefore in a state of ignorance, but that it was a positive unkindness to offer an English oyster to American visitors, as it would lead them to be dissatisfied with that sphere of life to which it had pleased Providence to call them. Mr. Tabor said other bitter and disagreeable things of the same kind, and now we are awaiting a rejoinder from the Times.

Among the eccentric bequests in the will of the late Lady Meux is a legacy of \$15,000 to Lord George Cholmondeley on condition that he marry "a lady in society."

Of course \$15,000 is a good deal of money, but is it enough? The ordinary young scion of nobility can be trusted to spend a larger sum than this without serious inconvenience, and when the money is once gone how truly pitiable will be his position, for the "lady in society" will still be on his hands, and she will certainly not melt away like the money. Lord George Cholmondeley had better take thought for the morrow and above all do nothing rash. It is possible to pay too high a price even for \$15,000.

Known benefactions to education, religion, and charity during the year 1910 total \$163,516,125.62. Andrew Carnegie contributed \$20,516,000 of this amount, including his recent gift of \$10,000,000 toward the establishment of universal peace. John D. Rockefeller gave during the year \$15,132,000, which amount does not include the sum promised by the organization of the Rockefeller Foundation. Isaac C. Wayman, of Salem, Massachusetts, leads among the individual bequests to colleges with his gift of \$10,000,000 to Princeton University. Women were numbered among the large benefactors, among whom were Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. Mary W. Harriman.

"I don't like my new gown very well," said the young lady. "The material is awfully pretty, and the style is all right, but it needs something to improve the shape of it." "Why," suggested her dearest friend, "don't you let some other girl wear it?"—*Boston Globe*.

43d ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans on Real Estate.....	\$ 8,313,959.64	Reserve on Policies.....	\$18,128,589.36
Loans on Approved Collateral.....	1,043,772.48	Claims in Process of Adjustment.....	123,483.51
Loans to Policy-Holders....	3,163,168.12	Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance.....	116,765.94
Bonds and Stocks Owned..	5,712,286.85	Reserved for Taxes Payable 1911.....	71,549.42
Real Estate Owned.....	1,120,450.10	All Other Liabilities.....	179,128.72
Interest and Rent—Accrued	210,660.39	Total Liabilities.....	\$18,619,516.95
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums.....	820,493.46	Surplus to Policy-Holders..	2,145,671.32
Cash on Hand.....	380,397.23	Total.....	\$20,765,188.27
Total Admitted Assets.....	\$20,765,188.27		

Increase in Life Business in Force, 1910.....	\$5,973,789
Increase in Assets, 1910.....	2,335,983
Increase in Cash Income, 1910.....	586,237
Increase in Surplus, 1910.....	293,789
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders, 1910..	469,940

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A little child was seen walking around near "the hearded lady," at one of the side-shows at a county fair. The child being evidently on good terms with the harker, indicated to the onlooker that it was probahly related to the hewhiskered female, so she asked the child, "Is the hearded lady your mother?" "No," answered the child, "she is my father."

A man left his umbrella in the stand in a hotel recently with a card hearing the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left here by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not be back!"

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, at one of the dinners following the conservation congress in St. Paul, said of marriage: "It is true that some girls, marrying men to reform them, succeed. Some girls, too, fail. The hostess at a tea once said to a beautiful, sad-eyed woman: 'Are you fond of sports, Mrs. Blank?' Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes twinkled a moment. Then she sighed and answered: 'Well, I suppose I ought to be married one.'"

A month or so after Nat Willis's recent marriage, Mrs. Willis, formerly La Belle Titcomb, the hareback rider, was in the kitchen overseeing the breakfast preparations. "Nat," she called to her husband. No answer. "Nat!" she repeated. Again no answer. Five times, five no-answers. Entering the dining-room, Mrs. Willis saw her husband at table, absordedly reading a copy of the New York Journal. "My Gawd!" she sighed. "To think that I married a hookworm!"

After weeks of waiting and longing for the sport, rods, reels, gaff, creel—everything was in readiness for a week's trout-fishing. The young wife, smiling joyously, hurried into the room, extending towards her husband some sticky, speckled papers. "For goodness sake!" he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with those old fly-papers?" "I saved them for you from last summer," she answered. "You know you said you always had to huy flies when you went fishing!"

The wife of a wealthy business man of Chicago was the daughter of a policeman. As they grew rich, both she and her husband concealed the fact as much as possible, for the sake of their social prestige. At a luncheon several society women of high position had been talking about their families. "What was your father's business, Mrs. D?" was finally asked of the business man's wife. Mrs. D was not disturbed. "My father was in the copper business," she said with cool emphasis.

William Loch, Jr., at a dinner in New York, referred with a smile to the harsher and harsher penalties, even to imprisonment, that are now to be inflicted upon smugglers. "They take it hard, very hard, these smugglers," said Mr. Loch. "Revolted at the size of their fines, they make me think of George White, the chicken thief. 'What!' George shouted reproachfully on hearing his sentence. 'What! Ten dollars for stealin' that chicken? Why, jedge, I could 'a' hought a hetter hen for 50 cents!'"

Judge Hangar was spending a sunny autumn week in Atlantic City, and every morning on one of the piers he used to see a young person whose face looked most familiar. The judge prided himself on his memory for names and faces, and yet somehow, though she always studiously avoided his eye, he stopped and addressed her with courtly politeness. "Pardon me, miss," he said, "your features are familiar, but, strangely enough, I can not recall the circumstances under which we met. Yet I certainly remember our having met somewhere." "Remember!" cried the young woman, and she rose from among her friends with angry and aggressive air. "Remember, you old scallawag! Well, you ought to remember. It's not a year since you gave me eight months in the pen, and for two cents I'd pitch you over the railing into the water!"

At a recent dinner given by Andrew Carnegie, an eminent lawyer, seated half-way down the table, was deeply immersed in conversation with his neighbor when the host opened up the subject of the British coinage system and showed signs of wishing undivided attention. "Every other civilized nation," he declaimed, "has the decimal system, while England adheres to the absurd and cumbrous table of pounds, shillings, and pence." Rap-rap-rap. The raps were for the lawyer, who remained absorbed in his own conversation. "And even farthings," continued the iron-master, "Is there anything else in finance so ridiculous as the farthing?" Rap-rap. The lawyer glanced around somewhat impatiently. "Judge G—," Mr. Carnegie called

out, "why do the British continue their coinage of farthings?" "To enable the Scotch to practice benevolence, Mr. Carnegie," returned the lawyer.

They were out together in the early morning and had the golf links to themselves. A curious pair—a portly city merchant new to the game, with an immense idea of his own skill and importance, and his caddie, a typical street gamin, small, hut sharp as a needle. The desperate efforts of his employer to make a record drive caused the caddie some amusement, mingled with pity and contempt, yet he held his peace. At last, however, after the novice had plowed up the turf around the hall without moving it, the gamin blurted out: "Guv-nor, if I'd known you was coming to dig for worms I'd ha' brought a spade. We'd ha' done it quicker."

THE MERRY MUSE.

All Off.

Gaby Des Lys,
Here's the tale that they tell,
Has put the kibosh
On the young Manuel;
She has trun him down cold.
She has trun the king down!
Oh, what is a king
When he hasn't a crown?
And what in the world
Is a poor girl to do
When wooed by a kinglet
Who hasn't a sou?
She kicked off his crown,
Kicked his throne down the stair
And left Manuel
Hanging up in the air;
His love dream is over,
He's crushed by his fall,
And somehow or other
We don't care at all.

—Houston Post.

Missing.

I lay down my fresh morning paper,
I drop it at once from my hand;
No thrilling account of his caper
Appears there to stir up the land,
There's nothing on roses or rabies,
There's nothing on taxes or teeth,
There's nothing on ballots or babies,
No sword is a-clank in its sheath—
It makes me feel terribly solemn;
No longer he fills the first column.

I used to get up every morning
And read while my breakfast grew cold
A blending of promise and warning,
A mixture of praising and scold;
I used to call out to my neighbor:
"Well, here be is at it again!"
Alas, he has beaten his sabre
Into a contributing pen.
It makes me tremendously solemn
To miss him now in that first column.

He hasn't gone up with the flyers,
He hasn't whizzed out on the train,
He hasn't named four or five liars,
He simply is not raising Cain!
Why, bang it! it doesn't seem proper
A paper like this to peruse!
There's nothing comes out of the hopper
Except the day's run of the news.
I stand here with countenance solemn
And ask why be left the first column.

So sudden it was—in a minute
That column relinquished his name.
One day he was certainly in it,
Next morning it wasn't the same.
It interferes some with my eating;
There's nothing hut items to read—
No speaking, or parting, or greeting,
No frazzles, or challenge to heed.
By gracious! I've felt mighty solemn
Since he fell out of the first column!
—Jefferson Toombs, in Harper's Weekly.

Cactus Center's Jingo.

A feller blowed among us, from across the Texas way,
He claimed to be a cowboy, but war talk was his lay;
He'd barp upon the chances of a big war with Japan
Till he had us plannin' battles and enlistin' to a man.

He sure was most convincin' when upon his special line;
He had the strength of navies and the fightin' units fine;
We clean forgot our poker, and the run of drinks was light,
When we sat around and listened to this jingo talkin' fight.

But the stranger got to fussin' with old Chinese Jim one day,
And the Oriental slapped him, and jest took his gun away.
Whereupon Bear Hawkins murmurs: "Boys, I sure am plum surprised
That this imitation Hobson ever got us hypnotized."

So we organized a Peace Club, and we all swore to the pact,
And to shoot the jingo's bootheels was our first official act;
And he faded o'er the cactus in the fallin' shades of night,
And we know the joy of livin' now that no one's talkin' fight.

—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

Appropriate Valentines.

Heart-shaped candy boxes filled with the most delicious candies—at once a "message" and a gift. She'll like this kind of valentine the best. Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....THREE MILLION DOLLARS

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Owned by the Stockholders of Mercantile National Bank of San Francisco

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

464 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,755; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being a part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND—Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwestwardly from the southwestwardly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwestwardly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit; a judgment and decree of this Court adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all of the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title to said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
SAVINGS (THE GERMAN BANK) COMMERCIAL
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed Capital\$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds... 1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund..... 109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910..... 42,039,580.06
Total Assets44,775,559.56

OFFICERS—President, N. Oblandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Oblandt, Daniel Meyer, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse, and W. S. Goodfellow.
MISSION BRANCH, 2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22d Streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Mgr.
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The Anglo and London Paris National Bank
N.W. cor. Sutter and Sansome Streets

Capital.....\$4,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits... 1,700,000

SIG. GREENBAUM, President; H. Fleishacker, Vice-President and Manager; Joseph Friedlander, Vice-President; C. F. Hunt, Vice-President; R. Alschul, Cashier; A. Hochstein, Asst. Cashier; C. R. Parker, Asst. Cashier; W. H. High, Asst. Cashier; H. Chornoff, Asst. Cashier; G. R. Burdick, Asst. Cashier; A. L. Langerman, Secretary.

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all of the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title to said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiffs:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week opened pleasantly for the younger society set with the *bal masque* of the Monday Assembly at Century Hall, of which the patronesses are Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. W. T. Sesson, and Mrs. Randolph Whiting.

On Tuesday night the meeting of the Skating Club afforded entertainment for the members and their friends; Miss Miriam McNear was hostess at a bridge tea at the Fairmont Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott gave a dinner for the Irwin-Crocker bridal party; Miss Cora Smith and Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave debutante luncheons, and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson gave a large bridge party at the Fairmont Hotel.

Wednesday had for its social record the Gaiey Club dance and a number of brilliant dinners preceding it.

Thursday was given over to Miss Helen Jones's luncheon, Mr. Raphael Weill's dinner at the Bohemian Club, and the bridge tea that Miss Ethel McAllister gave for Miss Maud Wilson.

On Friday night the Assembly of the Friday Night Club at Century Hall rounded out a week of pleasure, planned largely for the members of the younger set.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons have announced the engagement of their daughter, Florence, to Mr. Perry Evans, son of Judge and Mrs. Oliver Evans of Berkeley. The announcement was made at a tea on Thursday given by Mrs. Henry Gibbons.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Sylvia Talbot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Talbot, and Mr. Alfred Rosenstirn, son of Dr. Julius Rosenstirn. No date has been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Anderson and Ensign W. L. Calhoun, U. S. N., took place Monday evening at St. Luke's Church. Rev. Edward Morgan performing the ceremony. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Sue Anderson, and Paymaster E. H. Tebeau, U. S. N., acted as best man.

The wedding of Miss Janet Deal and Mr. Alan Dimond took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. F. Deal, on Saturday afternoon. It was a small, quiet affair, and the marriage service was read by Rev. Frederick Clappett. After a honeymoon trip in the south, Mr. Dimond and his bride will make their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sibson, of Portland, Oregon, announce the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Alice Sibson Winslow, to Mr. Edmund Lincoln Devereaux on Saturday, February 4, 1911.

Invitations have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Minthorne M. Tompkins for a reception on Saturday, the 18th, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, at 1922 Franklin Street, the residence they are occupying for the winter. The Tompkins country home in San Anselmo is almost a landmark in Marin County. They have lived there for forty years, and the members of the old California families will recall their many hospitalities.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained at a dinner on Monday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Colonel and Mrs. F. S. Denny. The other guests were Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Major and Mrs. Haldimand P. Young, and Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman.

Mrs. J. E. Poillon was hostess at a tea in the Laurel Court at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. G. Ley Vernon of London, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, Major B. Winslip, and Mr. G. Long.

The Gaiey Club gave their one dance of the season at Century Hall on Wednesday evening, and it was accounted one of the most enjoyable affairs of the winter.

Mr. Tevis Blanding was host at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday in honor of Miss Marion Dickson. The affair was chaperoned by Mrs. F. W. Dickson. Those present were Miss Cora Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, Miss Kate Peterson, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Helene Stoney, Miss Louise Wallach, Miss Jane Easton, Miss Louise Easton, Miss Helen Dixon, Mr. Gordon Tevis,

Mr. Lansing Tevis, Mr. Sherwood Chapman, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Irving Richter, Mr. Ward Maillard, Mr. Harry McAfee, and Mr. Ferdinand Peterson. Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott entertained at an elaborate dinner at their home at Burlingame on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Helene Irwin and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Edward W. Kittredge entertained at dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday night, at which Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes were the complimented guests. Among the others present were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith of Oakland, Mrs. George Willcutt, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Toy, Mr. and Mrs. George Batchelder, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Postlethwaite, Mrs. Eleanor Doe, Mrs. Charles Abbott, Mr. Frederick Hall, and Mr. Walter P. Johnson.

A brilliant reception at the Officers' Club at the Presidio on Saturday evening was in the nature of a farewell to Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, who sailed on Tuesday for the Philippines, and a welcome to Colonel and Mrs. Wisser, who have just arrived at the post. The formal reception was followed by a dance. In the receiving line were Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Wisser, Major and Mrs. Charles St. John Chubb, Major and Mrs. Ira P. Haynes, Major and Mrs. E. A. Millar, Colonel Clarence Deems, Captain P. A. Murphy, Captain and Mrs. A. S. Morgan, Captain J. C. Goodfellow, and Captain and Mrs. L. S. Chappalaer.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening, at which she entertained for Miss Myra Josselyn.

Miss Dora Winn was hostess at a bridge party at her home on Friday afternoon in honor of Miss Cora Smith. The guests included Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Ernestine McNear, and Miss Florence Williams.

The dance at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday evening was attended by a number of the younger set from San Francisco, among whom were Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Janet Painter, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Mr. Fred Johnson, Mr. William Hough, Mr. Bliss Hermann, Mr. Jerd Sullivan, Mr. James Kennedy, Mr. Fred St. Goar, Lieutenant Simpson, and Mr. Joseph King.

Miss Marguerite Doe presided at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday in honor of Miss Esther Denny of Washington, D. C., who is spending the winter here. Among those who enjoyed Miss Doe's hospitality on this occasion were Miss Dora Winn, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Marian La Tourette, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Edith McRae, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Mrs. Laurence Kaufman, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Mary Hall, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, and Mrs. Frederick V. Stott.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford was hostess at a tea on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Christian Miller and Miss Margaret Belden. Mrs. Ford was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. William B. Sherwood. Among her guests were Miss Ethel Johnson, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Minna Van Bergen, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Helen Brewer, Miss Ysobel Brewer, and Miss Marie Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant were hosts Friday evening at a dinner-dance in honor of Miss Helene Irwin and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. The guests at the dinner that preceded the cotillon were Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Douglas Grant. One hundred additional guests were invited for the dance.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained for the debutantes on Friday in honor of Miss Dorothy Woods and Miss Margaret Carrigan. Her guests were Miss Marian Miller, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Marian La Tourette, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, and Miss Gertrude Thomas.

Mrs. John Kittle was hostess on Monday evening at the Willis Davis home on Scott Street, where the Kittle family are spending the winter. The guests included a group of the debutante set.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson entertained the members of a bridge club on Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, who have just returned from Europe, were hostesses at an informal tea in the Laurel Court at the Fairmont Hotel on Sunday afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, Mrs. Josiah Howell, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Olive Craig, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Augusta Fonte, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Helene Stoney, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Ethel Shorb, Mr. Otto Grau, Lieutenant McIntyre, Mr. Herbert Bonfield, Mr. George Willcutt, Mr. Frank Gring, Mr. William Leib, Mr. George Leib, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. John Gallois, Mr. Ernest Maillard, Mr. Jack Geary, Mr. Harry McAfee, Mr. Stanford Gwin, Mr. Felton Elkins, and Mr. Joseph Rosborough.

Mrs. Robert Dean was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, at which she entertained Mrs. Orlov Block, Mrs. David Fairbanks, Mrs. Thomas West, Mrs. George Marsden, Mrs. John White, Mrs. Frank Schumaker, Miss Gertrude Mills, Miss Florence Cornell, and Miss May Ainsa.

Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond was hostess at a bridge party and tea at her home on Pacific Avenue on

Monday, at which she entertained a score of guests.

Mrs. James Farrell and Mrs. James Shea were hostesses at a handsome tea at the Palace Hotel on Monday complimentary to Mrs. Tasker Bliss and Mrs. Frank Denny. Their guests included Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. James Goewey, Mrs. Eleanor Doe, Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mrs. James Mee, Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. J. Highland, Mrs. L. Ward, Mrs. C. Hittell, Mrs. J. Clifford, Mrs. Henry Tricou, Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Frederick Day, and Mrs. J. D. Peters.

Mrs. George Kelham entertained one hundred guests at tea at the Palace Hotel on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Percy Moore entertained at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Jane Selby. The affair took place at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. Raphael Weill entertained at a dinner at the Bohemian Club Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Weill, who are spending a few weeks here from their home in Paris.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Ernestine McNear.

Miss Gladys Poillon entertained at a theatre party followed by tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday. In the party were Mrs. Billingslea, Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Elizabeth Billingslea, Miss Eleanor Bliss, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Rhoda Niebling, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Lola Davis, and Miss Jones of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening at their home on Washington Street preceding the Gaiey Club dance.

Miss Hannah du Bois and Miss Emily du Bois entertained at an informal tea on Sunday afternoon at the Knickerbocker, where they are spending the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained a house party over the week end at their Burlingame home, in honor of Miss Myra Josselyn.

The sub-debutante set enjoyed the pleasure of a dance of the Junior Assembly on Friday evening at Century Hall. The affair was chaperoned by the patronesses, Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Van Dyke Johns, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Eugene Lent, and Mrs. Frank Wilson.

Precisely when a painter or a musician or a sculptor is an American is a conundrum (says the New York Sun). There's John Sargent, for example, who is so proudly claimed by us as true blue Yankee; possibly because he was born in Florence and studied in Paris. His art is French, his brush work is Gallic, his way of envisaging character is wholly individual; but since Whistler's death he is referred to as the greatest living American painter. What is really American about his work? Was Whistler, any more than Poe, American? Is Victor Herbert's music American? We mean his serious, not his light efforts. Herbert is Irish, he studied his art in Germany, and in spirit he is more patriotic than a score of Albany politicians. Sir Benjamin West painted very British pictures, and he was a Quaker, hailing from Philadelphia; Gilbert Stuart, horn in England, was more American. He lived here, and his portraits fairly breathe the national type. The two greatest living engravers on wood, Timothy Cole and Henry Wolf, are English and Alsatian respectively, yet we claim both, and rightly, as American artists. What, then, is an American artist?

The members of Islam Temple, Nohles of the Mystic Shrine, will give their first annual ball next Thursday evening, February 16, at the new and beautiful Scottish Rite Temple, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street. As this will be the first function in the new hall the Shriners and their ladies are anticipating an enjoyable and interesting evening. The floor is of maple, laid octagonally, and the hall room ninety by sixty-five feet, so that dancing will be a pleasure. It is said that it is the most beautiful auditorium in the United States. Illustrious Potentate Francis V. Keesling with Mrs. Keesling will lead the grand march at nine o'clock.

In the royal cellar books in Munich the history of every bottle of wine is recorded from the day it enters. Recently the cellars gave up a bottle of Steinwein made in 1540. It was still good, that is, not turned to vinegar, but it was not palatable. The wine expert who vouches for this statement says that at this time the port of '63 and '68 is the best; that of '47 was better ten years ago than now. The claret of '78, and the champagne of '98 and 1900 he considered the best in each class.

The Pacific Union Club is now at home in its new club-house, the reconstructed and enlarged Flood mansion on California and Mason Streets, just east of the Fairmont Hotel. It is probably the handsomest club-house in the country if not in the world, and is as nearly perfect in appointments as one can be made.

A Candy-Filled Valentine.

A most appropriate Valentine. Dainty satin or paper, heart-shaped boxes filled with sweets. Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

WANTED—Position as traveling companion by a lady of culture who wishes to go East. No objection to children. Highest references. Address Box H, Argonaut office.

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A Boarding and Day School for Girls

Accredited by the University of California, by Leland Stanford Junior University, and by Eastern colleges. Special courses in study are also offered.

Lessons in Drawing and Painting, in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

A course of lessons on Harmony is given each week by Prof. Wm. J. McCoy of the University of California, and is open to students outside the school.

Courses of lessons in Household Economics, with all the appliances for cooking, etc., are given each week by Miss Alice McLearn, a graduate of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and are open to students outside the school.

Classes in Camp-cooking are open to boys over fourteen years of age on Saturday forenoon or after three o'clock in the afternoons.

For further particulars, address MISS SARAH HAMLIN, 2230 Pacific Avenue.

School reopened January 9, 1911.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

about 1200 acres of the richest land in the State; located about 8 miles west of Stockton; electric power, river and railroad transportation; fully protected against overflow; a fine dairy proposition; ideal for subdivision; rents for \$20 per acre. For particulars address A. B., Apt. 6, 1240 California Street, San Francisco.

EUROPE—Unlimited experience abroad; 5 years' traveling experience in Europe and northern Africa; would like to conduct or chaperon party the coming summer; knowing all routes and cities thoroughly, can travel leisurely at moderate expense; gilt edge references. Address H. E. Spooner, 2247 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, California.

The Woodland Hackney Stud

offers a few choice Saddle Horses, several combination animals, and matched teams of their own breeding. All thoroughly mannered. Prices reasonable.

Address - - WOODLAND, CALIFORNIA, or No. 818 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco

For Rent—Furnished

Elegant furnished House, best residential district. Party going to Europe. Three baths, every modern convenience. Address Box B, Argonaut office, or telephone party direct, West 4970.

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PALACE HOTEL

Entirely rebuilt since the fire.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

The finest residence hotel in the world. Overlooking the San Francisco Bay and Golden Gate.

The two great hotels that have made San Francisco famous among travelers the world over.

Palace Hotel Company



Hotel del Coronado

Motto: "BEST OF EVERYTHING"

Most Delightful Climate on Earth

AMERICAN PLAN

\$4.00 per day and upward

Power boats from the hotel meet passengers from the north on the arrival of the Pacific Coast S. S. Co. steamers.

Golf, Tennis, Polo, and other outdoor sports every day in the year.

New 700-foot ocean pier, for fishing. Boating and Bathing are the very best. Send for booklet to

MORGAN ROSS, Manager,

Coronado Beach, Cal.

Or see H. F. NORCROSS, Agent,

334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.

Tel. A 6789; Main 3917.

HOTEL NORMANDIE

Sutter and Gough Sts. - - San Francisco, Cal.

High order Hotel. Fine Air, Elevation, Location. Five minutes from San Francisco's lively centre. Well liked by ladies. American plan \$3.00 and up, per day. European plan \$1.50 and up, per day.

THOS. H. SHEDDEN, Manager

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The only baking powder made with Royal grape cream of tartar

No alum, no lime phosphate. These, the principal elements of the low priced baking powders, are derived from bones, rock and sulphuric acid.

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Honorable and Mrs. John Ward, arrived on Saturday from London, and will spend several weeks at the Mills country home at Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, of San Francisco and Washington, will leave the latter city for California on February 21. They will be accompanied by Miss Doyle of Washington and Miss Esther Moreland.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough (formerly Miss Elizabeth Newhall) have sailed from New Orleans for Panama.

Miss Mabel de Noon and her sister, Mrs. Emma de Noon-Lewis, are expected this week from Europe, and while here will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Peters will leave on Thursday to spend two weeks at their home in Stockton.

Mrs. Edgar J. Benedict, who has been in the East for several months, has returned and is occupying her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Commodore Harold K. Hines, U. S. N., Mrs. Hines, and Miss Hines have arrived from Philadelphia, and will make their home at Mare Island for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Spilvalo have come to the city for the remainder of the season, and are at the Bellevue.

Miss Georgia Hammon left Sunday for Santa Barbara, where she will spend a month.

Miss Enid Gregg spent several days last week at Mare Island as the guest of Mrs. Lawrence Kauffman.

Mrs. Isaac Irwin of the Presidio is still in Detroit, where she is being detained by the serious illness of her mother.

Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York has been at the Hotel St. Francis for several weeks, where she has been greeted by her friends. She came to the Coast to be present at the wedding of her son, Mr. Parmer Fuller, and Miss Adeline Wright, which takes place February 15 at Pasadena.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and her daughters, Mildred and Laura, returned Monday from Santa Barbara. The Misses Baldwin will leave in a few weeks for Europe, where they will spend the spring months with their aunt, Mrs. J. B. Wright.

Mrs. James McNah is expected home this week from the East, after an absence of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coryell have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend the next two months.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Miss Marian Zeile returned Friday from Yosemite, where they went to enjoy the winter scenery in the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve have returned from the East, after having spent the greater part of the winter in Utica, New York. They have gone to their San Mateo home.

Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Mason, after a visit of a week at Coronado.

Miss Sidney Davis is again in New York, after a visit in Boston.

Mrs. E. D. McClanahan and Miss Justine McClanahan are planning to leave next month for Chicago, where they will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle will sail this week from New York to spend two years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., will go abroad in March for a motor trip on the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, Mrs. Clift, and Miss Jean Clift are in Egypt. Mr. Dudley Gunn has returned to college at Grenoble, France, after a visit in Dresden and Vienna.

Mrs. Alfred Barnat Adams is expected home shortly from Europe, where she has spent several months with her brother-in-law and sister, Conde and Condesa Labia of Venice.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heilman (formerly Miss Azalea Keyes) are enjoying a motor trip in the Austrian Tyrol.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lord, who are now at Monte Carlo, will spend the summer here in San Francisco.

Mrs. W. B. Hopkins, who has been abroad all summer, expects to return to San Francisco in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Woodward spent the month of January at the Hotel Regina in Paris.

Mr. George B. Sperry has returned from New York, where he and Mrs. Sperry spent part of the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Arno Dosch.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan is en route to San Francisco from Canada, and while here she will be the guest of Mrs. James Sperry.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr., were among the week-end guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. David Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) have arrived from their home at Aspen, Colorado, for a visit with Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dickheimer, of Baker, Oregon, were among the Del Monte guests last week, going on later to the country farther south.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Haas are at Del Monte for their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ley Vernon of London, who have been visiting in San Francisco, left this week for Santa Barbara and Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cookingham, of Portland, are at Del Monte.

Mary Garden has been engaged by an Eastern impresario for a short concert tour at the end of her engagements with the operatic companies in New York and Philadelphia.

Negotiations are now in progress regarding a short engagement here of Ferruccio Busoni, the most sensational pianist now before the public.

People desirous of speaking French and Spanish in *shortest time* should see Prof. De Filippé; located at 1212 Geary Street.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Consoler.

Time comes to grief as Sleep to weariness—
On silent sandals and with shadowy hair
Sleep bends to soothe the fretful daytime care,
And Time unto my grief shall do no less.
But yet a little and his hands shall press
Above the weeping eyes and close them there,
Above the trembling lips, till all despair
Lie like a sleeping child in his caress.
And when my sorrow wakes it will not be
My sorrow any more, for I shall smile,
Beholding it, to know it comforted;
No sorrow, hut a gracious memory
That still may walk with me a little while
At twilight, or when April boughs are spread.
—From "The Earth Cry and Other Poems," by
Theodosia Garrison.

The Trees.

The beauty laid on the green spreading trees
A joy forever is; their great houghs bold
Are mighty as the arms with which of old
The gods hurled thunder down the centuries.
Their leaves that finger the immortal breeze
Forever leave, unfinished and untold
The rosy sweet of silver and of gold
That throbs and pulses in the songs of bees
And glad enraptured birds. Such mystery hides
In their quick shadows beautiful and free
That dance in gayety on the warm sod;
Such healing in their fragrance ever hides
As breathes from out the deeps of the salt sea,
Or shakes from out the wild wind's robes of
God!
—Edward Wilbur Mason, in the Craftsman.

Danae's Song.

Thou, whom the gray seas have more fierce than
they,
O bitter Love! Have pity on his weeping,
Smite me with pain; lo, I am all thy prey.
Sleep thou, my son, as all the world is sleeping;
Sleep thou, my babe; and sleep, thou cruel sea;
And sleep, O grief, within the heart of me.

Bitter thy fruit, O Love, thy crown is pain!
Sweet were thy words to me, thy soft caresses.
Child of my heart, O gain beyond all gain,
Sleep, while I shelter thee with arms and tresses!
Sleep thou, my babe; and sleep, thou cruel sea;
And sleep, O grief, within the heart of me.

Yea, I am thine, O Love. I am thy spoil!
Sleep thou, my son, sleep softly till the morrow!
Love, who hast snared me in thy golden toil,
Still the loud seas though thou still not my
sorrow!
Sleep thou, my babe; and sleep, thou cruel sea;
And sleep, O grief, within the heart of me.
—Frederic Manning, in the Forum.

Necromancy.

What necromancy lies in little things.
A yellow rose, set in a yellow jar,
Smiled through the window of a city shop,
And lo! the hot street vanished, and the voice
Of blatant commerce suddenly was hushed:
I seemed to walk along cool corridors,
Where fountains played, and priceless statues
gleamed;
Out from an alcove tiptoed tender notes
Of harp strings lightly touched; a woman laughed;
And silken garments, kissing marble floors,
Exhaled a fragrance subtle as their sound.
No discords marred the harmony of life;
Beauty, and mirth, and music made the world.
What necromancy lies in little things.

What necromancy lies in vagrant airs.
Idle and happy, basking in the sun,
Where art with nature held high carnival,
One summer day, there fell upon mine ear
A half-forgotten melody. It flayed
My heart out into strings, whereon the hand
Of Pain strummed misereres; and the light,
Spilling upon earth from flawless skies,
Was changed, and charged with darkness. From
deep graves,
Dead sorrows rose, with mold upon their shrouds;
And in the eyeless sockets of their skulls
Burned old despairs. The haggard past stood
forth
And hid the radiant present from my sight.
What necromancy lies in vagrant airs.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Compilers of almanacs in France are legally responsible for the accuracy of their publications (according to the London *Chronicle*). This point was determined by a case tried in the days of Louis Philippe. Ouvrard, a well-known army contractor, fell into difficulties, and was severely pressed by his creditors. According to French law debtors can not be arrested between sunset and sunrise. One evening Ouvrard sallied forth in quest of fresh air, and was seized by a bailiff as he stepped out of his house. He protested, and produced an almanac, showing that it was three minutes past sunset. The bailiff produced another almanac, showing that the sun did not set for another nine minutes. On his release from prison Ouvrard sued the publisher of the almanac which had misled, and obtained damages.

There are now 400,000 words in the English dictionary, exclusive of foreign languages. Back three centuries Shakespeare carried about in his head five times as many words as the dictionary then contained; today it has a hundred words for every one which a good writer will use. The great gains in the number of words recorded within the last fifty years have, of course, come from a minute raking over of all accessible English documents and from special branches of human labor, particularly the sciences, in which changing conditions have made necessary hosts of new terms.

The Josef Hoffmann Concerts.

The sale of seats for the three concerts to be given by that "poet of the piano," Josef Hoffmann, opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning. Of all the pianists who visit us, Hoffmann and Paderewski are the only ones who thus far have attracted the general public as well as music lovers and students. There is an appeal and charm about their work that attracts all who care for melody in any form.

Manager Will Greenbaum has secured the Columbia Theatre for the Hoffmann Sunday matinees, February 19 and 26, and the only evening concert will be given Thursday night, February 23, at Christian Science Hall.

At the opening concert the programme will consist of a group of four Beethoven works, including the short Sonatas, Op. 90 and Op. 26, a group of four Chopin works, and a group of six works by Russian composers. Numbers by Scriabine, Gabrilowitch, Liadow, Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein, and Tchaikowsky-Pahst will be given.

At the Thursday night concert the works will be selected entirely from Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt.

A special programme will be arranged for the farewell concert.

Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

In Oakland, Hoffmann will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, February 24, at 3.30.

Alessandro Bonci, Tenor.

Alessandro Bonci, the greatest living lyric tenor, and with the single exception of Caruso the highest salaried male artist in the world, will be Manager Greenbaum's first offering in March. But two concerts will be given, at the Columbia Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoons, March 5 and 12. Mail orders for these events will now be accepted.

Bonci sings in Oakland on Friday afternoon, March 10, and for this concert seats may now be ordered by addressing H. W. Bishop at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Notwithstanding the enormous fee guaran-


teed Bonci the prices will range from \$2.50 down to \$1.

Wagner seems to have had a singularly soft spot for the female characters in his operas (observes the *Musical Courier*). Only three of his women made the least pretension to wickedness—Venus, Ortrud, and Kundry—and none of them do any real or purposeful harm. Venus was seductive by profession, Kundry acted under the influence of Klingsor's spell, and Ortrud's spite represented merely pardonable ambition for her husband and herself. In their deaths, the Wagner women also were treated with consideration by the master, for they all perish of broken hearts or through suicide. No Wagner heroine ever murdered or was murdered. Richard of Bayreuth in a gallant musical mood, evidently escaped the attention of all his biographers and commentators, painstaking though they were.

The Greek Theatre of the University of California will offer but few professional attractions this season. Professor William Dallam Armes, the chairman, announces, however, two special programmes of music by the famous Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York, numbering over half a hundred artists, under the direction of Modest Altschuler, and assisted by four eminent vocal stars. These events are scheduled for the first week in May.

Kentucky has been designated as the bome of the mint julep, and its colonels have become famous all over the world for the easy and graceful way in which they drink whisky with a little dash of sugar and a sprig or two of mint in it. It transpires, however, that the real home of the mint and the mint julep is in Missouri, whose crop of mint last year amounted to enough to make more than a million juleps.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist who was the sensation of the musical season two years ago, will be heard here the last week of March.

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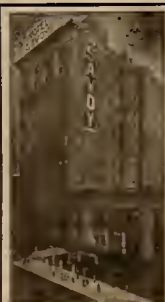
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How did such a man as he ever gain political power?" "I think he owns several waterfalls."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Mrs. Highupp—Your husband has changed so that I didn't recognize him. Mrs. Blasé—It isn't that. I've changed husbands.—*Puck*.

She (as the lights suddenly went out in the crowded car)—Oh, George! You shouldn't kiss me here! George—But—but I didn't.—*Life*.

"But why do you cry so, Frau Maier?" "The sight of Vesuvius reminds me so of my poor dear Henry; be, too, was always smoking."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?" "Will it make an angel of me?" "That will depend on the kind of a life you have led."—*Haustan Past*.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is a Chinese junk? Mr. Chugwater—It's a dish of chop suey. Haven't I told you that once or twice before?—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Is it true that Maude refused a man worth a million?" "It is." "Was she crazy, or in love?" "Neither. She accepted a man worth two million."—*Boston Transcript*.

Weary Walter—I lost 'arf a crown yesterday. Tired Timotheus—Did y' 'ave a 'ole in yer pocket? Weary Walter—No; the bloke wot dropped it beard it fall.—*Tit-Bits*.

"I flatter myself I've made a hit with this song. Er, by the way, who was the gentleman that was moved to tears and went out?" "That was the composer."—*London Tatler*.

"They tell me," said the fair widow, "that you are a student of human nature?" "Yes," admitted the old bachelor, "and I have learned a few things about women, also."—*Chicago News*.

Little Oyster (to companion floating in a bowl of milk)—Where are we? "At a church supper." Little Oyster—What on earth do they want of both of us?—*Milwaukee Free Press*.

"Your wife has received some sudden shock. What has happened?" "I don't know, doctor. I came home early last night—" "Ah, that presumably accounts for it."—*Washington Herald*.

"In three months from now," said the man, cheerfully, "I expect to own my own home." "How long," inquired his cynical friend, "is your wife expecting to be away?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Tall Saphamore—O'Frat is making all kinds of money writing jokes. Fat Junior—Writing jokes? Tall Saphamore—Yes; in his letters home he tells his father he leads his class.—*Chicago News*.

Johnny—Grandpa, do lions go to Heaven? Grandpa—No, Johnny. Johnny—Well, do ministers? Grandpa—Why, of course. Why do you ask? Johnny—Well, suppose a lion eats a minister.—*Life*.

Young Lady—You say you were on a raft for six weeks, and had nothing to eat but mutton. Where did you get the mutton from? Old Salt—Well, you see, miss, the sea was very choppy.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person. "No," replied Mr. Meekton, "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."—*Washington Star*.

The Lady—I thought you said you were looking for work. The Habo—Well, I am, mum. But I don't want to get it right now. I'm a detective, yer see, an' I'm jest after clegs today.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Do you think I could keep the wolf from the door by my singing?" asked the musical young man. "You could," replied Miss Cayenne, "if the wolf had any sort of an ear for music."—*Washington Star*.

"Then wealth doesn't bring happiness?" "No. Since we inherited money my people don't want me to loaf in the grocery. And I can't get no comfort out of loafing in a bank. The hours are too short."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"Do you think genius and insanity always go together?" "Oh, no. I am convinced that my husband is half crazy most of the time, but I've never seen him give the faintest gleam of genius."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Your friend is rather indelicate," remarked Mrs. Wombat. "Says she gave her husband some panatellas for Christmas." "What's wrong with that?" "I wouldn't think of mentioning sleeping garments in public."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Countryman (to boarding-house keeper)—And what time do you have dinner here? Boarding-House. Keeper—From twelve to three. Countryman—Oh, that'll suit me very well. I never liked hurrying over my meals!—*London Opinion*.

"Oh, my dear, what a pretty, cozy little home you have!" exclaimed a caller to an East End lady, the other day. "I should think you'd be perfectly happy in such a beautiful

place as this." "I am," beamed the hostess. "It really is a sweet place. Sometimes I actually feel like giving up my club work and living in it for a while!"—*Boston Traveler*.

Dissatisfied Patron—Gentle disposition! Why, he wants to bite the head off every dog he meets. I've been swindled! Dog Merchant—You didn't ought to keep dogs at all, mister. The animals you ought to keep wiv your temperament is silkworms!—*Punch*.

"Sixtane sbilluns a day did they charge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnon!" roared Sandy, indignantly, on his return to Croburch Burghs from a sight-seeing expedition. "Ou, aye, it wasna cheap," agreed his father; "but ye must 'a' had a gey fine time seein' the sights." "Seein' the sights!" roared Sandy. "I didna see a sicht a' the time I was in Lunnon. Mon, mon, ye dinna suppose I was going to be stuck that much for a room, an' then no get the proper use o't!"—*Tit-Bits*.



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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Degenerate, and Why!

Of course the San Francisco police force is demoralized and degenerate. How, in God's name, could it be otherwise? Some twelve years ago, under the rule of Abraham Ruef, we elected Eugene Schmitz mayor of San Francisco with authority over the police. By the election of Schmitz we gave over the police into the hands of Abraham Ruef for the enforcement of his system of blackmail and plunder. Then after the system had got into smooth working order, we re-elected Schmitz, to the still further demoralization of the police. Then two years later we still again elected Schmitz, thus reconfirming the lessons which previous had. Then came the Spreckels moral effects upon the police force gone before, because there was all its high pretensions, absolute contempt for moral standards and legal methods. Then came the Taylor régime, in which that fine gentleman, detective Burns, was permitted to boss the police force to his own ends. Then on top of all these repeated les-

sons in illegitimacy, illegality, and chicane, we elected P. H. McCarthy who put the police force under the hand of a saloon-keeper, an associate and friend of every infamy.

Now if the most degenerate and acute of minds had set about it to devise a discipline for the eradication of every normal and wholesome purpose, of every moral aim and every legitimate restraint in the police administration of San Francisco, he could not have arranged a curriculum better suited to his ends. Of course our police force is demoralized. Of course it is rotten. It has been recruited, instructed, drilled, whipped-in as an instrument of personal, political, malevolent and sinister aims. Nor will it be changed in a day. Even assuming that Mr. Seymour is all that he professes to be, even assuming that Mr. Seymour's authority is all that it ought to be, even affecting to believe that some things which we know to be black are white, still it would take years of elimination and reinspection to make of our police a decently moralized agency in the general municipal scheme.

The Task Before Us.

Every successful battle, said Napoleon Bonaparte, is fought upon an idea. So of every human enterprise. As our exposition shall be conceived, so will it be created, so will its character be determined. All of which is only a round-about way of saying that we must plan right and start right. There are mighty inspirations in time and circumstance. The event to be celebrated is indeed associated with high sentiments. There are in it the promptings of patriotism, the glories of achievement, an exhilarating assertion of material and moral powers. But, withal, it is an event whose outlook is chiefly upon things to come. It is conceived primarily in celebration of new and enlarged conditions in the material and moral life of the world. It is to inaugurate a new era.

This with all that is implied and promised in it must be the inspiration of the exposition if it is to be more or better than a mere fiesta. If there are to be in it the higher elements of dignity and power there must be high qualities of imagination in its conception. In other words, the idea back of it must be large and noble if the outcome is to be worthy and effective.

Happily the first need of the coming exposition has been supplied. There is money in sufficiency for large uses. The sums provided by the State, by the city of San Francisco, by private subscription, when supplemented by the expenditures of national, State, corporate, and private exhibitors will make an exposition equal to anything that the world has yet seen. But the best results can only be achieved under the guidance of judgment and responsibility in alliance with imagination and working force. And this brings us up to the second essential need of the enterprise, namely, that of personal organization. The ultimate responsibilities of the great work now to be undertaken should properly rest in hands justified and supported by universal confidence. That is to say, the president of the exposition company must be a citizen upon whom every element of the community may absolutely and cheerfully place its faith. Men of this calibre are to be found in San Francisco; the Argonaut could name several offhand, and doubtless the list might easily be augmented.

Even more important, in a sense, than the presidency of the exposition company is the director-generalship, for upon this officer must rest the working powers of the enterprise. It goes without saying that the director-general should command public confidence, that he should have judgment, taste, resolution, caution, promptness, the instinct for coöperation and that he should be industry incarnate. The requirements are large; they call for a man big in a wide range of capabilities and powers. Have we such a man in San Francisco? Undoubtedly, many such.

The fact is attested by the success of our commercial and transportation enterprises, by the marvelous reconstruction of our city, by a hundred other conditions and circumstances small and great. But although men of judgment and power are many, few are available. Some are past the age when it would be prudent to undertake a work so intense and sustained as that in prospect; others are so identified and tied up with corporate and private affairs that detachment would be difficult or impracticable; others still are barred by their connections and interests from authoritative association with potentialities so great as those of the exposition; others of unquestioned capacity in some respects are weak at essential points. But somewhere, somehow, a man of capacity and experience must be found. It is not necessary that the choice should be restricted to citizens of San Francisco. Los Angeles, Oakland, Sacramento, Portland, Seattle, these neighboring communities are participating with us in this great enterprise, and there is no reason why we might not with propriety find in some one of them the man for our need—a man wholly detached from interests local to San Francisco. It has been further suggested that we might with propriety look for a director-general in the engineer corps of the army, and in case a proper man should be found ask the government to release him from his duties, to lend him, so to speak, to the exposition. This plan, after many trials and failures, was the one adopted by the government in the making of the canal at the Isthmus. But in any event, wherever the man may be found, he should have the qualities and the experience justifying his selection. The job is one of magnitude; it calls for a man adequate both at the points of character and working powers, and it matters not at all whether we shall find him at home or abroad.

Scarcely less important than the personal organization of the exposition is the place of its location. The suggestions are many—including Golden Gate Park, the Presidio, the Merced Lakes tract, Visitacion Valley, Goat Island, the San Francisco water-front, South San Francisco, the Oakland water-front, the Piedmont region, and perhaps others. For each of these candidacies something may be said. At this time it is perhaps sufficient to consider the general requirements without respect to any particular location. First of all the exposition should be at a point easy of access from both sides of the bay, for it is to be considered that there are four hundred thousand residents of the transbay region, not to mention the greater numbers who live in the interior of the State and beyond. The fair ought to be so situated that the transbay population could share in it under conditions of convenience as nearly equal with San Francisco as can possibly be arranged. The situation should be a sightly one, for no small part of the charm of a great fair is the picture which in its entirety it presents to the eye. It is desirable that the exposition should be so placed that all of the railway companies may have access to it upon equal terms for the bringing in first of materials of construction and later on of exhibits. It is desirable that it should be so placed as to enjoy the advantages of water transportation and the scenic effects in which water is so important an element. It is highly important that in its situation the fair should be available for the largest number of its patrons at the lowest possible charge for local transportation. For example, it is important that people beyond the bay should be able to reach the exposition grounds for a single fare. And to this end it would be a point of great advantage if a bay site might be found. It has been the common history of expositions that money invested in their physical creation has been thrown away so far as permanent uses are concerned. In this instance the cost of buildings will run into millions of dollars, and if there could be some arrangement for salvage of at least part of this investment it would be a worthy consideration. We

set these facts down as some of the things primarily to be desired and therefore to be regarded in connection with the choice of a site.

In matters of this kind interest or prejudice are likely to have their influence, even unconsciously, upon individual and local judgment. Elsewhere it has been found extremely difficult to come to a determination, not merely at the point of intrinsic wisdom, but in the scarcely less important point of public satisfaction. It was to meet the necessity for disinterestedness allied with taste and judgment that there has been organized under the auspices of the government a National Commission of Arts. It is a body made up mainly of architects, engineers, and artists, with a few business men and statesmen thrown in on the score of working practicability. This body has its headquarters at Washington, and its services may be had without cost by whoever may apply to it with governmental sanction. If San Francisco shall ask this commission to make selection from among the many sites offered for our exposition, it will do it after a thorough examination and upon legitimate considerations alone. One advantage of a selection so made will be that no charge of interest or bias may lie against it. By all means we should apply for a jury from this commission to determine for us a matter which it may be extremely difficult for us to determine for ourselves.

An all-important consideration in the building of the exposition relates to the conditions under which materials shall be bought and the work of construction carried on. It is to be borne in mind that the greater part of the funds provided for this enterprise are to be raised by taxation. The State gives five millions of dollars; the city gives another five millions. Every property-owner, large or small, must contribute to these funds. This fact makes the enterprise a public one not only in a broad, but in a specific sense. And where this is a fundamental condition there can be neither logic nor legality in a policy of discrimination in favor of one class of citizens as against other classes. It is a case wherein the rule of the open shop is implied in the very nature of things. There are other reasons: To grant this work as a monopoly to unionism, either as regards materials or labor, would be largely to increase the cost. Furthermore it would take the control of the work out of the hands of authorized persons and put it into the hands of unionistic leaders—the McCarthys, the Tveitmoes, the Gallaghers. But this is not all: Many exhibitors, domestic and foreign, will wish to set up their own decorative equipment, to unpack their own goods. There is no reason why they should not be permitted to do it; and if met with denial, they will in disgust decline to participate in the exposition. All these considerations call imperatively for the rule of equal favor to all comers—in other words, for the open shop.

It may easily be believed that this policy will be protested. Certain leaders of unionism have already served public notice of intent to "fight" any and all proposals for the open-shop rule in San Francisco. Possibly, even probably, the announcement of the open-shop rule would precipitate a "fight." But if a "fight" is inevitable, let it come—and the sooner the better. Such a crisis, we think not unlikely, is one of the essential preliminaries of this great work. It was so at Seattle, it was so at Portland, and indeed almost everywhere where fairs have been given in the United States. There can be no question as to the outcome if there be resolute and fixed purpose on the side of equity and legality, which in this case is plainly the rule of the open shop. A firm hand, standing on a sound principle and proceeding by just methods, will surely overcome any kind of a "fight" that the unions may put up. Indeed, it is a case where there is no choice. This is a public enterprise; it is sustained by public funds; there can not in decency and law be any discrimination between classes of citizens. Nobody can refute this argument; nobody will seriously attempt to do it. There may be some noise and bluster—a lot of hollering and bellowing—but the end is certain. A fight for the enforcement of an unreasonable and unmoral demand will in the nature of things lack force and it will fail the hour it is compelled to face fixed resolution founded in justice, expediency, and legality.

How a great and varied task presses upon the element of time has been illustrated in the rebuilding of San Francisco. In the matter of the fair it behooves us to be up and doing—not indeed to go about the work nervously and hurriedly, but promptly and with fixed resolution. Let it be borne in mind that the

conception upon which we shall start and under which we must work is all important. To start wrong would be fatal.

The "New Devices" in Practice.

Conditions and events are giving us opportunity to study some of the new devices in government at close range. Last week Mayor Gill of Seattle was "recalled," largely, it is said, by the votes of women. Gill was a poor creature, put into office for the purpose, openly professed by the criminal element and privately desired by some of the so-called better elements, of maintaining Seattle on the open-town basis. Seattle is a natural resort for the miners of Alaska and for multitudes of workers in the logging and milling camps of the Northwest. The city profits largely by the patronage of these elements, and it is the professed wish of the traders in forbidden things, and likewise the private desire of many professed moralists, to make the town attractive to these elements. Gill, a subservient and conscienceless man, appears to have done what was expected of him and therefore to have brought down upon himself the resentment of all really right-minded people.

On its face it looks like a good result, but perhaps we should know more about it before coming to a definite judgment. It is yet to be seen if the elimination of an unfit mayor, by an arbitrary procedure, is a sufficient compensation for the demoralization bound to be developed through insecurity and uncertainty in the municipal executive. If a bad mayor may be subjected to the recall, so may a good mayor. If any and every mayor may be recalled, it may be difficult to get good men to stand for that office. Any mayor, subject to recall, is likely to be hesitating and uncertain in his policies—in other words to be infected with the vices of timidity and weakness. And we think it may be questioned if the vices of timidity and weakness may not in the long run be more grievous as related to community welfare than the vices of strength.

It appears that about one-half of the eligible women voters of Seattle registered for this election and that a "large proportion" of those so registered actually participated. The recall of Gill is, as we have already set forth, accredited to the woman vote. From this it would appear that there has developed already at Seattle a woman's party as distinct from a man's party. It is, we think, to be questioned if permanent good is likely to come from such a division of political forces. In a particular instance such a division may appear to achieve a worthy result, but is it good for women as a class to stand in opposition to men as a class? Are the higher hopes of society—including the specific welfare of women—bound up in a policy of conflict with men or in a policy of coöperation? Since women and men must live together would they not better act together? These are pertinent questions. The answer is to be found not in the results of any particular election, but in social effects to be traced through considerable periods of time.

Again there is opportunity for interesting observation at Spokane, where the commission system in municipal government is about to be established. The Spokane scheme aims to eliminate the partisan idea and therefore requires that every candidate for a commissionership shall sign a pledge in this form:

I, _____, having been nominated for the office of commissioner of the City of Spokane, do hereby accept said nomination. I am not a candidate as a nominee or representative of or because of any promise of support from any political party or any committee or convention representing or acting for any party or organization.

The Spokane commission is to be composed of five members, into whose hands shall be given practically the whole powers of municipal government, including not only administrative, but legislative authority. The city council and all department boards are to be abolished. One member of the commission is by vote of his colleagues to be the titular mayor for ceremonial purposes, but this designation carries with it no superior authority, no advantage in any way. The commission as a body is to control all the affairs of the municipality; its determinations to be reached under the majority principle. That is, three members of the commission may override the other two.

The first election under the new scheme is to occur on the 7th of March, and it is required that nominations, which may be made upon petition of twenty-five citizens, must be filed by February 14. The commissionerships are made attractive by a salary of \$5000 each—how attractive is demonstrated by the fact that

on the 9th inst., five days before the date for closing nominations, ninety-seven candidacies had been placed on file. The list of candidates includes men representing every element of the population, from the professions, banking and commerce down to the interests of the tenderloin. It promises to be a lively election.

One thing is practically certain in view of the many candidates, namely, that whoever shall be successful will get in with only a minority support. Here appears a characteristic defect of the "progressive" in all its phases, for while professing to make it in a very specific sense reflect the "will of the people," it invariably results in the election of minority candidates. It has been so in Oregon and Washington in the State sphere, and now it promises the same result in the municipal sphere. Whatever may be said in behalf of the progressive devices, it can not be claimed for them that in their practical operation they bring the powers of the government closer to the people.

An Amazing Forecast.

Last week's *Argonaut* in its department of poetry bore witness to the interest with which imaginative minds in other times have regarded the Isthmus of Darien viewed as a field for constructive enterprise. Sir Edwin Arnold, writing thirty years ago, pictures in one stanza the red-sworded conqueror of the sixteenth century gazing upon the strip of land which separates the two oceans, while in another he foresees a partnership of England and Columbia "letting in the eager waters there." Another poet of less fame, Amanda T. Jones, also writing in the last generation, foresees and foretells the union of the seas through "setting wide the gates" at Panama.

But a more curious and interesting revelation from world literature with respect to the Isthmian enterprise may be found in a source more distant—both as related to geography and to time. In "Goethe's Conversations with Eckerman" (Bohn's Standard Library, page 222) there appears a prophecy by Goethe in the year 1827—eighty-seven years ago. The passage is as follows:

"Wed., Feb. 21, 1827.—Dined with Goethe. He spoke much, and with admiration, of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Columbia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest for him. 'Humboldt,' said Goethe, 'has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the end may be perhaps better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future, and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that if they succeed in cutting such a canal, that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young state, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case, it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable, and expensive voyage around Cape Horn. I therefore repeat that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain that they will do it.

"Would that I might live to see it!—but I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

This be it remembered was spoken nearly a century ago, when the American continent west of the Mississippi River was practically a wilderness, and when the thought had hardly been accepted by the mind even of ambitious American statecraft of the extension of the United States beyond the Rocky Mountains. Our part of the Pacific Coast was then a remote Spanish possession, while Oregon and Washington and the regions to the north formed an all but unnamed wilderness. Yet note not only the positiveness of the prediction, but the precision and certainty with which even its details are set forth: The United States "in thirty or

forty years" were to occupy and people the tract beyond the Rocky Mountains. "Important commercial towns would arise for the furtherance of intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States." The United States were not to "let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands." In the future commerce of the world the Isthmian Canal "would not only be desirable but necessary to the end of having more rapid communication * * * between the eastern and western shores of North America both by merchant ships and men-of-war." "I am certain," said Goethe, "that they (United States) will do it." Then note the turn of the same prophetic eye to the Isthmus of Suez, where in a vision of the future he saw England "in possession of a canal uniting the Indian with the Mediterranean and Adriatic worlds." Amazing, truly, that a citizen of central Europe far removed from any personal knowledge of the countries of which he spoke, should yet see with vision so clear the achievements of future times!

Still further illustrating the powers of imagination in alliance with judgment is the less assured prophecy of a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. This undertaking, regarded as doubtful because it appeared so great when considered in relation to the poverty of German resources, is still in the womb of the future, yet subject to conditions significantly changed through consolidation of the German states, the growth of German industry and wealth, and the boldness of the new spirit now animating the German peoples. Time even here is destined to witness a fulfillment of that which the poet and thinker saw as a doubtful yet hopeful dream.

We question if the literature of the world affords another instance so striking in its exactitude, of the operation of a prophetic mind upon the conditions and uses of times and events so far projected into the future. In respect to this forecast he who reads must pause in wonder and admiration at prescience able to pierce the veil of the future, to read even through the maze of distance and mystery the wondrous works of generations to come. It has been said of Goethe that in him was found the highest embodiment of imagination and judgment in all the races and times of men, and in view of this prophecy alone, we may well be hospitable to this estimate.

Less notable, but still worthy of attention in its grasp of the inspirations and sentiments of a great conception, is the poem of Francis Lieber, written in 1847 upon the suggestion of President Polk's message to Congress of that year, urging the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama. From this poem of twenty-three stanzas we take the following:

Rend America asunder
And unite the Binding Sea
That emboldens man and tempers—
Make the ocean free.

Break the bolt that bars the passage,
That our River richly pours
Western wealth to western nations;
Let that sea be ours—

* * *

Blessed the eyes that shall behold it,
When the pointing boom shall veer,
Leading through the parted Andes,
While the nations cheer!

* * *

Do we breathe this breath of Knowledge
Purely to enjoy its zest?
Shall the iron arm of science
Like a sluggard rest?

Up, then, at it! earnest people!
Bravely wrought thy scorning blade,
But there's fresher fame in store yet,
Glory for the spade.

* * *

Ye, that vanquish pain and distance,
Ye, enmeshing Time with wire,
Court ye patiently forever
Yon Antarctic ire.

* * *

Let the vastness not appal us;
Greatness is thy destiny.
Let the doubters not recall us:
Venture suits the free.

Like a seer, I see her throning,
WINLAND strong in freedom's health,
Warding peace on both the waters,
Widest Commonwealth.

Crowned with wreaths that still grow greener,
Guerdon for untiring nain,
For the wise, the stout, and steadfast:
Rend the land in twain.

Cleave America asunder,
This is worthy work for thee.
Hark! The seas roll up imploring
"Make the ocean free."

the American era in California—when Mexico was mistress from Central America to the Oregon line—and while yet the United States had no conscious interest in Pacific waters.

The Arizona Constitution.

In the making of the Arizona State Constitution, approved by popular vote last week, the proceedings were dominated by an advanced and reckless radicalism. In the phrase of Senator-elect Works it was a case of "reform run mad." All the "new devices" were swallowed wholesale—lock, stock, and barrel. Among other provisions of this fire-new constitution is that of the Recall applied not only to administrative, but to judicial officers. An officer of court—a judge—who renders a decision according to his knowledge and his conscience may, if that decision be for the moment unpopular, be summoned to trial before the public. If the majority, however inspired by ignorance or passion, shall vote adversely he is thereby dismissed from office—thrust out like a malefactor upon whom has descended the vengeance of society. Perhaps, since the scheme is so revolutionary in its proposals, it is worth while to run over the Recall provisions of the proposed constitution in their entirety:

SECTION 1. Every public officer in the State of Arizona, holding an elective office, either by election or appointment, is subject to recall from such office by the qualified electors of the electoral district from which the candidates are elected to such office. Such electoral district may include the whole State. Such number of said electors as shall equal twenty-five per centum of the number of votes cast at the last preceding election for all the candidates for the office held by such officer, may by petition, which shall be known as a Recall Petition, demand his recall.

SECTION 2. Every Recall Petition must contain a general statement, in not more than two hundred words, of the grounds of such demand, and must be filed in the office in which petitions for nomination to the office held by the incumbent are required to be filed. The signatures to such Recall Petition need not all be on one sheet of paper, but each signer must add to his signature the date of his signing such petition, and his place of residence, giving his street and number, if any, should he reside in a town or city. One of the signers of each sheet of such petition, or the person circulating such sheet, must make and subscribe an oath on such sheet that the signatures thereon are genuine.

SECTION 3. If said officer shall offer his resignation it shall be accepted, and the vacancy shall be filled as may be provided by law. If he shall not resign within five days after a Recall Petition is filed, a special election shall be ordered to be held, not less than twenty nor more than thirty days after such order, to determine whether such officer shall be recalled. On the ballots at said election shall be printed the reasons as set forth in the petition for demanding his recall, and, in not more than two hundred words, the officer's justification of his course in office. He shall continue to perform the duties of his office until the result of said election shall have been officially declared.

SECTION 4. Unless he otherwise request, in writing, his name shall be placed as a candidate on the official ballot without nomination. Other candidates for the office may be nominated to be voted for at said election. The candidate who shall receive the highest number of votes shall be declared elected for the remainder of the term. Unless the incumbent receive the highest number of votes he shall be deemed to be removed from office, upon qualification of his successor. In the event that his successor shall not qualify within five days after the result of said election shall have been declared, the said office shall be vacant and may be filled as provided by law.

SECTION 5. * * * After one Recall Petition and election, no further Recall Petition shall be filed against the same officer during the term for which he was elected, unless petitioners signing such petition shall first pay into the public treasury which has paid such election expenses all expenses of the preceding election.

Before the constitution from which these provisions are excerpted shall become the fundamental law of Arizona it must have the approval of the President of the United States. It lies with President Taft to accept or to veto it, and what he will do has now become a matter of interesting speculation in Arizona and elsewhere. The President's ideas with respect to these matters are well known, for in his last visit to the Southwest he made his views very clear. Speaking at Phoenix, Arizona, the territorial capital, on October 13th he said:

"If by a caution I can restrain the desire of those who are most full of the idea of having limitations on government from making the constitution other than a fundamental law with simple rules of limitation; if I can halt and induce the people of this State to take time and deliberate over the instrument that is to follow them so long in the history of their State, I shall not have let the day go without profit.

At Albuquerque, New Mexico, on October 15th the President said:

"You want to trust your legislature, and you ought to follow the model of the constitutions of some of the older States, which have also modeled after the Constitution of the

United States. An amendment to the constitution is a difficult thing, as we are finding out now in attempting to amend the Federal Constitution, and so you will find it in the State constitutions. Therefore put there only general principles, and don't attempt to legislate every fad of every man who is voluble and gets into your constitutional convention. I say this with a great deal of fervor, not as a partisan, not as a Republican or a Democrat, but in the interest of your State, whether you vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket. I want, if we are responsible for your coming into the Union, as I am willing to be and as the Republican party is willing to be, that you should justify the admission by making yourselves a progressive but at the same time a conservative community."

In view of these utterances and in further view of the profound sense of responsibility which the President has always exhibited in such matters, it appears inevitable that he will call a halt upon this onrush of radicalism. We believe that the President will decline to approve a constitution which his judgment will surely condemn.

Kicking Under the Reform Blanket.

In the eagerness of his ambition for a senatorship Judge Works exhibited a fine insensibility both to the spirit of justice and to the authority of fixed law. He was willing that the legislature, under the whip of Boss Lissner, the indirect enforcements of the executive office, and the moral counsels of the good Rowell, should disregard the primary law and give to him an election which belonged by every right of legality and equity to another. But now that Judge Works has gotten his senatorship—now that his private ambitions are satisfied—he is not willing to participate in further violations and usurpations. Even the promptings and cajolements of the young man who has been commissioned by Boss Lissner to personally conduct the senator-elect have been unable to quiet his mind in the face of certain amazing goings-on at Sacramento or even to hold him to a course of silent acquiescence.

Whatever else Judge Works may be, he is a lawyer of some learning and much experience. He knows that to apply the recall to the judiciary of the State would be first to disarm and last to paralyze justice. He knows that it would mean nothing less than revolution leading to political anarchy and chaos. He has seen, too, that the State has had enough of unrestrained radicalism in what has already been done in Sacramento and that the newer propositions now before the legislature are tending to public alarm, indeed to a species of public dismay. He thinks—especially since his own seat is now secure—that it is time to call a halt; and he has rushed into print with a series of letters which are tending to disturb the great reform enterprise. His fear has been, he says, that the movement for reform once in progress would overflow legitimate bounds, proceed to ruinous extremes. Then coming down to particulars, he characterizes the recall as applied to the State judiciary as "reform run mad"—at this point joining with Mr. Charles S. Wheeler and others who, though willing to swallow a good deal, quail before the prospect of the whole hog in radical reform. There can be no doubt about the soundness of Judge Works's views. They are those of every intelligent and cautious man—certainly those of every man whose knowledge is broad enough to comprehend the meaning of the recall proposal. Perhaps they are none the less worth attention from the fact that Judge Works, being the most conspicuous beneficiary of the reform movement thus far, finds it necessary to set his face against the aims and purposes of his political friends.

This venture of Judge Works into the sphere of parliamentary discussion is, of course, not palatable to his creators and sponsors. It is not surprising therefore that chagrin and resentment are rife at Sacramento. And in view of the temperamental and habitual ardor of the ultra-reforming character, it is hardly surprising that one patriot more forward than the others has proposed to apply the recall to Judge Works himself, even to undo the outrage against propriety and legality by which he was elected to represent California in the Senate of the United States. This proposal is eminently in accord with the general plan of operation at Sacramento, for has not Judge Works seen fit to declare an opinion contrary to that of the great reform leaders? Is he not using the powers with which the reform movement has endowed him to scourge those who committed a crime against the law in his behalf? Is the full tide of reform to be checked because of legal and moral scruples on the part of a man who "owes" to the cause of reform a loyal allegiance and support whether its proposals be right or wrong?

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Sir Francis Galton, who has just died at the age of nearly ninety, was one of the few British scientists who were allowed to be popular and even sensational without being suppressed, or even frowned upon. The English pundit, as a rule, must address himself to his own caste and in caste language. The use of the vernacular, except as a mark of condescension, is always supposed to have a suggestion of quackery about it. But then, of course, there are no Sunday supplements ever ready to announce that Professor Mountebank has "solved the riddle of the universe," or that Dr. Charlatan's new serum will "banish all diseases from our midst." Dr. Galton was eighty years of age when he founded the so-called science of eugenics, and this was practically a development of the now well-known "Galton's Law" based on the theory that a man inherits one-fourth of his character from each parent, one-sixteenth from each grandparent, and so on. Perhaps his most remarkable contribution to practical knowledge was his discovery of the individuality of finger-print impressions, a fact now used by the police of the world. Of course it has been well known in the East for centuries, but then we are all agreed that there is no real knowledge in the East—only superstitions that are found successively to be true. At one time, Sir Francis devoted himself to making a heavy map of the British isles, and he was fond of classifying the girls he met in the street as attractive, indifferent, or repellent. A good many other men have done the same thing. He found that London was the chief home of the pretty girl and Aberdeen of the plain girl. Aberdeen, of course, made reflections on Sir Francis's judgment, but that was only to be expected. He met Carlyle twice. On the first occasion the philosopher had his company manners with him and was delightful, but the next time "he seemed to me the greatest bore that a country house must tolerate." Nevertheless Carlyle was still amusing, for he gravely hopped up and down most of the time in order to keep warm. Another notable achievement of Sir Francis Galton was to persuade Herbert Spencer to go to the Derby horse-race.

Every one remembers the revolt of the French champagne grape growers some few years ago and how serious the situation at one time seemed to be. Now the same people are once more rioting, hoisting red flags, and generally having a good time, and curiously enough for the same old grievances, which it seems have never been righted at all. For the sake of the uninitiated it may be said that the true French champagne is made from a particular kind of grape that grows only in a particular district—that of Damery. But the grape growers in neighboring places have an exasperating habit of bringing their inferior grapes into Damery or close to its frontier and making it into champagne which is labeled and sold as the genuine article. The people of Damery are very poor and therefore unworthy the attention of the Socialist government. But now these same people are up in arms again and are doing a little pillaging of the fraudulent wine factories, and this of course is quite another matter. So M. Briand, the premier, is taking steps, and speech-making is one of them. He says that these "honest, hard-working folk" must understand that they will lose public sympathy if they destroy property, and that if they will but starve for a little longer, which they can easily do as they have had lots of practice, a paternal Socialist government will see what can be done for them. To this the grape growers reply that they have never had any public sympathy yet, not in noticeable quantities, unless they have rioted, and that they will therefore go on rioting. In the meantime they have made some appropriate songs such as the following:

Hoist the banner of the wine,
For the swindlers know its worth.
Misery drives us into line,
Up and sweep them off the earth!
If again our vats they fill
With their wines of foreign brand,
We will march again until
They are driven from our land.

Starving people ought not to be allowed to sing. It heats the blood.

Dom Miguel of Braganza, claimant to the throne of Portugal, father-in-law of the American lady who was Miss Anita Stewart, is ready to come at his country's call and to assume the responsibilities and revenues of Portugal—especially the revenues. He says so himself. Dom Miguel is the son of King Miguel, who ruled from 1828 to 1834. At that time the Portuguese seemed to think that they would prefer King Log to King Stork, and so they transferred their allegiance to Pedro IV, whose daughter was the great-grandmother of the late incumbent, King Manoel. It seems a long way to come for so little, but sometimes it happens that way with kings. Now Dom Miguel announces that he is ready for the call of duty. There is nothing he will not do for Portugal except keep his hands off her. "I shall go and sacrifice myself to the uttermost," he says, "to rescue Portugal from her present anarchical condition. This republic government can not last," he says. But he is canny, is Dom Miguel. He remembers that there is only one of him. When he was asked if it was likely that he would suddenly place himself at the head of the monarchist troops he seemed to think that it was not at all likely. The duty of great commanders is to survey the battle from afar off, for even the Lord's Anointed is not necessarily bullet-proof. Dom Miguel had mapped things out in a quite another way. At the present time he is in Vienna, and therefore out of range. Therefore he will stay in Vienna until the new crisis that can not be far off. There will be a revolution against the republic, but Dom Miguel will be still in Vienna. After the revolution there may be the commune in Lisbon, but Dom Miguel will be still in Vienna. Then when the people are weary of trouble they will say, "This anarchy is unbearable. We must have a king." And Dom Miguel will be on the spot. Of course if the army

should demand him with anything like unanimity he might go sooner. Or if Vienna should prove too cold he may go to Pau or Biarritz, but in that case he would leave an address for his letters, so that Portugal might not be left too long in the agony of suspense. But Dom Miguel is in no doubt of the ultimate result. For one thing the church needs him, and that of course settles it. So Anita may be a queen after all, and her countrymen will then have a court where they can be presented in wholesale quantities and no questions asked.

When the Czar of Russia greeted his New Year guests at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg on January 14 there was some curiosity as to the lady who would walk by his side. The lady should have been the Czarina, but there was a rumor that Alexandra Feodorovna was out of humor with ceremonials, perhaps with life itself, and would no more play a game where the actualities of revolution were so likely to interfere with the formulas of royalty. And so Marie Feodorovna, mother of the Czar, took the part of the wife and greeted the four thousand assembled guests.

The Czarina has never recovered from the shock when she received the five hundred members of the first Duma, who stood grim and silent when the master of the ceremonies called for the customary cheers for the Czar. Probably she had never even dreamed that any human being in the palace could refuse to cheer for the Czar. Her fortitude forsook her then, and it has never returned since. The Czar himself faced the situation with the smile that royalty puts on and off like a uniform, but the Czarina's attendants thought themselves fortunate to get their mistress to her rooms without an outbreak. Then began a neurasthenia that has lasted ever since. The Czarina sees no one but her friends, and holds herself aloof from everything that can remind her of the great calamity of her life—that she became Empress of Russia.

Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute has revised his formula for longevity. Every one now knows, and is on friendly terms with, the sour-milk bacillus that is supposed to work for a full eight-hour day in destroying poisonous secretions in the alimentary canal. Real enthusiasts can buy a sort of concentrated sour-milk preparation at the drug store, compound the nasty stuff at home, and so live forever. But sometimes these zealous ones have been disappointed. They have not lived forever, nor even cured the pains under the pinafore from which they suffered. Now the professor tells us why this is and offers us an amended prescription. The sour-milk bacillus need nutriment. The amusing little beast must be fed, and his favorite food is date sugar. He likes other kinds of sugar also, but date sugar is the only variety that reaches the lower intestinal tract without being absorbed higher up. Therefore eat dates and so enable our humble little friend who lives out of sight in the lower alimentary canal to pursue the path of virtue.

Mr. Petherich, curator of the historical records branch of the Federal Parliamentary Library in Melbourne, announces that he has proofs that Australia was discovered by Amerigo Vespucci, who visited the American continent seven years after it was sighted by Columbus and who gave his name to the new land. Mr. Petherich promises to produce his evidence at an early date, and it is naturally awaited with curiosity.

Human animosity against the criminal usually disappears with his death, but there are exceptions. The charred and almost obliterated bodies of the two anarchists killed during the recent "Battle of Steptey" have just been buried in London. The city authorities saw no reason why even anarchists should not be buried with decency. There could be nothing criminal about the ashes of two dead bodies that were already nearly cremated, but the parson thought differently. He said that "it was an outrage upon public decency that they should be buried in the same consecrated ground" as the two policemen who were killed. It is strange how bigotry can turn things upside down. Why it was the parson who was "the outrage upon public decency," and as for the two policemen they would be none the worse. The parson in question, who thus just manages to avoid never being heard of, belongs to the Episcopal Church "as by law established" in England. Because the church is "established" it is assumed that every one belongs to it unless there is evidence to the contrary. That is the law. There was no evidence that these two anarchists favored any other form of Christian faith. Therefore they belonged to the Episcopal Church and were entitled to be buried in consecrated ground and with the words "In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life." And when that time comes there will be no trouble with the two policemen. R. I. P.—dead anarchists and dead policemen. They fight no more. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

San Luis Potosi has long been the great tuna cheese market of Mexico. There is a probability of the introduction of the article into the United States on a commercial scale. The variety of tuna, a tropical fruit, most favored for making cheese is the tuna cardona (*Opuntia streptacantha*) of a beet-red color with white spines; but the tuna pachona is also used. The cheese is made by simply boiling and straining the tuna pulp until the proper consistency is reached. It is of a chocolate color, pleasant to the taste, wholesome, and slightly laxative. Sometimes nuts or flavors are added, and the product is more appetizing when taken with milk. The term cheese is descriptive only of the consistency of this product. It is rather a confection, and will be sold in the United States in small packages as a confection. If it should take the fancy of consumers in the United States it offers a chance for an enterprise profitable to a promoter.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Spectre of the Past.

On the great day of my life—
On the memorable day—
Just as the long inward strife
Of the echoes died away,
Just as on my couch I lay
Thinking thought away:
Came a Man into my room,
Bringing with him gloom.
Midnight stood upon the clock,
And the street sound ceased to rise;
Suddenly, and with no knock,
Came that Man before my eyes:
Yet he seem'd not anywise
My heart to surprise,
And he sat down to abide
At my fireside.

But he stirr'd within my heart
Memories of the ancient days;
And strange visions seem'd to start
Vividly before my gaze,
Yea, from the distant haze
Of forgotten ways:
And he look'd on me the while
With a most strange smile.

But my heart seem'd well to know
That his face the semblance had
Of my own face long ago
Ere the years had made it sad,
When my youthful looks were clad
In a smile half glad;
To my heart he seem'd in truth
All my vanish'd youth.

Then he named me by a name
Long since unfamiliar grown,
But remember'd for the same
That my childhood's ears had known;
And his voice was like my own
In a sadder tone
Coming from the happy years
Choked, alas, with tears.

And, as though he nothing knew
Of that day's fair triumphing,
Or the Present were not true,
Or not worth remembering,
All the Past he seem'd to bring
As a piteous thing
Back upon my heart again,
Yea with a great pain:

"Do you still remember the winding street
In the gray old village?" he seem'd to say;
"And the long school days that the sun made sweet
And the thought of flowers from far away?
And the faces of friends whom you used to meet
In that village day by day,
—Ay, the face of this one or of that?" he said,
And the names he named were names of the dead
Who all in the churchyard lay.

"And do you remember the far green hills;
Or the long straight path by the side of the stream;
Or the road that led to the farm and the mills,
And the fields where you oft used to wander or dream
Or follow each change of your childish wills
Like the dance of some gay sunbeam?"
Then, alas, from right weeping I could not refrain,
For indeed all those things I remember'd again,—
As of yesterday they did seem.

And I thought of a day in a far lost Spring,
When the sun with a kiss set the wild flowers free;
When my heart felt the kiss and the shadowy wing
Of some beautiful spirit of things to be,
Who breathed in the song that the wild birds sing
Some deep tender meaning for me,—
Who undid a strange spell in the world as it were,
Who set wide whispers abroad in the air,—
Made a presence I could not see.

"O for what have you wander'd so far—so long?"
Said the voice that was e'en as my voice of old:
"O for what have you done to the Past such wrong?
Was there no fair dream on your own threshold?
In your childhood's home was there no fresh song?
—Was your heart then all so cold?
Why, at length, are you weary, and lone and sad,
But for casting away all the good that you had
With the peace that was yours of old?"

"Have you wholly forgotten the words you said,
When you stood by a certain mound of earth,
When you vow'd with your heart that that place you made
The last burial-place for your love and your mirth,
For the pure past blisses you therein laid
Were surely your whole life's worth?
O, the angels who deck the lone graves with their tears
Have cared for this, morning and evening, for years,
But of yours there has been long dearth:

"In the pure pale sheen of a hallow'd night,
When the graves are looking their holiest,
You may see it more glistering and more bright
And holier-looking than all the rest;
You may see that the dew and the stars' strange light
Are loving that grave the best;
But, perhaps, if you went in the clear noon-day,
After so many years you might scarce find the way
Ere you tired indeed of the quest:

"For the path that leads to it is almost lost;
And quite tall grass-flowers of sickly blue
Have grown up there and gather'd for years, and tost
Bitter germs all around them to grow up too;
For indeed all these years not a man has crost
That pathway—not even You!"
But alas! for these words to my heart he sent,
For I knew it was Marguerite's grave that he meant,
And I felt that the words were true.
—A. O'Shaughnessy.

Mount Taal, the volcano in the Philippines whose eruptions caused a tidal wave that destroyed five towns and carried death to not less than 300 people, rises from the middle of Lake Taal, a body of water about fifteen miles in circumference, and thirty-four miles from the city of Manila. Taal's height is 1050 feet and its crater is 7650 feet in diameter. Its last severe outbreak was in March, 1900, and it has overflowed many times with great loss of life. The volcano is the second in importance in the Island of Luzon.

MR. MORGAN'S MAGAZINE TRUST.

What in Journalism Is Called a Clever Story, but It Makes a Mountain Out of a Molehill.

Quite a flutter was caused in publishing circles a few days since by the publication in the press of a three-column article with this startling head line:

J. P. Morgan Takes
A Strangle Hold
On Big Magazines.

It was a clever story, clever from a journalistic point of view, for it succeeded in making a big mountain out of a little molehill. Half an hour after the publishers and editors had seated themselves comfortably at their roller-top desks ready to take a fresh hold upon the morning's business they were told of this press story. By eleven o'clock you could not buy a copy of that paper anywhere on Fourth Avenue, which is now a publishing centre. I had to send to the Grand Central Station at Forty-Second Street for mine.

The head lines were terrible: "Trust Organized to Take Over Many Powerful and Widely Read Publications and Stop Many of the Muck-Raking Stories from Getting General Circulation. Millions of Dollars in the Latest Deal." After reading them I composed my mind for an absorbing story of greed and terrorizing. At first I said to myself, What are we coming to? After more careful thought I saw that, like many other sensational newspaper stories, there was little or nothing in it.

It is quite true that the Crowell Publishing Company, publishers of an agricultural publication and a woman's journal, have taken over the publication of the *American Magazine*, and it is also quite true that Mr. Thomas Lamont, who has recently become a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., is a stockholder in the Crowell Publishing Company. But this does not mean that the magazine is to be muzzled. I should like to see Mr. Lamont, or even Mr. Morgan himself, try to muzzle John Phillips or Ida Tarbell! He couldn't do it, and, what's more, he wouldn't try. All of the editorial staff of the magazines are going to remain with them, and at this moment they are busy and happily mapping out the office space that they are to have in their new quarters. The Crowell people are not going to change the policy of the magazines, they are too good business men to think of doing such a thing. Subscribers are not so easy to get that they can be lightly turned away. They cost too much. Where would the advertising be without circulation, and where would the circulation be if it was thrown out of the window. Naturally if you subscribe to a magazine you do so because you like what it stands for. If you are an Episcopalian and subscribe for the *Churchman* you are not going to continue your subscription if that journal becomes the organ of the hard-shell Baptists, are you? Of course not, and it is the same with other magazines. They have their following because of their policy, and no business man would think of interfering with it even though it might at times rub him the wrong way. *Les affaires son les affaires* in this country as well as in France or England, or in the wilds of Africa. We did not need the French to tell us this, the knowledge was born into us.

You would think to read the story in the press that Mr. Morgan was "sitting up nights" to make plans for getting hold of the magazines for the sake of "muzzling" them, as though he did not know that a muzzled magazine, as well as a muzzled dog, is of no practical use. If you want to know the truth of the matter, I should say it was that some of the magazines were "sitting up nights" praying that Mr. Morgan might come to their rescue. All this talk about a magazine trust is nonsense. Because Mr. Lamont, long before he was Mr. Morgan's partner, held stock of the Crowell Publishing Company, does not mean that Mr. Morgan wants to control that organization any more than that because Mr. George Hazen is the president of the Crowell Publishing Company means any change in ownership or policy of the *Century*, in which he has been a stockholder and of which he has been the advertising manager for the past twenty years and more.

The *American Magazine* went over to the Crowell Publishing Company for purely business reasons. Because the Crowell concern had the plant and the organization to conduct business more economically and on a larger scale than the *American* people could do it single-handed, they agreed to get together. One supplies what the other has not. Don't you believe a word about muzzling. I have seen a number of the magazine people lately, and they have a very pleased twinkle in their eyes, and about their mouths a smile that no muzzled lips could wear.

It stands to reason that when a magazine or any other property is in need of money it looks to a man, or group of men, who have money to help it out of its difficulties, and it has to show pretty good prospects, naturally, before good money will be put into it. That Mr. Morgan puts his money into magazines because he wants to control their policy, or to muzzle them, is arrant nonsense. He does it because of other reasons. He didn't want to muzzle *Harper's Magazine*, the *Weekly*, or the *Bazar* when he put his millions into *Harper & Brothers*. He did so because he was asked to when that concern was in difficulties, and because he was as willing to invest his money in the publishing business as any other. He has done nothing to muzzle the Harper publications, but it would be a most un-

grateful thing if the Harper publications attacked Mr. Morgan. To bite the hand that feeds you is as reprehensible in a man as in a dog.

This buying up of the magazines, according to the writer in the press, is to put an end to "muck-raking." If so, I should be delighted. Exposing frauds is one thing and muck-raking is quite another. Who are the muck-rakers after all? Do you think that many of them are inspired by a high and holy purpose? I don't. Nor do I think that yellow journalism is the result of holy inspiration. There is often quite as much "business" in muck-raking as in any other line of policy. Attacking people who are in the "public eye" is the easiest way to attract attention to one's self. There are plenty of wrongs to be righted, there is much that can be done for the betterment of mankind, but it need not be done with muck-rakes. I could name men and women writers who I have every reason to believe are absolutely sincere and who lift their pens in absolute singleness of purpose; these I do not call muck-rakers any more than I should call Harriet Beecher Stowe a muck-raker because she wrote against the great wrong of slavery, but she came dangerously near being one when she wrote of Lord Byron.

As to a magazine trust, the thing is just as possible as the "publishing trust" that was organized several years ago. How can you make a trust of publishing? You may control the publishing business for a little hour, but if some perfectly obscure man puts a few hundred dollars into the publishing of a book and that book happens to take the public fancy and develops into an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or a "David Harum," then where's your trust? Or suppose you start a little magazine and hit upon some line of conduct that is as popular as it is novel. Your magazine trust may tear its hair and gnash its teeth, you have the laugh on it. It can't down you, you have the public on your side, and who would be so bold as to try making a trust of the whole wide world.

Some day, and the sooner the better, there will be a reaction against "yellowness" in all its forms. The "masses" will get tired of being urged to array themselves against the "classes," they will see that there is nothing in it for them and that if any one profits by it it is those who, while shouting "down with the rich," "sit down with the rich," for they do not scorn to sit at the tables of the millionaires or at the feet of their wives.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, February 8, 1911.

Damascus, "the pearl of the desert," has as a principal attraction a great mosque, which is located in the heart of the busy capital, and can only be reached through one of its many populous streets. This resort for worship has recently been rebuilt, the funds being contributed from all parts of the Moslem world, for in 1893 the edifice had been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The mosque has had a varied experience, being at one time a heathen temple, then a Christian church, then held jointly by the Mohammedans and Christians and used as church and mosque at the same time, but since the eighth century the Mohammedans have had the sole use of it for their own purposes. An imposing and elaborately decorated structure has a place between two of the massive columns near the centre of the building. This is held to be the tomb of John the Baptist's head, a shrine respected alike by Mohammedans and Christians. Local tradition says that after the execution of the Messiah's forerunner his head was sent to Damascus, then the capital of the district over which Herod had jurisdiction, so that his superior officer might see that the deed had really been done, and one supposed inciter to rebellion disposed of. When the Saracen conqueror Khalid captured Damascus and was searching the church for treasure, he came across this revered relic and caused it to be interred and covered by a fine structure, which has been carefully preserved ever since. The dome of this monument is covered with green, the religious color of the Mohammedans, surmounted with the star and crescent. The sides, which are cagelike in appearance, are of brass rods and flagree-work of very exquisite design. The fact of this shrine being in the mosque accounts for the laxity regarding the entrance of Christians as compared with mosques in other Mohammedan cities.

Many efforts have been made in years past to reclaim the great Okefinokee swamp in Georgia, which is half a million acres in extent and 180 miles in circuit. But it remains as useless and impenetrable as ever. A company of Englishmen from Canada are now trying to secure a lease of the great bog in the idea of applying methods of drainage which have been successfully employed on swamp lands in Holland.

Plans of the national German-American alliance for a monument to commemorate the founding of the first German settlement in this country are to be consummated. The memorial is to be located in Vernon Park, Germantown, Pennsylvania, and Congress has voted to add \$25,000 to a similar amount raised by the alliance.

St. Paul's Cathedral in London actually maintained a theatre during the reign of Elizabeth and the first years of the reign of James I. An adjacent building was used as a theatre, and the actors were the boys of the choir. The company presented many of the most important plays of the time.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Wilbur Wright undertook aviation as a cure for nervous indigestion and heart trouble. He thought he needed more exercise and fresh air, and he has found that flying has improved his health.

James A. Farrell, the new president of the United States Steel corporation, has risen to his place by sheer ability, as he began as a worker at sixteen years of age, receiving only \$4.50 a week. He is married and lives in Brooklyn.

The resident commissioners of the Philippine Islands, Señor Manuel L. Quezon and Señor Benito Legarda, have been warmly received at the cities during their tour of New England, and their addresses have been praised as able presentations of Island conditions.

Sarah Bernhardt will be over seventy when the Panama Canal is opened to traffic, but no one may doubt that, according to her promise, she will be there to help celebrate (observes the *Springfield Republican*). The woman who went to Panama with De Lesseps to see the first scene of the first act of the great isthmian drama should be in a front seat when the last scene is played.

Brander Matthews is one of the best known of living American authors. He was born in New Orleans in 1852 and studied at Columbia College, where he graduated in 1871. He was admitted to the New York bar, but he turned to law from literature, to which, for many years, he has devoted an indefatigable and versatile pen. In 1892 he was appointed professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University.

Mrs. Lafayette Young of Iowa is well known as one of the most efficient of aids to her husband. When the now famous editor was publishing a country weekly in western Iowa, his wife used to help him. She conducted the paper during the ten years Senator Young served in the State legislature. Mrs. Young has always written much for her husband's papers. Besides being active in society, she has traveled considerably both in this country and abroad. Senator and Mrs. Young have three children, one daughter and two sons, all grown. The daughter and one son are married.

James Rutherford, of Bathurst, New South Wales, is an American who has been prominent in the development of the far southern continent. He was born in this country in 1827, but went to Australia when he was twenty-five, and has accumulated large properties there. He first went to the gold mines, then conducted a stage-coach business, later turning his attention to stock-grazing investments. Now his pasture lands are scattered over New South Wales and Queensland. He has been energetic in the management of agricultural societies, hospitals, and the Bathurst school of arts. Mr. Rutherford is the father of eleven children, ten of whom are now living.

Joaquin Sorolla, the Spanish painter, is in Chicago, where 140 of his paintings are on exhibition. Describing his portrait of Columbus, painted for Thomas F. Ryan of New York, the artist said: "How did I paint the great discoverer? Embarking from Palos, of course, with a little of the boat and the sail showing, and a little of the shore and the town. I studied all the documents I could find, and painted him in a gray light, for the sun did not shine when he set sail, and we must be truthful above all. I could find no well authenticated portraits, so my serviceable model was his descendant, the present Duke of Veragua, who is thirty years old and of the best Spanish type."

The Hon. Wayne MacVeagh has been for many years a conspicuous figure in American public life. In 1870-71 he represented the United States at Constantinople, and in 1872 he was appointed a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention. He presided over the commission which was sent to Louisiana by President Hayes in 1877 for the purpose of amicably adjusting the disputes of the contending parties there. He sat in the Cabinet of President Garfield as Attorney-General, but on the accession of President Arthur he resigned his portfolio and resumed his law practice in Philadelphia. Mr. MacVeagh was United States Ambassador to Italy from 1893 to 1897, and he was one of the counsel who contested the claims of the Allied Powers before The Hague Tribunal in the Venezuelan arbitration.

Ernest Freieher von Wolzogen, called by Continental critics the most versatile and prolific of all German literary men of today, with his wife, has been in America three months, and is about to return home. Among Herr von Wolzogen's appreciated activities are his efforts for the reform of the German vaudeville stage. He strove to build up a ballad cycle of popular character which should express the thought of the people, both of the olden time and the present, and appeal to the heart of the masses who sought amusement. Literally, Von Wolzogen became a troubadour without the ragged coat and with the vaudeville stage instead of the courtyard of some castle in Provence as his theatre. The music for his ballads he wrote himself. He appeared in costume, singing his own songs and accompanying himself on the lute with his own music. Others of the younger poets caught the infection and the vogue of the "Überbrett!" spread. Some of the most popular modern songs of Germany were written by von Wolzogen.

THEIR HEARTS' DESIRES.

The Bargain of the Man and the Drummer for Hades.

Once a Drummer for Hades appeared to a Man who was ambitious and not successful, and offered him a bargain. "I will give to you," said the Drummer, "the power to know the Heart's Desire of every man or woman of whom you seek to know it, and the ability to gratify it. Having these, such earthly rewards as you may ask will be yours."

"And what is the price?" asked the Man, hesitating. The Drummer smiled. "Of course," he replied, "you, like every one else, have heard the time-worn tales about 'selling yourself to the Devil'; but whatever may have been the practice in times past, we pursue no such antiquated methods now. Mankind nowadays is competent to build itself such cosy little hells right here that we don't bother with keeping a set of books now. We just let matters take their course. If you are clever enough to get your dance without paying the fiddler, we won't grudge it to you, my friend. We do business on such a large scale at present that we can afford to be liberal to that extent. And to be entirely frank with you, we find that it pays as an advertising proposition. It attracts a great many. I have rarely met the man who did not think he was the smart fellow who could do it."

The Man reflected, for he suspected a trap somewhere. "There must be some condition," he remarked finally.

"Yes, one. You will be under no compulsion to pry into the Heart's Desire of any one unless you choose. But having learned it, you must gratify it."

"Oh!" said the Man. "That is your little joker, is it? They might have a very naughty desire."

"They might," replied the Drummer.

"But a person of ordinary penetration ought to be able to judge pretty well what any given man would be likely to be hankering after without any supernatural assistance. It is the power to gratify that is the really important part of your offer."

The Drummer smiled again and held his peace. He knew so well that a man has no tempter like himself, once the suggestion is sown in his mind.

"And think how much good one could do! How much pleasure one could bestow! How many blighted aspirations one could revive and fulfill! Why it is the power of a god you offer me!" The man's face was aglow with the vision of puissance which began to animate his soul.

The Drummer smiled more broadly.

This smile arrested the Man for a moment. "You must have some strings to it somewhere," he said.

"Absolutely none, save what I have mentioned," the Arch-Suggester assured him. "All you have to do is to pick your subjects wisely, men and women who can be useful to you, and whose desire it will not strain your conscience to gratify. Mark you, I do not say 'desires'; they are transient things, the offspring of environment and temporary conditions of mind or body. Far below all these, at the bottom of every soul, lies a latent hunger, often unsuspected, or at least unacknowledged, by those whom it silently gnaws. Sometimes it is for noble things, far beyond the accomplishment of its quarry. As often it is for base ones, below the plane of their outward living. But whatever it is, when you pipe to it, it shall arise and follow you, even as the children of Hamelin followed the Pied Piper."

The Man hesitated no longer. "I agree!" he exclaimed.

"I thought you would," remarked the Drummer, who, in departing, turned on the threshold to say, "I have taken a liking to you, old man. Take a pointer from me, and never test your power on the woman you love."

From this day, the Man went on from triumph to triumph. The power he had bargained for gave all on whom he chose to test it into his hand. He never used it for wanton curiosity but once. That was sufficient to teach him his unforgettable lesson.

The subject was a clergyman, a good man according to his lights, and doing a useful work, though self-righteous and arrogant. Somewhat resentful concerning certain remarks of this person, and cynically curious to know if he were really as holy as himself believed, the Man turned his mental searchlight upon him. When he discovered this egotist's hidden inherited taint, the Man would willingly have spared him, but the terms of the compact forbade. Mercy was impossible; and in after years, when he sometimes saw his work, a sodden ruin walking the ways of the under world, the Man knew that what the Drummer had said was true, and that the foundation stones of his own "cosy little hell" were already laid.

From motives of unselfish benevolence, the Man used his power several times during the first years, for he often felt the necessity of adjusting his balance sheet. And in those years he promised himself that after a certain point in his triumphal progress was reached, he would never use it any other way; and often solaced his conscience with waking dreams of the happiness he was to bestow on earth.

Sometimes the desire he uncloaked was pitifully trivial. In one of his moments of generous impulse he elected to help a woman, elderly and toil-worn, with scant gray hair and knobby hands; all her youth and comeliness drugged away in willing but unthankful service for others who had passed on to better things over the bridge of her sacrificed years. And what was her unfulfilled desire—only a memory now, but typi-

fying and including all in life that had passed her by? A pair of garnet earrings. Its paltriness was its tragedy.

Sometimes his discovery was a lesson; as when he once sought to know the heart's desire of a little hump-backed girl. In seeking, so sure was he that it could be but one thing, that he thought, "If the Drummer from Hades has sold me the power to gratify this child's desire, it will atone for all."

Then he learned that desire never utterly transcends the bounds of possibility. The passionate longing of this little creature was that her hair should be of a radiant golden color and reach below her waist, to be a beautiful cloak to her deformity.

Once, he surprised a young mother bending over a cradle with heaven in her eyes. And he had a great longing to know her desire. And it was this: that she be made wise and strong, at whatever cost to herself, to rear a manchild worthily.

The memory of this one selfless desire that was ever revealed to him kept his heart from turning utterly to stone as the years went on.

But one or two totally unexpected revelations of the heart's desire of certain whom he had sought unselfishly to benefit, and had fancied worthy, sickened his soul, and shook his belief in his ability to choose wisely those whose desire he would be glad to gratify.

Also he became very busy reaping the harvest of his successes, and (alas that it should be so!) callous of heart and conscience. How could it be otherwise when he was climbing on a ladder whose rungs were other men's lusts and rapacities? For when he uncloaked the ultimate desire of the people who could be most useful to him, in some form or other it was invariably self-indulgence or self-aggrandizement.

Deep, deep, at the root of being lay the love of self, and the longing to pamper self; as if the slime of the primordial ooze where life found the first beginnings of self-consciousness through appetite, reaching blind, writhing feelers in search of its food or its desire, had left its indelible stain on each soul that had fought its way upward to identity through the interminable eons of time.

But the Man climbed, by all and over all. For mere self-gratification he never used his power, for the desire of his heart was for domination, and he had not time or inclination for the grosser forms of self-indulgence.

Hitherto he had had no time for Love. But the little god takes cunning revenges on those who slight him, and in the maturity of his powers, and very nearly at the summit of his ambition, the Man conceived an ardent passion for another man's wife. She was a dainty and gracious lady, of exquisite refinement, the consummate flower of many Puritan generations. Her husband was a cold and fastidious gentleman, and regarded the race in general with a supercilious tolerance, never descending into the press of life to mingle or to strive with his fellows, man to man.

The moment that the Man and the lady met, a telepathic message flashed from soul to soul, and each knew the other for its mate. But in every phase of her outward life this woman was irreproachable. Her unavailability tore the Man, who pursued her and wooed her in so far as he dared, and she would suffer; and strange to relate, though she never encouraged him in any tangible way, yet he did not cease to woo her. He persisted in haunting all the places where he might meet her, if only for a moment; to pass her in the throng and receive a fleeting smile, a conventional greeting; to once in an evening caress her eyes with his across a roomful made the day's memory warm about his heart. To touch her hand was rapture; to stand near her made the space between a highway for unformed desire to come and go.

But she remained inaccessible in her wifehood's loyalty, her womanhood's nicety.

He was resolved not to use his malign power upon her. This was a place where he would win his way as would any other man, by the virtue innate in himself. He wished her love, not her boughten fawning. And she was so fair and sweet a lady that such remnant of conscience as he had retained revolted at the thought of taking unfair advantage of her. That she should come to him freely, loving even as did he, was the only thing that could make her dethronement tolerable to either of them.

But sometimes the temptation was sore to break the law he had laid down unto himself. Once, when he was near to yielding, there passed in her carriage one whom he had known for long. Insolent and handsome, sensuous and hard, she smiled a greeting, and he remembered her as he first saw her—fresh, eager, and confiding. She had been one of his first experiments in philanthropy. Her desire had been a not uncommon nor ignoble one—the ardent wish to realize herself, to express herself, that, when it greatly succeeds, men name Genius. He had helped her to such measure of success as she was capable of, but she had paid a price.

For this was what he had quickly discovered about his devil's bargain; it was no miraculous power, working in unseen and mysterious ways; it was only this, that when he had divined the heart's desire, instant to his hand was found some means, some tool, to gratify it. But the beneficiary paid the price, whatever it was. Some gave themselves, and some all else, but all paid.

And this woman had paid. Now her name was a headliner, but she had paid the price. He had never heard her say that she regretted it, but he knew that her daughter was not to follow in her steps. "She is different from me—and I mean to keep her so!" That was what he had heard her say, with fierce emphasis.

Should his lady pay a price? No! He would never help her to her heart's desire, innocent though it must be.

So day by day, and week by week, he set his will against hers, wooing her only with his eyes until half a year had gone by. Then at length came the day of his downfall, the day when he entered to dwell therein the cosy little hell that he had builded.

The lady was to be the hostess of a theatre party. The Man went early to her home, hoping for a few moments alone with her before the others arrived.

"In the library, sah," said the white-wooled old butler, who knew that the Man was well able to find his way about his master's house.

The Man parted the heavy portieres and stood between them and feasted his soul on the beauty of his lady. Unconscious of his gaze, she sat in a low chair before the grate, her white arms resting languidly on its sides, her hands drooping listlessly with open fingers. Her robe of ivory white was swept all to one side, lying heaped in shining billows around her feet, and tightly drawn on the opposite side, where it outlined her limb like a sculptured form. Her head was laid back against the chair, leaving her round, pearly throat in high relief against the rich sombre tints of the tooled leather; her lids drooped languorously; she was lost in some realm of her own creating. The light from a single tall lamp, falling through a jeweled globe, cast delicious reflections upon her.

She had not heard his step upon the thick pile of the rugs, and he stood and looked upon her until he was mastered by the yearning of his soul for the possession of her. Scarcely willing it, or even conscious of it, he began to probe her inmost mind. And first he saw that love for her husband no longer existed in her heart. Next he saw that a solicitous care for her own name and place in the world's esteem masqueraded under the names of principle and duty in her table of commandments. And then he saw that here, within this fair husk of ultra refinement, was a Phryne.

It was perhaps the revenge of nature against generations of Puritan denial or concealment of natural instincts; or the revolt of wifehood against a cold and uncongenial mate; or a reversion to some lawless, long-forgotten strain in her ancestry; or a consensus of all these causes. But the soul of this dainty lady was the soul of a Phryne, and if he wooed her without squeamishness, not only would he win her, but having won her, she would drown them both in a Paphian pool.

For this was the desire of her heart, held in leash by fastidious pride and early training, but turning on its chain ever and anon, to lure her with its wanton eyes, to drug her with its lethal breath, to whisper low in her ear, as even now, when her thought was of him.

But if he had left her heart unfathomed, or, having fathomed it, were not inexorably driven to immolate her and himself upon the most ancient altar of earth, which still suffocates mankind with the reek of its incense, although all the others are long since outgrown and deserted, she would always have remained unsullied in her place, a vision and an inspiration, the one ideal still left to him in a gross and venal world.

The Man turned and went away. When he came to himself he was sitting in the cool dimness of a little suburban park. Water was dripping in a fountain beside him, and its drops seemed to splash on the hot soul within him without cooling it.

A form stood on the other side of the basin. He regarded it without interest and perceived that it was his old acquaintance, the Drummer from Hades.

"I am sorry for you, old man, honestly I am," said the Drummer, gently. "You remember, I warned you against this very thing."

The Man looked at him out of haggard eyes, without replying. Presently he arose and moved away among the trees, and so long as he heard the water splashing in the fountain it seemed to sizzle on the hot plate of his soul.

ANNIE BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1911.

The corps of Mexican rurales was created in the time of President Benito Juarez. The law which created the rurales fixed the number of seven battalions of 125 men each and a company to be located at Matamoros. The pay of each of the rural police was fixed at \$1.12 per day, each to furnish his horse and equipment with no classification as to the character of the mount or the arms which each man was to bear. As a result they were decidedly a body of irregulars with some five per cent wearing the uniform of the cavalry of that day. Each battalion was divided into two companies, one of seventy and the other of sixty-five men. Their commanders and other officers held the same rating that they do today. Just as at the present time, the rurales were attached to the interior department, but at the same time they were at the disposition of the department of war for service in campaigns.

There is in Yucatan a chain of ruins 300 miles long, where once stood buildings richly decorated and erected with a vast amount of architectural knowledge. The buildings belonged to the stone age, when the remarkable figures in stone were carved with pieces of flint. The people of this age had not the use of either bronze or iron.

Germany with a population something over two-thirds that of the United States has forty-seven cities of more than 100,000 people, while the United States has fifty.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AND HIS WORK.

The Memory of a Delightful Humorist Is Recalled by a Successful Literary Biography.

Biographies are usually tedious because there are few men who have steered their lives wholly away from the trivial and the commonplace. Aspects, epochs, and facets of an individual life may be subjects of real interest, an interest that is intensified by the exclusion of the unimportant and that is diluted by the usual tiresomeness of early influences, births, marriages, and deaths. There are, of course, men about whom we wish to know everything. Of the majority of men we wish to know nothing. But between the two classes there is a third, and it is made up of those who have done some one thing supremely well and whose activities belong to the departments of life rather than to its totalities. We wish to know about the battles of the successful general, but we are not necessarily concerned with his mother-in-law. We are interested in the discoveries of the explorer, but not at all in his religion or lack of it.

For this reason the author of "Douglas Jerrold and Punch" is to be congratulated on his self-imposed limitations. Douglas Jerrold and *Punch* are almost convertible terms. Without *Punch*, at least without the age of the periodical, there might have been no Jerrold. Perhaps it is not too much to say that without Jerrold there would have been no *Punch*. Jerrold never had the ambitions of ownership. He was content to take upon himself the immense burden of authorship and to leave the anxieties of the publisher and proprietor to others. He was not even among the actual founders of *Punch* in 1841, but he wrote for its second issue, and in 1844 he was contributing over six columns a week. He was associated with Thackeray, whom he did not like, and with Dickens, whom he loved, but it was not Thackeray but John Forster against whom he made one of his best remembered jokes. On February 12, 1853, Mrs. Brookfield entered in her diary:

John Forster came late for dinner: hegged ten thousand pardons, but had been made late by "having to stand godfather to one of Dickens's children."

"I hope," said Douglas Jerrold, "that if you gave the child a mug it wasn't your own."

Albert Smith was another of Jerrold's victims. When Smith drew attention to an article of his own signed "A. S.," Jerrold asked him, "Why do you tell only two-thirds of the truth?" But Smith and many another humorist of the day shot their shafts both against Jerrold and *Punch*:

Punch in his early years had to pay the penalty of success, and in the pages of rival journals found himself the butt of others. Perhaps one of the cleverest was *The Man in the Moon*, started by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach, both of them earlier of the *Punch* staff, and both of them remembered by the stories told against them. How Jerrold poked fun at Smith has been indicated. Reach had insisted at the dinner-table that the proper pronunciation of his name was Re-ack, on which one of the *Punch* men—variously said to have been Thackeray and Jerrold—retorted with, "Mr. Re-ack, will you please pass me a pe-ack?" One or other of these snubbers of affectation is said to have commented: "I see; Re-ack when we speak to you, and Reach when we read you." *Punch* had a happy knack of enlisting under his banner the cleverest of those writers who won their spurs in fighting against him. One of the most brilliant of the attackers of *Punch* in *The Man in the Moon* was Shirley Brooks, who in 1851 became one of the staff of the older journal that he had derided; as his biographer puts it, "Even Jerrold, whom he had particularly attacked, eventually plumped for his admission to the table, and when the time came took an early opportunity of referring to him as 'the most rising journalist of the day.'"

The thinness of W. H. Wills, one of the original staff, Douglas Jerrold accounted for by saying that he had been in training all his life to go up a gaspipe. On another early *Punch* man, Stirling Coyne, said to have been not over-particular as to his personal appearance, Jerrold made the often-quoted comment, "Stirling Coyne—I call him filthy lucre."

It was Jerrold who gave to *Punch* its strong liberal tendencies in politics, and how seriously these were taken may be judged from the fact that he was excluded from Austrian territory. His pen was always at the service of oppressed poverty, and it was wielded with a freedom to which his day was not accustomed. On one occasion he found a text in the famous couplet of Lord John Manners, who was willing to "Let wealth and commerce, laws, and learning die," so long as "our old nobility" was left intact:

It must, however, be a great consolation to the people of England to know in what consist their happiness and refinement as a nation. Not in their wealth; not in their laws; not in the wisdom of their buried sages. Oh, no! Let them despise their colonies—their fleets of ships—their literature, with its wings of light for distant nations—let them look upon all these things as cumbrous vanities, and with thankfulness pulling at their hamstrings, reverently drop down upon their knees before the House of Lords!

The House of Lords! Yea, that is nature's prime laboratory; there, indeed, she toils and labors to "give the world assurance" of her best article. Indeed, the eye of the philosopher—oorrowing the glass of Young England—sees painted on the outside of the House of Lords, "Real men to be had only within. All elsewhere are spurious. No connection with any other house."

Thus, all that we have to do is to pray for the procurement of peers. With an old nobility, let "crowded towns," with all their wealth, sink and perish—the true national property is in the Lords!

Thus, if Bristol should be again assailed by a devastating mob, let them burn every stick. Why should we care, if Bristol's earl be safe?

If all Westminster should catch fire, let it blaze away; for have we not a nobleman of that ilk dearer than all Westminster put together?

And, lastly, if an earthquake should swallow the entire city of Londonderry, ought we to mourn over the desolation—seeing that Providence has benignly preserved to us a wise and gentle marquess of that glorious name?

Jerrold could take a fling at the queen when occasion offered. When some one suggested that her majesty might do something to encourage art and science Jerrold replied in *Punch* with the demand that the writer be prosecuted. "A neglect of art! Why, is there a puppy of six weeks old in Windsor kennel that has not, by royal order, sat to an R. A.?" And so on, in terms of delightful sarcasm.

Occasionally, but not often, Jerrold would write verse epigrams. Thus when Chancery Lane was first paved with wood:

In Chancery Lane the devil stood,
And, musing on the logs of wood,
Exclaimed: "I thought these legal parts
Were always paved with human hearts."

The legal profession was never a favorite with Jerrold. In an early number of the sixth volume of *Punch* is a satirical article that may be taken as representative of the humorist's opinion of a calling that he always associated with greed and cunning:

Almost fainting with intense delight, we extract the subjoined paragraph from the Times:
"Bail Court.—In the matter of ——— Mr. Atherton moved that an attorney might, at his own request, be struck off the roll in order that he might be more entirely at liberty to pursue 'philanthropical occupations.'"

A cannibal who has foresworn man's flesh, and, moved only by his own stomach, contents himself with milk diet; a shark that turns from "a man overboard," meekly swallowing seaweed, and not Ben Binnacle; a porcupine suddenly softened into a beaver; a web-spinning, fly-catching spider changed into a honey-bee; Lord Brougham turned to a monosyllabic Quaker, and never turning again—any one of these transformations might call from *Punch* a passing paragraph of wonderment. But that an attorney—(no, we must have a new line for the miracle)—

But that an attorney should dash legal ink (alchemic fluid!) from his lips—tear sheepskin from his bosom—and, entangling red tape from his heart-strings, become, in the face of all the inns of court, a philanthropist-spirit of departed pantomime! where is such another change? We know of no parallel in human experience. True it is, that Peacham talks of one of his gang, who resolves to forego picking pockets, and return to tailoring, which "he calls an honest employment"; but this is fiction. Now "———" of the Bail Court, is stranger than "The Beggar's Opera!"

Is the man—benevolent apostate!—safe? Will he not be waylaid and maltreated by attorneys still in the ink? Will not Chancery Lane compass his ruin? Can he defy Clifford's Inn? Are there no perils in Currier Street? No pounce-hox bravos lying perdu in Grey's-inn-square? We know, among the Mahometans, the relentless cruelty with which they follow a blackslider from their faith. Now, whatever satirists may insinuate attorneys are but men; and can they forgive this large, this most eccentric insult offered by "———" to their whole body? Can English solicitors be thought more merciful than Turks? We fear not. Hence our anxiety. Hence, though we may weep, lachrymatories full, we shall drop no drop in surprise if "———" be found strangled with red tape; and pinned on his breast a label, professionally engrossed with these words:

"THE PHILANTHROPIST; OR FALSE ATTORNEY!"

Many of Jerrold's assaults have of course lost their flavor by the lapse of time. Even his wit could not give vitality to some of his victims, but his note on Charles Kean, the actor, is worthy of remembrance:

In the event of a rupture with France, we are happy to state that ministers have taken the best means to keep the enemy from this town, having engaged Charles Kean to play here during the whole of the war.

A humanitarian cause never appealed in vain to Jerrold. The report that the head of an African Khalif, preserved with honey and salt, had been presented to the French Marshal Bugeaud at Algiers provoked him to a fine piece of irony. Why should Christian soldiers, he asks, content themselves with killing and mutilating their enemies? Why not also eat them "after a grace composed quite in the spirit of the same Christianity that compasses their destruction. Parisian cooks might devote themselves to the preparation of an appropriate sauce, for example a "sauce piquante à la baïonnette." A sympathy so wide naturally included animals. When in 1845 Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited Coburg and took part in a deer battue, and of course Jerrold had something to say on the subject, and this time in rhyme:

Sing a song of Gotha—a pocketful of rye,
Eight and forty timid deer driven in to die;
When the sport was open'd, all bleeding they were seen—
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a Queen!

The Queen sat in her easy-chair, and look'd as sweet as honey;
The Prince was shooting at the deer, in weather bright and sunny;
The Bands were playing polkas, dressed in green and golden clothes;
The Nobles cut the poor deers' throats, and that is all *Punch* knows.

The cruelty of the law was always a favorite subject with Jerrold. When three children under twelve were sentenced to be whipped for stealing some old iron, he wrote:

Certainly this juvenile delinquency is a sad social evil, and should be suppressed, but it may be permitted us to ask, what has society yet done for these children, "none of them more than twelve years old"? Have they been taught right from wrong? or have they been left, like thousands of human vermin, to grow up ignorant of the difference of good and evil? It is very easy for society "to whip," but we are now and then fain to ask, "Does not society itself, more than the child-thief, deserve the lash?"

The author devotes more than half his hook to the reproduction of some of Jerrold's serials that appeared in *Punch*, and among them "Capsicum House for Young Ladies," "The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe," "Our Honeymoon," and "Exhibition of the English in China." All of them are rich in humor, but perhaps the first named was the more popular at the time and best deserves rescue from early volumes that are now possessed only by the favored few. Cap-

sicum House was a finishing school for young ladies, "its object being to turn out the fair pupils fully impressed with the solemn responsibilities of marriage." We are allowed to judge for ourselves as to the practical nature of the imparted instruction:

"Young ladies," said Miss Griffin, "it ought to form the reasonable hope of every young woman entering upon life, that some excellent, endearing man may think her worthy of being exalted to the honor of the marriage state. In looking at the various vicissitudes of this changeable world, every young lady can not do better than keep her eye wide open to the probability of the wedding-ring. Now, it is not enough to catch the affection of a husband—no; the grand secret is, to hold what you catch. Husbands are like those little delicate love-birds on sale at the Pantheon; easy, as I am told, to cage, but difficult to keep. Now, it is the weakness of most men to be at times addicted to spirituous admixtures; and it would ill become me, as a teacher of female youth—as the Principal of the Finishing Housewife Establishment, and, as I may say, a Living Guide to the Marriage Service—to suffer any young woman to leave my tuition without having passed her examination as to what I may call the proper conjugal mixture of brandy-and-water, and of other grog or grogs." Hereupon Miss Griffin drew herself up, and asked, "How to make a husband a first glass of brandy-and-water?" "Half-and-half," said Miss Briggs; and Miss Griffin bowed assent.

"How a second?"

"Two waters, one brandy," answered number two; and all the responses, varying with the supposed number of glasses, showed equal wisdom and foresight on the part of the scholars.

The ambition of the pupils is stimulated by a consideration of the vast number of men who already need, or who may be expected to need, wives:

"Ladies," said Miss Griffin, "you know what I mean." And this liberal assumption, as in so many daily cases, saved a world of inquiry. "We now return to the population tables. Eight hundred millions, I believe, Mr. Corks?"—the professor bowed. "Well, we'll say we are half; that leaves four hundred to you. Four hundred millions. Half of them, we'll say, are already married; that leaves us two hundred millions. Half of this number we must deduct for the aged and the youthful, the too old and the too young; which leaves us exactly one hundred millions of eligible men to marry with." "One hundred millions!" cried several of the girls with staring looks.

"How very curious!" half whispered the timid Miss Palmer.

"How very satisfactory!" exclaimed the bold Miss Pebbles. "Never forget the number, ladies. The memory of it will be as an armor and a stay to you. Never forget it—there are," said Miss Griffin, taking breath "one hundred millions of eligible husbands. Perhaps more, Mr. Corks?"

"No doubt, ma'am," said Corks; "no doubt. In so vast a calculation—and permit me to say that you have certainly the finest mathematical head since Sappho—in so vast a calculation, what are a few millions of people, more or less, to play with? One hundred millions of husbands!"

The study at Capsicum House was not merely theoretical, but practical, and experiment followed close upon the footsteps of precept:

"You say, Mr. Blossoms," we continued, "that last night was your night for coming home drunk? You do not mean to infer that Capsicum House is your home?"

"Most undeniably, sir, I do," replied Blossoms boldly. "Look here, sir, and understand me if you can." We bowed. "Miss Griffin—who knows the heart of man as she knows the A, B, C, and can put together and spell all sorts of feelings—Miss Griffin takes it upon herself to be mother to so many young women for so much a year—and hard work it must be, take my word for it. She teaches 'em life, as I may say, in a gallant-show, afore they're called upon, poor little things! to go and squeeze for themselves. Every young lady here is brought up for a wife. Now, sir, Miss Griffin says that the whole philosophy—yes, I think that's it—the whole philosophy of a good deal of wedlock is to make the best of an early misfortune."

"Humph! a sad employment," we answered. "Picking oakum's nothing to it," said Blossoms, a little softened. "Well, sir, it can't be denied—and Miss Griffin, as a woman of the world, knows it—drunkenness is a good deal about."

We nodded in mournful affirmation. "A husband, sir, with drink, is a wild beast—a lion coming home to lay down with the lamb," cried Blossoms, his eyes slightly twinkling with emotion.

"You seem quite alive to the evil of the vice, Mr. Blossoms?"

"I'm all over alive to it, sir; and I intend to 'bolish it. That's why I'm so ill this morning. You see, I'm hired—or, as Miss Griffin says, my mission here at Capsicum House is this—to take the part of the Drunken Husband; and to do it so to the life—to make such a noise at the door when I come home o' nights—and such a hubbub when they let me into the passage—and to shout and sing and sit upon the stairs, and swear I'll never go to bed—so that all the young ladies, seeing what a tipsy husband is, should take the pledge one among another never to have anything to do with the animal. That's my mission," said Blossoms.

"Very noble, indeed," we observed. "Only, the worst of it is," urged Blossoms, with a mild melancholy—"the worst of it is, I can't be violent enough. To be sure, they tell me that I would kiss Carraways last night; that's getting a little better; a little." And Blossoms wanly smiled with self-encouragement.

"Oh, you'll do, no doubt; and then the cause is so noble," we said.

"It's Miss Griffin's notion, and she carries it out beautiful. Every young lady, wrapt up in three shawls, with short candles, takes it in turn to sit up till three in the morning, to see what a wretch I am. Carraway lets me in; and when I've had a good wrangle with the bannisters, and shown what a brute a lord o' the creation can be—why, then, the gardener leads me to bed. It's all in Virtue's cause, says Miss Griffin; but just now what a precious headache Virtue's given me."

Here we must leave the most genial and delightful of the "old guard" that enlivened the first humorous periodical ever published in England. The name of Jerrold is indissolubly connected with that of *Punch* and probably gave to it that distinctive character that won for it its early successes and its maintained reputation.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AND "PUNCH." By Walter Jerrold. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

The work of railroad trainmen is not the most dangerous occupation. It seems that the highest percentage of fatality is found among the fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, where it is nearly 12 per cent of the total number employed.

THE ILLUSIONS OF HARRIET.

How London Butlers and Chambermaids Help in the Dissemination of Real News.

It is unpleasant to have to refer to an unknown lady as "Harriet," but the *Times* refuses to give her other name. And Harriet was discovered by the *Times* and is therefore, in a way, copyrighted.

Fortunately Harriet tells her own story. She wrote a letter to a certain butler, who showed it to his employer, who showed it to the *Times*, who printed it. Then the fat was in the fire, and other employers who had other butlers who had other letters sent them to the *Times*. And doctors who had received letters from Harriet did the same, and every one wrote to the *Times* except Harriet herself, who by this time had all the free advertising she could digest.

Harriet describes herself as writing for "some of the American papers which insist on having current gossip, amusing stories, etc., about well-known people over here and I buy large quantities of such letters regularly." There is no need to reproduce Harriet's letter in full because she writes voluminously, as ladies sometimes do. But who better could she apply to for scandalous titbits of the aforesaid "well-known people" than their butlers, chambermaids, lady's maids, and footmen, who must surely be able to pick up scraps of scandal as they wait upon table, answer the bells, or attend upon the bedrooms of the socially elect. Therefore "if you think you would care to double or treble your salary in this way write me a good specimen letter for me to see what you can do and I will then write more fully as to terms." By way of helpful suggestion Harriet then goes on to say that anything about Lady Gerard and the De Forests will be welcome on account of the approaching slander suit. Then there is the Dillon jockey who is mixed up with the Marie Lloyd divorce case and Lord Howard de Walden's action for libel against Mr. Lewis. If this particular butler does not move in these particular circles perhaps he knows some brother butler who does and who would oblige, for a consideration. He may have friends of the butlering persuasion who are on the staff of Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Ernest Cassel, or Mrs. George Keppel. He may even know some one who serves refreshments at the fashionable clubs and who might overhear something that would make "good copy." In short, would he see what he could do to satisfy the cravings of the American public? Nothing was needed but an attentive ear and a retentive memory. Of course Harriet does not say so, but every butler what is a butler knows that gentlemen sometimes leave letters in their overcoat pockets, while as for the lady's maids there would be no need to remind them that their mistresses have a way of frequenting each other's bedrooms while their hair is being brushed, and the things they will talk about during that sacred rite—well, there!

It was all very shocking and very disturbing. The *Times* was moved to the depths of its mighty soul by such revelations of perfidy. Its comments gave the impression of an editorial soul in travail. Its duty to expose Harriet was clear enough, but should it, could it, print the names contained in her letter? Would not asterisks answer the purpose? The *Times* had debated these questions while its sleepless head tossed upon its pillow. It had wetted that pillow with its tears, but at last the decision was reached. These people ought to know that, "socially speaking, there is a price on their heads." Wherever my lady may go "she will now have the pleasing consciousness that the man behind her chair may be one of Harriet's emissaries." In other words, Harriet will get them if they don't watch out. And this comes of educating the lower classes.

It is clear enough that Harriet knows her business all right, but she should get out of that fatal habit of writing letters. Of course it would be a bit of a nuisance to do it all verbally, but how much safer it would be. And really, Harriet, do you think it wise to write like this to fashionable physicians who already bleed their patients to a good tune without coining their confidences into dollars? "As a West End physician you are doubtless *au courant* with all the latest *on dits* and social scandals. I represent several leading American papers and am anxious to purchase any amount of this scandal." Especially she wants rumors of "causes celebres" and divorces, financial difficulties, "racy stories about Lady ———, of any trouble in the Duke ———'s ménage, the reasons why Prince ——— has never married, and who are his *chères amies*." Note the touches of French, so gratifying to the professional mind. Perhaps the fashionable physician might hear even of royal scandals. Such things occur, so it is said, and "the class of public for whom I cater are particularly interested" in such things. As a letter-writer Harriet goes to the top of the class, but her indiscretion is enough to bleach the hair. Why, Harriet, you might have known some of these letters would get published. In your own words they are such "good copy."

Methinks we must have seen some of Harriet's letters in the public press. Of course they don't say "Lady So-and-So's chambermaid writes me," etc., or "I have a letter from Lord So-and-So's butler who tells me," etc. Not at all. There is a regular form for these things, and Harriet has it by heart. Next time we see a London society letter beginning, "Last night as I was chatting with Lady M as the dear creature was about to retire," etc., we shall say—Harriet. Or, "I

happened to meet Lord A this morning at the Marlborough Club and he told me in strict confidence," etc.—Harriet again. We shall see Harriet everywhere now. No pseudonym can hide her, nor alias disguise her. It is annoying in its way. We rather liked you, Harriet, until we knew your name and how you got your living. You gave us a sense of being in touch with the great ones of the earth, and with your help we were on terms of vicarious familiarity with all the titled people that there are. We slapped them on the back, and went to bed with them, and there was not a secret of their lives that we did not know. But it is all over now. A long farewell to all our greatness—Harriet.

LONDON, February 2, 1911.

PICCADILLY.

If you compare Pompeian ruins with those of the immense structures in Rome, the walls seem to be but slightly built, but they are quite as thick or thicker than we should erect now under similar circumstances (says Professor Baggeley, in the *Journal of the Royal Institute*, London). They are mainly of the so-called Roman concrete, really rubble. Many quoins, most isolated piers, and some walls are of wrought masonry. A certain amount of burnt brick is used, especially for patching and in the upper parts of the ruins. It probably indicates work of the Imperial period, and generally, no doubt, the repairs and restorations after the destructive earthquake of A. D. 63. That upper stories over parts of the houses were common is shown by the considerable number of staircases and traces of staircases found, although most appear to have been of wood and many would leave no trace. The small remains of the upper stories recovered indicate that they were constructed with wooden framing and, sometimes at least, overhanging the footways. The existence of upper stories at Pompeii is interesting because a remark of Vitruvius might have led one to suppose that in his day upper stories were peculiar to Rome. He says: "The immense population (of Rome) makes it necessary to have a vast number of dwellings, and as the area is not enough to contain them all (on the ground story), the nature of the case obliges us to raise them in the air." It hardly seems likely that all the upper stories in Pompeii were additions subsequent to the time of Vitruvius, and one must suppose he was referring only to an exceptional number of stories in Rome. It is difficult to guess how many these were. On the one hand no Latin author ever mentions more than four, and Juvenal, a century after the time of Vitruvius, speaks of the dwellings of the poor "in the fourth story under the roofs." Besides, Vitruvius tells us that walls next a public way might not be more than a foot and a half thick. On the other hand Augustus thought it necessary to limit the height of buildings to seventy feet.

Texas is to have a new food animal, if the experiment of an enthusiastic ranchman is successful. He says: "For years Texas has been considered a cow country, so far as meat was concerned. Recently the breeders have been affected by the demand for hogs to the extent that hog-raising has predominated. Sheep are also raised. But there is a need in Texas for a food animal that is smaller than the cow, hog, or sheep, and bigger than the domestic hen or rabbit, which is so easily killed on our ranches. Few animals are more suitable than the little-known 'Muntjac' deer of India. This animal is a beautiful little creature, and is only about twenty-two inches in height. It has small horns, but is not combative, or large enough to be dangerous. It is similar to the sheep in its diet, feeding upon practically any kind of herbage. The meat from the muntjac, I understand, is of delicious flavor, and possesses that slight gamey taste that makes the epicure prefer venison to almost any other meat." A dozen pairs of this diminutive deer are to be imported by the ranchman, Mr. Lee Mountford, of Robstown, Nueces County. His effort will be watched with interest.

Professor Karl Schwarzschild, in a recent number of the *International Wochenschrift*, comments on the triumphs of American astronomers. After paying a tribute to the thorough work of American astronomers, he points out how wonderfully they have been helped by their excellent equipment and endowment. He finds that five of the greatest American observatories have among them \$250,000 annually at their disposal, while the ten leading German observatories together have only \$87,500.

The sum of \$50,000, which was accumulated from concessions in the woman's building at the world's Columbian Exposition in 1893, has not been disposed of and remains on deposit in a Chicago bank. The building was under the charge of a board composed of women from all the States of the Union, and the agreement was that the profits should be devoted to national charity. The original committee has never met to decide what to do with the money.

The report from Canada that a great lake has been discovered in the northwest of the colony is a reminder that the common belief that explorers have now nothing to conquer save some polar regions is very far from the truth. Vast tracts of the North American continent are still virgin ground, the extensive nature of which may be gathered from the statement that the newly found lake is 375 miles long and more than 150 miles wide.

PERTINENT FACTS OF THE CENSUS.

Many newspaper articles of the past month have summarized the published returns of the Census Bureau, but the most illuminative study of the new figures of population is presented in the January number of the *National Geographic Magazine*, from the pen of Henry Gannett. More than a dozen comparative tables, diagrams, and maps illustrate Mr. Gannett's study, and his analysis of the features presented is close and lucid. From his article the following paragraphs are taken, but it should be said, in fairness, that they constitute only a small part of its conclusions:

The population of the United States as announced by the Bureau of the Census was, on April 15, 1910, 93,402,151. This figure includes not only continental United States, but its detached territories—Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. Excluding these territories, continental United States contained 91,972,266 inhabitants; or, in round numbers, 92,000,000, a number much larger than was generally anticipated.

Compared with the population of the same area in 1900, 75,994,575, our numbers increased in ten years not less than 15,977,691, or at the rate of 21.0 per cent. The per cent of increase was slightly greater than in the preceding decade, 1890 to 1900, when it was 20.7 per cent.

The growth of this country for the past 120 years has been most astounding. There is no record of any such growth in any other country. Though our growth has in the past twenty years slowed down greatly, yet it is at present much more rapid than that of any European country.

Australia and Canada have been under much the same conditions during the past century as the United States, and their relatively slow growth is difficult to explain. Moreover, while we can understand why half the population of Ireland has come to the United States, it is not easy to explain why a million and a quarter of British citizens have left their home for this country. One would suppose that if they wished to leave old England they would have gone to Canada or Australia. The case becomes still more difficult when we learn that there are about an equal number of Canadians in this country, two-thirds of whom are of English extraction.

The average number of people to a square mile, or the density of population, has been affected not only by our total number of inhabitants, but by the area of the country. In 1802 the great province of Louisiana was added to our original territory; in 1819, the Florida; between 1840 and 1850, Texas and most of the Southwestern States, and in 1852 the Gadsden purchase. As the population here treated is that of continental United States only, the addition of Alaska, Hawaii, and Porto Rico are not here considered, either as to population or area. In spite of all these additions, which have nearly quadrupled the original size of the country, the density of its population is now more than six times as great as 120 years ago.

New York is, as it has been continuously for ninety years, the most populous of all the States, having now more than 9,000,000 inhabitants. This is more than double the population of the entire country in 1790, and very nearly equal to its population thirty years later, in 1820.

Our second State in population is Pennsylvania, which has held that position since 1830. Then follow in order Illinois and Ohio, which held the same positions in 1900. Going on down the list, changes in rank occur, and in some cases these changes are great. Thus, California jumps from twenty-first to twelfth place.

The most phenomenal growth has taken place on the Pacific Coast. The three States bordering the western ocean show the following percentages of increase: California, 60.1; Oregon, 62.7, and Washington, 120.4. These three States together contributed 1,775,612 to the increase of the country, or 11 per cent of the total amount. Their contribution was nearly as great as that of the Empire State of New York, and far larger than that of any other State. The increase in these States consisted mainly in the growth of cities and in filling up the well-watered regions near the coast.

In density of population the States show the widest sort of variations, ranging from 517 inhabitants to a square mile in Rhode Island, 420 in Massachusetts, and 337 in New Jersey, down to less than one to a square mile in Nevada.

The most densely populated countries of Europe are Belgium, with 587, and Netherlands, with 408.

The great manufacturing States of the Northeast have an average density of more than 200 to a square mile. The agricultural States south of the Potomac and Ohio have about forty to a square mile, the density decreasing southward and westward. Those of the upper Mississippi Valley east of the great plains are equally well populated.

The plains States—the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma—still have great vacant spaces to be filled, as they support now on an average not over fifteen to a square mile.

In all the mountain States the population is sparse, ranging from less than one inhabitant to a square mile in Nevada up to eight in Colorado. The three Pacific States are much more fully populated, but there is still room for two or three times as many people before the agricultural limit will be reached.

The growth of cities at the expense of the country districts is discussed in the article.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Russian Novelists.

It is delightful to read an appreciation of Russian novelists by such an enthusiast as Dr. William Lyon Phelps and to recognize that enthusiasm is based upon an abundance of knowledge. We have the keynote in the first words of his preface, where he says that Russian fiction is like German music—the best in the world. We are further encouraged to attention when we find that the author regards ideas as the real events of the world and is disposed to look upon the more spectacular happenings—wars, revolutions, and the like—as the merely subsidiary sequences to the ideas. The true chronology of modern Russia may be divided into five headings—Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Tolstoy. These men are the events, and the wise historian will give to them the emphasis that rightly belongs to origins and causes. Indeed the history of the world is the history of ideas. Whatever happenings follow the ideas are their results. Thus the thinker is always a portent. Dr. Phelps is guilty of no such bald summary as this, but none the less the inference is legitimate.

Thus we are told that Russia's greatness was unaffected by the Japanese war, since she still has her intellectual splendor and may be as prodigal of ideas as ever she was. Russia is very old, but her literature is new. Like an arid desert, she needed only irrigation to outstrip the older cultures. Early American literature was like a child "learning to talk and aping its elders." Russian literature "is the voice of a giant aroused." Henry James said of Turgenev that he contained not one pin point of prejudice. It might have been said of other Russians also. But imagine, says the author, what it must mean to survey the world with an unprejudiced eye. Americans, he reminds us, are full of prejudices, but "we call them principles." The Russian is humble, made so by his long silent experience and the vastness of nature. He is content to observe and not to interfere. Therefore Russia has produced a dozen great realistic novels since 1850, whereas "not a single completely great realistic novel has ever been written in the Western Hemisphere." It is the intense receptiveness of the Russian mind that magnifies the importance of the teacher. When Tolstoy insists that the Sermon on the Mount be taken literally his countrymen obey him in thousands, but in England and in America "it is perfectly safe to preach the Sermon on the Mount every day in the year." The police will not object, because "nobody will do anything rash." In fact nobody will take any notice.

The author's generalities are so fascinating that small space is left for anything else. He devotes chapters to Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoy, Gorki, Chelkhov, Artsybashev, and Andreev, and if his treatment has a fault it is that he injects too little of himself into it. It is too biographical. Gorki, he says, was ridiculously overpraised, but he ought not to be forgotten. His "Mother" is dull, and "The Spy" impossible. He is master of the flashlight, but he can not develop characters, nor manage a large group, nor handle a progressive series of events. Of Turgenev and Tolstoy he says illuminatingly that Turgenev is always an artist, Tolstoy always a morality. "War and Peace" is "the greatest historical romance in the Russian language, perhaps the greatest in any language." Of Turgenev the author shrewdly remarks that much of his power lies in his ability to make us see his characters as he sees them. We laugh with him and cry with him. Even Balzac and Dickens could not always follow the magician's wand, and sometimes we laugh when we are intended to weep, or weep when we are asked to laugh. But Turgenev never fails.

Enough has been said to show that Dr. Phelps has given us a choice piece of biographical criticism. Like Turgenev himself, he is without prejudices and admiration is evidently a joy to him.

ESSAYS ON RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By William Lyon Phelps, M. A., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

The Gold Brick.

The man who has been a city reporter, then an attorney, and who finally reaches the mayoralty ought to know something of civic politics. But Mr. Brand Whitlock, who is now mayor of Toledo, has something more than experience. He can tell a story deftly, and even with a theme of the dreariest corruption there is always a ray of sunlight that suggests a breaking sky. In the twelve short stories to be found in his latest volume a recurring figure is that of Boss Malachi Nolan, sordid, venal, unscrupulous. But sometimes Malachi is on the right side, he is a veritable angel where the wretchedness of the slums is at its worst, and he loves his daughter Nora from the depths of his sinful old heart.

Most of these stories must be founded upon fact, and they may be paralleled in almost any great city. Perhaps in real life it would sometimes be hard to find the redeeming touch that the artist gives them and that makes them tolerable. When Representative Henderson, "Henderson of Greene," resists the bribe he knows that tomorrow when he goes home he will have to "hunt a job in the harvest"

field." He knows that he will have to go on hunting jobs all his life. "I'll probably die in the poorhouse. I'll be buried in the potters' field. God knows what'll become of that woman and them children." None the less Henderson of Greene is "p'inted" public administrator of his county when he gets home, and that position is worth more than many bribes. But there must be many such as old Henderson to whom virtue is its own, and only, reward.

Mr. Whitlock has a certain grim humor about him. He knows the game too well to be deceived by the brand of reformers who "do their reforming chiefly at banquets." Also he knows those pillars of the church and of public decorum who would on no account buy votes, but who think that money "ought to be used so as to produce votes."

THE GOLD BRICK. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

A Nation's Crime.

The social evil that attracts the attention of the novelist is usually doomed. Public executions ceased in England after they were attacked by Dickens, and the grosser scandals of the Court of Chancery fell before the same pen. Mrs. Humphry Ward painted some of the miseries of the American divorce laws, and now Mrs. Lowenberg follows along the same lines. It is true that the divorce inquiry continues so far unahated, but the remedy will be found in a continuing appeal to the public conscience, an appeal that can be given in no way so effectively as by the novel.

Mrs. Lowenberg, unlike Mrs. Ward, has wisely filled her canvas with pictures of everyday life. She introduces us to an English curate who foolishly marries a harmaid who seems to be at the point of death and with whom he is no way in love. Of course she recovers and the *mésalliance* is so shocking to staid British propriety that the couple leave the country and settle in Maryland. Undeterred by their own experience, they force their daughter Anne into an unsuitable marriage, and as she is already in love with another man she soon leaves her husband, saves enough money to comply with the Nevada law, secures a divorce, and marries her lover. When her husband and her immensely wealthy mother-in-law eventually die the will under which she should inherit a large fortune is contested on the ground that a divorce granted under such circumstances in Nevada is not valid in Maryland, and that Anne has therefore committed involuntary bigamy and her children are illegitimate. The words of the Maryland judge on pronouncing this decision may be said to form the text of the novel:

The results of our divorce laws are sad as well as disgraceful. What a reflection on the legislation of a people, where a man or woman is married in one State and not in another; is lawfully married in one latitude and longitude; and a bigamist or a bachelor in another! Of all the States in the Union only in two States are the laws of marriage and divorce alike. And that the same laws of a uniform marriage law do not exist in every State of the Union is a nation's crime.

Space forbids any sketch of the accumulated miseries that fall upon Anne and her children as a result of this decision. The author sets them forth convincingly and in such a way as to suggest the frequency of the tragedy that lies concealed behind the bare reports of the innumerable divorce proceedings in our courts. Certainly no one can read "A Nation's Crime" without a realization of an enormity that only publicity and protest can lessen. The novel can be put to no better use.

A NATION'S CRIME. By Mrs. I. Lowenberg. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50.

Heroes of the Polar Seas.

The story of polar exploration has been told many times, but seldom so concisely or in so popular a form as by Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean. Moreover, the present volume of nearly four hundred pages includes the Peary episode as well as a sketch of Antarctic expeditions, while its illustrations, necessarily fanciful in many cases, are vigorous and striking. Perhaps the author, presumably an Englishman, is a little over-ecstatic about Peary's achievement, but that is a small and negligible fault.

HEROES OF THE POLAR SEAS. By J. Kennedy Maclean, with eight illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

My Brother's Keeper.

This story seems to be intended as a rebuke to the theoretical Socialist, who fails lamentably when asked to put his theories of human brotherhood into practice. Dr. Ennisley doubtless represents a type that we know well. He holds the chair of sociology in an Eastern university. He has married a beautiful Polish girl who was once a millhand, and he devotes himself to his socialist propaganda with a fervor of devotion that seems to be complete until he is required to seal it by the sacrifice of his reputation and his career. Some of the millhands to whom his Utopian exhortations are addressed are so illogical as to put his precepts into practice. A hom is thrown, and several policemen killed, and then the chief actor in the crime flies for refuge to the house of the very man whose

vaporings have inspired the deed. Worse still, Ennisley finds that this wretched and half-starved Pole is his wife's brother. Under the double test Professor Ennisley fails ignominiously. In terror of publicity and ruin, he denies all knowledge of the criminal and leaves his rescue to the man who is not a socialist but who is an altruist. And yet Ennisley should not be an object of disgust. He is absolutely sincere up to the point where self-sacrifice begins. Most reformers never reach that point at all. Of those who do reach it not one per cent can pass it.

The hero of the story is Rand, the son of a judge, a hobo and a vagabond by choice, a criminal for pastime, hunted by the police, and concealing a heart of gold under a veneer of mocking brutality. It is Rand who rescued Ennisley's wife from the mills, and educated her, and kept her secret, and now it is Rand who rescues the anarchist, his "heast brother," and jeeringly gives his life for him. When Rand first appears on the stage we wonder what the clever, unsavory wretch is meant for. The halo of the hero and the saint is cleverly hidden. Perhaps halos are always hidden in real life until the last chapter, and sometimes beyond it. Nothing so effectually conceals the soul from our sight as rags and poverty. A layer of dirt obliterates it entirely.

Mr. Jackson has written one of the few strong novels of the season, and it is strong because it shows us how beautiful are some ugly things.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Brief Reviews.

"Mollie and the Unwiseman Ahroad," by John Kendrick Bangs (J. B. Lippincott Company) is a substantial volume for young children with colored illustrations by Grace G. Wiederseim.

"The Story of Modern France" has been told by H. A. Guerher as an historical reader for upper grammar grades or as a text-book in history. It is published by the American Book Company, New York; 65 cents.

The Southwest Publishing Company, San Francisco, has published a little volume entitled "Jokes That We Meet," or "Humorous Illustrations for the Writer, Talker, and Speaker," edited with an index of titles, by Edwin Duhois Shurter. Price, 65 cents.

"Makers and Defenders of America," by Anna Elizabeth Foote (American Book Company; 60 cents) is a collection of historical biographies beginning with the close of the French and Indian war and extending to the present time. There are numerous illustrations.

Clarence G. Hamilton in his preface to "Piano Teaching, Its Principles and Problems" (Oliver Ditson Company) says that he is often asked by young piano teachers for advice on knotty problems that they encounter. The present book is an attempt to answer this need, and the author assures us that he has constantly borne in mind the actual questions that have been propounded.

A graceful little volume just published by the John Lane Company, New York, contains "The Sphinx," by Oscar Wilde. "The Sphinx" was first issued in 1894, but it was written—so Mr. Robert Ross tells us in his foreword—before the publication of the poet's first volume in 1881. According to Wilde himself it was composed and written in Paris in 1874 and this accords with the lines, "While I have hardly seen some twenty summers cast their green for autumn's gaudy liveries." The manuscript is now in the British Museum.

Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers, better known as Clara Doria, is well qualified to write on voice training and cultivation. Her book, "My Voice and I" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50) will be found to be full of a practical common sense intended, not to found a school or system, but rather to warn against certain radical and commonly found errors and thus to save students from the waste of time caused by following a wrong road. The chapters on what may be called the psychology of singing, such as the use of the imagination, and the correspondences between mood, mind, and mechanism seem to be particularly good.

Owen Wister's new book will be out soon. It is five years since "Lady Baltimore" was published.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Keith of the Border.

This is a story of early frontier days when the Santa Fé trail was rutted with traffic and when Carson City and Sheridan were roaring infernos of desperate lawlessness. Perhaps there is a temptation to use over-vivid coloring in painting pioneer times, but by this time we have learned the proper rate of discount and we would rather apply it for ourselves than check the exuberance of our story-tellers.

Mr. Parrish does not often err on the side of an over-complexity of plot, but he has done so this time. Not that it matters so long as there are plenty of desert murders, pistol play, border sheriffs, and lynching bees. We are never allowed to wonder for too long why Miss Hope, who surely ought not to be alone in such a place, should have such difficulty in finding her father, who seems to be always just around the corner, nor why she allows herself to be confused with the actress, Miss MacLaire, to her own detriment. Something of a delightfully gory kind always switches the attention away from a mere plot, but we are a little shocked when Miss MacLaire's identity is solved by means of the birthmark. But what do we care about wills, missing documents, birthmarks, and all such fine old time-tested accessories? It is enough that there is a full-flavored abduction to finish up with, a gorgeous and ruddy rescue, and a dramatic duel. Keith is a fine fellow, although a little slow to fall in love, and of the two girls we rather favor the actress, but that, of course, is not according to Hoyle.

KEITH OF THE BORDER. By Randall Parrish, with four illustrations in full color by W. Herbert Dunton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The early publication is announced of a book by William Winter entitled "Gray Days and Gold." This is not the popular old book of that title, but a greatly enlarged and rejuvenated book with so much added that it can be called quite properly new.

Violet Roseboro, reader for the McClure publishing house, says that O. Henry sent manuscripts to them for seven years before he was able to offer a story "strong in the whole."

An effort is being made at Nuneaton, England, to set up a memorial of the famous novelist George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), who was born at Arbury in the borough of Nuneaton, as apart from a granite obelisk erected near the birthplace some years ago her memory is not tangibly perpetuated in the district. It is suggested that either the schoolhouse which she attended at Nuneaton be purchased by public subscription or else a statue of her principal character, Adam Bede, be erected in the centre of the town.

Arthur C. Train, the New York district attorney, who finds recreation in writing as fiction his experiences in the courts, has completed a new detective story which will soon find a publisher.

Though René Bezin is probably best known in this country from translations of his novels, his "Two Italians of Today," published in 1897 by Henry Holt & Co., is still in demand and has just had to be sent to press again.

Harold MacGrath says that he begins his stories at the end, and that some of his best novels have sprung from the most trivial incidents, such as finding a playing-card in the street, seeing an old Italian peddler of plaster images, and a practical joke in which a friend disguised himself as a coachman.

Frederic Zeigen, author of "Therold Archer Knowlton," is the secretary and one of the organizers of the Michigan Authors' Association, a coterie of energetic writers, among whom are numbered Frederic Isham, Will Levington Comfort, Karl Harriman (editor of the *Red Book Magazine*), James Oliver Curwood and Stewart Edward White. Mr. Zeigen received his training in a newspaper office by hard knocks, afterward working his way through college, and still does some newspaper work.

Grace MacGowan Cooke is living at Oraibi, an Indian pueblo in the Moki reservation, and working on her new novel. Her story, "The Power and the Glory," brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co., has been a success.

E. Phillips Oppenheim lives in a cottage on the east coast of England, with a view of the North Sea from his windows. He says that he still writes, after twenty odd years of practice, with all the enthusiasm of youth. To an interviewer he said recently: "Sometimes it seems to me that it is because all one's life one hopes for one particular idea which never comes. There is always something elusive about the genesis of an idea of any sort. Perhaps it is the inextinguishable hope that on one of those occasions when one sits and waits there will come the most wonderful idea that has ever dawned upon the brain of a writer of fiction, something of which dim glimmerings have passed through one's brain when one is half awake and half dreaming. Every writer of fiction

knows what those will-o'-the-wisps of the mind are. With the morning their light has gone, but they do their good work. They keep hope alive."

There is much of scholarly tradition as well as of pleasing literary memories in the title, *Riverside Readers*, chosen by the Houghton Mifflin Company for a new series of textbooks soon to be issued. The series will be complete in its requirements, and, under the editorship of Mr. James H. Van Sickle, Miss Wilhelmina Seegmiller, and Miss Frances Jenkins, all experienced educators, should offer improved standards in literary and instructive excellence. Many of the works of great American authors are published exclusively by the Houghton Mifflin Company, and a wealth of material of the right kind is thus made available to the editors of the new school readers.

Having, by right, first place in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, is an essay by Cornelia A. P. Comer, under the title, "A Letter to the Rising Generation." It is a study of more than ordinary impressiveness, contrasting past conditions with those of the present, and keenly analyzing modern tendencies. Those who read the first paragraph will continue to the end—at least, those whose memory covers twenty-five years.

In spite of his ninety-three years the Hon. John Bigelow continues his regular habits of literary work, putting in a certain part of each day upon the fourth volume of his "Retrospections of an Active Life," which his publishers, the Baker & Taylor Company, hope to announce at no distant date.

In "Dickens and the Drama," with sub-title, "An Account of Charles Dickens's Connection with the Stage and the Stage's Connection with Him," S. J. Adair FitzGerald, English journalist and author, a book recently imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, contributes something new on Dickens in giving chapters to Dickens as an amateur actor, a public lecturer and reader, play writer, and as an innovator upon the drama of his own period and later.

There were in Augustan Rome established publishing houses which not only turned out large numbers of books, but many editions of them, and at an incredibly small price (says Algernon Tassin in the *Bookman*). That their arrangements were business-like may be inferred from the testimony of Horace. He relates that when an author failed to please the metropolis the publishers shipped the entire edition of his works to the provinces, and if he still failed to go off as writer they made arrangements to bring him back again and sell him as paper to the pastry and spice shops. One great firm in Rome had over two thousand trained slave copyists; and their work was swift and cheap, for Martial writes that they had ready an edition of a thousand copies of his "Epigrams" in just one hour to be sold at ten cents a copy. The exceedingly large reading public which all this indicates must have been many years in growing, and one may assume that Rome had long been a city of readers. Atticus, the publisher of Cicero, had a great many modern methods in the conduct of his business, and the fact that Caesar's "Commentaries" were very quickly dispatched to the outposts of civilization shows that the machinery of distribution was also well organized. Thus we may conclude that the advertising and publicity department was in good shape.

William Lyon Phelps tells this story about Robert Louis Stevenson as illustrating the cosmopolitanism of Russian character, which Professor Phelps says is accountable, in a measure, for the international effect and influence of Russian novels. Stevenson, writing from Mentone to his mother, 7 January 1874, said: "We have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable little scene at lunch today. . . . She said something in Italian which made everybody laugh very much. . . . after some examination, she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a mädchen. . . . This hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterward to revise. . . . but her new opinion. . . . was announced in a language quite unknown to me and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments. . . . she said goodbye to me in very commendable English." Three days later, Stevenson added, "The little Russian kid is only two and a half; she speaks six languages."

Although Cecil Rhodes was a busy man he got time for a certain amount of reading. He made it a rule, although very fond of good pictures, never to buy any for fear of developing a craze for collecting works of art, for with all his wealth he felt that he could not afford to spend so much money on a fad. The only famous painting that he owned was one by Sir John Joshua Reynolds, supposed to represent a young married woman, which hung in the dining-room over the fireplace. As a boy he had taken a great fancy to the picture, and when he grew up and became rich he bought it.

CURRENT VERSE.

The City on the Hill.

I know the strangest city—
An ever-peaceful city,
A beautiful, white city
Upon a sunny hill,
Where daisies fair are growing,
Upon the Earth's green bosom,
While summer winds are blowing
Along the streets so still.

The streets are long and narrow,
And the brown thrush and the sparrow
Their little nests have huddled
Among the flower-flecked grass.
You will hear the song of linnet
And the robin's carol in it,
Whenever this strange city
Your footsteps chance to pass.

The houses in this city—
This still and peaceful city—
Where never human pity
The dwellers ask nor need,
Are long and low, and over
Each roof the grass is growing
That no one may discover
The haunts where sparrows breed.

There are no sounds of sorrow,
No longings for tomorrow,
No pain to hear or borrow
In all the silent streets.
Unbroken peace hroods over
The green grass and the clover,
And sleep that knows no waking
In all its calm retreats.

Thither dear ones grown weary
Of treading pathways dreary,
Grown, oh, so tired and weary!—
Come seeking after rest;
And in that fair, white city,
That beautiful, strange city,
No thought of pain or pity
Disturbs the dweller's breast.

O Peace, so deep and tender—
So wrapped about with splendor
Of rest which you can render
About each low-laid head,
Keep one low dwelling for me,
That when I have grown weary
I may lie down and dream in
The city of the dead.

—From "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford.

The Faded Flower.

Here is a little flower that I found in a letter old:
A withered and faded blossom, but a sweetness
all untold
Clings to the crumbling petals that a breath would
turn to dust,
Like a thought from a vanished summer that a
true heart holds in trust.

A memory sweet as the dreams are that come in
the time of June,
When life is a beautiful poem set to a sweeter tune
Than ever the voice of a singer that has lived or
died has sung—
The song that is born of the gladness that is ours
when the heart is young.

Who gathered the flower, I wonder, in the summer
long ago?
Was it sent as a lover's message? Not you nor I
may know,
But true to its trust, the blossom holds in its
withered heart
The thought that will haunt it with sweetness till
its petals fall apart.

—From "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford.

In an Artist's Studio.

This is Enchantment's realm, for here I find,
Inside four walls, scenes suited to my mind
In myriad moods. And I indeed were blind
If I saw not the world reflected here,
As figures in a glass, from by-gone year
Or present time—from lands both far and near.
A little world, shut in by walls that keep
That other world outside in which men weep
And toil, scarce finding time for love or sleep.

Here is a bit of Summer. See that rose
From whose red cup, when e'er the warm wind
blows

Odors are spilled that only Juneteenth knows.
A robin suns his wings beside his nest;
A little brook goes hawking on its quest
To find the sea,—and all is sweet with rest.

I turn. The summer's gone. The white snow
shines
From mountain peaks through a green gloom of
pines.
And chill, bright sunshine draws in etchers' lines
A tracery of branches on the snow.
Oh, white, cold world, heats your heart warm
below
Such ermine as no king on earth can show?

I turn again. There's witchery here, it seems.
The snow has vanished, and the blue sea gleams
In yellow sunshine, and a spell of dreams
Is round me as I see, far off, white sails
Of ships blown seaward by the silent gales
To find, perhaps, the land where peace prevails.

Again the wizard waves his magic wand.
Among the great of earth I seem to stand
And see deeds done all time will reckon grand.
And then—among the lowliest ones of earth
I feel the kinship of a common birth
As grief treads closely on the heels of mirth.

O room of magic! wherein man has wrought
The witcheries of the brush till it has caught
What words can not, the color of a thought,
Here dreamers, poets, all great souls may feel
Your subtle influence o'er their senses steal
Until Art's world seems all the world that's real!

—From "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, now seventy-six years old, has just written her first novel, a story of Virginia.

Right Way and Wrong

Getting On and Off Street-Cars.

Even the paragraphers and jokesmiths have withheld satirical pens concerning the recently published announcement that instruction in alighting from street-cars is to be given at a well-known college for women.

It is no joking matter. The need is urgent and the possibilities of a thorough course, as proposed by the school in question, can readily be grasped, though they open the way to a far larger field of thought than would at first appear.

For years it has been written that women do not step off a street-car in the correct manner. An hour spent on Market Street any day by an observing person proves the old assertion over and over again. It also affords a few thrillers, for time and again women trip quickly down the steps and step off either at right angles from the moving car or else facing the wrong way. Sometimes this leads to a bad fall in the mud; sometimes the passenger thus blindly alights in front of a moving auto or vehicle, and only the watchful eye of chauffeur or driver prevents a serious accident.

Then, too, watch the people who rush for a car. Men and women alike take desperate chances every hour of the day in their haste to clamber aboard after the car is in motion. Man, being more active, surer of eye, and better trained in the art, runs a lesser risk, but the observer who takes note of happenings on the trolley system sees many a slip made and many a narrow escape from the wheels.

Of course it is human nature to hurry, but after witnessing the risks taken even in an hour or two by the apparently heedless, the conclusion is reached that the chances are too favorable to disaster to life and limb, and so willfully coquette with death.

Let an accident occur, however, and at once the cry of carelessness against the car crew goes up from the unthinking, who have never given heed to the situation or studied the question except from their partial viewpoint. Car men warn and warn and warn, but so little heed is paid to their good advice. A short part of a day spent in walking about or riding on the street-cars of this city by any thoughtful person will prove a revelation. He or she will reach the conclusion at the end of the experience that it is a wonder so few people are injured, so recklessly do they thrust themselves into danger, with perhaps nothing to be gained after all by catching that particular car.

Appended are some reasons why street-car accidents happen to passengers, or those intending to become passengers, because:

They get on or off before the car has come to a stop.

They attempt to board or alight without the knowledge of the conductor or motorman. At times a vehicle in the track compels the motorman to slow down or to stop before the regular stopping-place has been reached. *This is not the time to get on or off the car.*

They get off facing the rear or without taking hold of the grab-handles.

Or they run after and try to jump on cars in motion.

And here are some reasons why street-car accidents happen to pedestrians, because:

They pass behind a car and step in front of a wagon, car, or automobile coming in the opposite direction.

They hurry across streets on which cars are operated intent upon other matters than street-cars.

They start to cross the tracks without looking for an approaching car.

Or they come from behind a vehicle which prevents a view of the track on which a car is approaching, and step upon that track, without looking for the car before doing so.

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THE BOTTICELLIAN "ARCADIANS."

The prestige of the Frohman name was enough to draw a crowd on the first night of "The Arcadians." The main auditorium of the Columbia Theatre was filled to the back rows. Society and the automobile contingent turned out, and all the boxes were occupied. Expectation, if not precisely on tiptoe—for it is getting a little jaded in this epoch of glowing press-agency—was at least in a sitting-up and taking-notice attitude.

The curtain went up, and expectation almost went up, too; to reach the tiptoe stage. For there we saw flower-studded Arcadia and the flower-crowned Arcadians looking most attractive to the eye. Arcadia seemed to be a very nice sort of place, although unprovided with seats. The population, however, seemed to be perfectly comfortable sitting on the ground, which was well padded with property greensward. For one could scarcely call it plain grass in Arcadia.

The girls in that sylvan country were draped, instead of gowned, and looked quite Hellenic. Their costumes were pretty, spring-like, Botticellian. The men were costumed like shepherds; not, he it understood, plain, realistic, flesh-and-blood shepherds, but the reed-playing field-men of poetry, who never chew tobacco, and are always young, and generally in love. A large preponderance of feminines in the population of Arcadia seemed to make it possible for a young and gallant shepherd to keep his susceptibilities very fully occupied, and the young lady Arcadians had a way, very soothing to male Arcadians, I should say, of allowing the gentlemen to pay their homages to two ladies simultaneously.

Being sponsored by a Frohman, it follows that the stage tableaux depicting this idyllic state of things in Arcadia were very correctly and tastefully grouped. There seemed, too, to be a promise of a pleasant departure from the ordinary musical comedy routine. In fact, there was a faint suggestion of the Gilbert-Sullivan atmosphere in the air. One recalled the charming mist-clad fairies and the tripping measures of "Iolanthe." There was even a reminder in several numbers of the lyrics and choruses of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas.

Enthusiasts over those dear, delightful classics will remember the delicious song, "How beautifully blue the sky," from "The Pirates of Penzance." We remembered it last night, during the shower-chorus. But oh, the difference! In the Gilbert-Sullivan song the girls chattered ostentatiously about the weather, the while they kept Mabel and her young man under surveillance; then the song died to an absent-minded murmur when the fair songsters believed themselves and their espionage unnoticed, and gossiped assiduously, the music faithfully reflecting, in that inimitable way peculiar to Sullivan in his light-operatic compositions, every shade of their variations of mood, from feminine scrutiny to ostensible absorption in their own concerns.

No such delicacies of effect were discoverable in the Lionel Monckton-Howard Talbot music of "The Arcadians," although the score has plenty of mellifluously pretty numbers.

The "chorus of fear," sung by the Arcadians when they first saw the approach of Mr. James Smith's aeroplane, is a case in point. It went well, was effective, but it has not for a moment haunted that "inner ear" that Du Maurier spoke of in "Peter Ibbetson," that is always listening to the songs and melodies that memory seeks to recall. We could say the same of all the music; pretty, suitable, pleasant to hear, when reproduced by theatre and café orchestras, but not haunting.

In the matter of singers, the company at the Columbia is insignificant. Fetching little Alice Russon's light little, tight little soprano becomes a series of squeals when she really tries to sing, and Ruth Thorp, the Sombra of the cast, knows so little of proper vocal execution that, although she throws in a few ineffective sky-rockets, she screams distressingly enough to make one jump in sympathy for her near neighbors on the stage.

The cast of "The Arcadians" is typical of one kind of the up-to-date, first-class, musical-comedy road-shows that so often, nowadays, storm the favor of the public. It is a cast without a personality in it. It is true that this lack is a common thing in musical comedy, but nevertheless it is a lack, and a big one, as we realize when we review the list of musical attractions in the past, irradiated

by such stars as Jessie Bartlett Davis, Alice Nielsen, Fritz Scheff, and, among the men, Carleton and Francis Wilson. Even James Powers, who ranks below the stars mentioned, is funny enough to light up with a gift of humor the somewhat stereotyped processes of "Havana" and make it much, very much, more of an attraction than it would be otherwise.

I can not say that I found the right proportion of humor in "The Arcadians." The jokes are of the heavy British type, and neither of the comedians has that blessed gift of keeping up a bubble of unreflecting laughter in the audience. Johnny Osborne seemed to go a little past the line in his rough-and-tumble pleasantries with "Maria," and was obliged to let the point of his jest quite appreciably often fall upon apparently unresponsive ears. "Johnny" has a good deal of air, but he is not really funny. Gilbert Childs pretty nearly got there. He was consistent in his cadaverous melancholy as the perennially disappointed jockey and his make-up was good, but neither of the two seemed to be more than subordinate comedians, occupying the lime-lit space in the centre of the stage rather tamely. True, we must do them the justice to remember that if their lines were read we would not find many jokes in the part, but a comedian by instinct makes fun out of airy nothings.

I should say that the principal attraction of "The Arcadians" is girls, although there are rafts of young men. But the chorus young man is not a thriller, even to the unjaded maiden of tender years. He is nothing but an arm for the show-girl to cling to, a knee to sit on, and a voice to lean on. He is, in fact, a male background to battalions of decorative femininity. He is generally vealy in mien, and nobody looks at him twice. Poor young man! I wager he sees the error of his ways early in his career, and takes up with an occupation that is more soothing to his young masculine egoism. From the back view he looks very well, dressed as a shepherd, but there is something about his youthful and ingenuous countenance that is altogether too much like that of the youth in the street to harmonize with an Arcadian background.

With the girls it is different. They really look pretty, graceful, picturesque, and almost idyllic and innocent. They are not beauties, but, in their flower-decorated, filmy draperies, they pass for them very creditably, without opera-glass inspection.

The numerous authors of the book seem to lack the American deftness in making appreciable jokes about a mere nothing. Perhaps there were originally allusions amusing to British ears that had to be suppressed on account of lack of point in America, but, if so, nobody has been clever enough to think up substitutes. It is fatal in musical comedy to have a chance to pause and reflect, and one had that chance in "The Arcadians." "It is rotten, but we'll sit it out," said a man in the audience to a friend of equally subdued mood. And people did stay it out, because one hopes on, hopes ever, and there is always a chance for a new sensation. If nothing else, a new kind of dance. But the dancing was disappointing, too.

Alice Russon is a gay, lively little hopper, but one can scarcely apply the term dancing to her rather aimless though graceful leaps and bounds. Little Miss Russon is the girl who plays the part of the Irish snarer of hearts, whose near-brogue came and went with such absent-minded irregularity. She is the girl in the cast about whom calf-love will entwine itself, since there has to be somebody that will act as a trellis to that much-tendrilled commodity. But nobody, man or woman, will lose its head or its sleep over anybody or anything in "The Arcadians."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Another English play with a patriotism-building motive was very successful at the Comedy Theatre in London a few weeks ago. It was called "The Admiral Speaks," and was written by Major Drury. Though in one act, it was very impressive. A young lieutenant in the navy, his wife, and the ghost of Admiral Nelson, are the characters. The wife entreats the young officer to resign, and he consents. After the letter is written, but before it is sent, the figure of Nelson appears and rebukes the woman for her lack of patriotism, and she realizes what she has done. Her husband comes in, now decided to stay at home, but the wife, with a changed heart asks him to go. He hesitates, surprised, but Nelson again appears, sternly reminds him that "England expects every man to do his duty," the band outside strikes up the phrase from the popular song, and the lieutenant again feels the desire to battle for his country.

Manager Will Greenbaum has definitely secured Alexander Heinemann, the German lieder singer, who has been described as "a Dr. Wullner with a beautiful voice," for a series of recitals in April, and also Mary Garden, the famous prima donna, for a few appearances in May.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Savoy Theatre will have for its attraction for two weeks, beginning next Sunday evening, "The Midnight Sons," a big musical production conceived and promoted by Lew Fields. "The Midnight Sons" is presented in two acts and eight scenes, several of which have gained a wide reputation for their novelty and realism. Two of the scenes in particular have caused no end of comment, that showing the observation end of a rapidly receding Pullman train crowded with tourists, etc., and another scene showing the interior of a modern fully equipped playhouse with its tiers of boxes, orchestra, and balcony complete, containing an audience of over three hundred people, said to be two of the most massive and costly stage settings attempted in recent years. "The Midnight Sons" will be presented here by a company of over a hundred people, headed by George W. Monroe, and most of those who assisted in the original presentation of the piece during its engagement of nearly a year at the Broadway Theatre in New York. In addition to the regular company two hundred and fifty extra people are utilized in several of the big scenes of the show, which is promised to be staged here with all the original effects, scenery, and electrical surprises. An extra matinee will be played on Wednesday, Washington's birthday, February 22.

The second and last week of "The Arcadians" at the Columbia Theatre will begin Sunday night. The reception of "The Arcadians" at the hands of San Francisco theatre-goers is not to be wondered at, for this same cordial treatment has been tendered the play in every city that it has played. This play is without a doubt one of the daintiest musical performances ever given in this city and as a result the theatre has seen only the largest audiences.

The bill for next week at the Orpheum is headed by Homer Lind's production of a condensed version of Offenbach's grand opera, "The Tales of Hoffman," in which Miss Helena Frederick will star. This adaptation contains the most attractive musical numbers of the opera, linked together by dialogue which tells a complete and very dramatic little story. George Crampton, a baritone of good voice and an actor of ability, Arthur F. Burckly, operatic tenor, and others will support Miss Frederick. "Just Landed," an Irish skit, will introduce Walter Lawrence and Lillian Fitzgerald. It is filled with bright Celtic humor and tuneful songs. Welch, Mealy, and Montrose will present a farcical skit called "Play Ball," which illustrates the humorous side to the strife between the New York "Giants" and the Chicago "Cubs." The Boudini Brothers, who have been styled wizards of the accordion, will be heard in favorite selections. Next week will be the last of Mignonne Kokin, Redford and Winchester, and Galetti's Simian Circus. It will also conclude the engagement of Miss Fannie Ward in her successful comedy, "An Unlucky Star."

The tremendous success of "Madame Sherry," soon to be seen here at the Columbia Theatre, recalls the fact that its producer, George W. Lederer, during his famous régime at the New York Casino a decade ago, produced such remarkable hits as "The Belle of New York," "The Whirl of the Town," "In Gay New York," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "The Passing Show," "The Mocking Bird," "The Telephone Girl," "La Belle Helene," and a dozen other big successes.

Arrangements have been completed in New York for the shipment across the continent of a vast amount of stage paraphernalia, draperies, electrical effects, etc., to be used during the engagement at the Columbia Theatre of Ruth St. Denis. The St. Denis series of dances, Hindu and Egyptian, promise to startle San Franciscans as much as they did theatre-goers of Europe and the East. Miss St. Denis played four farewell matinees at the New Amsterdam Theatre last week—making her fifth engagement in New York within the season.

German Actors and Managers.

Frank Reicher, who received his early training as an actor in the Continental school, thus states his views on the marked difference between the German method of play productions, and those which obtain in this country:

"The great difference between methods of acting here and abroad lies in the conditions that prevail in the theatres on either side of the Atlantic. Speaking from personal experience in Germany, I can say that no actor is sure of getting an engagement with a manager unless he can hand that manager a list of forty-five or fifty parts running the gamut of the classics and staple repertory, which he has either studied or played, and in which he would need only one rehearsal before a public appearance.

"On the other side the actor, though paid smaller salary than in America, feels more secure. Managers loathe to engage actors for less than three years, because they have stock companies and no traveling organizations. They have the wish to make ensemble effects

that will be liked by local theatre-goers. Again, the actor feels safer because the length of the season does not depend upon the success of one play. The element of gamble is eliminated by this 'stock' system.

"The actor does not have to run from office to office because of a succession of failures, but can study and secure a literary education, the foundations of which, in most cases, have been laid before he left school. Here, if a manager produced a Goethe or a Schiller masterpiece, the general public would be face to face with an unknown quantity, while in Germany the children in the higher grades of school are made familiar with translations and originals of all classics in the drama from Euripides to Dumas."

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Oakland, Friday aft., March 10, Ye Liberty
Coming—MISCHA ELMAN, Violinist.

VANITY FAIR.

Why do our newspapers assume a sort of smirk of self-satisfaction when they tell us that the Chinaman is cutting off his queue? One would suppose that the queue was a mark of barbarism and in some way acted as a harrier to hapiism and whisky drinking. But that can hardly be. We all wore queues a few years ago, all of us that could afford them, and the rest don't count. The Father of his Country wore a queue, and a gentleman would no more think of appearing without one than without his trousers. Either omission would cause comment. The queue was usually a part of the wig, and wigs were worn because it was necessary for urgent sanitary reasons to crop the hair close, whereas the wig could be taken off and hoiled in insecticide.

If the Chinese give up their queues there will be a shortage in the ladies' hairdressing stores where they sell switches, rats, and other hirsute aids to nature. We may as well face that matter at once. Most of them come from China, and they are taken from the heads of convicts, who have no voice in the matter and whose jailers are always ready to make an honest penny. Doubtless the queues are cleaned somewhat if the traders get the time, but they're a husy lot, and "what the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve," to quote an old adage.

In a way there is something pathetic about this use of the dead Chinaman's hair. What a small world it is after all. How seldom we turn our attention in the direction of China's teeming millions and yet all the time we may be wearing these sad and tender tokens from the heads of our dear, dirty, erring brothers across the wide Pacific. They don't know it and we don't know it, and yet there must be some subtle fragrance, some haunting, evasive perfume, that perhaps reminds us in a subconscious way of the unity of the great human family. Not even chloride of lime could wipe it out altogether.

The New York aldermen have refused to interfere with the woman's hatpin. Never before in the history of the city have the aldermen refused to interfere with something. Interference is their long suit. They get their living by it.

But those frivolous aldermen had a good time before they got down to a vote. The room was filled with women, and curiously enough they all wanted the hatpin abolished or curtailed. There is a point in feminine psychology here that needs investigation, but time presses. Moreover, it is not a question of time but of eternity where the feminine psychology is concerned. Nearly all of these women were prepared to prove—and simultaneously, too—that the hatpin is unnecessary or at least that it can be denatured, like alcohol. The hat could be stuck on with glue, or fastened on with screws, or the point of the pin could be protected with decorative buttons or even with the unassuming potato. Why there was one girl there with dreamy brown eyes, a brunette, with the most fetching little dimple just where a dimple ought to be and a figure that would have made the Venus de Milo hurry for her underclothing. She was the third girl from the right on the front row, and that girl had four hatpins on the port bow and three more to starboard and not one of them visible. She proved it to Alderman Downing, who is unmarried—or was last week—and however closely he looked he could not see those hatpins, and Alderman Downing is not the man to take up a job like that and drop it half way. He tried all right, did the alderman, but it was no good. And then there was Alderman Campbell. You can't deceive Alderman Campbell. He has to be shown. Knowing that pretty girls are apt to be deceitful he singled them out, and he just would see for himself. A perfect hulldog for tenacity is Alderman Campbell. Before the meeting was over the air was full of effervescence and hairpins, and of course Alderman Johnny White had to put on one of the exhibition hats and waltz about the room with Alderman Hannan. The girls were gone by that time or there would have been no such unholy combination as this. Fancy dancing with an alderman. As a result the hat fell off, and although there were four hundred and thirty-two patent point-protected hatpins right there on the table there was not one that would fit Alderman Johnny White. He had not the wherewithal. It was a smooth bottom and the anchors would have dragged. And so woman will pursue her devastating career and man may console himself with the thought that his bead is "bloody but unbowed."

They are having lots of trouble in England about divorce. They want a reform of the laws. They don't see why all the luxuries should be confined to a special caste and why the poor man should be debarred from a little pleasant variety in his married life. In England reform means more divorce. In America it means less. That is the difference between the two countries.

It is one of the faults of the old world that people never do a new thing merely because it is the common-sense thing to do. They get at their problems in quite another way. Now here is a rich man whose wife

has revoked at whist or something of that kind and who wants a divorce. He can have it. But the poor man can not have it. He can not afford it with the price of beer what it is. Now the obvious way is to lessen the expense or let the poor man have his divorce on the installment plan, dollar down, dollar a week. But no. The first thing to do is to hunt up the archives. Possibly some venerable old parson said something about divorce a thousand brief summers ago. There may be references to it in some worm-eaten old parchment that must be found at all costs. Then the opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury must be asked, and the views of about nine hundred little curates will be instantly available without asking. The discussion will wax fast and furious, but no one will suggest that if poor people are entitled to divorce according to the right of human nature they ought to have it.

For example, here is some genius who writes to the London *Standard* in answer to another genius who wants to know what are the views of the Church of England on divorce. He does not say why he wants to know the views of the Church of England, because that might be used in evidence against him before the lunacy commissioners. All the same he wants to know, or says he does. Now comes along genius number two, who tells him. It seems that the church's regulations are comprised in her "Canons ecclesiastical agreed upon by the hishops and clergy in their synod begun at London, Anno Domini 1603." We don't believe we have ever read that work. There has been such a flood of light literature since Magna Charta that something must be missed. The church, it seems, did smile tolerantly on divorce a *toro et mensa*, which seems to mean judicial separation, but it had simply never heard of divorce a *vinculo*, which is the permanent kind they run at Reno and which may get introduced into California if we are not careful. The *vinculo* brand was not introduced into England until 1857, but the church disapproves it. So it is hard to see what can be done for the poor man in face of that little episcopal frolic "at London, Anno Domini 1603."

Edwina Stanton Babcock has something to say about French and American girls in the *Atlantic Monthly*. To paraphrase it would be to spoil it, so at least one paragraph may be quoted in full. Here it is:

A young French girl enters the theatre with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the privileged American girls "finishing" their education abroad. Her untouched, flower-like face is alight with anticipated pleasure, with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word "brassy." Her hair is bound with a little old-fashioned snood and tiny huckle, a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body. Quickly four faces, the faces of the overindulged, the overprecocious, the overathletic, the overdressed, turn to study her. There is something to learn in this little French maid, whose eyes never meet a man's, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird, yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment, and usefulness. Have the privileged eyes to see? Will they compare her with themselves? Will they learn?

Fashions in men's clothing seem to be on the change, and curiously enough it is conservative England that is showing the greatest tendency to break away from the landmarks. A casual reference in an English newspaper tells us that the frock coat is no longer *de rigueur*, which seems a pity, for a man in a new frock coat will think well of himself even with the recollection that he was rude to his mother-in-law. And if the frock coat must go it is obvious that the top hat must go, too, and this is indeed the case. There has always been a tender relationship between these two garments, although no one can say why only a veritable bounder would wear a frock coat without a top hat. Presumably they came together, and certainly they are going together. In death they are united. But we mourn for the frock coat, remembering that we have one.

Then, too, the overcoat. Another of those peace-destroying paragraphs, this time in the London *Chronicle*, asks "why did man allow fashion to banish the outside breast pocket (in which to carry a handkerchief) from his overcoat?" Did he allow this? At least the vote was not unanimous. Henceforth we shall have to sneak through back streets with the morning newspaper so carried as to hide that pocket. Time and frugality, without any ostentatious or offensive honesty, will one day furnish a new overcoat, but it seems hard that a mere fashionplate should thus have the power to blight a garment otherwise irreplaceable. For there is no way in which an offending pocket can be suppressed, not when it comes outside. To sew it up would be to suppress its utility while preserving its conspicuousness. And a colored rosette would look arrogant.

The same writer who throws out these incendiary paragraphs about the fashions—probably subsidized by the tailors, if the truth were known—conceived the brilliant idea of estimating "how much you are worth as you stand in your clothes," or, as they would say

in the stock yards, on the hoof. Here is his estimate with the English coinage translated into terms of real money:

Coat, waistcoat, and trousers.....	\$20.00
Shirt and other intimacies.....	7.50
Boots.....	5.00
Tie and collar.....	.60
Studs and various jewelry.....	.40
	\$33.50

When the *Chronicle* scribe gets a hat the bill will go up somewhat, and he seems to be short of an overcoat. Perhaps it has an outside breast pocket and he is doubtful of its value. Therefore, he says, you can not really dress a man "on a five-pound note," which is \$25. But why is he so extravagant with his jewelry?

We have always been advocates of woman's suffrage, although sometimes we have delicately concealed our enthusiasm under a transparent veneer of badinage. It is therefore a peculiar pleasure to commend the proposal of Mrs. Pauline Woerner of Berlin, Germany, who is a leader of the suffragette movement in Germany. Frau Woerner writes to *Die Deutsche* in order to advocate compulsory domestic service for the young women of her country. She points out that military service has been of untold benefit to the manhood of Germany, and she asks why women should be excluded, merely because they are women, from the fostering band of a paternal

government. Why this discrimination between the sexes? If men are worthy of official solicitude why not women? Let a law be passed at once to equalize the sexes in this respect, and if the privilege of compulsory military service is accorded to men let a similar period of compulsory domestic service be vouchsafed to the women.

An illustrated newspaper publishes a picture with the following caption, "President Fallières (with a beard) driving from the Elysée." It should be known that the excellent President of the French Republic makes it a rule to wear his beard when driving, and therefore the incident is without significance. He always does it.

Close observers will note that the description of the enthusiast in this incident makes it certain that Judge Maguire, earnest advocate of Henry George's theories, is not referred to. There was a funeral at which the minister, after reading a passage of scripture, frankly admitted that he had not known the deceased and therefore did not feel that he was qualified to deliver the usual eulogy. "Perhaps there is some friend who would like to say a few words," he said. No one responded, and the situation was beginning to become painful, when a tall, thin man arose at the rear and stepped to the front. "Well," he said, "if nobody else cares to talk, I'll say a few words for the single tax."

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,758; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at a point on the northeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named to be the owners in fee-simple absolute, and each of said plaintiffs to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest of and in said real property, and each piece and parcel thereof, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On his visit to America, Father Vaughan of London was asked: "Would you give votes to women?" "I would make no difficulty about giving votes to women," he answered. "But, you understand," he added with twinkling eye, "once you give votes to women the suffragettes will be wanting them also."

Native to Cornwall he went to London and was gazing into a shop window and obstructing the footpath. A cockney stumbled against him, and seeing that he was from the country, said to him: "My man, have you seen a wagon load of monkeys pass down the street?" "No—o," Cousin Jack replied; "faaled out of the wagon, ded'ee?"

A pale, intellectual looking chap, wearing eyeglasses and unshorn hair, visited an athletic instructor not long ago and asked questions until the diplomatic athlete finally became weary. "If I take boxing and wrestling lessons from you, will it require any particular application?" he asked. "No," answered the instructor, "but a little arnica will come in handy."

A student at the Western Reserve University suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation in English III, the professor said: "Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught." "That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily. "You teach me—I feed myself."

It took forty years to plant Pacific salmon in the East. "Yes, it has been a work of patience," said Fish Commissioner Bowers, in an interview in Washington. "Such patient work makes me think of the ticket agent in the railway station. A woman said to the ticket agent angrily: 'Look here, sir, I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes!' The agent, a gray, withered little man, answered gently: 'Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years.'"

William Dean Howells tells of a stern critic to whom a popular novelist brought his first novel in manuscript—a manuscript of about 140,000 words. The critic duly read it, then he gave the author this advice: "Cut out half." The young man accepted the advice. He cut out all the weak and dull portions, and it seemed to him that the story was improved wonderfully thereby. He sent it in its new form to the critic, who then gave him this second piece of advice: "Cut out the other half."

In the wee sma' hours of what had been a "big night tonight," a young man arose from a table in one of Boston's eat and drink palaces, and in putting on his coat, dropped a heavy weight to the floor. "Bill," said one of his friends, "why the window weight?" "That's no window weight," Bill replied, "that's the weight belonging to our cuckoo clock. See, I carry it with me, and then the wife can't tell what time I get home, for without the weight that fool clock can't crow. Guess I'm foolish like a fox, huh?"

A mighty hunter from London recently put up at a quaint little Midland hostelry, and left word that he wished to be called at five o'clock in the morning. Sharp at that time the next morning came a thundering rap at his door. "All right! I'll be down in a minute!" called a muffled voice from under the quilt. "You get up now and sign this receipt!" commanded the voice. "Receipt! What receipt?" demanded a very wide-awake voice, and the bed squeaked loudly as its occupant leapt to the floor. "Well," grunted the landlord, "I don't intend to have you coming down at eight o'clock declaring that you aint been called!"

Senator Depew went into a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk, "Where shall I autograph?" "Autograph?" asked the clerk. "Yes, sign my name, you know." "Oh, right here," Senator Depew signed his name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia crackers. One of them advanced to the desk. "Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, with a smile. "Certainly," said the cracker; "mine's rye. What's yours' fellers?" The clerk treated. Then he leaned back and glared at the senator. Senator Depew felt sorry for him and was somewhat conscience-stricken. "Too bad," he said. "This is what comes from speaking a foreign language in your own country."

A self-taught artist spent three months on a painting. He paid out a good deal of money for models, but the finished product justified all his expenditures and all his time. Everybody told him so, when his picture was exhibited. Everybody but one. The lady whose opinion he valued most was the one he took to the exhibition with him. "I can hardly wait," she bubbled. "Which is your picture?" "This one," he told her—and waited. She studied it critically. "What is it called?" she

wanted to know. "'Wood Nymphs.'" "How silly of me to ask! They're so natural. Why, anybody would think they were really made of wood!"

George W. Perkins was giving advice to young men. "Never undertake," he said, "to do too much. In applying for a position it is almost better to promise too little than too much. Remember the model. An old chap, you know, applied to a New York artist for the post of model. 'Well,' said the artist, 'what do you sit for?' 'Oh, anything, sir,' said the model, fingering his beard nervously. 'Anything you like, sir. Landscape, if necessary.'"

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's food expert, was discussing in Washington the fall in the price of meat. "The reasons given us for this fall are ludicrous," said Dr. Wiley. "They are as ludicrous as the young lady's reason for avoiding tight lacing. 'Is tight lacing unwise?' her teacher asked the young lady in a physiology lesson. 'Yes, it is very unwise,' was the reply. 'Why is it unwise?' the teacher pursued. 'Because it busts the corset,' said the young lady."

A well-known literary man was praising Lincoln at a dinner in New York. "Lincoln," said he, "could not stand tedious writing in others. He once condemned for its tediousness a Greek history, whereupon a diplomat took him to task. 'The author of that history, Mr. President,' he said, 'is one of the profoundest scholars of the age. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our generation has plunged more deeply in the sacred fount of learning.' 'Yes, or come up drier,' said Lincoln."

Patrick Ford, the Irish home ruler, said at a recent banquet in New York: "These Ulster people with their talk of a revolution amuse me. They are a lawless lot—as lawless as Annie Kelley. Annie Kelley was parlor maid to a lady who lived in Merion Square. Annie surprised her mistress one morning with the gift of a fine pheasant. The mistress, to find out if Annie had come by the bird honestly, said: 'And where did you get this pheasant, eh?' 'Sure, ma'am,' said Annie, 'me father's poacher to Lord Clare.'"

Miss Annie S. Peck, the mountain-climber, described in one of her addresses in Boston on mountaineering the strange effect that some mountains have on some men. "In a word," she said, "it is an effect of mendacity. Thus, in a Boston club one mountaineer said to another: 'So, Smith, fat Smith actually climbed Mount Blanc!' 'Smith? Not he!' the other mountaineer replied. 'But he said he did.' 'True. But in September, on his return from Chamonix he only said he'd been to the foot of Mont Blanc. Since then he's gradually lied himself all the way to the top.'"

Lord Decies was talking about American cab fares. "They seem to be intended only for the rich," he said. "I was amused by a cabby who, after a drive that would have cost a shilling in London, said: 'You're an Englishman, sir, and so I'll only charge you \$2.' He made me think of a lawyer, who, having won a case involving a hundred pounds sterling, kept eighty pounds for his fee, and said, as he handed over the balance of twenty pounds to his client: 'I am your friend, sir. I can't charge you my full fee. I knew your father.' 'Thank goodness,' said the client, warmly, 'that you didn't know my grandfather.'"

There was an accident at a railway crossing at night, in which a farmer's cart was struck and demolished and the farmer injured. Counsel for the railway won the case for the defense mainly on account of the testimony of an old colored man, who was stationed at the crossing. When asked if he had swung his lantern as a warning, the old man swore positively: "I surely did." After the trial the lawyer called on the old negro, and complimented him upon his testimony. He said: "Thankee, Marse Jawn, I got along all right; but I was awfully scared, 'cause I was 'fraid dat lawyer man was goin' ter ask me was my lantern lit. De oil done give out befo' de accident."

Much has been written about the greed and avarice of theatrical managers and producers, but the accusations are often disproved. The producers are out to get all the money they can, but they are frequently swayed by other motives. One of the best-known managers in New York put on a play last year, and it was a success; such a flattering success that its author was much elated, not to say puffed up. But he nursed as grievances some of the changes the manager had made in the play. "Mr. Blank," he said one morning to the producer, "you would be the greatest producer in the world if you would only stay out of the theatre while rehearsals are going on. You are fine on putting up the money, but that's all." The manager touched a button on his desk, and said to the messenger: "Tell my booking agent to stop all performances of this fellow's play. I'm going to take it off."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Going to the Show.

I'm going to the auto show
To view the new machines,
The racer and the baby grand,
Likewise the limousines,
The runabout, the trim coupe,
The bathtub models, too.
With many a door both hind and fore
To struggle madly through.

I'm going to the auto show
To furnish up my mind
On strokes and gears and lines and sheers
And plugs of many a kind.
I'll look the models o'er each night
With long and anxious care
And maybe I may up and huy
An auto cap to wear.

—Peoria Herald-Transcript.

Microscope.

Mary bought a hatching suit,
And it was striking, very;
While in the shop 'twas pretty cute,
'Twas out of sight on Mary!

—Boston Traveler.

Two Ways.

He who finds he has something to sell,
And goes and whispers it down a well,
Is not so apt to collar the dollars,
As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

—The Advertiser.

Pictures of Love.

My Bella is a charming maid,
One of the fairest of earth's creatures,
Brown eyes, brown hair, a trifle staid,
Well off, and with attractive features;
She is a thing without a taint;
The one fly in my pot of honey
Is that she thinks that she can paint;
It's very funny.

Truth is an attribute I prize;
But in the processes of wooing,
When she displays to my shocked eyes
Some dreadful daub that she was doing,
I praised it warmly on the spot;
I called it great—but meant to flatter;
It was a lie, but I did not
Think it would matter.

Nor did it then. But ever since
We told our love (with some emotion)
Fate has inspired her to evince
The breadth and depth of her devotion
With gifts—not goods of silver, gold,
And such—not even an umbrella—
But pictures, awful to behold;
O, Arabelle!

I have a "Spring" which makes one creep,
"Autumn" (the trees alone are muddy),
Some things which I believe are sheep,
And something which she calls a "Study,"
'Dawn on the sands,' in fleshly pink,
A pair of blue seas and a green one,
And a weird cow, which makes you think
She's never seen one.

My humble walls were once bedight
With works of some artistic merit;
Some bought, because they pleased the sight;
Some, I was lucky to inherit;
Those well-loved friends have vanished now;
Others, with strange and startling faces,
Headed by that infernal cow,
Usurp their places.

It may be, as my friends declare,
I err in being too fastidious,
But can the eye that holds her fair
See that her work is aught but hideous?
And, tho' I try to hear in mind
The thought that love is blind, or should be,
I am not blind—I can't be blind—
I wish-I could be.

And yet, when Bella roams unchecked
About the room where hang those pictures,
And stands, admiring the effect,
I clean forget my private strictures;
The simple fact that she is nigh
Seems to improve their aspect vastly;
It's when the artist isn't by
That they're so ghastly.

—Puck.

The Gadder's Ruhaiyat.

When you are eating in the Dining Car
Try not to use the Knife. A sudden jar
May cause the Knife to slip and cut your Mouth,
No matter how experienced you are.

—Chicago Tribune.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The principal social events of the week have resolved themselves into entertainments for the members of the Irwin-Crocker bridal party and have taken the form of large and formal dinners, at which the guests numbered several hundred, and theatre parties followed by suppers, which though more limited in the number of guests were none the less elaborate.

Tuesday being the Feast of St. Valentine, the day was marked with luncheons and teas for the debutante set, notable among them being those of Miss Helen Bertheau and Miss Jeanne Gallois.

The fancy dress skating party and the Presidio vaudeville were also events of Tuesday.

On Wednesday a benefit tea at the home of Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith served to assemble society in the cause of the Girls' Recreation Club.

Mr. Frederick Hall and his daughter, Miss Myra Hall, entertained a hundred or more guests at a dance at the Claremont Country Club on Friday evening, and the Friday Night Club also gave a ball on the same evening at Century Hall.

Saturday will be marked by a large reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Minthorn Tompkins to commemorate their golden wedding, at which they will be assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Windham Carey, and Miss Ethel Tompkins.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Irene Mocker and Mr. David Copeland Norcross. The wedding will take place next month.

Dr. Manly Simons and Mrs. Simons have announced the engagement of their daughter, Ruth, to Captain James M. Salladay of the U. S. Medical Corps.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Harriet Day Stringham and Mr. William Andrew de Witt of New York. The bride-elect is the daughter of the late Professor Irving Stringham of Berkeley. After their marriage their home will be in the Eastern metropolis.

The wedding of Miss Olga Atherton and Mr. George Mullen took place on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Edward Eyre. The maid of honor was Miss Josephine Hannigan, and the bridesmaids were Miss Jane Selby, Miss Ethel Shorb, Miss Helen Bowie, and Miss Ysobel Brewer. Dr. Lanza, U. S. A., acted as best man. The future home of Mr. Mullen and his bride will be at Palo Alto.

The wedding of Miss Stella Whitman, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Prentice, and Mr. Willis A. Clark took place Thursday at the Bellevue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Marrick. On their return from their honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Clark will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Davis and Mr. Thomas C. Miller took place Saturday in Los Angeles. Mr. Miller is a son of Mrs. John O. Miller of this city. The home of this young couple will be in Bakersfield.

The marriage is announced of Miss Katharine Lynch, of Lynch, and Mr. Archie Calom Smith, of Bryson, California, at Santa Barbara, Wednesday, February 8, 1911.

Mrs. Robert Dean was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Florence McLean, whose wedding with Mr. Nelson Lansing of Honolulu will take place next month. Among those invited by Mrs. Dean to meet her were Mrs. Lane Leonard, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, and Mrs. Norman Wright.

Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth and her daughter, Mrs. I. R. Grubb, entertained at a bridge party followed by a tea on Friday in honor of Miss Maud Wilson, the fiancée of Mr. Effingham Sutton.

Mrs. Percy Moore and her sister, Mrs. Percy Eyre, entertained at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Wednesday in honor of Miss Jane Selby. The other guests were Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Katherine Donohoe, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Cora Otis, and Miss Frederika Otis.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow presided at an elaborately appointed luncheon Monday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, and Judge and Mrs. Erskine Ross.

Miss Helen Jones entertained at a luncheon

on Wednesday at her home on Buchanan Street in honor of Miss Ernestine McNear. Her guests were Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Harriett Stone, and Miss Dorothy Baker.

On Thursday Miss Jones entertained another group of girls in honor of Miss McNear, among whom were Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Evelyn Barrow, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Jeanne Gallois, and Miss Janet von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday evening, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Davis, Mrs. Samuel Terrill, Miss Elizabeth Stitt, and Mr. Chester Ristentap.

Mrs. Frederick Funston was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale at her home on Vallejo Street on Tuesday. Among those present were Mrs. Charles Fee, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. Alfred Ford, Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Haldimand P. Young, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Joseph L. Chanslor, Mrs. John Kilgarriss, Mrs. William Cullen.

Mrs. Alexander Bergevin entertained at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday at a bridge party in honor of Mrs. George Fish, who returned recently from Europe.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson entertained a bridge club of which she is a member on Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis. The party included Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. John Gale, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. George Boardman, and Mrs. Warren Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Taylor entertained informally at a tea on Sunday afternoon, followed by a chafing-dish supper. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. and Mrs. James Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reis, Dr. and Mrs. H. Kugeler, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Philip, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robeson Taylor, Mrs. Emily Rixford Johnson, Miss Henrietta Stautmuller, Miss Catherine Carter, Miss Maud Goodwin, Mr. Loring Rixford, Dr. Stanley Dodd, Mr. Charles Stewart, Mr. Frederick Wood, Dr. Shadworth Beasley, Mr. H. C. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Alan Pollok.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith's home on Clay and Laguna Streets was the scene of a reception and tea on Wednesday afternoon, which was given for the purpose of furthering the cause of the Girls' Recreation Club. Among those who assisted Mrs. Smith were Mrs. Laurence Harris, Mrs. Athole McBean, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Worthington Ames, and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Miss Maud Wilson was the motif of a bridge tea given on Tuesday by Miss Ethel McAllister. Among those present were Miss Hannah du Bois, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Mrs. Ralston White, and Mrs. Alan McDonald.

Mrs. Andrew Rowan entertained at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Miss Gladys Poillon and Miss Eleanor Bliss.

Mrs. George Kelham was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, which she gave in honor of Mrs. George Kelham, Sr., who has been spending the winter here. Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and Miss Augusta Foute assisted Mrs. Kelham in receiving her guests. Among those present were Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Mrs. J. Berry, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mrs. Samuel Nagruder, Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Margaret Postlethwaite, and Miss Chapman.

Miss Julia Evans and Miss Nora Evans entertained at a tea on Saturday in honor of Miss Florence Gibbons, the fiancée of Mr. Percy Evans. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Miriam Gibbons, Miss Marie Bullard, Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Lucy Harrison, and Miss Olive Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson were hosts at a dinner on Monday night at the Fairmont Hotel, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bergerin, and Judge and Mrs. A. N. Dorn.

Miss Marguerite Doe was the guest of honor at a tea at which Miss Harriett Stone presided on Sunday afternoon. Among those present were Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Dorothy Van Sickle, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Esther Denny, Mr. Chester Skaggs, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Herbert Schmidt, Mr. Jack Neville, Mr. Willard Barton, Mr. Ernest Gnnther, Mr. Dan Volkman, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Jack Geary, Mr. John McMullen, Mr. Hillyer Deuprey, Mr. Carl Wolf, Mr. Remi Knight, Mr. Spencer Kales, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, and Mr. Duval Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson entertained at a dinner and theatre party on Friday in celebration of the seventh anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. Manly Simons entertained at a tea on Saturday at her home at Mare Island in honor of Mrs. William R. Pentz of San Rafael. Her guests were Mrs. Guy Brown, Mrs. Stacey Potts, Mrs. Howard Norton, Mrs. Charles Hartigan, Mrs. Alys Webb, Mrs. Mary Turner, Mrs. Allan Reed, and Mrs. Mayo Duval.

Miss Kathleen Farrell was hostess at an Orpheum party on Monday, followed by a tea at the Hotel St. Francis. Her guests were Mrs. Antoine Borel, Jr., Miss Elsie Clifford, Miss Gladys Poillon, Miss Eleanor Bliss, and Miss Lillian Jones.

Mrs. Laurence Fuller was hostess at a lunch-

eon on Tuesday, which she gave in honor of Miss Marian La Tourette. Among those present were Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Anna Peters, and Mrs. Christian Miller.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a dinner on Wednesday evening, at which her guests had been invited to meet Miss Constance McLaren. Her guests were Miss Martha Foster, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Irwin Richter, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Chester Ladd, Mr. John Cushing, Mr. Frank King, and Mr. Percy King.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder entertained a group of the friends of their daughters, Edith and Janet, on Wednesday evening prior to the Gaiety Club dance. Among those present were Miss Martha Foster, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Myra Josselyn, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Felton Elkins, Mr. William Holloway, Mr. Ward Maillard, Mr. Leonard Abbott, and Mr. Henry von Schroeder.

Mrs. James Farrell and Mrs. James Shea entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday in honor of Mrs. Tasker Bliss and Mrs. Frank Denny.

Miss Helen Bertheau gave a dinner on Wednesday evening, at which she entertained Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Dora Winn, Mr. Harry Osborn, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Dan Volkman, and Mr. Rudolph Bertheau.

Mrs. Jesse Hunter entertained at a tea Saturday afternoon at her home on Clay Street. Assisting her in receiving her guests were Mrs. Alfred Ford, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Miss M. Pope, and Miss Alice Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wayne entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at the Bohemian Club. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele, Mr. and Mrs. William Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Mr. and Mrs. William Drennan, Mrs. McClure Kelly, Dr. and Mrs. Carroll Duck, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto.

Legislation against the manufacturers of phosphorus matches has long been threatened. White phosphorus, as a producer of that dreadful disease, necrosis, has become notorious. But legal proceedings have finally been made unnecessary by an agreement among the manufacturers themselves, according to which the employment of white phosphorus is to be discontinued. This fortunate solution has been reached through the action of the Diamond Match Company, the dominant element in the business. This company, which holds patent rights on a harmless substitute for the deadly phosphorus, has voluntarily relinquished its monopoly. Its competitors, from now on, will be able to carry along their activities with an avoidance of the results that have been so injurious to so many workers.

The latest reports made by investigating scientists are that the best bath of all baths is the simple bath in sunlight. It must be taken without any clothing, but only the throat, chest, and back need be exposed to the sun rays. For all cases of anemia, where the person is what one commonly calls "run down," the bath in sunlight is held as a speedy and remarkable remedy. Above all it is said to work marvelous improvement in all cases where consumption has not reached an advanced state. Three months of sun baths are declared to cure slight tuberculosis; a year for those patients seriously affected. But it is for those city people who get no long vacation on farm or by the seashore that the sun bath may hold out a very fountain of health, if not of perpetual youth.

Art lovers find many attractions this week in the exhibition at the galleries of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, which includes many paintings by Bolton Coit Brown, recently brought from New York, and of the original drawings by Ernest C. Peixotto, used to illustrate Mr. Peixotto's recent work, "Romantic California." There are thirty-four of the Peixotto drawings.

Prominent among the non-fiction best sellers of the English publishing season, according to the London Bookman, was Sir Lewis Michell's "Life of Cecil Rhodes," published in this country by Mitchell Kennerley.



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Classes in Camp-cooking are open to boys over fourteen years of age on Saturday forenoon or after three o'clock in the afternoons.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Francis McComas has returned to Monterey, after a visit of several weeks with her mother, Mrs. Louis Parrott, in town.

Mrs. Frank Findley of Sausalito will leave this week to join Mr. Findley in Boston, where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dimond (formerly Miss Jeanette Deal) are spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Colonel and Mrs. John Wisser have left the Palace Hotel and are occupying the quarters of the commanding officer at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and the Misses King are at Assuan.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Mr. Platt Kent, and Gordon and Lansing Tevis were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis at a weekend outing in their private car at Truckee.

Mrs. Henry Alexander, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has returned to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coryell, who are at Montecito, will return for the Mardi Gras ball on February 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have returned from Paso Robles and are again at their apartments at the Bellevue.

Mrs. William H. Crocker is in New York and will sail shortly for Paris, where she will join her daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, who for several months has been the guest of her aunt, Princess Poniatowski.

The Misses McClellan, daughters of General McClellan, are visiting in San Francisco, and are at the Granada.

Miss Miriam McNear and her brother, Mr. Denman McNear, left Wednesday for New York, where they will spend several months.

Miss Helen Hyde will spend the summer in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick, who have been in New York for several months, are expected home in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Shainwald, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Seville Shainwald, and their son, leave the city the latter part of this month for an extended tour in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. R. Vail of Santa Barbara are spending the winter in St. Moritz, Switzerland, but will go to Rome for the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Charles E. Maud is in Denver, whither she was called by the serious illness of her brother, Dr. Clinton Hastings Castlewood. Her mother, Mrs. John A. Darling, has given up her trip to Europe and will go to Denver soon to be with her son during the summer.

Mrs. Katherine Voorhies Henry, who has been spending a month or more in Honolulu as the guest of Princess Kawanakoa, has returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has been spending the week in town at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Georgia Hammon has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will spend the month of March.

Mrs. Helen Wolcott Thomas is traveling in Mexico with Mrs. Lena Sefton Wakefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald have gone south for several weeks.

Mrs. Edwin Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall have returned, after a visit of several months in the East.

Miss Flora Wilson arrived a few days ago from Washington, D. C. She will be at the Hotel St. Francis during her stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall will leave for Europe in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse are still at Coronado, but will come to San Francisco in a few weeks to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells.

Mrs. C. L. Bonestell has gone to Del Monte for the golf tournament.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Sabla, Jr., Miss de Sabla, Miss L. de Sabla, Mrs. E. P. Tobin, Miss Peakes, Miss F. Samter, Miss Florence Samter, Miss Emily E. Ellis, Mr. John E. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alber, Mr. L. D. Waddell, Mr. A. Bentley, Mr. H. Malloch, Mr. J. M. Young, Mrs. C. C. Clay, Miss M. R. Clay, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Butler, Mr. R. H. Butler.

The golf tournament at Del Monte is the important social event of the week, opening brilliantly last Saturday with an entry of thirty-two for the men's qualifying rounds. The annual exhibit of the Del Monte Kennel Club was an added attraction which proved irresistible to the lovers of dogs throughout the State. Among the prominent society people present were Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Templeton Crocker, who had with them Mr. and Mrs. Ward of San Mateo; Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, with Miss Hopkins, and Miss Elcester, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Miss E. M. Grant, Miss J. C. Grant, Mr. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Innes, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles, Mr. Percy Selby, Miss Jane Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mrs. William Kohl, and a party of friends, Miss Lola Davis, Miss Wilkins, Miss Irene Sabin, Miss Jean Fergus, Miss Gertrude Murphy.

"What you want to do is to have that mud-hole in the road fixed," said the visitor. "That goes to show," replied Farmer Corn-tossel, "how little you reformers understand local conditions. I've putty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I made haulin' automobiles out o' that mud-hole."—*Christian Register*.

Gertrude Elliott, in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," will follow "The Midnight Sons" at the Savoy Theatre.

Bonci, the World's Greatest Male Singer.

Alessandro Bonci, the greatest living male singer, and one of the stars of the operatic stage capable of giving a complete song recital, will appear for two concerts only at the Columbia Theatre, the dates being Sunday afternoons, March 5 and 12, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum.

For the past two years Bonci has been the principal leading lyric tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, but since the retirement of Sembrich from the casts there have been fewer and fewer representations of the difficult lyric operas, and Bonci decided to retire for a season or two and devote his time to concert work, for which he is admirably equipped, as for many years he has made a fad of studying song literature as well as the operatic repertory.

Bonci may be called the "Tetrazzini of tenors," for it is in his marvelous renditions of the florid, high passages in such works as "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Così Fan Tutti," etc., that he excels anything the operatic stage of modern times has known. He has been hailed as "the king of bel canto," and one of the New York papers recently said: "The successor to Sembrich as the most artistic of singers will not be a woman, but a man, and that man is Alessandro Bonci."

At his opening concert in this city Bonci will sing songs by Gluck, Giordani, Paisiello, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Bizet, Debussy, Leoncavallo, Godard, and MacDowell, besides operatic arias from "Martha" and "La Bohème."

At the farewell concert, numbers by Gluck, Cimarosa, Carissimi, Rossini, Chadwick, Dvorak, Blumenthal, and other song composers will be given, and operatic numbers by Haydn, Puccini, Gounod, and Donizetti. Among the novelties will be the aria from "The Girl of the Golden West."

Seats for this exceptional engagement will range from \$2.50 to \$1, and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Friday afternoon, March 10, Bonci will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. For this event mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop at the box-office of the theatre.

Among ornamental feathers assumed for show during the courting season the tail of the lyre-bird of Australia is unequaled, but the bird is now so hunted that it will soon become extinct. A few years ago over 400 lyre-birds were killed in one district in a single season to supply the London plumage market, and it is a fact of sinister import that only fifty-two tails have been catalogued this year in the London feather sales. The plumed egret in Australia is being similarly slaughtered. When the attention of Parliament was called in 1898 to the fact that all egrets which are killed for their plumes are shot down at their breeding places, and that if the young have been hatched they die of hunger, so strong a repulsion arose at such barbarity that the following year the British government substituted a new plume, not made of the feathers of the egret, for that previously used for certain regiments of the British army.

Pick up any peerage book, and you will find it bristling with ancestral names whose presence is much more difficult to explain than that of the fly in the amber. And as you descend in the social scale the fictions multiply—from the pedigrees of the landed gentry to the family-trees proudly cherished in hundreds of middle-class homes. But these lineages—aspiring as they are—are of mushroom growth compared with many that are claimed with seeming honesty. At Mostyn Hall you may see a vellum-roll, seven yards long, headed by no less famous an ancestor than "Adam, son of God." Another pedigree at the College of Heralds starts thus modestly with Adam and the Garden of Eden, and Wales has many a family tree which traces descent with unerring hand from the same remote origin.

The women of the West Indies have been wearing the hobble skirt for years and are apt to wear it for years to come. The hobble may have originated with these women of the tropics, but they probably care little for the credit, as their hobble is more of a necessity than a fashion decree. They wear a belt anywhere between the shoulders and the hips, and the tight hobble cord is placed just below the knees. They are often forced to walk through long, wet grass and ford streams, and when occasion demands it the skirts are pulled up and the hobble cord holds them in place. Every native woman wears a hobble, but she calls it a "grazitto."

An exhibition of water-color paintings at the San Francisco Institute of Art, now in progress, includes work by Jessie Wilcox Smith, George Walter Dawson, Colin Campbell Cooper, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Susan H. Bradley, John Wesley Little, Marianna Sloan, Paula Himmelsbach, Blanche Dillaye, Alice Cushman, and Emma Lampert Cooper. The painting, "The Two Disciples at the Tomb," by Henry O. Tanner, is also being shown there. This picture has been kindly loaned by the Chicago Institute of Art.

Josef Hofmann Concerts.

The first of the Josef Hofmann concerts will be given Sunday afternoon, February 19, at the Columbia Theatre, and as this artist is one of the very few pianists who can hold their audiences enthralled for an unlimited time and then send them forth wishing for more, it is safe to predict a large audience. The programme will include a group of important works by Beethoven, a similar group by Chopin, and a group of six numbers by modern Russian composers.

The only evening concert will be given next Thursday evening, at Christian Science Hall, when the programme will be devoted to Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt, and the positive farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 26, at the Columbia Theatre. A special programme is being arranged for this final concert.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s all the week, and on Sundays at the Columbia Theatre box-office.

Hofmann will play in Oakland next Friday afternoon at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the exceptionally fine programme of his Thursday night concert in this city.

Miss Cornelia Skinner, daughter of Otis Skinner, the actor, has written a one-act play which has been accepted by Charles Frohman for a curtain-raiser. The remarkable fact connected with this announcement is that Miss Skinner is only eleven years old. There should be little of sophistication in this effort of the young playwright, however talented its author may be.

The pianist Paderewski considers "Die Meistersinger" not only as the greatest of all operas, but the "supreme effort of the human mind." He says that he studies it every year, and always finds in it something new to admire.

David Belasco's production of "The Lily," with Leo Ditrichstein, is to come West this spring.

Robert Mantell's Gift to Yale.

Next Monday evening, February 20, Robert Mantell will present Bulwer Lytton's historical drama, "Richelieu," at the Hyperion Theatre in New Haven as a benefit for the proposed Yale University Theatre fund under the auspices of the Yale University Dramatic Association. This will be the first time that an American actor has ever been officially recognized by the Yale Corporation, and the distinction is in appreciation of the service Mr. Mantell is rendering the drama in this country, as well as of the high stand taken in theatrical management by William A. Brady, under whose direction Mr. Mantell is appearing and through whom the arrangements were negotiated.

The affair will be under the direct patronage of President Arthur T. Hadley of the university and a committee of the Yale Corporation, composed of Professor Henry Augustin Beers, Professor William Lyon Phelps, and Professor J. M. Burdon of the department of English. A long list of distinguished women will act as patronesses, among them Mrs. Arthur T. Hadley, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., Mrs. George Day, and Mrs. Louis E. Stoddard.

The movement towards the establishment of the University Theatre at Yale was inaugurated some seven years ago and it is expected that the half-million dollars which the committee hopes to raise for the building fund will be available within the next two or three years. The theatre will be under the direct supervision of the Yale Corporation, and will mark an important step in the development of the drama in America.

Mr. Mantell and Mr. Brady have for some time taken deep interest in the matter, and the forthcoming performance of "Richelieu," the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to the purpose, is their contribution to the Yale University Theatre fund.

Elinor Glyn is again in America, this time to arrange for the publication of a volume of essays on ethical subjects, to be called "Seeing the Truth."



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bill—What is Gill's favorite cereal? Jill—Wild oats, I guess.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"What are you really going to swear off this year?" "My taxes."—*Baltimore American*.

Caller—Will the cashier be away long? Office Boy—It depends entirely on the jury.—*Boston Courier*.

"Ave ye 'ad enough?" "Yuss, I 'ave. 'Taint 'cause I'm heat though, but I've—'I've got a nasty 'eadache."—*Tatler*.

The Virtuoso—He paid \$4000 for a Whistler. The Drummer—Gee! You can get a Singer for about fifty dollars.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Doctor—Now, nurse, take the patient's temperature. Patient (feebly)—Oh, doctor, do leave me something in my system.—*Baltimore American*.

"I should hate to live after all my friends were dead." "I don't blame you. It's always hard to borrow money from strangers."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"He has a grudge against the plain people." "As to why?" "Says they wear so many rubbers that it forces up the price of tires."—*Washington Herald*.

"I would like to exchange this \$5 opera hag for a \$5 chafing dish." "Sorry, miss, but those opera hags have been marked down to \$3.98."—*Washington Herald*.

"Your own baby, if you have one," advertised the enterprising photographer, "can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for \$9.75 per dozen."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

Bach—Confess, now, Henry—you don't pay as much attention to your wife as you did before you were married? H. Peck—Lord, yes! I mind twice as quick now.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Does your motorcar give you much trouble?" "No," replied Mr. Chuggins. "It is a source of great trouble, but I invariably pay for it. None of it is in the nature of a gift."—*Washington Star*.

The Captain (1500)—So the dungeon game won't work? The Warder—No. Somebody smuggled an empty hoghead and a couple of wall-mottos in to the prisoner, and he thinks he's in a Rathskeller.—*Puck*.

Cheerful Old Idiot—I say, you'll excuse me, but d'you know that you are the thinnest policeman I've ever seen. Robert—Yes, I'm a new hand, and haven't got to know the cooks yet!—*London Opinion*.

"I have always worked ten or fifteen hours a day," said the boastful man. "Well," replied the perverse philosopher, "it must be remarkably easy work, or you couldn't do so much of it."—*Washington Star*.

Stout Lady—I'm afraid you are rather young for the situation. Are you sure you could cook dinner for a large party? Applicant—Oh, yes'm. Why the last party I was with was quite as large as you are.—*London Tatler*.

Mr. Woggs—I'm through with Bump. I told him we were going to name our baby after some great personage, and asked him for a suggestion. Mrs. Woggs—What did he say? Mr. Woggs—He said: "Name it after ours."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Cobb—Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning? Cook—Yes, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I sez, "Who the — do you think you're talkin' to? This is Mrs. Cobb."—*Life*.

"My husband is just awful when he wants to find anything. You never saw a man throw clothes around the way he does." "Where did he learn to be so untidy?" "Why, he was in the New York custom-house for four years."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Why do you want to vote?" "So as to keep my husband home more," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "All I will have to do is to take the opposite side of a question. Then we can be paired on every election and give ourselves no further concern about it."—*Washington Star*.

"I hardly knew your father today," said the district visitor pleasantly to the little girl. "He's cut his beard off again. That's three times since a year ago." The little girl explained: "It aint father done it. Father likes his beard on. But muvver's stuffin' the sofa."—*London Chronicle*.

"Several of my friends have told me," roared the caller, a portly, paunchy individual with a fiery nose, "that your paper the other day spoke of me as 'the monumental demagogue of the age.'" "Whoever told you that," vociferated the editor, quivering with indignation, "uttered an infamous falsehood! We spoke of you as the monumental demagogue of the ages!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

"No, I don't smoke and I don't drink," said a Boston man the other day. "I'd like to do both, I admit, but I don't want to set that boy of mine a bad example." "That's very

right and self-sacrificing of you," we acknowledged, heartily. "How old is your son?" "He's twelve," answered the dutiful parent, "and he thinks what I do is all right. So I wouldn't smoke or drink and let him know it for the world. I'm going to send him away to a boarding-school this spring."—*Boston Traveler*.

An old man who had lived all his life on the moors, and had never seen a railway, was persuaded by his two sons to accompany them on a trip to Sheffield. Arriving at the station, the old man was terrified at the sight of the train running into the station and exclaimed: "Let's go back, lads, or something will happen." But his sons hustled him into a carriage, where he sat looking terribly upset, and muttering to himself, "Something will happen." The climax was reached when the train dashed into a tunnel, the old man crying out, "I knew something would happen. I'm struck blind."

Dr. Scott, joint parent with Liddell of the well-known Greek Lexicon, was at one time master of Balliol College, Oxford University, and master at all times of quiet sarcasm. A noble lord who had rooms in the buildings which adjoined the master's house and who, contrary to regulations, kept a dog in college, went to complain of the noise made by cats. After he had expatiated for some little time on this grievance, Dr. Scott said, with the gentle, slow drawl which lent additional force to his sallies: "Is that a cat, Lord Donoughmore, that I hear harking on your staircase every night?"

The vicar was a very old man. He had been in the parish forty-two years. During his last year the curate was practically in charge of the services, but now and then, when he was able, he occupied the pulpit. His eyesight was bad, and he was altogether unfit to compose fresh sermons, so had to fall back on old ones. One Sunday morning his hearers were alarmed with a discourse much as follows: "We are standing today," he said, "face to face with a great power in the East. We are on the verge of war. [Long pause.] "We are—we are—we are—we are on the brink of war with Russia. I—er—we, I mean—we will now proceed to consider the next point." In the vestry, after service, the curate asked him about the projected war, as he had seen nothing about it in the papers. "That sermon," he said, with a very far-off look in his eyes, and a slight suspicion of a smile—"that sermon I wrote in 1854!"

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Closed Shop Within a Closed Shop.

It would better be understood now than later that organized labor in San Francisco is preparing not only to monopolize the work of creating the Pacific-Panama Exposition, but to still further hold it as a special privilege of unionists who now live here. A circumstance which has come under the *Argonaut's* notice defines the situation. Attracted by reports of coming activities, there recently arrived here from a Middle Western State a carpenter, bringing his family and planning to make his home here. Being a union man, in good standing at the place of his former residence, he anticipated no difficulty in finding employment under the rule of the closed shop. Indeed, he regarded himself as one who would be received hospitably by his fellow-unionists and permitted to share in the advantages which organization has won for them. His surprise may be imagined when he was informed that a rule had been enacted by which a

member of his craft must be a resident of the city for three years before being permitted to go to work.

Unionism, it is plain, not only proposes to control work in San Francisco during the exposition years, but to prevent outsiders, even though unionists, from sharing in it. The rule of the closed shop is to be reinforced by a special rule which will limit even the privileges of the closed shop to men now resident of San Francisco. Newcomers are to be shut out. We are to have a closed shop within a closed shop; we are to suffer under the arbitrary dominion not merely of unionism, but of unionism circumscribed and curtailed to the advantage of the immediate and local union element. This incident, taken in connection with the recent declarations of Messrs. Tveitmoe and Gallagher at San Rafael, sufficiently illustrates the aims and purposes of aggressive organized labor in San Francisco. No man of sense can misunderstand it.

The situation calls not only for definite but for prompt action. Every consideration of legality, equity, prudence calls for a settlement of the labor question at the threshold of our great enterprise. The plan as related to labor must be set down in advance. When work is begun it must be begun under a distinct understanding as to the principle under which it will be carried forward. There is but one just principle, and in view of the public character of the work, there is but one legal principle. The rule of the open shop—equal opportunity and favor to all—this is the only rule under which our fair can be successfully created, and this being so, the sooner the issue is determined the better.

The Struggle in England.

The opening of the British Parliament brings the country face to face with a problem greater than any that it has known for two hundred years. The House of Lords, as now constituted, has reached the last ditch, and it must either fight for its peculiar powers or surrender them with what grace it may. There can be neither delay nor appeal.

The attitude of the government and of Mr. Asquith, the premier, is sufficiently indicated by the bill passed by the House of Commons immediately before the last general election. That bill provided that any measure whatsoever shall become law after it has been sent by the Commons to the Lords for three successive sessions, whether the Lords give their assent thereto or not. It further provided that any money bill shall become law within one month of its transfer to the Lords whether they agree or not, and that there may be no dispute as to the nature of a money bill it was provided that the decision of the Speaker of the House of Commons should be final upon that point. The last important clause of the bill reduced the life of a Parliament from seven to five years. It will be seen from this that the intention of the government is to leave the hereditary principle for the moment untouched while robbing it of its powers of obstruction. The concession is one of tactics and not of principle, seeing that the preamble to the bill contains the following clause: "And whereas it is intended to substitute for the House of Lords as it at present exists a second chamber constituted on a popular instead of hereditary basis, but such substitution can not be immediately brought into operation." The ulterior object of the bill is to facilitate certain vital legislation such as home rule for Ireland and the disestablishment of the church in Wales. When this has been done there will be opportunity to attack the hereditary principle at leisure, but the more pressing purpose is to abolish the veto power.

As has been said, this bill was passed by the House of Commons at its last session, and it was then sent up to the Lords, who promptly threw it out. The government at once appealed to the country for a verdict, and if the popular vote was given a little sullenly it was none the less decisive and emphatic. The govern-

ment was returned to power with a majority abundantly large for its purposes, and although that majority is made up of elements often at discord with each other they are in full agreement in their enmity to the Lords.

This is the Parliament that has just assembled at Westminster, and there is no ambiguity about Mr. Asquith's intended course. The bill that was passed at the last session, commonly known as the Veto bill, will be passed again, and it will be again sent to the House of Lords. At this point the uncertainty begins. Will the Lords reject it as they did before, or will they bow to the popular will, which they profess so deeply to respect, and pass it? So far there is no indication of their course. The hot-headed among them, the "die in the last ditch" men, are anxious that the bill shall be rejected and Mr. Asquith dared to do his worst. The moderate party would like to see the bill passed, much as they hate it, in order that extreme and dangerous steps may be averted and popular resentment allayed. The Budget bill, almost equally obnoxious, was passed by the Lords as soon as the will of the people was made known at the previous election. Why should not the Veto bill also be passed in the face of an equally unmistakable popular mandate? But so far there is nothing to show which counsel will carry the day—the rash or the cautious.

If the Lords decide to throw out the bill for a second time Mr. Asquith will have only one course open to him. He will have to ask the king to create about five hundred new peers in order to swamp the existing opposition in the upper house. It would be a desperate measure. It would be revolution, but there would be no alternative. Never in the history of the country have the Lords avowedly opposed the popular will. They have professed ignorance of it and have insisted upon delay and upon appeals to the country, but in every instance they have either succeeded at the elections or they themselves have surrendered. They have never dared to resist beyond a well understood point, and therefore if they resist now it will be as unprecedented as the proposed remedy. Some of them are asking that an appeal be made to the king to refuse his assent to the creation of the new peers, but it is unthinkable that the king should take such a position. Its only and instant effect would be to submerge the question of the Lords beneath another question much larger and much more serious. It may be taken for granted that the king will follow the advice of Mr. Asquith. If he is asked to create the new peers he will do so. But such a necessity would arouse a dangerous public sentiment against the Lords, and it would do more than that. An upper house of over a thousand members would be impossible. It would have to do its work and then be swept away at once by the abolition of the hereditary principle and a total revision of the unwritten constitution. It is hard to believe that the Lords will invoke such a struggle as that, although it will have to come later. They will surely see the wisdom of accepting a bill that does no more than trim their powers while leaving them still in the position of hereditary legislators.

The preamble to the Veto bill shows clearly enough that the government intends to attack the hereditary principle as soon as the time shall be opportune. The passing of the present bill is indeed an essential preliminary, seeing that it guarantees all future measures against effective resistance from the upper house. Whatever the Commons may do in the future will become law automatically after three presentations.

There is no reason to believe that any useful function of the House of Lords has been, or will be, assailed. The abolition of the hereditary principle today would leave it not a whit poorer in intelligence, in dignity, or in administrative capacity. It would be just as easy then as it is now to call into legislative counsel, into a reformed upper house, all the high human values developed throughout the empire. As a matter of fact

the chief ornaments of the house today are not the men who are the sons of their fathers, but rather the men who earned the distinction of the peerage by signal executive service and who are not at all likely to hand on their capacities to their sons. It is a comparatively simple task to devise some system by which such a man as Lord Cromer, for example, can be invited to a position of legislative responsibility without incurring obligations to his son, and grandson, and great-grandson, and so down a possibly unending line. The services of such men as Lord Cromer are needed by the country, indeed by every country. Ordinarily they will not submit themselves to popular election, but some way can certainly be found to utilize their capacities without at the same time founding a dynasty. So far the government seems to have acted with restraint and moderation. When the time comes for a further reform it can probably be trusted to preserve the values of an upper house while lopping off its absurdities and anachronisms.

Conscientious Journalism.

The celebration within the month of two anniversaries—one on the Atlantic side of the continent, the other on the Pacific—tends to revive interest in the responsibilities and the powers of journalism. The first of these events was the centenary of Horace Greeley, founder of the *New York Tribune*; the second was the semi-centennial of the *Oregonian* newspaper of Portland. Horace Greeley was far from being a perfect man or a perfect journalist. His character was marked by whimsicalities and eccentricities. But in him there abided as in almost no other editor of his time, or any time, a profound sense of moral responsibility. The spirit of conscientiousness was the dominating force within him, and because conviction and conscience ruled his life and colored his work his name is remembered and honored among men.

In Greeley's day there were other editors of equal distinction, perhaps of equal mental powers, even of higher material fortunes. Their names indeed are recorded, but who would think of marking with special ceremonies and honors the birthday of James Watson Webb, of James Gordon Bennett, of Henry J. Raymond, of Charles A. Dana? Each of these famous and brilliant men wrought notably in his day and generation, each in his way was the father of a school or method of journalism. But brilliancy and success unaccompanied by moral graces and powers, while they may illuminate a period, build no monuments of enduring fame. Of all the editors of his era, Greeley, the man of conviction, the man of conscience, the man of unswerving devotion to high even if vagarious ideals, abides in the thoughts and affections of men.

The Portland *Oregonian* was founded on character—the character of Henry L. Pittock, publisher, who conceived and established it, and the character of the late Harvey W. Scott, editor, who early joined in the enterprise and continued in it through nearly half a century. To be always right, to be always wise, this is not given to men or to newspapers. In the fifty years of its existence the *Oregonian* has made mistakes. But in a broad sense it has always stood for the idea of right as distinct from calculations of expediency. The sense of social responsibility has always presided over its policies. Business calculations have never been held above the sense of obligation and duty. The paper has been a tremendous force in the country which it has served and a continuous blessing to it. And so at Portland within the month hundreds and even thousands of citizens joined in testifying to their appreciation of what their great journal has achieved and what it stands for in the community.

In consideration of the vast powers of journalism for good or evil, and in special consideration of the demoralization through commercialism of the metropolitan press, here and elsewhere, we have often wondered why some beneficent capitalist has not so endowed a newspaper as to put it in a sphere above business necessities—precisely as colleges, art galleries, and libraries are endowed. In an augmented stream millions are poured into colleges, old and new; likewise into libraries. Why not into a high-minded and high-souled journalism? There are colleges and books enough—more than enough; while the crying need of the country is for a journalism at once intelligent and independent. And intelligence and independence, in the large sense, are not possible in journals compelled by the conditions of their existence to keep their ears to the ground, to shy at fact, or arguments calculated to offend interest or prejudice.

Blessed indeed is the community which finds in its journalism a stimulus to courage and duty, a support for what is worthy and helpful, a scourge for evil. Speed the day when San Francisco may have a newspaper press so inspired and so guided! For until we have at least one daily newspaper of conscience, courage, and moral power we shall lack something that is essential to community welfare in the higher sense.

"Reform Run Mad."

Pursued to its logical effects application of the recall principle would substitute weakness for strength in government. The rule must, in the nature of things, cut two ways. First, it would select weak and necessitous men for official posts, since strong men who like to feel firm ground beneath them would be unlikely to present themselves for office. Strong and capable men, able to make their way in private occupations, are none too ready to take office—if we except office of special dignity and honor—at any time, and they would be even less inclined to take on public duties under a scheme of insecure tenures, a scheme putting them at the mercy of critics or enemies, and likely at any time to involve them in the confusions and turmoils of politics. Second, a man subject to recall must, in the nature of things, be a timid man—in other words, a weak man—since it is natural to shrink from embarrassing and costly conflicts. The study of every man in office under the recall would be to placate and cajole the public to the end of keeping himself in place. Few there would be with the hardihood to stand for a right but unpopular principle if the penalty of such a stand were that of subjection to an annoying and costly self-defense under the principle of the recall. It would, we repeat, substitute a principle of weakness for a principle of strength. And who has not observed, especially in connection with public affairs, that the vices of weakness are incomparably more demoralizing than even the vices of strength?

Of this we may be certain, namely, that under the recall few officials, if any, would be able to meet conditions of exceptional stress with the courage and resisting force which great crises demand. Could Washington have stood, as he did in the case of the Jay treaty, almost alone against an angered and resentful public if he had been subject to the recall? Could he have ventured, as he did in the case of citizen Genet, to take a firm stand for what was right and expedient against the all but unanimous sentiment of a country which did not see and could not upon the moment be made to understand all the considerations involved? Recalling the turmoils of Washington's administration, remembering that more than once his house was surrounded by angry mobs, openly denouncing him as prejudiced, recreant, even as a traitor, remembering how statesmen censured and how public journals vilified him, who can believe that if he had held his office subject to recall he could have found the powers to sustain a course which, as time has demonstrated, was essential to the dignity and welfare, even to the integrity of the country? And what would have been the plight of Lincoln in the darker days of the Civil War if he had been held subject to recall? There was a time—and it was a time when he could least have been spared—when beyond a doubt the recall would have driven him from his post, or at least have involved him in wretched political fights at crises when all of his mind and all of his energy were needed for the work under his hand.

We cite these illustrious incidents because they must prove to every intelligent and candid mind that in great crises the rule of the recall must inevitably paralyze the hand of authority, nullify powers essential even to the survival of government of the people, by the people, for the people.

The principle is the same as related to small things as to great. A rule that would rob the presidency of its powers would in its way and measure do the same for any other office. Again we say that inevitably it would substitute insecurity for security, timidity for resolution, weakness for strength.

Mr. Cahill, in a department of the *Sunday Call* styled "The Candid Friend"—so styled probably because there is in it neither candor nor friendship—develops in connection with the recall, as applied to the judiciary, a subtle yet highly potent argument, an argument none the less worthy of respect because its appeal is only

to intelligence and open-mindedness. Mr. Cahill points out that judges of court are selected from a special class of experts. They are chosen from a professional group of licensed lawyers, commonly after their capabilities and character have been attested by experience and success in legal practice. There are exceptions to this rule, as we well know, but they are not numerous enough to vitiate the principle. Now, to choose men for their expert knowledge of a special science, for the interpretation and exposition of that science, and then to subject them upon their determinations to a non-expert jury of the whole public, would do violence to a plain principle of common sense. How, by any possible stretch of the imagination, can a man or a community without legal knowledge or training presume to estimate the expert qualifications of one chosen as an expert to define and expound a special science? As we have already said, the point is subtle, but it is none the less sound. It is not, indeed, calculated to impress the unintelligent, but it ought to have weight with men of educated mind and developed judgment.

It is interesting to note the opinions of lawyers of all sorts and classes with respect to the recall as applied to the judiciary, just now finding many avenues of publicity. It is interesting not less because of its unanimity than because of the perils which it exposes. Lawyers, comprehending as they do the serious and essential function of the judiciary, see in the recall scheme a proposal of political and social revolution. They see that it would take out of the structure of government as devised by our forefathers the very keystone of its powers. They see that it would substitute the force of a vagarious popular will, even of momentary popular passion, for the letter of the social contract; for the thing which we call law and which we have set up as arbiter and sovereign among free men. Even pronounced "progressives"—men like Mr. Charles Wheeler and Senator-elect Works—cry out in alarm because the proposal presents itself to them plainly as embodying a demoralizing and destructive principle. They see that it is indeed no true and worthy reform, but, as Mr. Works most aptly and precisely puts it, "reform run mad."

Roosevelt as a Stalking-Horse.

It would be gratuitous and it might be deemed impertinent if the *Argonaut* were to set forth what it believes to be in Mr. Roosevelt's mind as the inspiration and motive of the swing around the circle which he is about to undertake. Mr. Roosevelt may or may not have an eye upon the next presidential nomination. That is his own business, and he has the right to pursue it in whatever way best suits him.

But this may be declared without assuming to fathom Mr. Roosevelt's mind, namely, that while a progressive of progressives he is by no means the accepted and paramount leader of the progressive element in our politics. The progressive party, if it may be so styled, had gotten itself fairly well organized before Mr. Roosevelt's return from his blood-and-thunder expedition in Africa. Its ideas were formulated, its plan of action developed, its local leaders duly installed. Temperamentally and historically Mr. Roosevelt was well suited to be the champion and spokesman of the new political order. No doubt, he expected to fall into this place, although it is not likely that he would have ventured to cut loose from "regular" Republican connections. It has been his way to fight in the spirit and somewhat after the methods of insurgency, but always keeping clear the line of direct party affiliation. It was so away back in the campaign of 1884, when as a youth he was an outspoken critic and opponent of the Blaine ideas and policies, but nevertheless, when it came to action, a supporter of the Blaine candidacy.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned from Africa he plunged into the thick of things upon the manifest hope that insurgency everywhere would rally under his standard. His first check was the defeat of his candidate for the governorship of New York, and a more poignant though less obvious disappointment was the failure of the insurgents of the country to accept him as their philosopher, guide, and prophet. Perhaps the rank and file would have been willing enough, especially if Mr. Roosevelt had cut loose from his moorings and taken a position of open rebellion against the powers that be in the Republican party. But the rank and file are not the whole thing, nor even the main thing, in insurgency. There is Mr. La Follette in Wisconsin, Mr. Cummins in Iowa, Mr. Bourne in Ore-

gon, Mr. Folk in Missouri, and several others of equal or less eminence drawn from both the great parties. These leaders, while willing to gain whatever advantage might come through Mr. Roosevelt's espousal of their cause, were not willing to step down and fall into subordinate rank. They refused, practically if not in words, to abdicate, and, however it might have been if he had achieved a great success in New York, Mr. Roosevelt has not been able to push them out. Today either La Follette or Cummins is nearer to the working leadership of insurgency than Mr. Roosevelt. His ambitions, if indeed he cherishes ambitions, to be the head mogul of insurgency has met obstacles which he certainly has not yet overcome and which probably he never will be able to overcome.

Whatever Mr. Roosevelt's ideas may be in connection with his coming visit to California, the plan of our local insurgency looks not to him, but to Mr. La Follette. An attempt is being made systematically and industriously and after the manner of the wicked to "set up" a California delegation to the next national convention for Mr. La Follette. This is the plan of Johnson, Lissner & Co., and if it is not understood by their followers they will none the less be used in the effort to carry it out. Elaborate arrangements are in process by Johnson, Lissner & Co. to make the most of Mr. Roosevelt's visit here, not to the end of promoting him as a presidential candidate, but of using the enthusiasm which his visit may call forth in behalf of La Follette. This is not mere speculation; it is not guess work. We are stating a fact definitely and positively known to whoever is on the inside of the game.

There will be big doings over Roosevelt's visit. He will be met like a conquering hero at the State line; he will be greeted by roaring crowds wherever he halts; the eagle will be screamed and the sounding alchemy will bray whenever and wherever he goes. The insurgent bosses have planned and their henchmen will carry it out, but—all this will not be for Roosevelt. It will be for La Follette. Roosevelt's part in a carefully arranged series of political fiestas is to be that of a stalking-horse, possibly indeed under deeply cherished plans of his own, but practically in the interest of one who has been chosen over himself as the champion and hope of the new political order.

The Exposition Site.

Nothing perhaps presses so immediately upon San Francisco as the location of the coming exposition. Many sites are proposed, and something may be said for each of them. Upon first thought Golden Gate Park commands favor because it is a beautiful place, and because everybody is familiar with it. It would be entirely convenient for residents of San Francisco and would have the advantage of a direct front on the Pacific Ocean. But there are objections: It would practically destroy the western half of the park as a pleasure-ground for the period of three or four years. It would nullify a vast amount of reclamation and ornamentation which it has taken years to advance thus far and which is yet in process of creation. It would lack the advantages of a site immediately connected with navigable water. And perhaps more serious than all else it would carry the fair so far westward that it would not be easily available to the large communities which lie east and north of the bay. With the fair at the western end of Golden Gate Park the transbay population could hardly be counted upon to swell the evening attendance.

The Lake Merced site offers some advantages over Golden Gate Park on the score of breadth and facilities for water effects. It is supported by many on the theory that it would lead to the acquisition of this tract by the city, and that at the conclusion of the fair it would naturally be added to our park system. The last suggestion is attractive. But the disadvantages are many—above all that of distance. Even with rapid transit it would be a good deal of a journey from the centre of the city to Merced, and to come from beyond the bay and return the same evening would practically be impossible.

Tanforan or South San Francisco, urged by some, has, in addition to the disadvantages of distance, especial disadvantages of climate, for this region is notably subject to winds and fogs. Oftentimes in the summer season, when the regions to the south and even to the north are bright with sunshine, the South San Francisco district is clouded with fog and swept by chilly gusts.

The region which fronts the harbor and the Golden Gate, between Black Point on the east and the Presidio

on the west, commands attention on many accounts. This site is especially easy of access to the city; both water and land transportation are easily available to it; water effects could be made anything that might be desired; it could be reached by an easy ferry trip from all parts of the bay. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* it would be an admirable location for the fair—perhaps with a single exception the very best.

San Francisco's summer climate is, at its best, harsh in the late afternoons and evenings when the trade winds blow across the peninsula. This fact has led to the suggestion that the fair should be placed where it could find the maximum of protection. Many have thought of Visitacion Valley, a little bight fronting the bay some five or six miles south of the city and sheltered on the south, west, and north by high and beautifully rolling hills. This valley is now practically not occupied and there is space enough to accommodate the exposition if it should be snugly planned. The Southern Pacific tracks run along the shore and doubtless arrangements might be made for the use of tracks and tunnels by other railway lines. This would be a necessity, since there ought to be a way for all agencies of transportation to come in on equitable terms. It would be easily possible for the electric systems to find a way to Visitacion Valley, while here as at other points on the bay front direct connection by ferry might be had with the transbay regions. Very much may be said for Visitacion Valley, and we are surprised that so relatively few have thought it worth serious consideration. It has, above all other situations on the peninsula, the advantages of shelter.

The water-front site as suggested by Senator Newlands and in some measure outlined in plans drawn by the Coxhead Brothers offers advantages not, in our view, to be claimed by any other situation. First it would be absolutely a new thing in expositions, calculated by its novelty alone to widely advertise the fair. It would redeem our water-front from a condition of chronic squalor to one of permanent beauty and dignity. If the harbor commission could be brought into co-operation it would provide a new and large money resource for the fair; while at least 50 per cent of the exposition funds invested in structures could be saved for permanent uses. The site would be more sheltered than any other within the immediate limits of the city, and it has this advantage above all others, namely, it would make the fair as available to the transbay populations as to the people of San Francisco. To many the suggestion of the water-front calls up a disagreeable and even offensive picture. But this is quickly dissipated by a study of the project as it has been outlined in elaborate architectural drawings. The plan contemplates a curved and elevated roadway three hundred feet wide and conforming to the harbor frontage, above the traffic of docks and streets, extending from Telegraph Hill to Rincon Hill. It would practically make the exposition an up-stairs affair, excepting on Telegraph and Rincon hills, where the structures would be on the ground level. The conception, as developed in drawings and planned to make the most of the harbor roadstead, is a magnificent one, and it can not fail to impress anybody who will make even a cursory study of the architects' drawings. The one question which arises in every mind as these plans are viewed is that of expense. The project looks colossal, and before acceptance there should be assurance at the point of cost. But if this assurance can be given—if the project is within the means available—then we think all the arguments sustain this site as against any other.

Where situations are so many, where interests and prejudices are so involved, it will be manifestly difficult to come to a decision. And any decision which might be reached through the exercise of local judgment or authority would surely cause dissatisfaction. The obvious resource is to appeal to the National Commission of Arts, a permanent body organized under the patronage of the government for the purpose of determining such matters. Judgment at its hands, if it may not suit every man's whim, will surely be regarded as reflecting an honest and disinterested purpose.

Editorial Notes.

The indecent precipitancy of persons interested in the estate of the late Maude Treadwell has drawn from Judge Coffey a sharp and proper rebuke. Respect, he says, must be shown for the dead. It is high time for this declaration, and it ought in all propriety to be expanded to include the purposes and declarations of

the dead with respect to property. A gross and chronic fault with the courts of California has been disrespect and disregard of the dead in the sense of giving less consideration to formal and legal wills than to "arrangements" made by heirs, real or pretended. It has grown into a custom, where there are claimants not recognized in wills, to allow all parties interested, real or fraudulent, to "get together" and divide the property in question under agreement. The fault of this method is obvious. It practically substitutes agreement among claimants for an estate for the will of the decedent. How the system promotes fraud it is easy to see. It makes it possible for a claimant, however remote, fanciful, or fraudulent, to hold a club over true heirs and to force a compromise. It is oftentimes easier to pay than to fight and heirs, eager for their property or weak in character, are wont to make adjustments which they know to be improper and inequitable, for the sake of peace. But where is the duty of the court in these matters? Is it not the duty of the court to consider the will of a decedent, to distribute property bestowed under it according to the purposes and letter of the testament? Does not the court represent the decedent, and has it the right in law or morals to permit the substitution of a private agreement among heirs or pretended heirs for a document entitled to the support and power of the law?

Fort Worth, Texas, is not to have the pleasure of a visit from the only living ex-President. The blow fell after this manner: Mr. Roosevelt was scheduled to deliver an address at the Texas cattle raisers' stock show March 15. But it appears that a special train to carry him from El Paso to Fort Worth, which the dignities and conveniences of the journey required, according to his "itinerary manager," would cost \$1000. The people of Fort Worth thought this sum overmuch to pay for even so great an honor. They declined peremptorily to put up the money, so Fort Worth has been "cut out." Where, it is pertinent to ask, are the publishers of the *Outlook* magazine these days? Did they get enough of it in the last swing around the circle, and are they not now as before financing imperial progresses? And if not, why not? And why, it may be asked, does Mr. Roosevelt need special trains? Is it possible that the commandeered service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, so long enjoyed by Mr. Roosevelt, has corrupted the simplicity of his tastes in such degree that he can not bring himself to ride like an ordinary citizen in the ordinary trains of commerce? Or has Mr. Roosevelt, after the brilliant example of Mr. Bryan, set up as an itinerant lecturer whose services may be had at any time, by anybody, for any cause, at so much per?

Mayor McCarthy's appointment of Saturday of the current week as a special fiesta day in honor of the Panama-Pacific victory seems a case of addition where there is already too much. Why, it is only last week that we had Lincoln's day, this week we have had Washington's day, and the day of holy St. Patrick is only a fortnight ahead. Would it not have been just as well to hitch on our exposition rejoicings to one of the regular holidays, thus saving time and energy and incidentally giving trade and commerce a chance for their lives? If holidays are to be declared for every purpose that comes to the mind of our good mayor it may become necessary to ask the legislature to define and set apart a day now and then upon which business may be carried on without disturbance by festivities. There are spheres, however, in which this multiplication of holidays causes no worry. No matter how many holidays we have, interest, rent, and taxes go on after the good old fashion.

It was only in the seventeenth century that the Turks got a foothold in Crete, and Candia fell after the longest siege in history, lasting from 1648 to 1669. Today the massive walls, counterscarps, and bastions of the Venetian city are among the finest existing. Other Venetian fortifications on the island of Spinalonga, off the north coast of Crete, are also fairly complete, and these enabled the garrison to hold out against the Turk until the early years of the eighteenth century. The island is now a leper colony.

When the British North America act was passed in 1867 Canada was a country with about 3,500,000 people with whom we did business amounting to about \$45,000,000 a year, about equally divided between imports and exports. In 1910, with Canada's population a little more than double that of 1867, exports from this country to the Dominion amounted to \$242,000,000 and imports from the Dominion amounted to \$103,000,000.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Whenever the more enlightened nations of the world have remonstrated with Russia on her treatment of the Jews the reply of the Muskovite has been always the same—Mind your own business. If the Muskovite happens to be conversationally inclined at the moment he goes on to say that if he has a mote in his eye his critic has a beam in his own. The Russian does not send petitions to Washington against the lynching of the negroes, nor to England against the ill-treatment of Boers. Why, then, should foreign philanthropy interest itself in a few massacred Jews when there are home products more worthy of its solicitude? The *tu quoque* argument—or, in the vernacular, "you're another"—is undeniably effective, especially when it is true. But now comes the London *Jewish Chronicle*, and with every desire to mind its own business it asserts that the persecution of Jews by Russia is its business, and the business of England in general. And for the best of reasons. The persecuted Jew comes straight to England and the East End sweatshop, and there he engages the attention of inspectors, royal commissioners, poor law officials, and all kinds of people who are paid to look into things and to write reports that no one reads. Moreover, anarchists may come with the Jew, perhaps even in the same greasy overcoat, and then there is work for the police, coroners, judges, and the machinery of the criminal law. It is all so absurd, says the *Chronicle*, for why should the Jew be persecuted at all? The total population of Russia is about sixty millions and less than four per cent are Jews. Out of every hundred Russians, ninety-six fervent and God-fearing Christians are in such peril from four impenitent Jews that the said ninety-six Christians must put the said four Jews into cages, torture them and crush them until they either die or wriggle their way out of the country. Might not the ninety-six Christians be better employed than in Jew-haiting, and is the Jew actually such a peril as all this? If England were in need of working Jews it would of course be a different matter, but just now the supply is equal to the demand, and therefore Russia should be invited so to conduct her domestic affairs that the Jew is no longer compelled to emigrate in order to save his life.

The Portuguese government is evidently smarting under the imputation of meanness toward its late king and his family. The minister of foreign affairs has made an announcement that his government is paying over \$2000 a month to Queen Maria Pia and \$3300 a month to Manoel. With strict economy this should be enough. There must be many Portuguese in England and elsewhere who keep body and soul together on less than this. But a representative of the royal family is quickly to the front with a rejoinder. It is true that Queen Maria receives the amount stated, but this is due to an act approved by the Portuguese and Italian chambers and which is an "international agreement binding on whatever government may be in power in Lisbon." As for the king's income, it comes from his own personal estates, and therefore there can be no question of the "toleration and generosity" spoken of by the Portuguese minister. But the royal representative has overlooked an important factor. The present Portuguese government, being a government of, by, and for handits is in no mood to admit that there can be such a thing as private property in Portugal so far as political exiles are concerned. And if there is such a thing as private property it can be abolished in ten minutes at the next meeting of the dozen promoted schoolmasters who make up what is facetiously called a government and who would be "re-called" in an equally short space of time by the mob outside if there were any sign of lukewarmness in the new patriotism.

Few people are acquainted with the possibilities of the rare gas known as neon, but the time may come when neon will be our chief illuminant. Mr. Thomas Baker, the English expert on wireless telegraphy, says that the neon light is a long vacuum tube containing a little neon which in its normal state is invisible. When an electric current of sufficient voltage is passed through the tube the neon at once becomes luminous and gives a rich, red light which presently seems to be of a warm golden color. A neon tube sufficient to light a room forty feet square should cost about \$25, and of course to this must be added the expense of the electricity, which would be about half as much as that needed for an electric light of the same power. If these figures are correct and inclusive there seems to be no reason why the neon light should not come speedily into use. Electricity is now available everywhere, and there is no need to await the fulfillment of Mr. Tesla's prophecy that some day we can get all the electricity we need from central wireless plants. If the cost of the neon tube is only \$25 it would soon pay for itself in the saving of electricity.

The Pope having adjourned the consistory until 1912, it is assumed that no new cardinals will be appointed until then. Then appointment of cardinals is hardly one of the burning questions of the day in America, indeed hardly comparable in public interest with a new airship or the price of hutter. But it was not ever so. There was a time when the grievances of "Dear Maria" quickened a somewhat languid interest in episcopal politics, and for a brief moment we were allowed to glance at cardinals in the making. The process seemed to be somewhat similar to the choice of a senator, and therefore it is not surprising to be told that the adjournment of the Consistory has caused disappointment among the ambitious, who must now curb their aspirations for another year. The annoyance is particularly keen, seeing that there have been no new cardinals for three years, although there are ten vacancies. It is said that the nomination and election of cardinals is expensive and that the Vatican authorities are just now intent upon economy, like every one else.

A newspaper correspondent who writes from Constanti-

nople tries to justify the new régime in Turkey by saying that the Young Turks mean well. That may be so. Not having the peculiar gifts of a special correspondent, we are not able to look into the human heart, nor, indeed, wishful to do so, as far as Turks are concerned. But it must be admitted that so far as the Young Turks go, they are not strikingly unlike those of the old Turks. Just now the Bulgarian deputies to the Ottoman parliament are trying to ventilate the grievances of their constituents, and they seem to be real enough. Thirty-three of their villages were raided by troops and scores of their inhabitants were not only imprisoned, but horribly tortured by an officer named Ali Effendi, otherwise known among his intimates as *kemik kiran* or "the bone-breaker." In the town of Kotchana over five hundred prisoners were taken, and they were all imprisoned and tortured under an accusation of a lack of enthusiasm for the new Turkish constitution. They are probably enthusiastic enough now. The Young Turks admit that the torture of prisoners is a "blunder," and they will stop it whenever any one is looking, but the Turkish soldiers have been bred and reared on this sort of thing, and it is hard to eradicate the traits acquired during the tender and innocent days of youth. Moreover, it must be distressing to find a lack of enthusiasm for the constitution.

The last Blue-Book on Criminal Statistics issued by the British home office contains some startling conclusions on the causes of the increase of crime during the last ten years. This increase, says the report, is not a mere fluctuation, but is a steady movement due to various persisting causes. Among these causes are an "exaggerated sentimentality," a newspaper press that accentuates crimes of the poor against the rich and ignores the crimes of the poor against the poor, a certain class of fiction that glorifies sentimental or adventurous crime, and a literature that represents the criminal as a victim of society. A striking example is given of the distortion of news in order to make a sensational point. A man of twenty-eight was charged with trespass. He pleaded that he only wanted some flowers to lay on his father's grave. His father had been dead for five years, and he was found in the company of two well-known criminals. Naturally enough the "dead father" plea was disregarded and he was fined \$1.50, and was allowed two weeks to find the money. The story went the rounds of the press as an example of magisterial cruelty exercised on behalf of a rich land-owner, and when it finally appeared in American newspapers the man had become a boy of eleven who had been vindictively punished for picking a few flowers as a tribute to his dead father. Among the pernicious literature referred to in the report are the Raffles stories and those of Arsène Lupin, the modern criminal being "too often vested with some of the romance that with more reason belonged to the highwayman of old."

Dr. Leo Frohenius, the German explorer, thinks that he has found traces of the mythical Atlantis in the Benin district of Southern Nigeria. He calls it an "incredible discovery," although he seems to be very much annoyed if any one else calls it incredible. He has unearthed quartz pillars, granite figures, burned clay portraits of classic beauty, pottery, glass, and bronze. "I have thus proved in the broadest sense," says Dr. Frohenius, "that my Atlantis theory is correct." Evidently the worthy explorer is a man with a pet theory, and perhaps that may account for the somewhat chilling way in which his reports have been received. There seem to be very few parts of the world in which the remains of ancient and wholly forgotten civilizations may not be found, but to give these civilizations a name is just to give them a name and nothing more. It will be remembered that, according to Plato, Atlantis was an island west of the Pillars of Hercules, or Gibraltar, in the ocean opposite Mount Atlas. The inhabitants gave themselves up to impiety and the island kingdom was swallowed up in the course of a day and a night. There is, of course, nothing essentially impossible or improbable in the story, but if Atlantis lay to the west of the Pillars of Hercules it is hard to understand how a discovery in Southern Nigeria can be accepted as proof one way or the other.

Mr. Edward L. Andrews, author of "Napoleon and America," is hardly accurate when he speaks of Napoleon's American wife. Josephine was a native of Martinique, which is still French property, although Porto Rico belongs to the United States. And yet it may well be that Napoleon's interest in things American was stimulated by his marriage. Mr. Andrews is distinctly interesting when he reminds us of Napoleon's opinion of Washington, although we may doubt the entire sincerity of a remarkable utterance. Napoleon said:

"When I reached sovereign power some wished that I should be a Washington. Had I been in America I would willingly have played the part of Washington; indeed, I see not how it would have been possible to play any other. But had Washington found himself in France—everything disintegrating within, and invasion menacing from without—I could have defied him to be the American Washington; had he tried that character, his wisdom would be questioned. As for me, I was forced to be a crowned Washington."

An American Napoleon is nearly as unthinkable as a French Washington. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Berlin is the most strictly governed city in the world, and a stranger will be continually violating the ordinances and regulations without being conscious of his offenses. But the penalties are not severe and the policeman who arrests you is prepared to impose the fine on the spot, instead of calling a patrol wagon and taking you to the police station. You pay him a few marks, for which he gives you a receipt, and within twenty-four hours you must appear before the captain in charge of that precinct and turn in the receipt as a check upon the policeman who has arrested you.

OLD FAVORITES.

An Unnamed Maeterlinck Poem.

"And if some day he come back
What shall he be told?"
Tell him that I waited,
Till my heart was cold.

And if he ask me yet again,
Not recognizing me,
Speak him fair and sisterly,
His heart breaks, maybe.

"And if he asks me where you are,
What shall I reply?"
Give him my golden ring
And make no reply.

"And if he should ask me
Why the hall is left desolate?"
Show him the unlit lamp,
And point to the open gate.

"And if he should ask me
How you fell asleep?"
Tell him that I smiled,
For fear lest he should weep.
—Translated by Richard Hovey.

In After Days.

In after days when grasses high
O'er the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question or reply;
I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—"He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust."
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days! —Austin Dobson.

Ballade to Theocritus in Winter.

Ah! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the hustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.
Still, still, the suns of summer greet
The mountain-grave of Helike,
And shepherds still their songs repeat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat:
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, and over fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet:
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea.

ENVOY.

Master, when rain, and snow, and sleet
And northern winds are wild, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian Sea!
—Andrew Lang.

Tristram Rowing.

And while they sat at speech as at a feast,
Came a light wind fast hardening forth of the east
And blackening till its might had marred the skies;
And the sea thrilled as with heart-sundering sighs
One after one drawn, with each breath it drew,
And the green hardened into iron blue,
And the soft light went out of all its face.
Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place
And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might
In the east wind's full face and the strong sea's spite
Laboring; and all the rowers rowed hard, but he
More mightily than any wearier three.
And Iselt watched him rowing with sinless eyes
That loved him but in holy girlish wise
For noble joy in his fair manliness
And trust and tender wonder; none the less
She thought if God had given her grace to be
Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea,
Even such a man she would be; for his stroke
Was mightiest as the mighty water broke,
And in sheer measure like strong music drove
Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave,
And as a tune before a great king played
For triumph was the tune their strong strokes made,
And sped the ship through with smooth strife of oars
Over the mid sea's gray foam-paven floors.
For all the loud hreach of the waves at will.
So for an hour they fought the storm out still.
And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high
The keel sprang from the wave-ridge, and the sky
Glared at them for a breath's space through the rain.
—Algernon C. Swinburne, from "Tristram of Lyonesse."

The battleships of the Atlantic fleet which sailed out of Hampton Roads in December, 1907, on the famous around-the-world cruise—the *Alabama*, *Illinois*, *Maine*, *Missouri*, *Ohio*, *Kearsarge*, *Kentucky*, *Wisconsin*, and *New Jersey*—have passed from the first fighting line. Today every one of them is listed "in reserve," and their places in the fleet have been taken by newer and more powerful ships.

The sweet corn canned in Maryland forms about one-fourth of the output of the entire country. Maryland continues to be the largest producer of oysters in the canning industry, but in the aggregate it has been on the decline of late years, and packers do not look to the future in regard to the supply of oysters with much optimism, unless measures are taken by the government for its conservation.

DR. AKED'S NEW YORK CHARGE.

In an Interview the Pastor of Rockefeller's Church Describes His Difficulties.

Four years ago Dr. Charles Frederick Aked came from England to assume the duties of pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, which is often referred to as Rockefeller's church. Dr. Aked had been pastor of Pembroke Chapel in Liverpool, and in the twenty-one years, since his ordination in 1886, he had by pen and voice raised himself to prominence. His change to an American congregation naturally confronted him with new questions and conditions, and he did not settle himself without incurring criticism. This, however, was not allowed to disturb his course. After a long association with his New York charge he has come to California, and is now said to be considering a call to a San Francisco church.

In the New York *Sun* of February 14 appears a statement which it is said Dr. Aked gave to a representative of the Central News of London, with the understanding that it should not be made public before that date. Some of its paragraphs are quoted to show the reasons for his willingness to leave the Atlantic for the Pacific Coast. He came to America, it seems, to take up a new project and enlarged opportunities, but the result was not satisfactory:

The great project we had in hand has completely broken down. We had in mind something that would have given us one of the biggest churches in American Protestantism, perhaps in the Protestantism of the world. It was not until last Saturday that we realized the impossibility of this, and now we are just where we were and that is nowhere, and so far as I can see there is no outlet and I fear very little hope.

It had been arranged to build a new church on the present site, but that was against my judgment. For more than a year I argued persistently against it, and there seemed a degree of intellectual immodesty in insisting on my own view in opposition to the judgment of some of the most successful business men in the whole world. In the end I yielded my judgment to theirs, or rather, to speak more correctly, I agreed to act on their judgment; my own remained. That has been one of the weaknesses of my ministry here; I have felt that they knew and I did not know, and I had to yield to their experience and knowledge. I came back from Europe after my typhoid in the last week of September, when I found a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of building on the site of our existing church in Forty-Sixth Street. First a meeting of the trustees alone was called and then a meeting of the trustees, deacons, building committee, and finance committee. At this latter meeting there were twenty present, fully representative of the wealth and official leadership of the church. Not one person in twenty would hold up his hand in favor of building in Forty-Sixth Street. After three and a half years their judgment had swung around to the position I had taken all along. And now our efforts to find another site have failed utterly.

With all its congestion of population and its multiplied means of transportation, there are many difficulties in the way of church removals in New York City:

Central Park creates a great moral problem in New York City. The park divides the city north of Fifty-Ninth Street into east and west, and if we build on either east or west we become a local, a parochial church, a neighborhood church. We should not be metropolitan and still less cosmopolitan, and on the other hand if we were to build below Fifty-Ninth Street, where we could be both metropolitan and cosmopolitan, where people from all over the world could reach us, we should be submerged by business. The encroachments of business upon Fifth Avenue and neighborhood during the last two years have been wonderful.

We do not see a way out of this difficulty. We have actually wasted more than would build a good church in England—we have wasted \$30,000 on architects' plans and in consulting engineers, consulting experts in acoustics, consulting artists, and so forth. That money has had to be found; many people have resented the assessments made upon them in respect of it, but the money has been paid. At the last trustees' meeting I said there was no site yet suggested about which I could feel really satisfied, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said solemnly, "Doctor, if my life depended upon it I could not say what is the wisest thing to do."

That is the position. It is easy to riddle with criticisms any scheme presented to us, but it seems impossible to find out what we ought to do.

Dr. Aked admits that his heart turns back to England, where he not only labored successfully, but had come to understand the needs of his people and had learned how best to adapt means to a certain accomplishment:

There has been much talk of my being asked to go back to England, but I have not been asked to go back. But I must candidly confess that my heart is in English movements; English movements and English religious papers appeal more to me than do American movements and American religious papers. English movements I understand, American movements I do not understand. In England I felt strong enough to dogmatize about this or that; I might be wrong, probably I often was, but at the same time I had convictions, and even if I was wrong I could give reasons for the faith that was in me and go ahead bravely and hopefully. Here I should hesitate to say I know what America should do in these or those circumstances, as I could say and used to say what England ought to do.

There have been many pleasant experiences in Dr. Aked's life in New York. He spoke feelingly of these, and found it unnecessary to make reference to anything of an opposite nature:

I have made friendships here which are infinitely precious to me. I shiver with cold and fear at the thought of wrenching the ties which have become intertwined around the lives of Mrs. Aked and myself here. If I could be content with a very easy berth and a very generous salary among the most charming people in the world the position would be plain and clear and my future settled, but I can not be content with a work that seems to me to be small.

It is a question for me whether I can bring myself to accept the limitations of my present position for the sake of these friendships that are so dear and for the sake of the little good I can do in New York, or whether I shall have to break with these associations for the sake of some larger work elsewhere. Mrs. Aked says that the nicest people in the world are to be found among Americans, that the nicest Americans are in New York, and that the nicest in New York are in our church, and as that represents the feeling of both of

us you can understand that it would be an absolute horror to feel that one's work called one elsewhere.

The question of salary does not weigh with me. It is perfectly true that the church has just raised my salary to \$12,000 from \$10,000, but I would rather have a third or a quarter of that salary, as I used to have, and feel I was doing some good in the world than have a big salary and feel that I am, compared with my English life, wasting my time.

There is no question of Dr. Aked's popularity as a preacher. He has been well advertised in the secular press, but the notices have not been of his seeking:

The church last Sunday was crowded, although no subject was advertised and no newspaper announcement made. Every seat in both aisles was occupied, the doors between the church and the lecture room were open and people sat in the lecture room clear back to the far wall. We also fill the church at night, an almost unheard-of thing in the city of New York. But all this seems very small to me after my English life. My people, however, think it magnificent and their kindness to me knows no bounds. They believe in the church and the future of the church, but I feel as though, after four years, we ought to be in a different position and with different prospects.

The trustees have understood from the first that I could not contemplate a permanent ministry under present conditions. Now I do not see how present conditions are to be remedied and I have to sit down and consider whether I can accept present conditions for the remainder of my natural life or whether I shall listen to proposals from some other city or some other country.

Dr. Aked and Mrs. Aked are to be in California three weeks of the four that they had planned to be absent from New York. The decision of the clergyman as to his future will have been made during the month.

M. Schneider, a patriotic and evidently irreconcilable resident of Alsace-Lorraine, was arrested during the recent anti-Prussian manifestations at Metz. At the police station, where he undressed for anthropometrical purposes, it was observed that his body was covered with "seditious" tattooing. The expression "Vive le France" was prominent, and below it was a somewhat broad jibe at the expense of Prussia. The discovery was taken seriously by the German police. An official translator was called in, to draw up a report on the tattooing, despite Schneider's protest that he "could do what he liked with his own epidermis." The police have also undertaken an inquiry as to whether the seditious phrases have ever "been exhibited in public." Thus if it can be proved that Schneider has frequented the public baths he will be liable to six weeks' imprisonment. M. Schneider's patriotic French soul should revolt at bearing such a grossly ill-fitted label as his German name.

In Mexico, Honduras, and Central America the contractor gives \$5 for a single mahogany tree. It is the expense of getting it out that counts, and that makes mahogany an expensive lumber. It stands deep in the forest in the midst of an almost impenetrable jungle. There are no groves of them—the trees are scattered perhaps not more than two to an acre. It may be that there is no water course at hand on which the logs can be floated to the port. The tree has to be located by the "hunter," whose business it is to roam through the forest in search of mahogany trees and to blaze a way to them, so that they may be found again. Then the workmen must cut their laborious way to the tree, using for the purpose the deadly machete. The machete turned into a pruning-hook makes a very effective weapon, and in the course of time the men get to the tree. It is a beautiful tree, tall and shapely, with the lowest branches at least sixty feet from the ground.

The Greeks call a city "polis." The fundamental, or root, of the word was "pol." The Aryan stock from which Greek and Latin descended had a way of emphasizing an idea by reduplicating; that is, by repeating the root syllable. So, probably after the separation of the Greek from his Asiatic birthplace, the old parent stock reduplicated "pol," and made "polpol" of it, by which was meant one inhabitant of the city. That reduplicated word appears in Latin as "populus," meaning now all the citizens of a "polis." The Latins went out from the Aryan hive long after the Greeks. They carried "populus" with them, but left "polis" behind. The English descendant of the Aryan stock says "people" now instead of "populus," but almost keeps the original in "population." He keeps "polis" also, in the word "politics," which is easily seen by its etymology to be "the science of being a citizen."

The growth of German cities within the last twenty years has been quite as remarkable as that of American cities. It will doubtless surprise people to know that quaint old Nuremberg is growing as fast as Minneapolis or Kansas City. Leipzig is growing as fast as Cleveland or Pittsburg. The increase is not only from the farming country, but by immigration from foreign nations, just as in the United States. Berlin, for example, has kept along with Chicago for many years, and has fifty-seven suburbs within a radius of fifteen miles from the cathedral.

It will be a surprise to most Americans to know that the German railways, under government regulation, are given the privilege of granting special rebates, discriminating rates, and individual preferences—all with a view to national prosperity. In short, they do everything which is forbidden to American railways, but the motive is the industrial and commercial supremacy of Germany. All this is explained in an article on "German Railway Policy," in the February number of *Scribner's Magazine*, by Elmer Roberts.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas Edison keeps young by working. When asked to take a little outing on his sixty-fourth birthday, February 11, he said he was "too busy." He spent the day at work in his laboratory.

Paderewski once dared to affront the Czar, with the result that he soon received a note, commanding him to leave St. Petersburg within twenty-four hours, where he had been booked for a number of concerts. The Czar had sent for him and paid him a neat compliment, but is said to have received the chilly response: "Sire, I am a Pole."

Herr Harry Plate of Hanover has been made a life-long member of the Prussian upper chamber by special favor of the Kaiser. Plate is a master plumber. The honor bestowed on him has never before been awarded to an ordinary artisan. It is traditionally given to noblemen as a reward for eminent service to the state. Herr Plate is a labor leader, but an anti-Socialist.

Mrs. Caroline A. White of Upper Norwood, England, who has just passed the one hundredth anniversary of her birthday, has been for eighty years of her life an industrious literary worker. For sixteen years she edited a woman's journal. Early in her career she obtained introductions to Tom Hood and Douglas Jerrold, and afterwards never lacked employment for her pen.

W. Morgan Shuster, who will assist Persia in reorganizing its financial affairs, received much of his training in the United States, having for many years been in the government service. He served in Cuba, chiefly in the customs service, from 1898 until 1901, when he was appointed collector of customs in the Philippine Islands. In 1906 he became secretary of public instruction in the islands.

King Manoel will make Richmond, England, his new home. He has taken Abercorn, a residence built forty years ago, from Kaid Sir Harry Maclean. Abercorn stands in the centre of a four-acre tract and its privacy is doubly secured by a high brick wall and numerous trees. There are only two floors to the house, which is unpretentious and comfortable. The grounds include two tennis courts, a charming rosary, fruit and flower gardens.

Mme. Sembrich is the wife of Herr Stengel, who used to be a piano teacher at the conservatory at Lemberg. He is a bright-eyed and gray-bearded little man, who speaks somewhat broken English, but who, like his wife, is able to carry on a conversation in almost a dozen languages. Somewhat her senior in years, he has spent his life traveling with the singer, and they have often been pointed out as one of the most devoted couples in public life.

Admiral Lord Charles William de la Poer Beresford, who has just retired from the English navy, having attained his sixty-fifth birthday, had held no commission since he surrendered command of the Channel fleet in the spring of 1909. Born in Ireland in 1846, he entered the navy as a cadet in 1859. He has since seen service in all parts of the globe. In 1882 he was present at the bombardment of Alexandria and took part in the Nile campaign.

Emmett O'Neal enjoys a distinction which comes to few men. As the new governor of Alabama, he is occupying the seat in which his father, Edward Asbury O'Neal, first sat twenty-eight years ago. Governor O'Neal was born at Florence, Alabama, September 23, 1853. He is of Irish stock, his grandfather having come from the Emerald Isle in the early part of the nineteenth century, settling in South Carolina. Like his father, Governor O'Neal is also a lawyer.

Edwin A. Brown, known as the "millionaire tramp," has returned to Chicago after a two-year tour of the United States, during which he visited every large city and many of the smaller ones, disguised as a "hobo." He has concluded his investigation of sociological conditions that took him from his wife and home, and having obtained the knowledge he sought, the country-wide study will be published in book form. He is a cousin of W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central railroad system.

Emperor Francis Joseph ascended the throne at the age of eighteen, and has reigned for sixty-two years. He recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, and, despite his age, is strong and vigorous. Deriving keen enjoyment from the chase, he braves wind and rain stalking deer, and exposure has so hardened his constitution that he feels no ill effects from the experience. He dines simply and retires early. Every document presented to him is thoroughly examined, and no matter how complete the information may seem, additional facts are frequently required by the emperor.

Dr. Henry K. Carroll of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has held an undisputed prestige as the most authoritative church statistician in America ever since he was in charge of the government census of churches in 1890, publishes as usual his carefully prepared summary of the gains and losses of American denominations for the year 1910. It shows a total increase within the year in the United States alone of 2300 ministers, 2400 churches, and 627,000 communicants. The grand total of religious communicants in the United States has now passed considerably above 35,000,000, so that out of every 1000 of the present population 385 are members of some religious body.

HER HAT.

The Story of a Better Revenge.

The charred bits of red showed only as a crimson blur through the girl's tears. Kneeling in the dust and ashes beside the smouldering rubbish heap, she fingered them fondly. Her mind could not yet grasp the fullness of the tragedy. She turned the fragments over and over between her fingers; then, with a little stick, prodded the rubbish in her search for more. It was as though, could she but gather together all these pieces of black and red, the hat would stand once more before her in all its glory, and she would have nought to do save crown herself and wear it proudly back to the print shop, as she had worn it that first and only time.

And then she knew—knew—that whoever had stolen it from the cloakroom had likewise destroyed it, and that it could never again rise from the ashes. She burst into fitful, uncontrolled sobs.

"Kitty!"

Dabbing her red eyes frantically with her hand, the kneeling girl glanced up.

"What's the matter, Kit?"

Kitty struggled to her feet. "Nothin', Jen," she returned, grimly. "Nothin's the matter."

But the other girl's quick eyes had caught the gleam of tarnished crimson amid the ashes. "Say, Kitty," she exclaimed, "that aint—that aint yer noo hat?"

Kitty sobbed a heartbroken assent.

"I know who done it," cried the elder girl, wrathfully. "It's Mame! I seen Mame wearing a red hat yestiddy. Yes—it was a hat with red roses, an' I met her out on the street, prancin' up an' down at lunch-time; an' I says to her, says I, 'Mame,' says I, 'yer noo hat looks near as nice as Kitty Lannigan's,' an' she jest laughs an' tosses her head. Say, Kitty—" She laid her hands on the younger girl's shoulders and, turning Kitty half about, gazed into her eyes. "You jest go right after her, Kitty. She deserves it good. She's jest that snippy an' that sneakin' mean. Think—stealin' yer noo hat an' then, jest 'cause she finds she can't wear it 'thout gettin' caught, she up an' burns it—burns it on the rubbish heap. You jest go after her, Kit—"

Kitty's eyes glowed savagely through her tears.

"There's the whistle," ejaculated Jennie. "She oughter to be back to work by now. You jest put it up to her right afore the boss an' all of 'em. He'll fire her straight—he's mighty mean himself, but he aint a-goin' to stand for that."

The young girl's bosom heaved vengefully as she dragged herself along the dirty, ill-lighted hallway. The sickish sweet scent of printer's ink reminded her cruelly of long hours she had toiled in the monotonous work of the badly lighted folding-room. Yet buoyant hope had made these surroundings bright, and past the dirty windows she could always gaze into the future, conjuring up the vision of the red-trimmed Easter hat for which she had saved, cent by cent, the winter through. Bought with a week's earnings, the dreamy vision of red roses surmounting a crown of natty darkness was worth the four dollars and all the hard, long hours of labor which she had transmuted into that back-breaking sum.

She had worn it proudly to the print shop the first day, posing there a few moments, centre of a group of admiring girls; then, with fond and tender fingers, she had hung the hat in the cloakroom, leaving it after a long, wistful moment of silent adoration. All the long day through it danced into the midst of her thoughts. The prospect lightened her task till, with feet that seemed to tread on feather-down, she hurried to the cloakroom when the whistles blew to crown herself and float home veritably on air. But—it was gone. And only this day, when, during the lunch hour, gazing from the back windows out upon the dirty courtyard, she had glimpsed a spot of red on the rubbish heap, had she found trace of it.

"Is she there, Jen?" she questioned, tiptoeing to gaze over her companion's shoulder at the girls as they trooped to their places.

"I can't see her," muttered Jennie. "Say, girls," she added, "is Mame here yet?"

"Nope," answered several indifferently.

"She's stayin' home today 'cause her father's sick," volunteered a new girl at the end of the row.

Jennie smiled in a superior way, intimating to her companion that she saw clear through the palpable subterfuge. "Mame's jest bluffin'," she whispered to Kitty. "She's afraid to come down. Say, you go right up to the house tonight an' tell it to her. You gotter do it right away, er maybe it'll all be outlawed er sunthin'. Oh," she added, as Kitty seemed to hesitate, "don't you be afraid. I'll go with you."

Kitty, nodding, silently bent over her work. Even while her nimble fingers flew, she was still in fancy picking little charred fragments of crimson roses out of the depths of a smouldering rubbish heap.

"The belt line car goes right past the end of her street," whispered Jennie, when the six o'clock whistles blew. "We'll have supper at the restaurant and go up early."

It was one of those meanly unobtrusive little streets that here and there in a big city jut aimlessly off the broader thoroughfares—little dark ends of highway that lead nowhere, just like the lives of the people who dwell thereon. Kitty's dark eyes glowed vengefully as she hurried along, barely keeping pace with the eager

Jennie, who fairly danced in anticipation of the coming "scrap."

"There's a cop," she ejaculated, pointing across the street. "If Mame don't right up an' settle, we'll call him an' make her."

Again Kitty nodded. Her vengeance was too intent for any useless words. Turning up the short walk, she quickly ascended the rickety steps, her hand outstretched to grasp the knocker. And then, checking herself, she shrank away, pale-faced and mute, from something that waved blackly to and fro on the faint evening breeze.

"Oh, Jen!" she whispered, weakly.

"It weren't no bluff," muttered the matter-of-fact Jennie. "Say, Kitty—don't you reckon—we'd better go?"

The younger girl stared blankly at the wavering bit of crape, indecision written in her trembling lips. And then, slowly, she stretched forth her hand and grasped the knocker, which thrice rose and fell, striking a faltering note beneath her trembling fingers.

"What yer goin' to do, Kitty?" the elder girl demanded.

Kitty, tense-faced, made no response. Silent, they stared at one another, waiting the answer to the knocker's summons.

Shuffling footsteps sounded in the hall. The door-knob turned and the door slowly opened. A young girl, red-eyed, stood before them. At sight of Kitty she shrank back, white-faced, into the shadows of the little musty hallway.

"W—what d'you want?" she faltered, shiveringly.

"Aint this enough?"

Kitty gazed at her a silent moment. "We're sorry, Mame," she murmured, quietly. "We're awful sorry. That's all." She sobbed softly.

"Oh, Kitty," the girl cried, in a sudden agony of repentance, her words choking in her throat, "don't you know—?"

"I know," Kitty returned, between her sobs. "But—I don't mind a bit, Mame, honest I don't. It doesn't matter—now."

VICTOR LAURISTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1911.

Foreign Vandals in China.

The secretary of the Chinese Monuments Society, Peking, has asked the coöperation of foreign societies in the effort to expose and outlaw "a class of charlatans and adventurers from all parts of the world who visit China and commit abuses that, owing to extra-territorial law, can not be punished in China, afterward reciting in Western lands their imaginary adventures, misrepresenting the Chinese and throwing discredit upon Western civilization and its representatives in China." The facts he cites show that not only adventurers, but also thoughtless tourists and foreign soldiers have been guilty of acts of vandalism.

It will be remembered (adds the *New York Sun*) that our Navy Department issued an order forbidding sailors in the United States Navy to mutilate Chinese monuments after the fact had been reported that the names of American warships had been graven on the sculptures of the Ming tomb at Nanking. An especially high-handed proceeding was the attempt of a European to "get away" with the famous Nestorian monument at Sianfu. This precious relic has now been placed in one of the temples out of reach of appreciative foreigners. Other outrages, such as the defacement of monuments in the Summer Palace near Peking, at Jehol, Mukden, Sianfu, and Hangchow, were particularly numerous after the Boxer troubles, and seem to be multiplying with the extension of railroads.

For this reason the Chinese Monuments Society was formed by prominent foreign residents of China, and its efforts have enlisted the support of a number of foreign governments to prevent vandalism by their citizens who may visit the empire.

At a recent meeting of the Anti-Noise Society in New York, Dr. Davis spoke of the improvement in the Independence Day celebrations. He gave figures showing that New York's sane celebration last year resulted in cutting down the list of dead and wounded one-half. He had a word to say also on the lack of fitness in military parades on that day, basing his objections on the poor object lesson for the citizens of a peace-loving nation and on the hardships following on the marchers. Americans are a vulgar people, said Dr. Albert W. Ferris, president of the State commission in lunacy, who complained that "we allow agents of news companies to pass through our railroad trains vociferously attracting our attention to their wares; we allow our children to play boisterously in public buildings and in the streets; we allow schoolboys to go stamping, shouting, and whistling through public conveyances, and we even cherish the idea that the college man must be noisy, slangy, and vulgar. And thus we contribute to the cult of the vulgar." Dr. Ferris pointed out how much better they do these things in Europe and said that after a visit abroad "we have bowed our heads in shame and confessed that we were as had been charged, less refined, less sensitive, less considerate of the rights and the feelings of others than are Europeans as a class."

St. Moritz in the Engadine is the highest of Swiss resorts, both in actual altitude—6033 feet—and the price of its accommodations. The snow there is as dry as sea-shore sand.

KING GEORGE VINDICATED.

A Few Hours Settles the Fate of the Man Who Libeled a Monarch.

Long before the delivery of this letter it will be known that Edgar Mylius has been convicted of libeling King George and has been sentenced to one year in prison. Not a very extreme punishment, it will be said, but as a matter of fact it was the maximum, although the judge might have resorted to the technicality of repeated publication and imposed various cumulative terms. But this he did not think it right to do.

It may be said at once that the trial of Mylius was a real one. There was no presumption of guilt because the plaintiff happened to be the king. Indeed, there was no deviation from the ordinary procedure except that the king himself did not appear, and even in this respect it was explained that his absence was not due to disinclination or to a desire to shelter himself behind a prerogative, but to a very distinct and binding rule that prohibits the monarch from attendance upon a court of law. In all other respects the trial was exactly the same as though the plaintiff had been a butler who had been charged with marrying two housemaids instead of the regulation one. Even the personal denial of the king was not read until after sentence had been passed.

It need hardly be said that the court of the lord chief justice was crowded. Not since King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, appeared as a witness has there been quite such a sensational trial as this, and it may be a long time before there is another. Of course from the sensational point of view the trial was a failure. Nothing sensational happened. If the parties had been ordinary people the spectators would have yawned and left the court before it was half over, although why royal bigamy should be more interesting than the common or plebeian variety it is hard to say, but it is.

Very few people were aware of the precise terms of the libel until they were recited in court. If the *Liberator* is read by all those who want to be liberated then there must be very few who are conscious of their bondage or who aspire toward the pure air of freedom. In a way it seemed almost a pity to advertise it so widely.

The libel stated explicitly that King George has been married to the daughter of Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and that there were children of the marriage. Therefore "we are offered the spectacle of the immorality of monarchy in all its sickening, beastly monstrosity." Mr. Mylius is adventively inclined all the way through and his stock is a limited one. Elsewhere he speaks of the "sickening and disgusting crime," and later on, in reference to the statement that the king and his wife would visit India, he asks "Which wife?"

The first witness, after the technical evidence was completed, was Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. Sir Michael had three boys and two girls, and naturally the boys were allowed to pass on while the attention of the court was riveted upon the girls. The elder girl, Mary Elizabeth, was born in 1871 and is now the wife of Captain Trevelyan Napier, whom she married in 1899. The younger daughter, Laura Grace, was born in 1873. Sir Michael, who is a fine looking old veteran, gave his testimony in a direct and unhesitating way, and no one could suppose him capable of concealment or suppression. He testified that his wife and daughters were often in Malta while he was in command there, and it will be remembered that the marriage is supposed to have taken place in Malta. But the witness was quite clear upon one point. His daughters were never in Malta while the present king was there. He was quite sure that his younger daughter had never spoken to the king at any time. She died in Malta in 1895 when she was twenty-two years of age, and she died unmarried. His elder daughter, Mrs. Napier, had met the king in a casual and social way, at receptions and the like, and she had once visited friends on the *Britannia* when the king was a cadet on that vessel, but at that time she was only eight years old. She met him again at Sir Michael's house in Portsmouth after his service in the Mediterranean.

All this was confirmed by Mrs. Napier, who followed her father into the witness-box. Mrs. Napier is a distinctly pretty woman of a wholesome and matronly appearance, and she gave her evidence without the slightest sign of evasion. She and her mother and sister had been to Malta several times, but the first visit was after the marriage of the present king and queen. Moreover, the king had never been in Malta while she and her sister were there, her sister had never spoken to the king at any time or anywhere, and if her sister had been married at all she must have known it and her positive knowledge was to the contrary. There really seemed to be no reason why the trial should go any further. It was already as dull as ditchwater and without the faintest glimmer of scandal or sensation, but there was one more witness to rivet the chain around the luckless Mylius. It was Dr. Vincent Frendo Azopardi, crown advocate at Malta, who had made copies of all marriage certificates from 1886 to 1893. They were in Latin, Italian, Greek, and English, and there was no entry that could possibly apply to such a marriage as this, and no one could be married in Malta without the polyglot knowledge of Dr. Azopardi. There was no more to be said. Even the attorneys could think of nothing more to say, and it

now remained for Mylius to produce his witnesses, prove his statements, and come off with flying colors.

But Mylius had nothing to say except an almost inaudible demand for the presence of the king. He had no evidence, no witnesses, and when he was told that the king could not appear he merely remarked, "Then I refuse to proceed any further." What he would have said had the king been present must be left to the imagination. He knew beforehand that there would be no personal appearance and was doubtless well enough pleased to have even so shadowy an excuse for his pose of martyrdom.

The trial occupied about four hours. The jury were selected in as many minutes and without challenge from either side. It was a nasty business with nothing in its favor except its expedition. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, February 4, 1911.

The Hindu Weavers.

David Carroll Churchill, an American, is devoting his life to the industrial education of the helpless millions in India. He is home on a furlough, and will leave in April to enlarge and better the splendid working plan which he has succeeded in establishing, with the end in view that the simple Hindus will in time be made self-supporting. In general his plan is to develop in India a community somewhat like that of Hampton and Tuskegee, with the distinct intention of developing that community on Indian lines to meet Indian conditions. Churchill's father, a professor at Oberlin, took it for granted that his son would be a minister. The lad showed a bent for mechanics, however, and at the age of fifteen constructed an astronomical clock for Oberlin College. He took a course at Oberlin, and completed his technical education at the Massachusetts School of Technology in Boston. He came West, worked as a sawmill laborer and mining engineer, and then, after a year with the Westinghouse Company, went to Ahmednagar, Western India, to lead in the industrial work for a large company of famine children, who had been taken by one of the missions. He found 8,000,000 hand looms in India and over 30,000,000 people dependent upon them. A weaving school was established and after three years better and faster looms, the result of the American's inventive genius, were in use, but it was not until 1905 that the government passed on the school, and later paid in full the amount of subsidies refused for three years preceding. In 1907 Churchill's improved model won in a weaving contest with machines from all over the world. He has great faith in the Hindus to work out their own salvation, once they are given the right impetus. Their condition he attributes to ignorance and heredity, and advises that the solution of the industrial problem is in getting some of them started at modern methods. Their example will prove to their fellows the possibilities of improvement.

Prussian state railway officials are actively experimenting with the problem of substituting electricity for steam as the motive power on trunk lines, and they are reported to be highly pleased with the results attained. The first trial runs were on the line between Dessau and Bitterfeld, where a train drawn by an electrical motor easily maintained a speed of sixty-three miles an hour. This was the first effort made in Germany to employ electricity in hauling trains composed of carriages of ordinary size and weight. The experiments will be continued under the direction of the Prussian minister of railways, the ultimate aim being to pave the way for the introduction of electricity as the motive power wherever it is commercially practicable. The trials may have an important bearing on the proposal to electrify the great suburban steam railroad traversing the centre of Berlin.

Efforts to secure legislation for the conservation of the forests in the White Mountains and the Appalachian range in the Southern States began at least a decade ago. At first, separate attempts were made for the two sections and of course without avail. By pooling the interests of New England and the South in one bill, a formidable support was secured in both political parties, but the constitutionality of the measure then became a seriously disturbing question. It was decided by the House Judiciary Committee that "the Federal government had no power to acquire lands within a State solely for forest reserves." But it was admitted that a bill for the conservation and improvement of the navigability of a river would be constitutional. Laws establishing forest reserves have been planned along this line.

In Italy (says the London *Chronicle*) the journalist, with barely one or two exceptions, works for a salary which the pampered ones of England would laugh at. But he has his compensations. He—and not only himself, but his wife and family, too—travels free on all the railways, whether the journey is on business or not. If he wishes to go to the theatre, and to take his friends, he has only to ask, and the requisite box or stalls are at his disposal—and that, however humble his professional rank may be. On the whole, the English journalist prefers not to be paid in kind.

For the first time the Maine Senate has given a two-thirds majority to resubmit to the people the amendment to the State constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

A SEARCH FOR A CELEBRITY.

How a Reporter Invaded a Scenic Corner in Her Quest.

Six months on the *Daily Emulator*, and only small details, handed out like cold potatoes! That is hard on an ambitious young woman. My heart beat high when the managing editor called me into his private office.

"Have you much of the detective in you?" he asked, looking at me keenly.

My heart went higher still. I felt it thump my palate. I put as much effort on my reply as on a half-column article. "Try me," I said, reasoning that anybody who bluepencils as he does would prefer a laconic answer.

"You know Woodrow Wardham has left town, and nobody knows his whereabouts," I assented.

"I want you to dig him up and give him a page with photographs in the Sunday paper."

"What clues?" I asked.

"You'll find them. You don't need to be reminded that it isn't precisely as if he were a regular criminal."

"Not exactly."

"No, but still he hasn't any right to drop out of sight this way. When a man is as noted as he is, the public expects to know everything, and yet it isn't advisable to trail him by exactly the same methods that would be used if he were an embezzler."

"I agree with you," I said, with mental reservations.

"Use your own methods, but find him. His absence is decidedly inconvenient. We want the first interview on his novel, 'Tarsus of Metatarsus.'"

Mr. Derry told me later that Elmer Mount of the *Morning Imitator* had been sent out after Wardham.

"He's a novelist with a soul, is Wardham," continued Derry. "Whoever of you finds him first will be treated royally, and the next will get courtesy but no story. He used to be on a newspaper himself. You've met him."

"At the Bronton reception," I returned.

"He never forgets anybody. Success to your search."

The servants at the house refused to say where Wardham was. Then I bought a steamer rug and got Derry to take it to the house and tell the maid he thought it belonged to Wardham. You see she was almost certain to reply in one of two ways. And she did:

"No, his rug is here in the house."

So I returned my purchase to the store and sang, "Not gone abroad." And after that good detective work, my brother-in-law, who is with the Driver Realty Company, told me Wardham would be in town on the first and again on the tenth to attend to some real estate business. Then I felt sure he was in the State.

I sat down with a map, and beginning with the southern towns, put a line through every place where I thought he was not. Big hotels, the popular places, even the *Imitator* people might have found him there. Presently my map looked as if it were covered with a drawing of a torn mosquito-net. This was getting interesting. I appreciated the subtle compliment of the editor's detail more and more. It was possible, of course, that Wardham was in the northern Coast Range. He was not with the Sierra Club, I knew. As he is neither hunter nor horseback rider, he was probably not far from the railroad.

I had not read Chesterton's "Man Who Was Thursday" for nothing, so I looked for my man where no one would think of hiding. "I'll look for him in the village where everybody is a celebrity," I exclaimed.

Now a reporter on the *Imitator* would never think of looking for him at Carmel. I reasoned it out another way and got the same result: a thief hides among other thieves; when a celebrity wants to hide, why should not he mingle his fame with the celebrity glow? I bought a ticket to Carmel.

You know Carmel, a village where everybody who isn't a novelist is a painter, and everybody who isn't a painter is a poet, and every mother's son of them is an artist in the broad sense. Water and oil doesn't refer there to the People's Company or Coalinga stock. Nobody eats canvasback for fear of mutilating the canvas. If you want to do anybody a kindness you offer to read proof for his next book, and expect him to mention it in the preface.

When I left the train for the stage—the celebrities seek retirement three miles from the station—there was not a celebrity aboard. Evidently I just missed one, for the stage-driver put an artist's paint-box under the seat with the remark, "A painter-feller from the city told me not to forget this. Said he was going pencil-sketching around here and would come out on a later stage."

The box was initialed E. M. I could not think of any well-known artist whose name fitted. He was in a good field for sketching at any rate, for the old town has not lost its quaint Spanish air. I might make a story of that, some time.

I left the stage—as a retired actor would say—without a new fact about Carmel or its celebrities, for the driver was almost a stranger to the place. I felt that the Carmel stage people were breaking the pure food law, palming off some one "just as good," when I wanted an original-package stage-driver from whom to extract information.

There was not so much as a profile view of a celebrity when I first trod the sacred soil of Carmel, not even an easel under the pines. I began to wish Wardham were a painter. Writers can be more secretive. Come to

think of it, authors are rather like whales that keep quiet till they are ready to spout. Resolving to be ready for emergencies, I tried to think what speech would be appropriate to any kind of celebrity. "When will your next book be out?" was too specialized. Then I decided on, "What are you working on now?" That struck me as rather neat.

In front of the postoffice I noticed a man I had often seen in the city, with no thought of his being a celebrity. I put on a tourist air and asked, "How far is it to the Mission?"

"About a mile—an easy walk."

"Thank you. What a charming place this is for sketching. What are you working on?"

"That," and he pointed off through the trees. "I'm shingling Professor White's new cottage. That's Professor White building the fence."

Professor White, whose fame is international because he came nearer to not seeing the comet than any other astronomer on the continent! If I had made one blunder, I had seen one celebrity thereby. I looked over the registers of the two hotels. Celebrities I found there, some real, some merely mercerized, but no Woodrow Wardham. The postoffice clerk knew the rules and recited, "No information may be given as to those who receive mail!"

"We have neither sold nor rented to W. Wardham," said the clerk in the real estate office. To tell the truth, I did not want to find him by these every-day methods. An *Imitator* reporter would have used such tactics. I went back to the real estate office, however, and asked, "Are not there some noted people in this town?"

The clerk spoke as one would speak of raisins at Fresno or prunes in the Santa Clara Valley: "Quantities of them. There are Lapham Wight and Mrs. Augusta Lloyd, the novelists, and Sargent West, the painter, and ever so many more."

"Is Mr. Woodrow Wardham here?"

"Very likely. I never heard of him, though."

I wandered to the beach and stared at the little lines of white that make the Bay of Monterey appear like a large blue-print. If I were not a reporter with a leaning toward detective work, I would be a painter. The beach was somewhat deserted, but sheltered by a sand-dune right in front of me sat a painter, hard at work. A battered paint-box lay at the foot of his easel. It is only the novices, they say, who have new paint-boxes. Was I not quite tourist-like in pausing to look at his work?

"It's shockingly hard to get that purple light," he explained, almost as if talking to himself. "I want that reflection," and he went on with technical phrases about composition and texture.

"The sand-dunes by the sea were made for artists," I said with enthusiasm.

"Yes, this has been the ideal place to paint or to write till those scandalous newspapers dragged us into their columns. Here we are just normal people who should neither be pitted nor blamed because we write or paint. All the world are painters or poets, don't you know, only fortunately, it may be, the publishers and picture-buyers have not found it out. It's a pity that the newspapers should thrust a vulgar notoriety upon us."

Two groups of khaki-clad women passed; there was the chatter of several small girls, and a child's voice shouted joyously. I murmured a sentence of pained acquiescence to his complaint, and followed the child's voice.

"He's all in. He's all in," he cried in uproarious joy. "Watch him volley-cano out." He waved his plump arms over a palpitating patch of khaki, lightly covered with sand, that heaved a moment, and then with a splurge there came forth a large man with his khaki coat drawn over his head. It was like Woodrow Wardham to speak as if the Bronton reception were yesterday. He adjusted his coat as he asked: "Are you here to write or to paint—or to persecute?" and he held out his hand.

"The *Emulator* told me to dig you up."

"And Rodney-boy dug me up for you. Have you been to the house? My wife's mother owns a cottage here, and I shall build next year if the place doesn't get too much into public notice. Raines will want to meet you—you may know his pictures." Indeed I did, though I had not recognized his half-finished work. "Raines is especially fond of reporters." A moment after he presented the artist, who came in response to his signal. And Raines is Wardham's brother-in-law; I didn't know that before.

I got a wonder of an article, with snapshots of the big pine under which Wardham writes; at least he says he sometimes writes there, and it helps the story. I even got a picture of Rodney-boy's shoes and stockings strung out on the sand. Nothing associated with a celebrity is uninteresting to the public. While Mrs. Wardham served us with tea on the veranda, the Celebrity gave me inside information about how he came to write "Tarsus of Metatarsus."

"One of Raines's fraternity," observed Wardham, as a new paint-box with the initials E. M. and an unfamiliar easel, borne by a familiar figure, appeared from among the pines and came toward us. Elmer Mount of the *Imitator*, out in the guise of a painter! While he posed, I scooped.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1911.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, will hold this summer, from May to October, the largest international hygienic exhibition that has ever been planned.

A ROMANCE OF MISSOURI.

Emerson Hough Writes a Novel with a Titled Abolitionist for Heroine.

In "The Purchase Price" Mr. Emerson Hough has given us a story as daring and as original as "54-40 or Fight." Once more we have as heroine a woman politician who uses her feminine wit and the physical charms of her sex in pursuance of great national aims. It is a tempting theme for the novelist who can use it aright, a theme by no means overworked and one that lends itself to a fine combination of history, sentiment, and romance.

The heroine of Mr. Hough's latest story is Josephine, Countess St. Auban. Exiled from Hungary, she throws herself and her wealth into the strategical struggle that preceded the Civil War in America. We are not allowed to see the precise way in which she has made herself a thorn in the side of the compromise administration at Washington in 1850, struggling to hold the balance of power between slavery and freedom and hotly resentful of dangerous interference. But at the opening of the story we find the countess under secret arrest and bound from Pittsburg to Cairo in the custody of Lieutenant Carlisle, who explains that his instructions are to take her into the West and "lose" her. The precise meaning to be attached to this somewhat sinister word is not very clear either to the reader or to the lieutenant, who takes an early opportunity to rid himself of his extraordinary charge by gambling her away to Mr. Dunwody, a Southern planter who has succumbed instantly to the first glance from the lady's eyes. The poker party meets in the steamer's smoking-room without any prevision of the stake that will presently be at issue:

"No, sir," began the Honorable William Jones, indulging himself in the luxury of tobacco as he addressed his companions, "there aint no doubt about it. Us Southerners orto take all that new country west of the Missouri, clean across to the Pacific."

The older gentleman smiled at him. "You forget California," said he. "She is already in, and free by her own vote."

"An' a crime against the natural rights of the South! Sir, the institution of slavery is as old as history. It is as old as the first settlement of agricultural man upon one piece of ground. It's as old as the idea of sovereignty itself."

Dunwody gave a sly wink at his neighbor, Judge Clayton. The latter sank back in his chair resigned. Indeed, he proceeded to precipitate what he knew was to come.

"Sir, England herself," he assented gravely, "is the oldest of slaves. The Saxons, of whom we speak as the fathers of freedom, were the worst slave masters in the world—they sold their kin into slavery at times."

The Honorable William Jones was impatient of interruption. "Comin' to our own side of the sea, gentlemen, what do we find? New England foremost in the slave trade! New York, ownin' once more slaves than Virginny ever did! Georgia was forced to take on slave labor, although she had tried to do without it. Every race, every nation, sirs, has accepted the theory of slave labor. What says Mr. Gibbon in his great work—in his remarkable work, his treasure house of learnin'—'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'—if I had my copy here I could put my finger on to the very place where he says it, sirs. Why, sirs, in the Decline and Fall—I could show you the very line and chapter if I had my copy here—but it's up in my room—I could show you the very chapter on slavery, by the Lord Harry! sir, where Mr. Foote, of the State of Mississippi, in his last speech down in that country, sirs—"

"Now, now, Jones," Dunwody raised a restraining hand at length, "just sit down. Don't get your copy of the Decline and Fall. We're willing to take some of that for granted. Let's get at the pleasant task of taking away all the money of this Free Soil gentleman from the North. Non politics, non religion, sed poker! That's why we're here."

The transfer of the lady from the lieutenant to her new jailer presents few difficulties to a planter well accustomed to the handling of runaway slaves. Dunwody makes no secret of his intentions. "Madame," he says, "I propose to take you home with me." He attempts no justification except that of absolute power in a territory half lawless and where white-skinned slaves are no rarity. He does not even claim manhood:

"No," he said, sighing. "I claim nothing. I deny nothing. I assert nothing—except that I'm going to be not your jailer, but your keeper. Yes, I'm going to hold you, keep you! You shall not get away. Why," he added, pacing apart for the moment. "I have no shame left. I've planned very little. I thought I might even ask you to be my guest at my own plantation. My place is out on the edge of the world, thirty miles back from the river. An amanuensis is as reasonable there as on this boat, in the company of a frontier army man."

"That, then, is your robber castle, I suppose."

"I rule there, madam," he said simply.

"Over thrall and guest?"

"Over all who come there, madam."

The situation seems to be almost an impossible one, perhaps quite impossible, but we forget this in our admiration of the skill with which Dunwody is drawn, the gloomy and stern fanaticism of his passion, his relentless determination to have and to hold:

"Think of what you could do here, how happy we could be here. Think of what we could do, together. There isn't anything I wouldn't try to do. Why, I could do anything; and I'd bring everything I got, everything, back to you—and set it down at your feet and say, 'I brought you this.' What would I care for it alone? What does it mean to me? What glory or success do I want? Without you, what does all this world, all my life, all I can do, mean to me after this? I knew long ago I couldn't be happy, but I didn't know why. I know now what I wanted, all along. I can do something in the world, I can succeed, I can be somebody now—and now I want to, I want to! Oh, I've lacked so much, I've longed so much. Some way the world didn't seem made right. I wondered. I puzzled. I didn't know, I couldn't understand—I thought all the world was made to be unhappy—but it isn't. It's made for happiness, for joy, for exaltation. Why, I can see it plainly enough now—all straight out, ahead of me—straight ahead of us two!"

"How like a man you are!" she said slowly. "You seek your own success, although your path lies over a woman's disgrace and ruin."

And so the countess is held as an honored prisoner on Dunwody's plantation, and with such ceaseless vigilance that escape is impossible. She does, indeed, attempt escape, but falls and breaks her arm and is nursed by her captor with matchless delicacy and tenderness. Then comes the incident of the steamer from up river with "a lot of those damned abolitionists" on board and escaping slaves. Dunwody is hastily summoned by his scattered neighbors to attack the party, repel what they call a trespass, and recover the negroes. The attempt is successful. Lieutenant Carlisle is found to be in charge of the party, and so he and Dunwody come once more together:

The Northerner was not in the least subdued, and remained fearless as before. "That's fine talk!" he said. "Why haven't we a right here? We're on a navigable stream of the United States, in free waters and in a free country, and we're free to do as we propose. We're under a free flag. What do you mean by firing into us?"

"You're not navigating the river at all," retorted Judge Clayton. "You're tied up to Missouri soil. The real channel of the river is away out yonder, and you know it. We're inside our right in boarding you. We want to know what you are and what you are doing here, an army officer, at the head of men armed in this way. We're going to search this boat. You've got property of mine on board, and we've the legal right to take it, and we're going to take it. You've killed some of our posse."

"You're pirates!" reiterated the Northern leader. "You're border ruffians, and you want to take this boat. You'll have to account for this."

"We are ready to account for it," said Dunwody. "Throw down your arms, or we will kill every man of you. At once!"

He swung heavily back on his support as he spoke. Clayton caught him by the arm. "You're hit, Dunwody!" he said in a low voice.

"Yes, a little," answered the other. "Don't say anything." Slowly he pushed on, directly up to Carlisle, who faced him fearless as ever. "Tell your men to throw down their guns!" demanded Dunwody once more.

"Attention, company!" called out the young Northerner. "Stack arms!"

Dunwody returns to his home only to find that his wound is much more serious than he supposed. Already we suspect that the countess is somewhat more than interested in her strange captor, and now her interest is reinforced by pity as she assists at the terrible operation that has been necessitated by neglect:

"Sally, get some hot water, quick!" called out Jamieson in the hall. "So, now, old man, let's see."

He stripped the covering quite down and bared the lower limb, removing the bandage which he had originally applied. For a moment he looked at the angry wound. Then he pulled back the covering, and turned away.

"Well, well, what is it?" croaked Dunwody hoarsely, half rising on his crumpled pillow. Jamieson did not reply. "I fell, out there in the hall. Weight must have come on the bad place in the leg. I think the bone snapped."

"I think so, too! That mightn't have been so bad—but then you stood a while on that bad leg, eh? Now look here, Dunwody; do you know what shape you are in now?"

"No, I only know it hurts."

"If that leg were mine, do you know what I'd do with it?"

"No; but it isn't yours."

"Well, I'd have it off—as quick as it could come, that's all. If you don't, you'll lose your life."

"You don't mean that?" whispered Dunwody tensely, after a time. "You don't mean that, doctor?"

"I mean every word I say. It's blood poisoning."

The only answer his patient made was to reach a slow hand under his pillow and draw out a long-barreled revolver, which he laid upon the bed beside him.

"I didn't think you such a coward," ruminated Jamieson, rubbing his chin.

"If you think I'm afraid of the hurt of it, I'll let you do your work first, and I'll do mine afterward," gasped Dunwody slowly. "But I'm not going to live a cripple. I'll not be maimed."

The countess and the doctor between them persuade Dunwody to undergo the ordeal of amputation without an anæsthetic, but at the last moment the doctor sees a chance to save the limb:

The old doctor's forehead for the first time was beaded. He wanted silver wire. He would have accepted catgut. He had neither. For one moment, in agony himself, he looked about; then a look of joy came to his face. An old fiddle was lying in the window. A moment, and he had ripped off a string. In two strides he was back at the dripping table, where lay one marble figure, stood a second figure also of marble.

"We were just trailing along, not paying much attention to anything, when all at once that dog. . . ."

Dr. Jamieson's story of his famous coon dog was never entirely completed. His voice droned away and ceased now, as he bent once more over his work.

What he did, so far as he in his taciturn way ever would admit, was in some way to poke the catgut violin string under the bone, with the end of the probe, and so to pass a ligature around the broken bone itself. After that, it was easier to fasten the splinter back in the place where it belonged.

Dr. Jamieson used all his violin string. Then he cleaned the wound thoroughly, and with a frank brutality drenched it with turpentine, as he would have done with a horse or a dog; for this burning liquid was the only thing at hand to aid him. His own eyes moistened as he saw the twitching of the burned tissues under this infliction, but his hand was none the less steady. The edge of the great table was splintered where Dunwody's hands had grasped it. The flesh on the inside of his fingers was broken loose under his grip. Blood dripped also from his hands.

Henceforth the relations of the countess and Dunwody are almost friendly, certainly mutually respectful. She talks of her great hopes for America and for humanity, and so instills into his mind the ideals that make for abolition and freedom:

"Why," she went on, "I put out little plants, and I love them, always, because they're going to grow, they're going to live. I love it—that thought of life, of growth. Well, can I make you understand, that was what I felt out yonder, in that revolution, in mid-Europe. I felt it was just like seeing little plants set out, to grow. Those poor people! Those poor people! They're coming over here, to grow, here in America, in this great country out here, in this West. They'll grow, like plants extending, like grass multiplying, going out, edging

westward, all the time. Ah, thousands of them, millions yet to come, plants, little human plants, with the right to live born with them. I don't so much mind about their creed. I don't so much mind about race—their color, even. But to see them grow—why, I suppose God up in His Heaven looks down and smiles when He sees that. And we—who are here for a little time—we who sometimes are given minds and means to fall in tune with God's smile—why, when we grow little and selfish, instead of getting in tune with the wish of God—why, we fail. Then, indeed, we do not pay—we repudiate our debt to ourselves."

"You are shaming me," he said slowly. "But I see why they put you out of Washington."

"But they can not put God out of Heaven! They can not turn back the stars! They can not stop the rush of those westbound feet, the spread of the millions, millions of blades of grass edging out, on. That is what will make you see this 'higher law,' some time. That is big politics, higher than what you call your traditions. That will shame little men. Many traditions are only egotism and selfishness. There is a compromise which will be final—not one done in a mutual cowardice. It's one done in a mutual largeness and courage."

We get a charming flash of feminine nature when the countess casually meets Lieutenant Carlisle and shows him the true nature of the mistake that he made when he gambled for her possession:

"But now," she continued after a time, "—I want to ask you whether I've been ungenerous or vindictive with you—"

"Vindictive? You? Never! But why should you be?"

"Captain," she said easily, "my lieutenant, my friend, let me say—I will not be specific—I will not mention names or dates; but do you think, if you were a woman, you could ever marry a man who once, behind your back, with not even eagerness to incite him, but coolly, deliberately—had played a game of cards for—you?"

He stiffened as though shot. "I know. But you misunderstand. I did not play for you. I played to relieve a situation—because I thought you wished—because it seemed the solution of a situation hard for both of us. I thought—"

"Solution!" She blazed up now, tigerlike, and her words came through set lips. "I'd never have told you I knew, if you hadn't said what you have. But—a solution—a plan—a compromise! You ought to have played for me; and you ought to have won—have won!"

He stood before a woman new to him, one so different from the grateful and gracious enthusiast he had met all these months that he could not comprehend the change, could not at once adjust his confused senses. So miserable was he that suddenly, with one of her swift changes, she smiled at him, even through her sudden tears. "No! No!" she exclaimed. "See! Look here!"

Of course the countess eventually escapes from her luxurious prison. Dunwody's love for her has lost its harsh and repellent features, and moreover her presence in his house and her true status have become known to the neighboring planters, whose chivalry would now bring them to her side at the first appeal. She returns to Washington and elaborates her scheme for the purchase and deportation of slaves, and when she again meets Dunwody she finds that the Southern planter has learned something of the lesson that she tried to teach him and that his arrogant pride has been softened by the supreme failure of his life:

He continued smiling: "Just to show you the extent of my downfall, I have heard that they are intending to tar and feather me tonight—perhaps to give me a ride upon a rail! That is the form of entertainment which in the West hitherto has generally been reserved for horse-thieves, unwelcome revivalists, and that sort of thing. Not that it terrifies me. The meeting is going to be held!"

"Then it is true that you are to speak here tonight—and to uphold doctrines precisely the reverse of what—"

"Yes, that is true." He spoke very quietly.

"I had not thought that possible," she said gently.

"Of course," she added. "I have been in entire ignorance of all matters out here for a year past. I have been busy."

"Why should you follow the political fortunes of an obscure Missourian?" he asked. "On the contrary, there is at least one obscure Missourian who has followed yours. I have known pretty much all you have been doing of late. Yes, you at least have been busy!"

As usual, she hung on the main point. "But tell me!" she demanded of him presently, a little added color coming into her cheeks. "Do you mean to say to me that you really remember what we talked about—that you really—"

He nodded, smiling. "Don't you remember we talked about faith, and how to get hold of it? And I said I couldn't find it? Well, I have no apologies and no explanations. All I have to say is that I fought it out, threshed it all over, and then somehow, I don't know how—well, faith came to me—that is all. I waked up one night, and I—well, I just knew. That is all. Then I knew I had been wrong."

"And it cost you everything?"

"Just about everything in the world, I reckon."

There is no need to disclose an end that is never out of sight from the moment when Dunwody reverts to primal instincts and carries off by main force the woman on whom he has set his wild, stern heart. The whole picture is drawn with a fascinating energy that would redeem even a more unlikely story.

THE PURCHASE PRICE. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

More than two-thirds of the total production of German alcohol is obtained from potatoes, but only a comparatively small portion is sold in the form of beverages, for the reason that other kinds of alcohol are better adapted to the manufacture of liqueurs and brandies. The alcohols of wine, cider, cherries, and cane possess an agreeable aroma, whereas all alcohols produced from beets, grains, molasses, and potatoes must be rectified before they are ready for consumption, in order to free them of their unpleasant natural taste. As to potatoes, the resultant alcohol possesses an oily flavor which would be particularly unpleasant if not eradicated by rectification.

It is held that St. Bride, or St. Brigid, founded the first monastic Christian school in Ireland in the fifth century, and made the first bound book to succeed the scroll. Her school at Leinster attracted so many students that the overflow formed the nucleus of the city of Kildare.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Man and the Dragon.

A good many novels have now been written about the pure-souled political reformer who can be neither bullied nor bought and who is ready to sacrifice fame and fortune in the patriotic struggle against corporate greed. It would seem that these literary labors must one day stimulate some young men to an imitation of their heroes. At least we may rejoice in their prophetic and hopeful idealism while wondering where the authors get their models.

John Price of Carthage is the latest picture in the gallery. By help of the local boss Price has acquired control of the Carthage News, the understanding being that he shall fight the efforts of the Traction Company to acquire a perpetual franchise, such being the policy of the boss. Everything goes smoothly until the Traction Company is persuaded to "come through," when the boss naturally changes his tune, withdraws his opposition, and calls off his editor from the attack. But Price has ideals. His policy is a matter of principle, and not of blackmail, and so he incurs the deadly hostility of his old friend the boss as well as of the Traction Company. Of course he is crushed, deprived of his newspaper, and nearly murdered while he is on his way to a mass meeting, but the sight of his wounds so infuriates the crowd that the voting booths are swamped and the election goes against the "Dragon," otherwise known as the "Beast" and the "System." So Price wins out in the end, as he deserves to do, and actually marries the daughter of the now penitent traction magnate, who has been attracted to him by the fact that he has ideas—certainly a rare possession in the modern hero. The author has told a thoroughly good story of its kind. It is on familiar lines, but it is well planned, consecutive, and accurate in detail.

THE MAN AND THE DRAGON. By Alexander Otis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Lords of Industry.

In spite of the unusual ability and industry evidenced upon every page of Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd's collection of economic essays they will be read with a certain feeling of impatience by those who are accustomed to ask guidance from the intelligence rather than from the emotions. There are ten of these essays, some with an ancient flavor, and the most recent dating from 1903, but we can readily believe that the evils depicted have changed only in degree and not in character. Bread is still dear, and probably for the same reasons as when the author wrote his essay on "Making Bread Dear" in 1883. The Sugar Trust is even more prominent than it was in 1897 when Mr. Lloyd explained its connection with the tariff. Corporation troubles have certainly not lessened since 1894, and the question of the anthracite coal mines is still with us as in 1903, only more so. Indeed it is almost discouraging to find that we are still as much in bondage in this particular year of grace as when Mr. Lloyd began to clank our fetters in our hearing some thirty years ago.

Indeed it may be said that Mr. Lloyd's keynote is bondage. He tells us that we are robbed, exploited, taxed, and enslaved as were the peasants by the feudal barons of Europe. Illicit interests have us by the throat, and every exercise of elementary human rights must be preceded by tribute. Wherever two or three commercial or financial magnates are gathered together there we may suspect the hatching of some new kind of extortion, and we are ceaselessly watched by our taskmasters lest perchance we find something cheap to eat. And yet it can not be said that Mr. Lloyd deals in denunciation. He does not. He simply presents some of our economic abuses with exceptional and incisive force, and probably he could find material equally good in every country of civilization.

Mr. Lloyd's weakness is in his reasoning rather than in his facts. In a country that

gives a vote to every citizen, a vote of the same value, there can be no tyranny except the tyranny that is self-imposed. Why, then, does the author make a comparison between King George's tea tax and the "taxation" imposed by an oil trust, a sugar trust, or a steel trust? The people had no voice in the royal tea tax. They had no remedy except force against a tyranny outside and beyond themselves. But assuming that they are now taxed by the trust, the taxation was imposed in accordance with their own expressed wishes, by their own elected representatives whom they chose again and again with vociferous enthusiasm, and under party and other systems that they steadily maintained by their votes and their cheers. It may be legitimate to talk of popular stupidity. That is quite another matter. But to talk of tyranny, to compare any now existing system with the impositions of an external authority thousands of miles away, beyond reach of persuasion or coercion, is simply to torture fact and actuality. As well might we condole with the prisoner on the hardness of his fate when he himself locked the cell door and put the key into his own pocket.

Mr. Lloyd is not a muckraker. Far from it. He is judicial, restrained, and temperate, and he deals with conditions rather than individuals. But he makes the mistake common to his class when he tries to persuade his readers that they are victims of the tyranny of others rather than of their own folly.

LORDS OF INDUSTRY. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Interpreters of Life.

Mr. Henderson might have chosen a better title and one less provocative. The world is by no means in agreement that Ibsen, Wilde, and Shaw have given us interpretations of life. Indeed the author tells us that Ibsen has never laid the great public in England under his spell nor assumed in its eyes the dignity of a classic. He admits also that "America has never profited by the lessons Ibsen presented so unmistakably to his own and to future generations." And all this "despite the admirable and scholarly work" of Ibsen's many exponents. There must surely be something lacking in an interpreter of life who must himself be interpreted, and who yet fails to touch the heart of the public. Perhaps the public has a sane recognition that life needs no such interpretation until it becomes diseased, and an equally sane disinclination to breathe unnecessarily the odors of iodiform. Perhaps, too, the public, and especially the American public, is too busy to concern itself with the sickly and baunted consciences, the perverted personalities, that are offered to us as representatives of life and its problems.

Mr. Henderson writes with a certain brilliant force, but he does not always convince us of the independence of his judgment or of his possession of an individual ideal by which to measure his heroes. Allowing himself an over-use of conventional phraseology, we wonder if his verdicts are not also conventional. For example, "We are living today in an age of transition," a phrase that is tiresomely hackneyed and that means nothing. All ages are transitional, and our grandfathers said the same thing. Again, "The world demands the Truth today," although the Truth, capitalized or not, seems to be the last thing that the world cares much about. Elsewhere we are told that Maeterlinck "has lost faith in the healing efficacies of revealed religion." Maeterlinck's religion was, presumably, "revealed," at least to him, but why use a phrase that is strangely out of place in a philosophic essay, and that irritates by its conventionality?

Mr. Henderson seems also to revel in a certain extravagance of praise that sometimes is almost jarring. Does he really mean that "Bernard Shaw is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced." Great Britain did not produce Mr. Shaw. Ireland produced him, and all dramas are dramas of ideas. Must we take him literally when he says that "the world can never be the same again since Ibsen has lived and written"? Is he sure that "Ghosts" produced a tornado of abuse unequalled "in the entire history of the drama since the beginning of the world"? These are unquestionably defects, but they hardly detract from the pleasure that the author so plentifully gives by a vigorous and penetrative analysis that may sometimes be at fault, but that is never dull.

INTERPRETERS OF LIFE. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50.

Flighty Arethusa.

If read at the right speed this story may safely be recommended for a three-hour railway journey. It is modern because it contains an airship of a kind not yet invented, and the airship may be said to be the chief character. Then there is the aviator, as well as a fascinating young lady, buried treasure, a clue to said treasure after the manner of the late lamented Poe, and a gang of ruffians who are after the treasure, but who don't get it. And the whole thing happens within a few miles of New York, which shows how home industries may be patronized even in

the literature of piratical adventure. By the way, the last chapter seems to have been written for the sole purpose of adding seventeen pages to the book. It rather weakens a humorous and racy story.

FLIGHTY ARETHUSA. By David Skaats Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments," by John Brady (the Alice Harriman Company) is composed of a number of musical burlesques with caricature illustrations upon every page.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published a little volume of one-act plays by Marguerite Merrington. They are five in number, and are intended for Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving. They are simply written and seem admirably adapted to their purpose.

If Hermann Sudermann becomes popular in America it will be due largely to the energies of the Scribners, who have just issued a third volume of his plays. The translation from the German is by Archibald Alexander and the little book contains "Teja," "Fritzen," and "The Eternal Masculine"—each of one act. The price is \$1.25.

"The Last of the Mohicans," by Fenimore Cooper, would preserve its vitality even in the absence of the fine typography and capital colored illustrations that are supplied in the new edition just to hand from Henry Holt & Co. (\$1.35). The illustrations are by E. Boyd Smith, and the volume has an attractive appearance both internally and externally.

"The Young Guide," by Clarence B. Burleigh (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50) is a story for big boys, and one that gives a good picture of life in the Maine woods. In addition to the excitements of hunting there are further adventures in connection with a band of outlaws—in fact all the elements that wholesome boys like to have in their literature.

The subject of forestry is just now so much to the front that there should be a welcome for "The Boy with the U. S. Foresters," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50). It is fascinatingly written from the boy's point of view, while its practical information gives it a value for the adult who wishes to know what the forest service really means. The illustrations are good.

Byron A. Dunn is already well known for his Young Kentuckians series of stories illustrating the part played by Kentucky in the Civil War. There were five volumes in that series, and that their publication was justified is shown by the fact that the author is now about to perform a similar service to Missouri. The first of the new series has just appeared under the title of "With Lyon in Missouri" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25), and it leaves nothing to be desired either in energy of narrative, historical accuracy, or typographical appearance. Eight illustrations are furnished by H. S. De Lay.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon bring out the twenty-fifth edition of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, Relating to All Ages and Nations, for Universal Reference." This standard and well-nigh indispensable reference book, the work of Benjamin Vincent, has been revised by eminent authorities and brought up to date.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Open Door.

Why is a newspaper reporter so necessary a part of the modern detective story, unless on the theory that no detective could possibly detect anything without extraneous aid? We have a reporter in "The Open Door," a story of San Francisco in 1905, although it might just as well be any other city. Gilbert Rodman, walking on Pacific Avenue when he ought to be in bed, is appealed to by a young woman who is palpitantly certain that something dreadful has just happened in the house before them. The young woman is right, for her cousin lies in one of the upper rooms shot to death. Then for over three hundred pages we wonder who shot him. We always wonder who does these things, although we should know by this time that it is the most unlikely and improbable character in the story. Of course every one acts with incomprehensible stupidity, there are rival detectives, and the reporter "throws down" his newspaper without a blush. All the same we genuinely wonder who is the culprit, and we are genuinely surprised when we find him, and as this is the test of the detective story "The Open Door" is a clever success.

THE OPEN DOOR. By Earle Ashley Walcott. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Professor George Boyce's important work, "The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company," has gone into a third edition. The author is a member of the faculty of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, and has had access to invaluable letters, journals, and business records, all of which have added to this romantic yet sober story of great achievement.

Maria Horner Lansdale, a life-long friend of the Gilder family, has written sympathetically for the March *Century Magazine* of the "Life-Work and Homes of Richard Watson Gilder." The memoir is illustrated from early photographs of Mr. Gilder and from drawings, by Vernon Howe Bailey, of Mr. Gilder's birthplace and the homes of the family.

William De Morgan has recently moved into a new house in Chelsea, the district of London which he likes best, and which Carlyle, Justin McCarthy, and other notable writers have also liked best.

Henry Holt & Co. publish this month a new volume by W. J. Henderson, music critic of the New York Sun. It is entitled "Some Forerunners of Italian Opera," and shows that the revival of the theatre in Europe in the middle ages began with lyric drama, constructed in a form containing many of the elements of opera, but lacking the fundamental method of musical communication. How the lyric drama wandered for more than a century through a maze of experiments before arriving at the promised land under the guidance of the Florentines is told.

A new history of the French Revolution has just been completed by M. Alphonse Aulard, after twenty years of close application to the subject. It has been M. Aulard's aim to establish the sequence of events and define the true course of political opinion in France from 1789 to 1804. His work is pronounced a masterpiece of accurate and minute learning. Charles Scribner's Sons publish the history in America.

Professor Hiram Bingham, whose book, "Across South America," is to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company this spring, is assistant professor of Latin-American history and curator of the Latin-American collections at Yale University, and was sent to South America as a delegate of the United States government to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress in 1908. His book tells about an interesting trip he made at that time from Buenos Ayres to Lima.

The list of authors whose writings Charles Scribner's Sons publish this season is unusual. In fiction it includes John Galsworthy, Frank H. Spearman, Maurice Hewlett, Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, E. W. Hornung; in more serious literature, Robert Louis Stevenson, Price Collier, H. E. Krehbiel, Edward Dickinson.

One of the main suggestions in "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day," by Arnold Bennett, now much talked about, is that the person should carry a book in his pocket wherewith to fill in idle moments, traveling to and from his office and so forth. One of the books which he particularly recommended was H. E. Krehbiel's "How to Listen to Music." Another was Mr. Sturgis's "Appreciation of Pictures."

When Ralph Waldo Emerson was returning from Europe in 1883 he was greatly diverted by a song in which two sailors at sea in a storm were represented as expressing pity for the poor landmen at home: "My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots about their heads are flying, whilst you and I upon the deck are comfortably lying." "It is like the being thankful for the hoard blanket," Emerson wrote in his "Journals" (Houghton Mifflin Company). His son, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, explains that this refers to an anecdote of which the poet was very fond. It told of

a widow so poor that she eked out the thin blanket by laying an old door over herself and her little children. One of these piped up: "Mama, what do those poor little children do who haven't got a door to cover them?"

Probably the last piece of writing done by the late J. Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling, appears in the February mid-month number of *Country Life in America*. The article is entitled, "The Origin of the Bungalow," and it tells what a bungalow is and how it was developed from the service tent in India, where sun-glare and sandstorms affect architecture.

Frank E. Wallis, the architect who has written a chatty book called "How to Know Architecture" (Harper & Brothers) for non-technical readers, says that even the mathematics of architecture is an inheritance from the Greeks. "Only the student of architecture," Mr. Wallis declares, "can fully understand the wonder of their achievements. Measure and analyze as he will, he will find these formulas in operation back through the periods to Athens and beyond. You may say that the Greeks created and that the cathedral-builders adopted these laws, but they were as truly inherited laws then as now, and twenty centuries of experiment have failed to produce a single improvement."

New Books Received.

ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. By Eliot Blackwelder and Harlan H. Barrows. New York: American Book Company; \$1.40.

With 485 illustrations and sixteen full-page colored topographical maps.

LABORATORY MANUAL IN BIOLOGY. By Richard W. Sharpe. New York: American Book Company; 75 cents.

A solution of fifty-six important problems of biology, with statement of materials and apparatus.

THE NEW NATIONALISM. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: The Outlook Company; \$1.50.

With an introduction by Ernest Hamlin Abbott.

AMERICAN ORATORY OF TODAY. Edited by Edwin DuBois Shurtler. San Francisco: Southwest Publishing Company.

Representative oratory from all parts of the country, by present-day speakers, on live topics.

HAWAIIAN MEMORIES. By Blanche Howard Wenner. New York: Cochrane Publishing Company.

Twenty selected verses on Hawaii.

THE PIANOFORTE AND ITS MUSIC. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

The latest addition to "The Music Lover's Library." With portraits and illustrations.

GEORGE MEREDITH: MISCELLANEOUS PROSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

This is the twenty-third volume of the Memorial Edition.

A GUIDE TO ENGLISH HISTORY. By Henry W. Elson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25.

The ninth volume in the Guide series. The author's aim has been to follow the main line of national development and to give something typical of every great period.

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON. By Alice French. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A treatment of the subject as a single organic series of events.

NEIGHBORS UNKNOWN. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Fourteen wild-life sketches in Mr. Roberts's familiar vein.

THE TRAIL OF A TENDERFOOT. By Stephen Chalmers. New York: Outing Publishing Company.

A series of outdoor sketches of the open-air life and of the kind of human nature engendered thereby.

THE GROWTH OF NAPOLEON. By Norwood Young. New York: Duffield & Co.

A study in environment, with portraits and illustrations.

THE FACE OF MANCHURIA, KOREA, AND RUSSIAN TURKESTAN. By E. G. Kemp, F. R. S. G. S. New York: Duffield & Co.

With twenty-four plates.

WAR OR PEACE. By Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.

A comprehensive and suggestive study of the nation's preparedness for war and of war appropriations.

THE SKIPPER AND THE SKIPPED. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Being the shore log of Cap'n Aaron Sproul.

WHEN HALF-GODS GO. By Helen Reimsnyder Martin. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

A new story by the author of "The Crossways," etc.

A WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

PRINCESS KATHARINE. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.

The story of a "real Irish lady" with all the pluck, the beauty, and the pride of her race.

THE BOLTED DOOR. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MARRIED MISS WORTH. By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.

"This life is a Broad Highway along which we must all of us pass whether we will or no."

THE MAN-MADE WORLD. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. New York: Charlton Company.

Assuming the Gynecocentric Theory to be the

true one, "this book gives a series of studies of the effect upon our human development of this unprecedented dominance of the male, showing it to be by no means an unmixed good."

CURRENT VERSE.

A Gray Day.

I may not, this gray day, elude
A cloudy, melancholy mood;
The thrush its ecstasy withholds,
Hid in the thicket's leafy folds;
The vagrant minstrel wind forgets
To finger its elusive frets;
Yet joy and song but wait the drift
Of yonder wrack to leap and lift,
While, like an April-huddled bole,
I, too, await the golden rift
To take the sun into my soul!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Poplars Green.

My heart went out to find the spring.
Spring there was none.
No leaf, and not a bird to sing;
Birches wintry white and cold;
Grasses gray and meadows old;
My heart went out to find the spring.
Spring there was none.

We passed along the blowing wood,
Out to find the spring.
And nothing save the wind was good.—
But soon we saw the poplars all,
And as a maiden each was tall,
And each was dancing where she stood—
Out to find the spring.

My heart went out to find the spring.
Long was the way—
But we found the fairy thing.
It hid among the poplars green
And whispered soft—and sighed between.
My heart went out to find the spring.
My heart found the way.

—Mildred McNeal Stuenkel, in *Hampton's Magazine*.

A Romany Song.

Oh, Wind, sweep down on the plain;
Beat, beat on the fields, oh, Rain;
For ye and I be brethren three,
Wind and Rain and the Romany!

Rain and wind and the lone free heath,
With the scudding clouds to rove beneath!
I hear the screech owl's fluttering cry,
Small brother of mine in the dim night sky!

For my home is set where the four winds twine,
Where rapturous earth and sky are mine,
Beneath the arms of the old oak, bent
To shelter the edge of a brother's tent!

Oh, Wind, sweep on through my heart;
Beat, beat on my soul, oh, Rain!
For ye he pals of the Romany chals,
And the Gorgio life is a thing apart!

—H. Bedford-Jones, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

A Poet.

Into a tissue of remembered things
He weaves the moonbeams and the threads of
mist,

And colors it with sweet imaginings,
Cloudy embroidery, by sunset kissed.
He sees among the dewdrops on the ferns

The fleeting prototype of children's tears,
And in the music of the running burns

The pent-up laughter of a thousand years.
Along the dear, familiar paths he knows,

The sigh that marks the crossing of the way,
The dreams that haunt the petals of the rose,

And all the wonders of a quiet day:
So glide away the years with minstrelsy—
The magic of his boundless fantasy.

—Eleanor Ester, in *Westminster Gazette*.

The Old Cellar Place.

A huge depression in the earth o'ergrown
With grass and weeds, where rose and lilac
sprout

In wild disorder straggled all about
And in the midst a tumbled heap of stone

Sprawled like a ruined tomb, deserted, lone,
And smoke-begrimed, where ghosts of ancient
fires,

In generations past lit by the fires,
Flicker a brief moment and then are gone!
Here hid the apples from the light of day

And mellowed in the darkness; cask and bin
Held ample store against the winter's frost:

But now the house has perished with decay
Since they are gone who made the home within;

And all but this old cellar place is lost.

—Frederick E. Snow, in *the Outlook*.

In the Wiertz gallery in Brussels is a wonderful painting, dating from the time of Waterloo, called "Napoleon in Hell." It represents the great marshal with folded arms and face unmoved descending slowly to the land of the shades. Before him, filling all the background of the picture with every expression of countenance, are the men sent before him by the unbridled ambition of Napoleon. Three millions and seventy thousand there were in all—so history tells us—more than half of them Frenchmen. They are not all shown in the picture. They are only hinted at. And behind the millions shown or hinted at are the millions on millions of men who might have been and are not—the huge widening wedge of the possible descendants of the men who fell in battle.

On the battlefield of Gettysburg is a monument, erected by the Woman's Relief Corps of Iowa as a memorial to Miss Jenny Wade, who was killed on the morning of July 3 while baking bread for the Union soldiers during the battle.

\$11,500,000

The reconstruction of San Francisco has gone along so rapidly that it has been taken as a mere matter of course here at home. It is the visitor from distant points who marvels, having first seen the smoking ruins and mountains of debris in the spring of 1906.

Just for instance, how many people have any idea of the extent of street-railway construction completed in a little over four years? Few could even venture a rough estimate of the number of miles of track, new and rebuilt since the catastrophe.

And yet the street-car system affords one of the most interesting studies connected with the new San Francisco.

Since April, 1906, on the lines of the United Railroads 77½ miles of track have been reconstructed; 22¾ miles of new track have been built, making a total of 100 miles of track constructed.

Two hundred and forty new cars of the larger type have been put into service, and twelve suburban cars on the San Mateo branch, besides building eighteen of the larger cable cars for the Sacramento and Castro Street lines, while a great many of the old electric cars have been rebuilt.

And right here it is interesting to note that the United Railroads is to further add to its rolling stock by the addition of eighty of the latest type pay-as-you-enter cars. Very shortly the first consignment of these cars will arrive.

On all the reconstructed lines heavy girder rails have replaced the light rails formerly used. On the streets on which traffic is heaviest, such as Market, Mission, Fillmore, and part of Valencia, the rails are 145 pounds to the yard, the heaviest rail used for any street railway in the world. On the other streets, where traffic is lighter, the standard Trilby rail of 108 pounds to the yard has been used. In Los Angeles, Seattle, Oakland, and many other cities the less expensive T-rail is used. The rails are laid on the best redwood ties, rock ballast, with a concrete foundation for pavement.

In addition to the 100 miles of reconstructed and new track, which has been paved with basalt blocks and asphalt in the populated districts and macadam on the outskirts, twenty-seven miles of track have been overhauled and repaved.

But this does not tell the entire story. Constantly the work of improvement forges ahead, and at present the lower end of Mission Street is receiving attention. The old track there has been torn up and will be replaced with new rails and ties, laid on a higher roadbed and brought up to a point of efficiency equal to any other portion of the great network of the system in the city.

In four years and a half the company has spent on improvements—track, buildings, and equipment—over \$11,500,000. Comparatively few of the many thousands who daily patronize the street-cars have ever thought of this vast outlay of capital. Few have occasion to inform themselves on the subject, and the announcement that over eleven million dollars have been expended here by the United Railroads in the time mentioned will come as a pleasant surprise to men and women who have been vitally interested in the rebuilding of the Golden Gate city. Besides the sum mentioned, it is particularly interesting to learn that over \$500,000 will be devoted to the new pay-as-you-enter cars referred to previously.

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"THE MIDNIGHT SONS."

Any reviewer of things theatrical who attempts to describe the innumerable caravan of impressions made upon the eye and the ear by the performance of "The Midnight Sons" at the Savoy Theatre will speedily find that most of them are of the kind that, once seen, are nevermore remembered. When I tried to classify the piece in my mind, I found it impossible, for some reason, to throw it in line with the usual musical-comedy show. So I looked it up in the programme, and found that its backers seemed to be similarly uncertain, for they had evaded the point, although it seems to me that they called it spectacular vaudeville on the street posters.

At any rate, I noticed its weberfeldian resemblances, and subsequently found on the programme the announcement that "Lew Fields presents," etc. In the weberfeldian performance they always had a pretty woman wandering vaguely around, ready to sing, joke, or dance, or accept love from the comedian. That was where Lillian Russell came in. In "The Midnight Sons" Alma Youlin takes her place. Besides Weber and Fields they always had one or two extra comedians. And that is where George Monroe comes in. The long Weber-Fields comic dialogue is omitted. No would-be successors imitate the famous pair. But the producers of the piece are well justified in featuring George Monroe, as this comedian is of the brand that can hand out volumes of achingly funny imbecilities and never fail to make his point.

"The Midnight Sons" begins with a farewell banquet at "Hotel Insomnia"—we're sure of that. We also know that there is subsequently a theatrical performance within a performance, the audience of which is made up of the very numerous company in "The Midnight Sons." There is also a shoe store, and many interludes of song, dance, and comic dialogue. This is all the exact information I can give as to "The Midnight Sons." Presumably it has a plot, but if so it reminds one of Emerson's epitome of Margaret Fuller's life-purposes: "I don't know where I'm going; follow me."

The performance in general consists of a lavish output of dances, songs, and comedy dialogues, with an occasional burst of the spectacular thrown in. It is, of its kind, very well done. The company is well equipped with specialists. The two leading comedians are more than ordinarily amusing. The chorus girls seem to be as countless as the sands of the sea, and the amount of founced and lace-edged *lingerie* which they lavishly display in the innumerable skirt-dances which diversify the scene might serve to set up a new-born laundry in a flourishing business. Many of the girls are pretty, some few the reverse, but even the plain ones are plentifully endowed with figures and provided with founces. The most exacting connoisseur on the female form divine could not ask to gaze on a prettier pair of continuations than Alma Youlin's, and the young lady—for she is as young as she ought to be—is further provided with good looks and a voice.

The number of dances is only matched by the quantity of songs. What the latter are all about I haven't the faintest idea. When Elizabeth Moyné led the octet—which looked, by the way, rather more experienced in the world's wiles than the "Havana" octet—in "My little Mary gardeners" the song apparently meant something to the initiated, but to the ordinary understanding it was absolutely incoherent. It is strange, this absorption of an audience enjoying its pet show in the sentiments of a song which contains catch-words which are absolutely incomprehensible to fairly intelligent outsiders. You may strain your eyes and ears, and sprain your understanding in trying to gather what it is all about and fail signally. Yet the audience knows and enjoys. At least it has every appearance of doing so.

There are any number of leg-decorated songs in "The Midnight Sons" which make for cheerfulness and a hilarious racket. There is a quartet of specialty dancers, one of whom is very pretty and looks something like Cavalieri. She is the lady who is "the human wheel."

There is a patent device for giving the illusion of viewing the receding end of a passenger train moving through miles of scenery. There is a banquet with a toastmaster, and toasts, and enthusiasm, and jokes, and hurrahs, and self-gratulatory allusions of emanci-

pated man to the deserted fireside where wife is presumably mourning the absence of her reveling mate. There is a contingent of deft-handed waitresses, who are subsequently elevated to the tables, whereon they sit with a bored air, until Mona Desmond does her table dance. The waitresses then become magically animated and begin the display of the *lingerie* which they have thoughtfully assumed for the occasion. The air is full of kicks and petticoat frills. The lights are lowered, and "lady firefly," very candid as to costume, enters in a sort of female-Mephistophelian dance; electric lights shine everywhere, on the draperies, in the wine cups, and we have a vague feeling that we have discovered what a tenderloin revel, or a French masked ball, is like.

And then there is the shoe store. I have a tender recollection of the shoe store, for the ridiculous scene that happens there affords one the refreshment of utter abandonment to helpless laughter that sets a world-worn toiler up for a week.

There are minor vulgarities in "The Midnight Sons"; nothing to fret over. Just a little stress from café life on the appeal to the banal tastes of the boy-about-town who is trying to persuade himself that he is a bad man.

And, as I have said, the piece is plotless. The last act is too much in the nature of a repetition of previous attractions. But the great thing is that one can laugh and laugh often in "The Midnight Sons." True, the fun is not of a particularly refined order, but one is always grateful to the gods for a good laugh.

And nobody can help laughing in the shoe shop scene. Here we see the three comedians in their full glory. John T. Murray's most salient points are a pair of abnormally long and sinuous legs, which are so astonishingly elastic and flexible that they seem scarcely human. As he is also a comedian of some parts he brings in numerous comic effects with his tumbling, in his high-hatted and pink cloth elegance. And there is Pansy Burns, who has come in all her portly, Irish, red-haired glory to buy a new pair of shoes. George T. Monroe is a robust comedian who softens nothing, including his voice, which is an enormous vocal blast. Nothing else will describe it.

Ted Burns, the other comedian, second in rank to Monroe, as Dick, the shoe store clerk, is made up as a heavy man with a light voice. Everything about him except his voice is thick and positive, from his rotundity to his eyebrows. In spite of its patently broad effects of humor, the scene in the shoe shop is so burstingly funny that one's feelings, on recalling the goody laughter enjoyed, parallel those of the man who says, "Fate can not harm me; I have dined today."

It is curious, after one has enjoyed one of these bits of killingly funny absurdity to imagine the composer of it working it up. It all seems to go so crazily like an irresponsible dream. Here is Pansy, sending out resonant blasts of repartee in exchange with Dick until the fateful moment of the fitting comes, when Dick, one by one, throws to the floor with a menacing clatter, large weighty implements, which, to the untutored understanding might be applied to mineralogical, agricultural, or surgical pursuits. Pansy's shoes are pried off somehow by the ruthless Dick, who firmly holds the mighty members squirming between his knees. He seems to prod them, to saw them and file them, and finally, with a mighty tussle gets on the shoe with a force suggestive of a sand-blast and battering ram. The performance closes with driving the resisting shoe in place with a hammer, accompanied by loud explosions.

And we rocked in our seats, and gasped and gurgled, and felt our aching sides to see if we were still whole.

Foolish, beneficent laughter! How it cases the body, and rests the mind, and drives maggots out of the brain. For this we forgive the tautological song-and-dance froth of the last act. And for this, oh Monroe of the brass-band voice, and Burns of the lady-like tone, for this we thank thee.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Prince Henry of Prussia has been interfering with the freedom of the press as regards dramatic criticism, though perhaps in a righteous cause. When a drama, "Children," by Hermann Bahr, author of the contemporaneously popular play, "The Concert," had its first production in a Berlin theatre, he had the reporters of two newspapers summoned to his box. He knew that the papers which they represented were hostile to the managers of the theatre, and felt that the play would not be fairly treated. His influence is supposed to have mitigated the unfriendly tenor of the reports of the play.

During 1910 the opera sung oftentimes in Germany was "Madame Butterfly," 473 performances; "Carmen" coming next, with 428. Another slight contribution to the question: Is the public taste as regards music higher than the public taste as regards the theatre?

If you desire California's choicest wines, ask your grocer or wine dealer for those produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Madame Sherry," that sensationally successful musical comedy, comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, February 27. Already the management has been flooded with requests for reservations, and interest has been keen in the coming engagement ever since it was first made public. Since leaving New York a few weeks ago to make its cross-country trip, "Madame Sherry" has met with handsome receptions in every city visited. The production more than made good every promise, and satisfied every anticipation. Beginning with the book and music, proceeding through the cast, chorus, orchestra, and ending with the scenic investiture, "Madame Sherry" is one of those rarely perfect stage offerings which occur once in many years. In the company presenting it are such musical-comedy celebrities as Oscar Fegman, Harry Benham, Ann Tasker, William Cameron, Mary Quive, Lottie Kendall, Cheridah Simpson, Harold Rehill, Edward Elkas, and a score of others, including George W. Lederer's famous feminine talking chorus. "Madame Sherry" is a French creation, done over into English by Otto Hauerbach, with music by Karl Hoschna. Its songs and melodies have found their way to all parts of the globe, and the air of its motif song, "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own," is already heard everywhere.

"The Midnight Sons," Lew Fields's big musical play, will begin the second and last week of a most successful engagement at the Savoy Theatre Sunday evening, with the usual matinees on Thursday and Saturday. To call "The Midnight Sons" a musical-comedy gives no adequate idea as to the character of the performance. It is more a spectacular production than a musical play and in New York they called it a "musical moving picture in eight films." Play and cast are reviewed at length elsewhere, and the mirthful certainty of the production fully established.

Elbert Hubbard, popularly known as Fra Albertus, the Sage of East Aurora, author of "A Message to Garcia," has been tempted into vaudeville by Martin Beck for an exclusive engagement in a few of the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit. For his engagement in this city, which begins at next Sunday's matinee, he will deliver twenty-minute "Heart to Heart Talks" with his flock, as he calls his audiences. Bird Millman, who has recently returned from Europe, will appear with her premiere wire artists. Miss Millman, who is styled "The Eva Tanguay of the Air," was pronounced the most clever and attractive aerial artist ever seen in European vaudeville theatres. The Millmans are well known in San Francisco, and while all of them are clever performers their great popularity is due to Miss Bird. Fresh from European triumphs also come the Empire Comedy Four, Leonard, Cunningham, Roland, and Joe Jenny. They stand by themselves as singers and comedians, and their contribution will consist of a miniature musical comedy entitled "What's the Answer?" Walter Graham, the most recent Orpheum importation, will present a distinct novelty which he calls his "Mannikin Music Hall." In the second portion of his act, Graham's impersonations consist of George Grossmith, singing his Gaity hit, "Yip-I-addy-I-ay," Vesta Victoria warbling "Now I Have to Call Him Father," and Harry Lauder in his rendition of "Stop Yer Ticklin' Jock." Next week will be the last of Boudini Brothers, Welch, Mealy, and Montrose, Lawrence and Fitzgerald, and Helena Frederick and her company in the condensed version of "The Tales of Hoffman."

"The Arcadians" will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre up to next Sunday night. This international musical-comedy success has been enjoying a lucrative engagement.

Gertrude Elliott, in Frances Hodgson Burnett's play of cheerfulness, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," will begin a week's engagement at the Savoy Theatre Sunday night, March 5.

Four of Charles Frohman's most notable stars are to appear at the Columbia Theatre before the summer sets in. First comes Francis Wilson, and following him will appear Billie Burke in "Suzanne," Ethel Barrymore in "Alice Sit by the Fire," and Otis Skinner in "Sire."

In the cast of "The Balkan Princess," a new comedy opera now playing at the Herald Square Theatre in New York, are Robert Warwick, Teddy Webb, and May Boley. all in former San Francisco stock companies. This is Robert Warwick's first essay in comic opera, but he is said to have a good bass voice. Louise Gunning is the star of the piece, but the music score and story it tells have also much to do with its success, as well as the supporting company.

Londoners recently gave Edna May, who in private life is Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, a tremendous welcome when she returned to the stage with an amateur company for one

week's production of "The Belle of New York." The performances were given in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. Mrs. Lewisohn has declined all the renewed offers for continued professional reappearances.

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EXTRA!—Coming March 19-21

BUSONI

"The Pious MARVELOUS"

AND THEN

MISCHA ELMAN

"The Poet of the Violin"

VANITY FAIR.

We can never sufficiently acknowledge our debt to Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer for the word "spreadhenism." It is not in the dictionary, for it was only coined a few days ago, but a word like that needs no dictionary. Its glorious meaning illuminates the mind like a searchlight. In fact it is not so much a word as a course of lectures or a library.

Mrs. Meyer used it quite casually. She did not know that she was making history. She was merely talking about her new play, "The Dominant Sex," that is about to be published, and she explained that it was intended to combat "spreadhenism," which she believed to be one of the most revolting and dangerous manifestations of the day. Now Mrs. Meyer is the founder of Barnard College. She has authority, and wit, and culture, and all sorts of things of that kind, so that her play is sure to be read. It is just as well that we should know something about it.

It does not seem that Mrs. Meyer is an anti-suffragette. She does not maintain that men are superior to women, but on the other hand she revolts from the idea that women are superior to men. That, be it understood, is the contention of the moment. Starting with the idea of sex equality, that idea is now in the background. Women, it seems, must vote, not because they would cast their votes as well as men, but because they would cast them better. In other words, they are now the "dominant sex." And so Mrs. Meyer pleads for justice—even for men. Women should vote, we are told, because they are the gentler sex, the more pitiful, the more compassionate. But Mrs. Meyer replies that "as a general class they are callously, brutally indifferent to the comfort of others." But let there be no misunderstanding. Men also are brutal, but if votes are to be claimed on the ground of virtue, then women must not claim them for virtues that they do not possess. They are not gentle, nor pitiful, nor compassionate.

"Look," says Mrs. Meyer, "at the enormous hatpin." But no, we will not look at it. We will pass on and try to be inconspicuous. Agility may save us yet from the pin and from its wearer. But who shall deny Mrs. Meyer when she says that "no one can be so perfectly bland as the woman who is making a public nuisance of herself. She holds her sublime and saintly pose." Indeed she does. With one hand, so to speak, she will cripple you permanently with her hatpin, and with the other hand she will ask for a vote because she is so compassionate. The metaphors seem to be mixed, but that is due to indignation.

Why, a little while ago the women wanted separate cars on the subway. Men wanted them, too, but they knew better than to say so. But no separate cars for Mrs. Meyer. "Do you think I'll trust myself to a crowd of women? There is no more brutal crowd in the world." And the justice of women! Their sense of order and fair play! Their unselfishness! These are the virtues that are to be represented at the polls when the suffragettes get there. "Why, I was kicked once by a woman in the street, kicked viciously, because I wanted to leave a car and she wanted to get on and I thought it was fair to let me off first. . . . I could scarcely reach the sidewalk I was in such pain."

And so on. Of course Mrs. Meyer will be attacked. Let her keep away from crowds of women or she may be kicked again. But she does no more than protest against the insolent theory that women must vote because their virtue is superior to that of men and that they will import a new morality into political life. Women, she reminds us, are always asking that the accident of sex be forgotten. They don't want it forgotten at all—except on pay day. In one scene of her play a man discharges a telephone operator. "One minute," he says, as she is about to leave. "Would you mind saying you were discharged for incompetence and not because I tried to kiss you."

Pity the poor judge who has to settle a quarrel between a lady and her dressmaker. They do quarrel sometimes, and as it is usually advisable to place a burly policeman between them in court, it is easy to imagine the scenes in private that preceded the hearing. The procedure is nearly always the same. The lady refuses to pay the bill on the ground that the garments do not fit her. The dressmaker brings an action, and then the wretched judge is asked to decide the merits of a case that Solomon in all his glory would despair of. His first move—and it is an obvious subterfuge to gain time—is to ask the lady to step into the private room and put on the impeached garments. He can not adjourn the court because he himself has nowhere to go, and he is well aware that until the lady emerges it will be well for him to keep conspicuously in the public view. When she does come out she is invited to step up to the judge's stand and he surveys her with an air of cold dispassion and wishes that he had once been apprenticed to a tailor. Of course he has not the dimmest idea whether the dress fits or not nor how to find out, but he is conscious of two glaring women, and if

he has been well brought up he recognizes that the time has come for concentrated prayer.

A case of this kind has just been tried in London. Miss Clifford, an actress, was the defendant, and she was sued for the price of a hobble skirt and some other things. She did not mind being hobbled, but there should be reason in all things, and she simply could not afford to hire a man permanently to carry her, although there are quite a number of men who would be charmed to carry Miss Clifford. Of course the judge had to go through the usual motions. Miss Clifford was sent into his private room and presently she emerged with considerable difficulty and hopped into the judicial view. "You see," she said, inappreciably lifting one foot from the floor, "I can't get into an omnibus with this thing on." It had taken her three hours to hobble from Twickenham to Richmond, and then she had to be carried on board the boat because she could not mount the gangway. And she had to be carried off the boat, too, and afterwards into an automobile. Then, too, there was a jacket with sleeves so tight that it stopped the circulation of her blood. The judge could see for himself, that is to say he could ascertain for himself that the pressure under the arms was considerable, but he seemed to be coy about actual experiment. But the circulation argument did not appeal to him much. It was his private opinion—although wild horses could not drag it from him—that a woman's blood never does circulate after she has once dressed for the day, at least not between her northern and southern hemispheres. The corset attends to that, but in the end he made a sort of rough, brutal, male compromise by cutting the bill in half. He got off easily. Sometimes these women quarrel about the fit of undergarments.

It is distinctly unfair to send a party of girls to Paris after their home newspapers have bubbled in the usual ecstatic way about their "beauty." We know in a general way that all girls are beautiful, just as all beer is good, but the Parisian has heard so much about American beauty that he hurries off to the hotel so that he may bask in the imported radiance. Then he is disappointed, and for the moment he forgets to be a little gentleman. He does not know that the gallant American newspaper will print the picture of a veritable hag and describe her in the caption as the fairest of the fair. He is too literal. He expects too much. Beauty, with him, is a matter of fact, like black hair or blue eyes.

A party of Ohio girls has just met with an unpleasant experience as a result of this sort of thing. They were sent to Paris by the local newspaper, and of course they were described with all the usual gush. They were "Ohio Roses" and "Ohio Lilies" and "lovely daughters" and all the rest of it. We all know the terminology. Now, while these girls had beautiful minds and lovely souls, while inwardly they were angels of paradise, it must be confessed that to the carnal eye, the eye of flesh, they were not of an equal physical beauty. Some of them were more radiant than others, while one or two of the ten might be called homely, that is to say it is in the home that they would scintillate to the best advantage. Now the Parisian, knowing little of their inward and spiritual graces, and caring less, was disappointed with the lilies, roses, and lovely daughters of the greatest and grandest State of the Union that has sent so many Presidents to the White House and whose natural resources, etc., and he said so. In fact he collected a number of pictures of American ideals such as Sunday supplements love to print when a big advertiser goes back on them and reproduced them in one of his alleged newspapers and then printed the pictures of the Ohio girls in a parallel column. It was a mean trick, and yet the Parisian was genuinely bewildered. It is no part of his scheme of compliments to describe a woman as beautiful unless she is beautiful. Indeed, he places a small value upon beauty as such and would just as soon have grace, a charming toilette, and a pleasing manner. He prefers art to nature, and he can not for the life of him understand why a natural attribute should be ascribed to a woman that she does not possess. It is just as absurd to describe a homely woman as beautiful as it would be to talk of the regal stature of a dwarf.

The foregoing would seem to supply a confirmation of the opinion of "Gyp," the most famous of French authors, that the national politeness has disappeared. Her people, says "Gyp," have "forgotten the shape of that good lady's nose." Marcel Boulanger, also celebrated in the literary world, says much the same thing and attributes it to "the women, especially elegant women, whose ill-manners have no limit." Mlle. Marcelle Lender, the actress, agrees with Boulanger, and Maitre Chent, one of the leaders of the French bar, says "politeness still exists, but its very existence is threatened by women, who seem to have no wish for it. By imitating us in everything and exploiting for themselves every one of our callings they will lose the privileged position of being regarded as apparently in-

ferior, which assured for them the sweetest superiority of all. Then farewell to politeness, which is only the effacement of the strong in favor of the weak."

A West Philadelphia woman, who spent last summer in England, recalls a pleasing experience. "We were taking a ride on one of those 'seeing London' automobiles," she said, "and there was a party of tourists aboard. They were Americans, of course, and they were taking the greatest interest in everything they saw from the top of the big motor bus. As the automobile rolled out of Hyde Park and started in the direction of Piccadilly the guide pointed to a big old house surrounded by a high brick wall and shouted through his megaphone: 'That,' he said, 'is the town residence of the Duke of C—, one of our largest landed proprietors.' A pretty girl on the second seat—she was about

seventeen, and it was obviously her first trip abroad—looked up in sudden enthusiasm. 'Oh!' she cried, 'who landed him?'"

Mr. Joseph Leiter of Chicago has bought a Mississippi River steamboat and turned it into a pleasure craft for his friends. The boat is a big side-wheeler, with plenty of room to accommodate large parties, and everybody who has seen it declares it is far superior to the customary houseboat, not only in size, but in comfort and convenience. With a circle of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leiter are now steaming down the Mississippi, with New Orleans as their final port.

"The trouble with a great many people," said Mrs. Lapsling, "is that they don't take the trouble to investigate deeply. They get merely a marsupial knowledge of a thing and let it go at that."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE VARIED AND MULTIFORM USES FOR FAMILY NEEDS THE PUREST STIMULANT IS DEMANDED. IN THE LARDER AND BUFFET, FOR EMERGENCIES OF HEALTH, FOR CHEER AND COMFORT, FOR THE AGED AND FEEBLE, AND IN THE USUAL CONVENTIONAL FORMS OF HOSPITALITY

HUNTER WHISKEY

TAKES PRECEDENCE ON MEDAL MERIT
REGISTERED AND RATED
AS "AN ABSOLUTELY PURE
RYE WHISKEY"



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,753; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all the real property herein before described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all the real property herein before described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A woman came into the telegraph office the other day to receipt for a message from her husband. The message had been copied by an operator who uses a pen instead of the typewriter. As the woman read the message she lifted it to her lips and kissed it fervently. "And in dear old Harry's own handwriting, too," she said.

It was at a recent Friars' dinner that Augustus Thomas told the story of a newspaper man's laudable appetite. There had arisen a controversy over the ability of a man to eat two quails a day for thirty consecutive days. A Park Row reporter was asked if he would undertake the task. "Say, Bill," he replied, "make it turkey."

Mike, having been sent by his master to deliver a hare in a hamper, set out on a long journey. Feeling tired and inquisitive, he sat down and opened the hamper to see the hare. In an instant the hare was running down the road. Mike was very upset at this, but suddenly he shouted after it: "It's no good; you don't know where to go. I 'ave the h'address on this 'ere 'amper."

They were on a winter shooting trip down in Maine. Early the second morning the colonel's voice sounded from the kitchen of the hark shelter. "What in thunder has become of all our whisky?" he demanded. "I've—I've d—drunk it," admitted the thin member of the party, with chattering teeth. "H—had to, old chap. I—I was w—writing home l—last night, t—telling the folks what a fine t—time we were having."

An attaché of the American embassy at London tells of a stranger presenting himself to play golf at North Berwick, seeking out some one in authority upon the matter. "What name?" asked the dignified official. "De Neuville," the stranger replied. "Mon," said the official in a tone of disgust, "we cannot hother ourselves w' names like that at North Berwick. Ye'll stait in the mornin' at ten fifteen to the name of Fairgusson."

An old parrot used to live in a public-house bar where there was always a great trade on Saturday nights. One evening the parrot was missed. Search was made, and at length it was discovered in the middle of a field surrounded by crows, who were steadily plucking out its feathers. As the rescuers approached the now half-naked bird was heard to call out: "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; if you'll only wait you'll all be served."

Sam Blythe, whose political stories have gained him an extensive clientele of readers, found in his mail the other day a letter from a friend in the West, with whom he had passed a few pleasant hours in Washington around the holidays. The letter was a lengthy one, and dealt with all sorts of subjects. After having appended the usual "Yours truly," the writer added a postscript. It read: "Sam, are you still on the water wagon? Neither am I."

Armstrong Drexel, the well-known aviator, was dining with some family friends at the Philadelphia club in his ancestral city. A rather doubtful compliment was paid Mr. Drexel on his flying, and the young man neatly replied: "You make me think of the hearty doctor. A lady from Grosvenor Square visited him, and the man said to her: 'After three months of my treatment, madam, nobody will dream you're over forty-five.' 'But, doctor,' faltered the lady, 'I'm only thirty-two!'"

A Fort Dodge Church once gave a charity concert where the best talent volunteered—the city's leading singers, elocutionists, and actors. At the end of the concert the chairman went up to the organ loft and said to the little boy in patched clothes, who had blown the organ: "Well, Freddie, what do we owe you for your work this evening?" The little boy looked at the chairman in genuine astonishment. "Why, sir," he said, "didn't the rest of the talent give their services?"

Archbishop Ryan was visiting a small parish in a mining district one day for the purpose of administering confirmation and asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was. "It is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world," she said. "No, no," remonstrated her rector; "that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory." "Leave her alone," said the archbishop; "maybe she is right. What do you and I know about it?"

Ralph Beardsley, the racing driver, decoyed Victor Moore into a ninety-horse-power racer and scooted around the Vanderhilt course with him. Mr. Moore just hung on and said nothing. On one of the curves Beardsley

pulled up and leaped out of the car. "I heard a queer noise," said he, in explanation. "It will never do to travel at this rate if there is anything loose." "G-g-g on," said Moore, resignedly. "D-d-don't pay any attention to m-my teeth." They almost hit a car on the hairpin bend. Even the nonchalant Beardsley was startled out of his composure. "Close shave, that," said he. "It's a g-g-good thing," chattered Mr. Moore, "that there isn't another c-c-coat of p-paint on this car. We'd have hit it sure."

They were discussing a certain authorship at dinner, and a well-known critic raised a laugh by remarking, "Well, her hair's red, even if her hooks are not." The mild young man in the corner made a mental note of the sally for future use, and at another dinner party shortly afterward he carefully guided the conversation into literary channels. Fortunately, some one mentioned the desired name, and he triumphantly called out, "Well, she's got red hair, even if her hooks haven't."

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor tells an anecdote illustrating the gallantry of Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet. On one of his visits to America he had a long interview with the inevitable reporter, who asked him a hundred or so questions, concluding with the quite conventional, "What do you think of American women?" "One word will answer that—'Afrin,'" replied Sir Edwin. The reporter confessed his ignorance. "It is Turkish," explained Sir Edwin, "and means, 'Oh, Allah, make many more of them.'"

It was a feminine sightseer who left the Hotel Westminster in a taxicab, directing the chauffeur to drive to the Art Museum. The door of the cab was hardly closed before the machine started with a jerk and began to narrowly miss kerbstones as it proceeded on its way. Becoming frightened, the woman rapped upon the window of the cab and said: "Please be careful. This is the first time I ever rode alone in a taxi." The chauffeur reassured the passenger as follows: "That's all right, ma'am! This is the first time I ever drove one alone."

A patient, he said, had called upon Dr. Rice and asked for a diagnosis of his ailment. He said that he was suffering, but could not locate the malady. Dr. Rice began his part by demanding \$10 of the patient. Then he proceeded with the examination. After submitting the patient to the usual tests, he said: "I don't like to alarm you unnecessarily, but I find that you are in a bad way. While I do not abandon hope of being able to help you, I deem it proper to advise you to settle your financial affairs." To which the patient replied: "Doc, you did that when you took the ten dollars."

This is Jimmy the newshoy's story of the fire: "We stood aroun' an' de smoke was rushin' out of de buildin'. Gee, it was high. I guess it was seven or eight stories. De fire was comin' out and every one was yellin' and howlin' an' de bells was ringin' and de engines was smokin' an' dere was firemen in front an' dere was firemen at de side, but dere was no firemen in de alley. I says to Mickey, 'Let's go 'roun' into de alley and see what's dere.' We went 'roun' dere an' gee, de fire was just as had as it was in de front. Dere was a guy lookin' out of a window on de seven' story. Gee, he was high up, an' dere was no firemen or ladders dere. He was shoutin' 'Help, help, police.' Mickey says to me, 'Hully gee, look at dat,' an' den he shouted to de guy, 'Jump! we'll ketch you in dis blanket,' an' de guy jumped, an' gee, I t'ought I'd die laughin'—we didn't have no blanket."

He was a young fellow of mild and embarrassed manners, who, according to the doctrine of opposites, proposed marriage to the most broad-gauged, determined, and commanding lady in the place, and was snapped up like the small fry who wagged an incautious fin in front of the big pickerel. Husband made two small hursts of speed for independence, but that was enough. He found his rightful place inside of ten forceful minutes and settled down to a life arranged for him as only a loving and determined wife can arrange it. He became more and more timid, admired his wife's strength of character, and stood in great awe. One evening recently his wife gave him 15 cents and told him to get some meat, and her parting injunction was: "Don't you come home with meat that isn't tender or you'll hear from me." The young man ordered a piece of steak and the butcher shaved it off with neatness and dispatch. "Is that steak tender?" he asked. "Tender!" replied the butcher. "Why, that's as tender as a woman's heart!" The pale young man shuddered, looked around the shop, and said: "I'll take some sausage meat."

The Name on the Box.

The name "Haas" upon a box of candy is a guaranty that the sweets within are the supreme expression of the candy-maker's art. Geo. Haas & Sons' four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Vive la Bagatelle.

How queer life's curious contrasts are!
The short man has the tallest debt,
The slim man smokes a big cigar,
The fat man puffs a cigarette!

The bad man's purse is to the good,
The good man's roll is to the bad,
The wise man's saws will saw no wood,
The gay man's jokes are very sad!

The bookish man can keep no books,
The kneady man can make no dough;
The seer is awfully short on looks—
The actor never has a show!

The fortune teller's always poor;
The doctor's generally ill,
Oh, let's be glad for one thing sure—
We fools have got our folly still!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Love Tales of an Ad-Smith.

Blanche was a maid of sweet sixteen,
(Makes Old Folks Young, Podd's Vigorene!)
Her smile was always gay and bright
(She used Dodd's Dentrifice at night
Before she slept, and thrice a day).
Blanche had a pair of (Higg's Rouge) lips
And hardly any trace of hips,
(Reduced by Dr. Dipp's No-Fat!)
Her clothes, from hohhle up to rat,
(Were Fashion's last words, so to speak,
(She dressed at Duhh's on One-per-Week!)

Bill was a husky, high-jawed lad,
(You'll find him kitcheg for a clothing ad.)
With form erect and shoulders square,
(He posed for Meshwork Underwear,
Likewise for Dopey's Cigarette
And Silk-not Hose.) "The Ad-man's Pct,"
That is the way they speak of Bill,
So 't is not strange Blanche felt a thrill
When she saw his form in a magazine
In a union-suit like a window-screen.

'T is the old, old story, ever new,
And the ad-forms illustrate all they do;
For Waterproof Collars she ties his ties;
For the Kandyko she makes sweet eyes
At Bill, who's drawn as the Kandy Kid.
The things he thought, and the things she did
To keep him huying, the last page tells:
"Don't Walk with Baby When He Yells,
Kidd's Patent Cradle Keeps Him Still!"—
Therewith a sketch of little Bill.

—C. L. Edholm, in Puck.

Getting a Degree.

He journeyed to college, the pride of papa,
The finest of lads that pa ever saw,
And when he came back he was the joy of mama.
For he wore a small cap, and shouted "Rah, rah!"

Now, dad had no letters to go after his name,
But his little old cheek was good, just the same.
He wanted the hopeful to be in the game
Where B. A. and M. A. are placed in a frame.

By practice on track, on field, and in gym
The college coach got all there was out of him.
He played him at end and played him with vim,
And when he came home you het he was trim.

He wore a new cap and a brilliant red sweater;
The front was adorned with a monogram letter.
Whatever you knew, why he knew it better.
He treated the Guev'nor like he was his debtor.

And father dug deep for his Summer of rest—
There was nothing too good, not even the best;
And the way he swelled 'round and the way he
was dressed
As he spoke of next year and threw out his chest.

He'd pin on his vest of the U. Get Alongs,
And knew nearly all of the old college songs
That are sung by up-to-date big college tongs—
Was ready and eager to right the world's wrongs.

When he spoke of his finish 'twas easy to see
By the middle of June that he'd have his A. B.
Then he took his exams, but he got no degree,
And he wrote home to dad, "I just got the G. B."

—Baltimore Sun.

Woggs—So you don't enjoy these society dances? Boggs—No. Half the time I'm on needles and pins for fear my ten-year-old dress-suit has ripped, and the other half I'm worried because my partner's gown has become unfastened and whether I ought to say anything about it or not.—Puck.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The first part of the week has been well filled with small informal affairs which have served to bring together the younger members of society.

On Monday Mrs. Charles M. Keeney chaperoned a tea given at the Fairmont Hotel for her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney. On Tuesday evening the society vaudeville for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Society furnished entertainment for a large and fashionable audience. On Wednesday the wedding of Miss Nona Webber and Mr. Leon S. Goggins interested a large number.

The latter half of the week was given over to larger affairs, which included the Lansing-McLean wedding on Thursday night, the Assembly Ball at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday night, with an unusually large number of dinners preceding it, and on Saturday night the University Assembly hall at Century Club filled the calendar.

The engagement was announced this week in Racine, Michigan, of Miss Helen Miles Rogers and Mr. Ogden Miles Reid, son of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitlaw Reid.

The engagement was announced on Tuesday of Miss Elizabeth Mills and Mr. George Crothers. Miss Mills is the daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Mills and Mrs. Mills, and her fiancé is a young attorney of this city. The wedding will take place this summer.

The wedding of Miss Florence McLean and Mr. Nelson Baker Lansing took place Thursday evening, February 23, at St. Luke's Church. The bride was attended by Miss Marian Lally, Miss Bernice Harrell, Miss Margaret Witter, and Miss Edna Howard. The best man was Mr. Melville Bowman, and the ushers were Mr. Clayton Shriner, Mr. James Kennedy, and Mr. James Bell. The future home of Mr. and Mrs. Lansing will be in Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Wright and Mr. Parmer Fuller took place Tuesday at Pasadena. The maid of honor was Miss Adeline Wright, and the bridesmaids Miss Maud Howell, Miss Emily Johnson, Miss Katherine Wright, Miss Lillian Farnsworth, Miss Ruth Maddox, Miss Edith Edmunds. The best man was Mr. Paul Grey of Portland. After a honeymoon trip Mr. Fuller and his bride will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Irene Mocker and Mr. David Copeland Norcross took place at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday morning. Miss Anne Woodbridge of Sacramento was bridesmaid and Mr. Thomas Norcross acted as best man.

Mrs. Robert Morrow entertained at a tea at her home on Thursday afternoon, at which several hundred guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. A. W. Wilson, who has just returned from the Orient. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Matson, Mr. and Mrs. Tiley L. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, and Mrs. Fish.

Mrs. Edgar Preston entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Brown, who are visiting here from Aspen, Colorado. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brown, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Maud O'Connor, Captain Black, Mrs. James Reed, Mrs. John F. Bowie.

Miss Marian Huntington was hostess at a tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Florence Gibbons, the fiancée of Mr. Percy Evans. It was at Miss Huntington's tea that the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Mills was announced.

Miss Cora Smith presided at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Rowena Wilson. Her guests were Miss Harriet Stringham, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Ethel Wrampelmeier, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Marie Bullard, and Miss Joy Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained at a dinner on Wednesday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Brown of New York, who came to San Francisco for the celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Minthorne Tompkins, who are Mrs. Brown's parents.

Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb entertained at a bridge party and tea on Tuesday in honor of Miss Rowena Wilson. Among their guests were Miss Joy Wilson, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Ethel Wrampelmeier, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Elyse de Pue, Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Lucy Harrison, Miss Theresa Harrison, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Lillias Lober, Miss Mabel Lober, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Erna St. Goar, Miss Olive Craig, Miss Marie Bullard, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Esther Merrill, Miss Edith Clapp, Miss Mary Gayley, Miss

Harriet Stringham, Miss Nora Evans, Miss Hannah du Bois, Miss Emily du Bois, Miss Alice Payne, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Miriam Gibbons, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Muriel Whitney, Miss Marjorie Page, Miss Miriam Clapp, Miss Cornelia de Pue, Miss Katherine Irving, and Miss Emelia Christie.

Miss Bessie Zane was hostess at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel Monday, at which she entertained the following guests: Mrs. Harry Willard, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mrs. Graydon Dutton, Mrs. Alason Weeks, Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, Mrs. Laurence P. Fuller, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. A. P. Spalding, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Derrich, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Helen Deane, Miss Grace Doyle, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Anna Peters, and Miss O'Connor.

Miss Innes Keeney entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday in honor of Miss Cora Smith. Those enjoying Miss Keeney's hospitality were Miss Jane Selby, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Otis, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Helen Deane, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Miss Katherine Stoney.

Miss Kathleen Farrell was hostess at a matinee box party at the Orpheum on Monday, at which she entertained for Miss Rhoda Niehling, who leaves next month for Europe.

Miss Mahel Gregory entertained at a theatre party on Saturday afternoon, at which her guests were Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Esther Denny, and Miss Marguerite Doe.

Mrs. W. P. Plummer was hostess at a tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Emily Johnson, who has recently returned from abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels entertained at a dinner at their home on Union Street on Saturday evening, at which their guests were Mrs. John Shroufe Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna, Dr. William Allen, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shiels.

Mrs. William Ashburner entertained at a tea on Thursday in honor of Miss Harriet Stringham, the fiancée of Mr. De Witt of New York.

Miss Florence McLean entertained the members of the San Carlos Club at a tea at the Bellevue on Thursday. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Martin, Miss Marian Lally, and Miss Ethel McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kellam entertained twelve guests at dinner and at a box party at the Columbia Theatre on Saturday evening.

Mr. Gustave Sutro was host at a theatre party, chaperoned by Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., which she gave in honor of Miss Jane Hotaling.

Miss Helen Bertheau was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Erna Hermann at the Palace Hotel on Saturday.

The last of the series of Friday Night Club dances, which took place this week at Century Hall, was largely attended. The patronesses who received the guests included Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Louis Montague, and Mrs. George Ashton.

Mrs. Edgar J. Benedict was hostess at a theatre party followed by an informal tea on Thursday.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker was hostess at a luncheon which she gave at the Town and Country Club on Friday. Her guests were Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Miss Helen Carlisle, and Miss Helen Bronson.

Mrs. John Britton was hostess at a bridge party and tea on Wednesday, at which she entertained a hundred and fifty guests. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Van Eastland Britton, Mrs. John C. Britton, Jr., Mrs. Walter Kellogg, and Mrs. Edmond Douglas Keefe.

Mr. and Mrs. Minthorne Tompkins entertained at a reception on Saturday in commemoration of the golden anniversary of their wedding. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. John Maillard, Mrs. Stuart Brown, Mrs. J. Windham Carey, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. William R. Gwinn, Miss Anita Maillard, and Miss Ethel Tompkins.

Miss Jeanne Gallois was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Tuesday.

Miss Helen Bertheau entertained at a luncheon on Tuesday evening, at which her guests were Miss Jane Selby, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Ysobel Chase, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Janet von Schroeder, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Marian Crocker, and Miss Constance McLaren.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at a dinner party at her home on Friday evening, and with her guests attended Miss Flora Wilson's concert at the Hotel St. Francis. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, and Baron and Baroness von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis entertained at a dinner on Friday evening in honor of Miss Helene Irwin and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker. The other guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Marion Newhall, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Miss Anna Olney was hostess at an Orpheum party on Thursday, which was chaperoned by Mrs. Roy Somers and followed by an informal tea. Her guests were Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Minna Van Bergen, and Miss Lurline Matson.

A single bouquet of orchids recently sent to a New York actress cost \$1000, while \$2500 is not an unusual price to pay for an orchid table decoration for a small dinner or luncheon. When it comes to decorating a hall or residence, a good-sized fortune secures comparatively small effects. While orchid growing has made rapid strides within the past decade, American orchid culture is in its infancy as compared with England and the European nations.

The Bonci Concerts.

San Francisco has often had concerts by the great sopranos, contraltos, and haritones of the operatic world, but never one by a famous tenor, so it will be especially interesting to hear the beautiful voice and wonderful art of Alessandro Bonci, one of the two greatest tenors living, especially as he will offer not only numbers from his favorite operatic successes, but the classic and modern songs of the greatest composers, a feat seldom attempted by a tenor of the operatic stage. At present there is no tenor living but Bonci who can offer such a feast of music.

The first Bonci concert will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday afternoon, March 5, with Harold Osborn Smith, last here with David Bispham, at the piano. In the way of classic songs he will give "Caro mio hen," "Giordani," "Chi Viol la Zingarella," "Paisiello," "On Wings of Music," Mendelssohn: "Who Is Sylvia?" and "Hark, Hark the Lark," Schubert. Modern works will include "Vielle Chanson," Bizet; "Romance," Debussy; "Embarquez vous," Godard; two MacDowell works, and a gem by Leoncavallo. The operatic selections will be arias from "Helen and Paris," "La Bohème," and "Martha."

The second and positively last concert will be a week later, when in addition to another list of beautiful songs there will be numbers from "Faust," "Orfeo" (Haydn's), "La Tosca," and "The Girl of the Golden West."

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where mail orders, accompanied by check or money order, will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

In Oakland Bonci will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 10, offering a programme entirely different from those at his San Francisco recitals, and including numbers from "Aida," "La Gioconda," and "Manon." On this occasion by special request he will sing "Mother o' Mine." Seats for the Oakland concert will be ready Monday, March 6, at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear Bonci at its fourth soirée, Tuesday night, March 7.

The Hofmann Farewell Concert.

The farewell concert of Josef Hofmann, one of the most interesting and important pianists the world has ever known, will be given Sunday afternoon, February 26, at the Columbia Theatre, at 2:30, when he will offer the following programme: Toccata and Fugue, Bach-Taussig; Pastorale Varie, Mozart-Gouhrou; Sonata, opus III, Beethoven; Scherzo in C sharp minor, Nocturne in C sharp minor, and "Chant Polonais," Chopin; the rarely played Fantasia in C major of Robert Schumann; Rubinstein's Etude in E flat, and two of his own compositions, a Berceuse and Scene de Ballet. Certainly no music lover can resist the temptation of hearing this exceptionally beautiful offering. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre.

Busoni, the Marvelous Pianist Coming.

Ferruccio Busoni, the pianist, who is duplicating the furor caused by Paderewski in the East, and for whose services the demand far equals the supply of concerts, has been prevailed upon by Will Greenbaum to visit the Coast even though for a very short stay. This artist will make San Francisco a flying visit, playing but two concerts here, and two in Los Angeles, it being impossible to appear elsewhere in the limited time at his disposal. Greenbaum, of course, is the man who arranged this. The dates in San Francisco will probably be Sunday, March 19, and the following Tuesday. There will be no Oakland concert by this artist.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richard Hammond will leave in a few days for Colorado Springs to close her home there, and will then return to remain for a time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langborne.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Sydney Cushing, and Miss Jennie Hooker will remain in Egypt until March 4, when they will sail for Palestine.

Dr. Harry Tevis has returned from New York, where he has been for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker will return to New York after the wedding of Mrs. Baker's son, Mr. Palmer Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson have returned from a motor trip to Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell have gone to Coronado for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. George Harding has returned to her home in Philadelphia, having been called west by the death of her mother, Mrs. Orville Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Mullen (formerly Miss Olga Atherton) are spending their honeymoon on the Shorb ranch in Mendocino County. Later they will travel in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin and Miss Mary Eyre will leave next month for a tour of the Orient.

Mrs. William Matson and her daughter, Miss Lurline Matson, will leave next month for Europe, where they will spend the summer in travel.

Mrs. Havemeyer and her daughters, Miss Vera Havemeyer and Miss Ethel Havemeyer, are spending some weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. T. L. Barker and Mrs. Wallace Alexander will spend part of the Lenten season at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer has returned from Europe, and will spend the spring months in California.

Mrs. William H. Leahy will remain at Coronado during the station of Captain Leahy's ship in southern waters.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, who are cruising to San Francisco on their yacht, were at Valparaiso at last accounts and were expected to reach Panama this week.

Mrs. Frank Findley and her sons left Thursday to join Mr. Findley in Boston, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, Jr., at their home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan arrived from the East on Thursday, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Sperry, at Sausalito.

Mrs. Edmund King (formerly Miss Nellie Grant) left this week for Los Angeles, after a visit of some length here.

Miss Marcia Fee has returned from Monterey, where she was the guest of Captain and Mrs. Dolph for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beaver, who accompanied Mrs. C. O. G. Miller south, have returned to their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller has returned from Pasadena, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Watt.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Butler, at her home at Redlands.

Mrs. Hyde Smith has been spending the winter in Florence, but will return shortly to Paris.

Mrs. A. W. Wilson, who went to Shanghai for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Bernice Wilson, to Mr. Robert Schurman, has returned from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson are preparing to leave shortly for a European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wiel have returned from their honeymoon trip and have apartments at the Hotel St. Francis until they can occupy their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks are at Del Monte. They have with them Mr. Crooks's sister, Mrs. P. L. Fuller, of Racine.

Among the players of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club who went down for the Del Monte midwinter tournament were Colonel and Mrs. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Fuller, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mullins, Mrs. John R. Clark, and Mr. Frank King. The Presidio Golf Club was represented by Mr. C. A. Stuart, Mr. L. I. Cowgill, Mr. F. A. Wilkins, and Mrs. A. M. Shields.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the past week included Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Bode, Mr. R. L. Gordon, Mr. J. H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brownson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dimond, Mr. Charles E. Naylor, Mr. J. O. George, Miss Mamie Norton, and Miss Margaret Boyle.

While a critical audience was applauding the final dress rehearsal in Daly's Theatre, New York, of Henry W. Savage's production of the morality play "Everywoman," the author, Walter Browne, who regarded the drama as his life's work, lay dying in the Audubon Sanitarium. Mr. Browne retained consciousness until his wife reached the hospital from the theatre and told him that the play was a success. The author had a premonition that he would not live to see his play produced. He died at two a. m. on February 9, the date that "Everywoman" was given its initial performance at Parsons's Theatre, Hartford, Connecticut. The curtain was rung down on the author's life almost simultaneously with its rise on a play that is likely to prove a lasting memorial to his name.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week." "Hang it all, old man, he reasonable—it's been raining ever since."—Punch.

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A Next Year Incident.

As Mrs. Banderly prepared to leave her office she called in her chief clerk and said: "Nothing you want to see me about before I go?"

"Nothing," replied the chief clerk in some surprise, for it was not usual for Mrs. Banderly to ask this question. Her forceful business mind and her great executive ability seemed to take account of everything, so that she seldom had to rely upon others.

She turned down her desk, put on her hat and coat, lighted her cigarette, and taking up her stick strolled out into the business section, preparatory to going home.

But as she went along the strange restlessness that had seized her in the office continued. Instead of going immediately home she determined to walk some distance.

Her prominence in the business world made her the recipient of frequent bows, and once or twice she was asked to "join" some one, but declining politely she made her way along. Occasionally she stopped in front of some jewelry window, where ornaments for men, in reckless and extravagant profusion, were displayed. The unrest, the strange feeling in her heart, increased instead of disappearing. But at last, with a mighty effort, she dismissed it, and proceeded home.

As she entered her house her husband was waiting with all his old tenderness, and yet, if she had but noticed it, there was an air of expectancy about him that indicated some hidden current of feeling.

"Has all been well, dear?" asked Mrs. Banderly gently. She was known as a splendid wife, a fine provider, and she rarely went out evenings, excepting, of course, to spend Saturday night at the club.

"Yes, dear. The children are all in bed. Will you step up and kiss them?"

This duty done, they proceeded to dinner, but it was evident to Mrs. Banderly that all was not well. A vague restlessness pervaded their usually calm home atmosphere. At moments she caught her husband looking at her furtively.

"Nice dinner you have, dear."

"Ah! You think so? Yes, I have had a specially good one tonight."

"Thoughtful of you."

"And have you nothing else to say about it?"

Mrs. Banderly smiled in reply. "How can I add any more to my respect and admiration for you?" she said, with an air of gentle approval. In reply Mr. Banderly turned his face away, not wishing her to see the unhidden moisture in his eyes.

After dinner they repaired to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Banderly offered her husband her cigarette case.

There was a long silence, unbroken by either.

But at last Mrs. Banderly could stand it no longer. She determined to break her accustomed rule of never taking the initiative when it came to any argument.

"My dear," she said at last, "come over here."

Mr. Banderly dutifully came over and sat in her lap.

"What is the matter?" she asked, smoothing the thin hair of his partly bald head. "I know, of course, that something is the matter. What have I done?"

In reply her husband burst into a passion of tears.

"It is just like a woman," he cried. "Don't you know that I have been waiting all day for you to say something—to refer to it—but this morning not a word, and all day not a word, and I prepared a fine dinner for you, and still not a word!"

"A word of what?" asked Mrs. Banderly, still mystified.

"Don't you know," sobbed Mr. Banderly, "that this is the anniversary of our wedding day?"—The Club-Fellow.

Entertaining at breakfast, which was so popular in England when George I and George II were on the throne, seems likely to be again popular in the future. Several big hotels near Hyde Park have lately been serving special breakfasts to riding parties between eight and ten in the morning. The ordinary breakfast menu of porridge, fish, and eggs is served, with the addition of all fruits in season—particularly melons.

Prosecution of violators of the hatpin regulation has been stopped in Budapest, but it is not a woman's victory. The city administration found the prosecutions so numerous and costly that the police were instructed whenever they saw a hatpin with an unprotected point to summarily seize it. The officers responded eagerly and more than 1200 trophies have been bagged already for the police museum.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh has decided upon an architectural competition for the \$500,000 subtreasury in San Francisco. The contest will be open three months. The jury of awards will consist of D. H. Burnham, Chicago; H. Van Buren, Magonigle, New York; Douglas H. Thomas, Baltimore; C. E. Richards, Columbus, Ohio, and W. H. Nolan, Richmond, Virginia.



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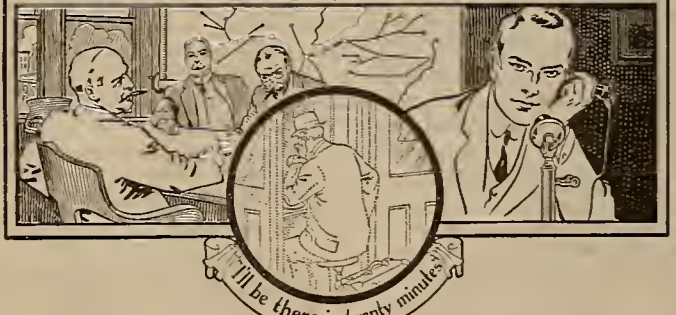
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Were you ever held up by a stage-robber?"
"Once I took a chorus-girl out to supper."
—Puck.

"Did they call on the author of that new play for a speech?" "No, an apology."
—Detroit Free Press.

She—Are you against long hatpins for woman? He—Well, I have been several times.—Yonkers Statesman.

Him—Are you fond of "La Bohème"? Her—I don't know. It depends altogether on what kind of dressing you put on it.—Toledo Blade.

"You know old Jollahy? Well, he has locomotor ataxia." "He has? I thought all the time it was a limousine."
—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Smart—I can't make up my mind what to wear to the opera tonight. Mr. Smart—Well, for goodness' sake, wear something!—Town Topics.

Caller—I didn't know your son was at college. Is this his freshman year? Mrs. Bunderby—Oh, no, indeed! He's a sycamore.—Boston Transcript.

"So she refused you." "Yes. It certainly puzzles me." "Oh, well, if she had accepted you, the whole world would have been puzzled."
—Houston Post.

Mr. X—Oh, I've been doing quite a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate! Mrs. X—What, everybody out? Mr. X—No, everybody in!—London Opinion.

Unskillful Rider (as horse goes through the water for the third time)—Great heavens! This beast must have been in the marines at one time.—Fliegende Blätter.

Father—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son? Willie—Not and keep my face as straight as you do, pop!—Puck.

Kindly Landlady (to the new boarder)—How did you find your hed, Mr. Inlate? Mr. Inlate (taken aback)—Oh, dash it, ma'am! I was not as had as that.—Tit-Bits.

"Your new butler seems clumsy." "For a butler, yes. But he may be a detective that my wife has engaged. In that case, I think he waits on table fairly well."
—Washington Herald.

"Can you give my constituent here a job on your railroad?" asked the State senator. "But he can't talk English." "Well, give him a job calling trains."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Shall we advertise for a man with experience?" "Well, I don't know. The last man had so much experience that we couldn't teach him anything."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss Vallmore—I was told to take lemon juice for my singing. Mr. Sourly—Haven't you got will-power enough to stop singing without the aid of lemon juice?
—Chicago Daily News.

"Jenkins, your wife is the most brilliant conversationalist I know of." "Well, she's had lots of practice. She goes to a theatre box party two or three times every week."
—Chicago Tribune.

"When Dustin Stax went into Wall Street he didn't have a dollar he could call his own." "Yes. But in those days he was more particular about whose dollar he called his own."
—Washington Star.

"My daughter is so pretty that I can't interest her in the serious things of life." "She may lose her beauty some day." "So I tell her. And then she'll be sorry that she didn't learn to play bridge."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How are you getting on with your new motor-car?" "Oh, I'm all right," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But I'd feel a lot more comfortable if the streets were not so full of careless or inexperienced pedestrians."
—Washington Star.

"Is you goin' duck huntin'?" asked Miss Miami Brown. "No," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I isn't gwine special after ducks. An' I is sufficiently acquainted wif de premises I's movin' on so dat I won't have to hunt."
—Washington Star.

"Captain," shouted the lieutenant to his superior on the bridge of the vessel—the roar of the artillery was deafening—"the enemy has got our range." The captain frowned. "Curse the luck!" he growled. "Now how can the cook get dinner!"
—Toledo Blade.

Mrs. Binks—The people in the next suite to ours are awfully annoying. They pound on the wall every time our Mamie sings. I wish we knew of some way to drive them out of the flat. Mr. Binks—Why not have Mamie keep on singing?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is this you, doctor?" asks the nurse over the telephone. "Yes," answers the physician. "Well, you know you said Mr. Bonder would not show any signs of improvement for five

or six days?" "Yes." "Well, this is only the second day and he is a great deal better already. Shall I give him something to make him worse for the other three or four days?"
—Life.

"You see them mountains!" exclaimed the jaunting-car driver. The tourist admitted that he did see them. "Them's the highest mountains in Oirland." "You don't say so," said the tourist. "O! do, sir, indade! An' you see them mountains," went on the driver, flicking the whip to another range. "Them's the highest in the wurru!" The tourist expressed his incredulity. "Surely not!" he protested. "Sure, it's true," retorted the driver, bridling, "exceptin', av course, for them in furrin parts."
—Answers.

"Dug 'em out of th' ground?" exclaimed the old gentleman from upstate, looking at the case of vases from Herculaneum. "Yes, sir," answered the attendant. "What, jist as they be?" "Perhaps some little pains have been taken in cleaning them, but in other respects they are the same." "Pshaw!" muttered the old man, turning away. "He can say what he likes; hut, hy gum, he can't fool me into helievin' ready-made vases were ever dug up out of th' ground!"
—Metropolitan Magazine.

A certain physician sat in a box at the theatre the other night. It happened that he was the first man to take his seat in that particular box. The next man ushered in was spiritiously courteous and communicative. "Am I intruding?" he inquired of the doctor. "Have you this section engaged all for yourself?" "No; I haven't got it engaged all for myself. Sit down," replied the doctor, brusquely, for he didn't want to encourage the stranger to carry on any extended conversation. "All right, then," replied the newcomer, "if you haven't got the whole section I'll tell the porter to go ahead and let down the upper berth."

Theophile Gautier was a lover of eccentric costume. His crimson waistcoat is historical. He wore it on the occasion of the first performance of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," when as a young man he was one of the leaders of the band of students who had turned up in force to insure by their tumultuous applause the success of the play. "You became celebrated when very young?" said Maxime du Camp to him in later years. "Yes, when very young," he answered, "because of my waistcoat."

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Deft Hand of Unionism.

In so far as the thing may be done by enactment, the legislature has provided that exhibitors at the coming exposition may pack and unpack their goods with whatever kind of labor may please them, without respect to the requirements of unionism. The directing hand of organized labor is easily visible in this procedure, since its manifest purpose is to nullify one of the important arguments against the demands of unionism for general monopoly of labor in connection with the exposition. If further proof that the enactment is a device of unionism is wanted, it is to be found in the unanimity of the vote at Sacramento. The proposal went through without one protesting voice; and this would not have happened if the resolution had lacked the backing of unionism.

The incident has a still further significance, for it shows that unionism is conscious of the weakness of its pretensions in the matter of the exposition. The enterprise is a public one. Its main support is to come from taxation. To permit organized labor to monopolize the work to the exclusion of independent work-

men even though they be taxpayers, is a thing unjustifiable, unthinkable. Union labor itself sees the inequity and weakness of its position, and so seeing it would avoid a conflict. Its scheme of procedure is to concede and still to concede again at non-essential points to the end that a firm front may be made at the vital point of its scheme for monopoly of the general labors of the fair, even though it can not even formulate a respectable argument in support of its wishes and demands. It seeks to gain by diplomacy what it may not claim in equity and what it well knows it has not the power to enforce.

Surely it must occur to thoughtful men everywhere that in the weakness of unionism in this contention lies the opportunity of the cause of equity and justice. Surely those who are to manage our fair will not allow themselves to be cajoled into a course of favoritism and discrimination through cunning devices like the resolution put before the legislature last week by the deft hand of labor unionism and adopted through its management. Surely it will be seen that now is a time, when unionism is plainly on the wrong side of the moral fence—when it is obviously weak—to drive with vigor and determination for a principle essential in equity and morals, essential to a course of sound and wholesome economy.

Bringing Government "Close to the People."

As California observes the course of events at Sacramento by which Lissner, Johnson & Co. are shaping up our affairs to the end of creating a new and formidable political machine, it will be well to bear in mind the principles declared by Mr. Johnson and his supporters in the campaign of last year. They promised, it will be remembered, to destroy machine organization and machine government. They were going to drive out, kick out, smash and utterly destroy the system by which the honors, powers, and employments of the State government were, as they alleged, used to support political organization. They were going to eliminate personality, to reform procedure, to moralize the whole scheme of government from top to bottom. And with a special emphasis they were going to return the powers of government to the people—the dear people. It is only a few months ago that these ideas were declared in eloquent preachments up and down the State, from a thousand stumps and platforms, from the street corners, and over the tailboard of Mr. Johnson's automobile.

In view of these professed principles and of these unctuous promises it has been interesting to observe the performance. Mr. Johnson had not even sat down in the governor's chair, after taking the oath of office, before he proposed a scheme for the elimination of the elective principle in the matter of selecting State officials. His proposition was to substitute executive appointment for popular election. His next move was to assume authority and guardianship over the legislature; and where persuasion was not successful, he did not hesitate to exhibit in threatening form the club of executive authority. Under this club he brought about the election of a United States senator, in defiance of a law which directed the election of another candidate. Then came the Alden Anderson incident—nothing less than the nullification of an effective and useful law later to be reenacted—to the end that he might thrust out of his place a man who was worthily fulfilling its duties. Now comes one proposition after another designed to carry out Governor Johnson's scheme of concentrating the powers of State government in his own hands.

Governor Johnson seeks to make the offices of secretary of state, of state printer, appointive; he seeks to make the tenure of railway commissioners, duly chosen by the people, subject to executive tenure; he would bring commissioners of all kinds and grades under the executive authority, subject to dismissal at the ex-

ecutive will. The meaning of all this is that Mr. Johnson with his friend Lissner, by means of a grossly bossed legislature, is organizing a political machine of tremendous power. The plan is to make the whole official life of the State, the whole service of the State, revolve about the governor's office. A wonderful way, truly, to break down and eliminate the evils of political organization! This is reform with a vengeance! This in a way truly beautiful is bringing government close to the people!

Portugal Unionized.

It seems that the felicitations so heartily extended to the Portuguese republic were premature. To exile a king and to install a handful of college professors in his place seemed to be a delightfully easy road to the kingdom of heaven on earth. The professors had read books in many languages about liberty and democracy, and their glib tongues were burdened with the hackneyed sentiments fashioned in France a hundred years ago, but that were refreshingly new to the Lisbon mobs. Obviously nothing was needed but to smash all the governmental machinery within sight and then to commission the aforesaid professors to pass new laws allowing every one to do what he pleased, where he pleased, and how he pleased. Such was the popular Portuguese conception of republicanism.

Among the first acts of the new professorial government was a law to legalize strikes that hitherto have been illegal. The professors seem to have had a vague idea of coming trouble, for they enacted that there should be no railroad strike without a notice of eight days. But restrictions of any kind were hotly resented by the suddenly formed labor unions, and so the railroad men held a meeting one evening and struck the following morning, completely paralyzing the chief lines in the country and suspending traffic of every kind. They demanded among other things a full month's vacation every year for every employee, a graduated pension scale, and free passes for themselves and their families. Inasmuch as the trade of the whole country was at standstill as well as the mails, and inasmuch as the strikers seriously believed that this sort of thing was the legitimate result of the revolution and refused even to discuss the matter, the so-called government had no choice but to surrender, and they therefore did so. The Lisbon shop assistants at once formed a union, formulated a number of absurd demands, and struck the same day. This also being a part of the revolution, the employers capitulated at once, or their shops would have been sacked by as ugly a mob as Portugal ever saw. Then the gas and electric workers followed suit, of course successfully, and now a general strike of all workmen throughout the country is being canvassed, says a late dispatch, with "hearty enthusiasm."

Lisbon is indeed in the hands of a mob that alternates between savage and destructive frenzy and a maudlin hilarity. Everywhere the workmen are banding themselves into unions, and every sort of opposition to their extravagant demands is revenged by pillage and destruction. Newspaper offices and churches have been the chief victims, and the police withdraw at once when the leaders produce their "cards" of employment. European newspapers of all shades of opinion describe the situation as one of anarchy that the government is unable to check because it would be itself destroyed or "recalled" if it attempted to do so. The abject state of the authorities is sufficiently shown by the fact that it has opened a public museum of revolutionary or rather of anarchist implements. There may be seen bombs in every stage of manufacture, and of every kind, before and after explosion, with the weapons used in the murder of the late king, revolvers, daggers, black masks and all the machinery of assassination. This is one of the popular sights of the city and this evil den is crowded from morning to night by inflamed patriots

whose first step to "liberty" was by murder and who have now terrorized the government by combinations whose demands must be instantly conceded without discussion under the threat of a reign of terror. Certainly the republics of the world have no reason to be proud of their latest recruit.

Abraham Ruef in the Last Ditch.

Under a decision of the State Supreme Court handed down on Tuesday of this week, Abraham Ruef, arch-grafter, has lost his right of appeal from the judgment of the Appellate Court to that of the Supreme Court and therefore must serve the term of fourteen years in the penitentiary to which he was sentenced some months ago.

The circumstances are worth attention: The Supreme Court under the judgment of four of its seven members made an order for a rehearing of the case under appeal to that body from the Appellate Court. The manner of this order was in a procedure which the court has followed for half a century, the order being made and signatures appended not during a session of court, but at the convenience of its several members. The first to sign the order was Judge Henshaw, who almost immediately thereafter left the State on a vacation trip. Later three other members of the court signed it and, as it was made effective, it bore date of the last signature—Judge Henshaw at that date being still absent from the State. The attorney-general, representing a protest against the rehearing, took exception to the manner of the making of this order and the court in reviewing the case in the light of this objection has sustained it. It is now definitely determined that an order of this kind to be effective must be made at a date when all the justices signing it shall be within the State and therefore in the full efficacy of their judicial powers. The point is a purely technical one, nevertheless it counts in this instance as against the proposed rehearing; and since the time for application has passed, thus ends the matter.

The result will be gratifying to the general public because of the universal conviction of Ruef's guilt. The people of California almost without exception will be glad to see Ruef pay the penalty of his crimes. At the same time it is a curious fact that this much desired result should come about as the effect of a technical mistake in procedure—the sort of thing which is so commonly and universally criticized in its too frequent operation as a protection to criminals. Curious indeed that in the final account Ruef comes to the fate which he richly deserves on account of a legal technicality.

In view of the record of the past four years it is almost unnecessary to add that if Ruef had been pursued legally, sincerely, and without juggling on the part of the so-called graft prosecutors he would have been in the penitentiary three years ago. He owes his three years of intermittent liberty, with whatever satisfaction or comfort they may have given him, to the faults and crimes of his prosecutors. He goes at last to the penitentiary, in spite of their bargainings, in spite of their blunderings. It is a case where the vengeance of justice has found its way to a worthy end, even through a maze of usurpations, deceptions, and mistakes.

Not even yet, possibly, have we come to the end of this wretched case. Governor Johnson, be it remembered, was associated as an active partisan with the graft prosecution. It was he who took up the case against Ruef at the time when Heney was shot down in court by a rejected juror, thrown off his mental balance by his humiliations and sufferings. Governor Johnson now holds in his hands the power of pardon. Possibly there may be an attempt on the part of the graft prosecutors through the use of the pardoning power to extort from Ruef confessions or inventions relative to other and still pending graft cases. They were not above this kind of dealing at an earlier stage of the procedure, and they may still be willing to resort to it. Governor Johnson, possibly, may lend himself to such a project. What may be gotten from Ruef under the bribe of executive pardon is a matter of interesting speculation.

Of course testimony from Ruef, under all the circumstances, would have small credit with any jury. Nevertheless the attempt to use him as a witness under pressure may still be made; and there is the possibility that as the price of his own liberty he may be able in one way or another to render effective assistance to the all but defunct graft prosecution. Ruef in San Quen-

tin and subject to release by the graft prosecutors may be a possible resource for revival of conditions and issues which the general public have been glad to regard as dead and buried.

Peers and People.

Although the British electorate has returned a verdict against the hereditary principle in parliamentary legislation it has done so without any extraordinary emphasis, and certainly without the passion that is usually associated with popular assaults upon privilege. Indeed, the voters seem to have been actuated not so much by a sense of wrongs as by a recognition that the time has come for another step forward on the road to democracy. The reform of the House of Lords has appealed to them as the next item on a programme that began with the signing of Magna Charta and that is still far from completion. But there is none of the rancor bred by personal injustice nor of the resentment that follows arrogance and insolence. Party feeling there has, of course, been in abundance, but there is none of that fury that has moved the national depths at other times and in other countries.

Indeed, there seems to have been no reason for an appeal to passion nor for any of the old war cries of freedom. The hereditary principle as exemplified by the House of Lords has been one of those things that are wrong enough in theory, but not nearly so bad in practice, with serious possibilities for future mischief, but with a fairly clean record in the past. It is safe to say that if the House of Lords had never existed England would not be without a single liberty that she now enjoys. Legislation has been sometimes delayed and sometimes emasculated, but there is not an instance in which the will of the people has been permanently thwarted or even seriously delayed by any action of the Peers. They hated and resisted the disestablishment of the Irish church, the repeated extensions of the franchise, the establishment of free trade, and a hundred other popular measures, but every one of them became law. They have applied the brake in season and out of season, but they have never stopped the coach. The voter might reasonably fear that the House of Lords would presently interfere with his rights, but he certainly was not brooding over past deprivations. He was asserting a democratic theory rather than resenting a practical grievance.

A very different temper has been shown whenever a hereditary legislative body has actually dammed the waters of reform. The House of Lords became a practical danger under Oliver Cromwell, and was at once swept out of existence by a resolution of the Commons and the shadow of Cromwell's sword. In France the hereditary caste was all but exterminated by the guillotine, but then the conditions were so different that no comparison is possible. The French aristocrats constituted a governing caste as distinct from the people as the old-time Southern planters were distinct from their slaves. They paid no taxes, they were not subject to the ordinary law, they had powers of life and death over the poor man, and they made no pretense of constitutional limitations. The French revolution did for France what the English revolution under Cromwell did for England, but it was delayed until only the most frightful remedies could avail. Neither kings nor lords have ever forgotten the timely lesson taught them by the English revolution that the will of the people must prevail as soon as the will of the people has been ascertained. Both kings and lords have sometimes shuffled and procrastinated, but they have never once dared openly to challenge the principle of an absolute popular sovereignty impressed upon its representatives and carried into immediate effect.

The House of Lords and the titled aristocracy in general have never seriously offended even the sentiments of human dignity and human equality as they would have done had they been an actual caste in the narrower sense of the word, as that word was applied in France a century and a half ago. A very large percentage of the House of Lords is of commoner birth or commoner parentage, and it could never be taken as an affront by commerce, science, art, or literature that representatives from their ranks were selected for the distinction of a peerage. The medical profession was complimented when Lord Lister became a peer, Lord Tennyson did not feel that he had changed his caste when he entered the House of Lords, Lord Kelvin was no less a scientist because he accepted a title. These men and others of their kind dignified the peerage. The peerage did not dignify them. In France, a republic, they would

have received the Legion of Honor and would have worn its ribbon. In England they became peers.

Another factor that is inconsistent with the narrower spirit of caste is the return to the ranks of those who have been born into titled houses. The second son of the peer who is a "plain mister" does not feel that his status is actually inferior to that of his elder brother who inherits the title. No family discords, no domestic troubles, result from a rule that places the eldest son among the peers while relegating his brothers to the ranks of the commoner. There is no suggestion of inferiority, no intrusion of caste into the family circle, no access of rank upon one side nor loss of it upon the other. There can be no unhappy line of demarcation between sons, just as there can be no real boundary between commoners and the bearers of title where there is so much and such steady traffic in both directions.

There is still another factor that helps to determine the mental attitude of the British voter toward the Peers. It is no small thing for any country that it should have a class rendered independent by comparative wealth and yet saturated with an inherited instinct for public service. Among many of the historical families of England it would be considered disgraceful if no representative were giving his life to some branch of national activity, and practically without financial reward. Lord Randolph Churchill of the house of Marlborough, for example, was impoverished by his public services, and now we find that his son, Mr. Winston Churchill, is as strenuously occupied as his father ever was, and at an age when lighter pursuits are ordinarily paramount. Lord Salisbury was far beyond the reach of reward, but his long public service was a matter of traditional necessity. It was ordinarily said that there would have been no Boer war if the matchless sagacity of Lord Salisbury, the peer, had been allowed to outweigh the ambition of Mr. Chamberlain, the commoner.

In all of this there is of course no defense of the hereditary principle in legislation. It is an anomaly, an absurdity, and a danger, and it ought to disappear. But such considerations help us to understand why there are none of the usual concomitants of a revolt against tyranny and why the attack upon prerogative is without the passion engendered by material and practical injustice.

Time to Get Busy.

We have met our returning heroes at the Oakland Mole. We have garlanded them with horse-collars of roses. We have daubed, even smeared, them with printer's ink. We have posed them before a hundred cameras and pictured them in heroic pose on the front pages. We have cocktailed them, dined them, brass-banded them, paraded them, smothered them with confetti—all, be it confessed, not more to their honor than to our own glory. Now the *Argonaut* begs leave to suggest that we have cheered ourselves enough. Compliments, even mutual compliments, butter no parsnips. It is high time to put sentiment and personality to one side and get down to business.

The job before us is colossal. It calls for all our energies, all our judgment, all the disinterestedness that we can muster, plus an unlimited measure of dead hard work, and the sooner we get at it the better assurance of achievement. Up to now the organization has been tentative and its work is done. Now comes permanent organization with the definite laying down of purposes and plans and with adjustment of means to ends. The funds for the fair are to come from three sources—individual subscriptions, \$7,500,000; municipal fund, \$5,000,000; State fund \$5,000,000. Oakland has promised another million, and there are some further sources of expectancy. There is money in sufficiency, but it must be got together—so massed that it may be put behind a single purpose and a single working scheme. The private contributors, the city, and the State are each to name agents by whom its fund shall be expended, and if each should name a separate commission the way will be shaped and greased for jealousies, conflicts, confusions. What we need now is to get together to the end that each of the three great contributors—the private subscribers, the State, and the city—shall name the same men for the same service. This has been the method elsewhere; it should be here. The whole of the available funds should be put into the hands of a single executive body, representing officially the several groups of contributors. This is easily said, but it may not be so easily done. Three groups of ideas are rep-

resented in the exposition fund as a whole; and a way must be found to bring them together. In other words, men must be found for the directing board of the fair in whom the private subscribers, the municipal authorities, and the State authorities can have mutual confidence. There will have to be concessions, perhaps compromises, all round, but the task ought not to be hopeless. If other communities can get together surely we ought to be able to do it in San Francisco.

As the *Argonaut* goes to press on Wednesday—and since the above was written—word comes that Governor Johnson has named a commission of five to supervise the expenditure of the State's share of the exposition fund. The membership of the commission is good, the five appointees being men of approved integrity and capacity. None the less Governor Johnson has been precipitate in this matter. He should have delayed naming his commission to the end of co-operating with the municipal authorities of San Francisco and the contributors of the special subscription fund. What is needed is not a separate commission for each of the separate funds, but one commission representing all the funds. Three separate commissions presiding over the three different funds are almost certain to clash when it comes to the practical work of creating the exposition.

The existing fair committee, representing private subscribers, has also been precipitate in assuming to determine points governing selection of the exposition site. Whoever may properly make this selection, it is certainly not the duty of a body representing only one element in the financial foundation.

Before the business of creating the fair shall begin in earnest, there ought to be a general recast of the organization, to the end that one governing body shall be endowed with general authority and shall have at its command the entire resource of the project.

The Steam Roller at Sacramento.

In view of the operations of the all-conquering steam roller at Sacramento, there are many inquiries as to the means by which Governor Johnson has brought the legislature to its attitude of supine subservience. There is in truth no mystery about it, and although the *Argonaut* has already within a few weeks past set forth the reasons, it may be well to run them over again:

In other States the legislature carefully scrutinizes all proposals calling for money, but with the legislature of California the almost unvarying practice is to accept everything, ultimately passing the buck up to the governor. If Senator Eddie Wolfe asks for an appropriation of half a million dollars for a normal school at San Francisco, the legislature votes it to him. If the representative from Alpine County wants an appropriation of twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars for any purpose, his colleagues with polite acquiescence grant him the money. If the delegation from Santa Clara County want new buildings and enlarged appropriations for the San Jose Normal School and the Agnews Asylum they have only to ask to find unanimous favor at the hands of the legislature. And so on down the list of counties. So far as legislative favor goes, everybody gets everything he wants. Then at the end of the session, the governor, having perhaps two million dollars at his disposal, takes duly enacted bills aggregating four or five million dollars and cuts the garment to suit the cloth. He prunes here, cuts there, alters and vetoes at his sovereign pleasure.

Again, our State institutions are largely managed by commissions appointed by the governor. Such commissions so appointed quite naturally name for the various posts under their nominal authority whomever the governor may recommend. If, for example, the governor wishes to please any particular senator from Santa Clara County he hearkens to the suggestions of that official and—through the various commissions—names for service in public institutions in his county men of his nomination. The public service is filled with small politicians, family dependents, and private friends whom members of the legislature in pursuance of their own purposes have recommended to the governor.

Now it doesn't take a world of practical wisdom to see how this system endows the executive office with tremendous powers of persuasion. If the governor wants to change the law in such manner as to throw anybody out of office—say Mr. Anderson, late bank commissioner—and if he finds his purpose obstructed by some member or members of the legislature, he has

only to summon the obstructor to his office and to suggest that it would be expedient for him to "stand in." It is easy to make it plain even to the most obtuse legislator that if he wants the bills in which he is interested, especially local appropriation bills, approved by the governor he would better "get next" by voting to sustain the governor's proposals. It is easy to make it plain, say to a member from Santa Clara County, that if he does not coöperate with the governor, the appropriations for public institutions in his county will be cut to the bone and that his own recommendations for employment in the public service will be disregarded. It is even possible to suggest that those who already hold public posts through his (the legislator's) favor will be let out.

Of course a really strong man would regard such suggestions as insulting and would repel them with dignity, even with resentment. But the average member of the legislature is not a very strong man. He is part of a system and wishes to be effective in it. He wants to curry favor with his constituents by success in the matter of appropriations. He wants to strengthen his private organization by retaining old friends in their political jobs and secure other jobs for new friends. In most instances he feels the affront, but lacks the spirit to resent it. Commonly he knuckles under—signifies to the governor that he will exchange favor for favor.

These facts illustrate the manner in which the executive steam roller is made to be the powerful engine that we see it. The governor of California is the boss of the legislature through the powers which the system gives him to control money bills and through the further power which he holds through control of minor political appointments in every county.

It might be supposed that a governor selected under reform theories and to the end of purifying the public service would decline to make use of these obviously sinister powers. It might be supposed that Mr. Johnson, under his professed purpose of elevating the politics of the State, would decline to wield the old familiar clubs of executive favor and patronage, that he would hold himself judicially above the devices of threat and favor. It was so prophesied and even promised by his friends and supporters during the campaign of last year. But in practice we find that the course of Governor Johnson gives the lie to his professions and to the professions of his faction. Never in the history of our politics have the forces of executive authority been more positively, even remorselessly, wielded than by our reform champion. No course has been too arbitrary, nothing has been too small, for his uses. He has played the game to its limit—even beyond the limit of any former administration. And all in the sacred name of reform.

It is to be said for the governor in this connection that he is under a tremendous pressure for official and other kinds of preference on the part of the members of his faction. Your eager reformer is almost always an eager office-seeker. His ideas of political betterment are always personal and not uncommonly tinged with the vice of vanity and the malevolence of revenge. Almost invariably he hopes to get himself appointed to office; likewise to get his friends and supporters comfortably placed. Governor Johnson is literally overwhelmed with applications direct or tacit backed by presentments of past services, supported by promises of future services. It is easy for a man thus placed to convince himself, even despite his campaign professions and promises, that reform may best be accomplished by the organization of a more or less personal political machine. The resentment which he feels against those unfriendly to his purposes who hold office is reinforced by the constant pressure for preference maintained by the insistence of his factional partisans.

The Alden Anderson incident illustrates the case. It angered the governor that a man who had the temerity to be a candidate for the governorship against himself should be the incumbent of an important office. It was not difficult for him to convince himself that it would be a good thing all 'round to throw out of the bank commissionership the man whom he regarded as an enemy and to fill that place with one whom he regarded as a friend. And so down the line whoever is not in sympathy with the governor, even in his wildest proposals, is seen by the jaundiced eye of personal and partisan malevolence to be a monster of political infamy. It is not difficult for the governor to persuade himself under the pressure of his office-seeking friends that the interest of his faction, representative as it is

of all the virtues, would be promoted by filling the minor places from among the list of eager and ambitious partisans who are literally ahungred and athirst for preference and favor.

As a net logical result, what is now going on at Sacramento is inevitable. In the name of all the virtues Governor Johnson is standing the legislature on its head, driving the willing and the reluctant to support his purposes by the whip and the club of executive powers. It is indeed a spectacle very much out of focus with Mr. Johnson's campaign professions. At the same time it is not surprising, in view of Mr. Johnson's temperament, of the chronic quackeries of his character, and of the overmastering importunities of his factional partisans.

Editorial Notes.

The new treaty with Japan has this merit, namely, that it is made in the constitutional and legitimate way and succeeds a treaty which had no such sanction. The old arrangement was styled a "memorandum treaty," and it was negotiated by President Roosevelt in this form as a means of evading the constitutional authority of the Senate in such matters. It was one of the many usurpations of Mr. Roosevelt—one of the devices by which he took over to himself authorities which belonged not to the presidential office alone, but to the presidential office in coöperation with the Senate. This so-called memorandum treaty has been the source of many mischiefs, chiefly the Japanese war agitation which has more or less held public attention this three or four years past. It was made at a time when Japanese finances were low and when the national credit was nil. It made a new condition upon the basis of which Japan's credit in the financial world was reestablished, thus enabling her to become an object of dread if not of terror to timid elements in the United States. The new treaty differs from the old only in that it contains no reference to the emigration of Japanese subjects to the United States. The matter of emigration is left untouched, subject only to such limitations as may grow out of American sentiment plus such persuasions as our government may be able to bring to bear upon the Japanese authorities. The omission is not entirely palatable to the Pacific Coast, at least to that section of it which sees a menace in every suggestion of Oriental immigration. It will especially be distasteful to those elements which rally round the labor union standard and which fall into conniption fits whenever there is a suggestion that the crying need of the Pacific Coast is cheap and abundant labor, such as might be had by opening the door even a little way toward the Orient. Nobody can controvert the need on economic grounds of Oriental labor, but there is nevertheless an argument against Oriental immigration. It is this, namely, that it would precipitate social agitation and therefore create social and political discontent. This is the only serious argument against it, for we repeat the obvious need of this country is for laboring hands which might be supplied more easily and quickly from the Orient than from any other source.

There is a singular persistence in the Lake Eleanor and the Hetch Hetchy farce, the latest development being a frantic appeal to Washington for certain rights of way before the adjournment of the present Congress. Of course those who make this appeal know, as they have known all along, that the scheme is an impossible one, that rights of way, however definitely granted, will amount to nothing practically. It would seem, since the old scheme is now manifestly an impossibility, that the farce should be regarded as played out and that no further agitation should be based upon it.

There is sentiment, even exhilaration, in the suggestion that the old *Portsmouth*, from whose decks the Stars and Stripes were raised in California in 1846, should lead the march of the American battleship fleet through the Panama Canal and into the Golden Gate in 1915. The old ship, honorably past service in the ordinary sense, now lies in a quiet corner of the New York harbor near the Jersey shore, awaiting the judgment of the Navy Department as to what ultimate disposition shall be made of her. Send her to us; by all means send her to us! Let her lead the march into the waters which she helped win for the starry flag! And let her, while there is strength in her oaken bones to hold together, lie in honorable repose on the bosom of the Bay of San Francisco!

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There are so many leaders in the Mexican rebellion that it may be well to wait until they have had a chance to get to work upon one another before assigning supremacy to any one among them. Just now it seems that Leyva and Berthold are in the middle of the stage. These gentlemen have been in communication with certain United States officers on the frontier to whom they gave gracious permission to care for their wounded, and then, becoming communicative, they explained that the intention of the rebels is to establish a socialist community in Lower California. The thing is simple enough. The Socialists of America and the Industrial Workers of the World will cooperate, more than half of the rebels are American Socialists, the Mexican officials are already on the run, and therefore the Utopia is in sight. There may be some who will be so irreverent as to laugh at the prospect of a heaven upon earth to be people by Industrial Workers of the World and Mexicans, but there will be unanimous enthusiasm at Mr. Berthold's assurance that "the man who works with his hands will be supreme." To create a dominant caste in advance is rather a new kind of socialism, but it would be ungracious to carp. Surely Mr. Berthold will allow some kind of provision for men who work with their heads. He can hardly do without them altogether. How would it do to have a slave caste of intellectuals who could be forced to think for eight hours a day? The Athenians had philosophers, poets, and mathematicians among their slaves. Why not the Utopians of Southern California? But then the question is not a pressing one.

The king's speech at the opening of the British Parliament is always so brief and so unemotional as to give color to the assertion of Lord Randolph Churchill that the cabinet once spent fifteen hours in eliminating every phrase that could possibly mean anything. But it is said that George IV, when regent, once imparted a note of frolic to the august occasion of the reading. The regent made a bet with Sheridan that he would insert the words "Baa, baa, black sheep," into his speech without occasioning comment. He did it, too, and Sheridan, who could never look a lost bet in the face without consternation, asked Canning how it was that the strange words should be unnoticed. "Oh, I notice he said 'Baa, baa, black sheep,'" replied Canning, "but as he was looking straight in your direction at the moment I deemed it merely a personal allusion and thought no more about it."

Switzerland has just taken her census, and is congratulating herself not so much on the increase of her own people as on her enlarged visitors' list. In 1900 the number of strangers was 383,424. Now there are 565,025, of whom at least 23,000 live in hotels the greater part of the year. There are four official languages in Switzerland. German is spoken by 2,599,149 persons, French by 796,220, Italian by 301,323, and Romanche by 39,912. Romanche is presumably the language in which hotel servants and mountain guides criticize the manners and customs of their patrons, but it would be interesting to know something more about this language, its origin and capacities. An "official" language is one that may be employed in parliament, and the Swiss Assembly is therefore one of the few where linguistic accomplishments are necessary. Both English and French are spoken in the Canadian Parliament, but as a rule one language only is allowed in legislative assemblies. Some five or six languages are spoken within the small area of the United Kingdom, but any member of the House of Commons who tried to unburden his soul in Gaelic or Welsh would probably meet with disfavor. And yet the royal assent to bills is still given in old French, a fact that stimulated a Scotch member to remonstrance. The royal assent should be given, he said, in "the language spoken in Scotland and understood in England."

The Marquis Katsura has issued a sort of semi-official apology for the fact that the recent trial of Socialists in Japan was conducted in secret. The press of Japan, he said, was much improved, but it might still disregard the ethics of the Western press and strive to make martyrs of political criminals and so inflame the popular mind against the existing order of things. This, of course, is very gratifying to the Western press, thus blushing crowned with the laurels of moderation, but it would seem that if the premier wishes the Japanese press to imitate Western newspaper ethics he might well set the example. Western ethics forbid secret trials, and it would, indeed, seem hard to conceive of anything more likely to inflame popular sentiment. There is no such anodyne as publicity when the proceedings themselves will hear the light of day.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is in British Columbia busily preaching the overthrow of the Chinese government and the establishment of reform. His apparent intention is to incite the Chinese of British Columbia to a sort of holy war upon the fatherland, but surely it is only the eye of faith that can foresee an exodus of Celestials from the shores of America for any such purpose as this. But if Dr. Sun Yat Sen should succeed in working up a Chinese crusade from British Columbia he may rest assured that other parts of the Coast would willingly contribute a few Chinamen to the same end. California, for example, could be relied upon to sacrifice the last Chinaman within her boundaries to the sacred cause of Chinese reform. But Dr. Sun Yat Sen is no carpet knight. He has been in the thick of the fray more than once, and it is through no unworthy prudence upon his part that he has escaped being sliced alive, or hoiled in oil, or whatever it is that they do in China to mark their disapproval of reform. Some sixteen years ago Dr. Sun Yat Sen was abducted in London and confined in the cellars of the Chinese embassy, doubtless with a view to secret deportation. Fortunately for him, he was able to scribble a note to his friend Dr. Cantlie, of Charing Cross Hospital. He tossed the note through the

window into the street, and it was found and delivered. Dr. Cantlie went at once to the prime minister, Lord Salisbury, who wasted no time in diplomatic representations, but sent a sergeant of police with twelve constables to the Chinese embassy with a demand that the reformer be handed over to them on the spot. Of course the embassy officials professed entire ignorance of how the prisoner got into the cellar and gave the blandest assurances of their innocence, but Dr. Sun Yat Sen has never since been quite so close to death as upon that occasion.

A certain Russian governor is writhing under the repetition of a story that may redound to his patriotism, but certainly not to his intelligence. Some musical people of his district wished to give a concert, and as required by law they sent a copy of the programme to the chief of police. One of the musical items was the "Kreutzer Sonata," and the promoters were somewhat puzzled when the programme was returned to them bearing the notification "Tolstoy prohibited." Assuming that this was intended only as a general warning, the concert was duly held and the newspapers next day recorded the fact that the "Kreutzer Sonata" was among the selections rendered. Then the storm broke upon the heads of the concert directors. How dared they disobey the orders of the governor, who had prohibited Tolstoy? Did they not know that they had rendered themselves liable to all sorts of penalties? Then at last they understood, and were profuse in their explanations that the "Kreutzer Sonata" was a musical composition by Beethoven and was in no way connected with Tolstoy. But the governor was not satisfied. He evidently thought that he had been outwitted and defied by political plotters. "Every one knows Tolstoy," he snapped, "but who the devil ever heard of your Beethoven." Moreover, he refused to be pacified until he had telegraphed to M. Stolypin, who replied that Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" might be performed without danger to the pillars of the Russian empire.

When Pastor Kneipp advised health-seekers to walk barefoot on the dewy grass he was ridiculed by the medical profession. The worthy pastor's motives were evidently disinterested, since he had made no corner in dew and had no monopoly of it. Moreover, a great many people said that they were benefited, which of course they had no right to be after the medical verdict. But the Kneipp cure has had its adherents ever since, especially in Europe. Now comes Professor Negro of the University of Bologna, who says that dew contains a certain amount of radio activity. He collected the dew on glass plates and he found that the radio activity continued for some time and then gradually decreased. Professor Negro says that the phenomenon is due to the magnetic influence of the upper crust of the soil upon the dewdrops and that it is quite possible for the radio activity to be transferred to the body and thus to benefit health. So perhaps the Kneipp faddists are not so superstitious after all. At least it will be a relief to them to know that at last they have a scientific right to feel better.

The London *Chronicle* comments on Mr. Alfred Dickens's record of Queen Victoria's modest remark on the difference in literary rank between her authorship and his father's. Forster, in his "Life," gives a somewhat different account to that of Mr. Dickens. According to the biographer, the queen said, but did not write, that she was giving the book of the humblest of writers to one of the greatest. Dickens had been famous for thirty-five years before the queen sent for him, and she was just in time, for he went to Buckingham Palace in the year he died. Speaking of the brief audience to a friend, Dickens said that he could describe the queen's manner only as that of a little girl—"a very diffident little girl," he added. Perhaps, says the *Chronicle*, the royal command was so long deferred because of Dickens's refusal, in 1857, to show himself to royal eyes in a stage dress. The queen attended an amateur play, and at the end sent for the principal actor, who was Dickens, to come to her box and receive her thanks. "I replied," he wrote to a friend, "that I was in my farce dress, and must be excused. Whereupon she sent again. I . . . again hoped her majesty would have the kindness to excuse my presenting myself in a costume and appearance that were not my own." Previously Dickens declined to take his company to the palace. It did not seem to occur to the author that he was doing anything unusual.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Paris sends its children to school and supplies the poor ones with clothing, shoes, and food, as well as with free books, slates, stationery, and instruments. And it arranges that no child shall know which of the others are charity pupils. It sends poor children on summer outings. It builds houses and rents them at low rates, giving preference to the poorest and largest families. It taxes every theatre ticket ten per cent for a public fund which furnishes every year fifteen thousand free beds in hospitals and as many more in asylums. This fund has also built a maternity hospital, where no questions are asked. It helps to bring up thousands of poor children. It furnishes free medicines for the sick poor. It collects a per diem from the employer for a workman who receives injury in the discharge of his duties. It spends ten million dollars yearly for benevolence.

Just south of the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, where, in a land-locked harbor, beautiful Wangamumu nestles in the shadow of Cape Brett, there is established a whaling station, and here is carried on the unique business of catching whales by means of nets set in a narrow channel between rugged rocks. The cetaceans frequent this passage it is said to rub off the accumulation of sea-growing parasites gained in long journeys through deep water.

OLD FAVORITES.

Reflections.

LOOKING OVER A GATE AT A POOL IN A FIELD.
What change has made the pastures sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.

And here's the field with light aglow;
How fresh its boundary lime-trees show,
And how its wet leaves trembling shine!
Between their trunks come through to me
The morning sparkles of the sea
Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste,
One hand upon her slender waist,
The other lifted to her pail,
She, rosy in the morning light,
Among the water-daisies white,
Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod.
I leaned upon the gate to see:
The sweet thing looked, but did not speak;
A dimple came in either cheek,
And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,
And she came up like coming fate,
I saw my picture in her eyes—
Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes,
Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows
Among white-headed majesties.

I said, "A tale was made of old
That I would fain to thee unfold;
Ah! let me—let me tell the tale."
But high she held her comely head;
"I can not heed it now," she said,
"For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado?
I held the gate, and she came through,
And took her homeward path anon.
From the clear pool her face had fled;
It rested on my heart instead,
Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,
So sweet and stately on she went,
Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
The maiden with the milking-pail.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!
For work does good when reasons fail—
Goody; yet the axe at every stroke
The echo of a name awoke—
Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard
Aright by other men: a bird
Knows doubtless what his own notes tell;
And I know not; but I can say
I felt as shame-faced all that day
As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow
I went—I could not choose but go—
To that sweet dairy on the hill;
And while sweet Mary moved about
Within, I came to her without,
And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood
Was sweet with pinks and southern-wood.
I spoke—her answer seemed to fail;
I smelt the pinks—I could not see;
The dusk came down and sheltered me,
And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell?
I begged a kiss, I pleaded well:
The rosebud lips did long decline;
But yet I think, I think 'tis true,
That, leaned at last into the dew,
One little instant they were mine.

O life! how dear thou hast become:
She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb,
But evening counsels best prevail,
Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,
Green be the pastures where she strays,
The maiden with the milking-pail.

—Jean Ingelow.

The famine in China is the direct result of the great floods which inundated the provinces of Kiang-Su and Anhui last summer, ruining the crops. Consequently there was no harvest and the supply of food on hand was not sufficient to sustain the people of these sections until the next harvest. Unless prompt aid is rendered there will not be a next harvest, as the Chinese will eat the seed instead of planting it. During the first days of the famine mothers endeavored to sell their babies to provide food for themselves and save the children from starvation. Now they try to give the children away in the hope that those to whom the babies are given will be able to feed them. Along the banks of the Grand Canal the victims of the calamity are living in mud and water, with only shacks of matting over their heads, hoping that they may exist until boats bearing the staff of life come up the canal to relieve them.

An international musical congress is to be held in London next May to bring together the leading musicians of the world. A fund of \$5000 has already been guaranteed. This will be the first congress of its character ever held in England.

"THE DEEP PURPLE."

New York Applauds a Melodrama Written for Broadway.

When I read the newspapers the morning after the first performance of "The Deep Purple" I imagined something very different from what I saw when I went to see the play. I had imagined that it out-Zazaed "Zaza" and that it had touched the bottom of things. I said this to a lady who spoke of having seen the play, and she replied promptly, "You must be crazy! It is a melodrama and full of the slang of the day, but it is as innocent as a dramatized version of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain. Go and see it; it is well worth seeing." As this lady knows what she is talking about, as she has seen every play that has come to New York for—well, I will not say for how long—and as she has acted in a number of them, I took her advice and went, not only once but twice. Perhaps I would not have gone the second time had I not wanted to take some friends to see how they were going to like it. One was a young man who is an expert in slang and the other was a young woman, who, while she never uses it, enjoys hearing it well applied, and they revelled in it. "The Deep Purple" is, I think, an unfortunate name, for few people know what it means. To tell the truth, I imagined that it meant a deeper red than that of "the red light district." The phrase is used but once in the play, at the very end, and then to convey the idea that the hero is the whitest kind of a "white man."

Messrs. Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner are the authors of the play, and they are well mated. Armstrong knows the stage and Mizner knows the town. It is not a great play, but it is a good melodrama with all the high moral talk of "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" or "More to Be Pitied Than Scorned." The villains are routed and the rescuing hero is everything that a rescuing hero should be. The great difference between this play and either of the two others I have compared it with is that it was written for a Broadway rather than a Fourteenth Street audience, and here is another great point of difference—it is well acted. The parts have been cast with care and could scarcely be better done.

Ada Dwyer, as Mrs. Fallon—"Frisco Kate"—could not be better. She is always good, but as the thief who regrets her past and wants to live "on the square" she is inimitable. Jameson Lee Finney, as Leland the crook, who is a born crook and who is one to the end; W. J. Ferguson as "Pop" Clark, the "pious fraud"; Emmett Corrigan, as Gordon Laylock, the "hold-up" man, with a price upon his head, all are as admirable as can be. As for Richard Bennett, who has just returned from twenty-two months in Idaho with \$40,000 in his belt, he is the part. I doubt if twenty-two months in a mining camp could so transform a man, but they transform quickly on the stage. I think, however, that he must have had many of his attractive qualities before he went West. His part is "actor-proof," as they say in the profession, but nevertheless it could be badly done by being overdone. Bennett plays it in a breezy, natural way that could scarcely be improved.

Why Jameson Lee Finney should always be cast for crook or degenerate parts I don't know. No man could be further from crookism or degeneracy, but when an actor once makes a hit in a certain line he is kept at it. Mr. Finney is a favorite in society, and when one of his society friends lamented to him recently that he had to play crook parts he is reported as having replied that he liked them. I suppose that he must, for his position on the stage is such that he can pick and choose. He certainly acts them well and, what is stranger, he looks them, and without eccentric make-up. I think that his eyebrows help a lot, for they are very dark and bushy and he uses them to excellent purpose.

"The Deep Purple" is a great success, and the Lyric Theatre is as full as it can be every night, and it is a big theatre, too. It was built for light opera by Reginald de Koven and is still owned by him, and well worth owning I should say. It is leased by the Shuberts and is used by them for dramatic performances. Mr. de Koven keeps a box there as the Goulds keep a box at the Grand Opera House, which they still own. That theatre was also built for light opera, but is now given over to any form of amusement that has had a successful Broadway run. The offices of the Erie Railway were originally in this building—up over the theatre, and when Jim Fiske was the conspicuous figure in the management of that corporation he imported French opera bouffe companies to sing and dance before him on the stage of his theatre, to which there was a private entrance from his house on West Twenty-Third Street. Those were strange days in New York, but they were picturesque, and there was nothing about them more picturesque than the figure of Jim Fiske as Colonel of the Ninth riding at the head of his regiment on a milk-white charger!

If you ask a real theatre-goer, not one of the fly-by-night audiences, who go to the theatre only to kill time until the restaurants are in full bloom and supper is served, what is the best play in town he will answer without hesitation—"The Concert." This play has been running all the season, but it was only the other night that I saw it. Unless I bought seats long ahead I could not get inside the doors, and I hate to buy seats for anything long in advance, for fear that something may turn up that I want to do more than to go to the theatre. Now I am sorry that I did not go before, so that I might go soon again.

"The Concert" is an adaptation from the German by

that clever man and inimitable actor, Leo Dittrichstein. He plays the leading part, and though there is some clever acting in the play aside from his, he is the whole show. There is no thrilling plot; as a matter of fact the plot is the least important thing about the play. It is a study in temperament, and Dittrichstein is the temperament! He plays the part of a pianist, who not only takes a few pupils at high prices, but who is a matinee idol as well. The women, young and old, worship him and make no concealment of their sentiments. To be sure he has a wife, and a most charming one at that, charmingly portrayed by Miss Janet Beecher, but wives of matinee idols are no obstacles to the love of infatuated girls. He goes off with one of these, a married woman, to his bungalow in the Catskills, and is there overtaken by her husband and his wife. The deserted wife and the deserted husband are clever, and they put their heads together and work out a plan of action that takes courage to carry through, but they feel pretty sure that they understand the man and woman whom they are determined to save. Fortunately the plan succeeds and all is well.

As I have said, the plot is not so much the point as Dittrichstein. To watch his face when he is rhapsodizing at the piano is a liberal education in expression. I have known men of his temperament and they are all alike. They are children, as Arany is described by his wife to be. They live on adulation, and the adulation of women is their inspiration. Perhaps some of the people who see this play think that the way the women carry on over Arany is exaggerated. If they do let them ask any famous singer or pianist. He can tell—but he won't! I have seen girls reverently pick the hairs off of Rubinstein's coat, and I have seen them kiss the blood off his fingers where he has wounded them on the piano keys, and they did not act as bad as that with Gabor Arany.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

New York, February 23, 1911.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Spare Golden Gate Park.

PORTLAND, ORE., Feb. 16, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I respectfully beg to say that I think it would be a very short-sighted policy indeed to make the beautiful Golden Gate Park the chosen site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Golden Gate Park should certainly be extended and improved to its utmost limit, but sacredly kept as a beautiful park for the people—not for the exposition grounds.

The fair should be away from the immediate neighborhood of Golden Gate Park, as many visitors will certainly long to get away from the excitement and wonderful magnitude of the fair, to seek the quiet restfulness of the beautiful park.

Rather let the beautiful Golden Gate Park be kept intact and extended as a necessary auxiliary to the fair, keeping its own separate and distinctive specialty.

Portland was heart and soul with San Francisco for the fair. She also greatly rejoices, which makes this San Franciscan from home feel good.

For nearly twenty years I have received and welcomed my *Argonaut*, never missing a copy—a true friend, who gives the best of views on public matters from the most sensible and sane standpoint. With kindest greetings, I am,

Yours very truly,

JEANNIE LYON.

Again, after Another View.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 19, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I find Golden Gate Park massed with people. In many crowded parts nervous women and children are rushing in every direction to escape being run down by autos and vehicles of every description. Under the eye of grown men little boy scouts and others are intermingling with the crowds, soliciting signatures for the park to be the chosen site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The many names signed (irrespective of those passed by) proves that Golden Gate Park should not be the chosen site.

From the standpoint of viewing the crowds today (an ordinary Sunday crowd) picture what it will be in 1915, when San Francisco will have millions of visitors to entertain and accommodate. It seems to me that it would be a shame, a vandalism, an inconsideration to be shown to strangers, especially to neighbors on the Pacific Coast (who worked heart and soul with San Francisco to procure the fair), to take away the peaceful quietude of the beautiful Golden Gate Park, where nature with all its fascinating charms, so sacred to the soul, soothes and uplifts, especially on a Sunday afternoon. However, I feel sure that the brains able to conceive and work out such a stupendous conception as the Panama-Pacific Exposition will never think of tearing up and stampeding the beautiful Golden Gate Park, but will think of something, some place, more original and suitable than the park. Autos, yachts, transporting vehicles of every description, both private and public, besides the airships, by 1915, perfected with money and science to such a fine point unconceived of at the present time—all these vehicles will have to be housed and cared for—but where? Surely not in Golden Gate Park.

Portland has a large unimproved area connected with her city park, but she did not make it the grounds for her fair, and today the merchants and people of Portland have every reason to rejoice because of the site chosen and the prosperity which followed.

Seattle has also the same credible story to tell as has Portland—of a wise choice of location, a just and efficient management, followed by prosperity, and a beneficial knowledge sent abroad, telling of the wonderful resources of the great North-West.

With prayers that the community at large in San Francisco will understand the difficulties and responsibilities and be in entire sympathy, upholding the management in its desire to give a broad and impartial administration to the grandest fair the world has ever seen—the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, I am, Yours very respectfully,

JEANNIE LYON.

A Stockton Reader Asks about Smoke.

STOCKTON, CAL., Feb. 27, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your editorial of the 25th inst. you advocate the ferry project as the best one for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, if within the means available. As most of the structures projected will remain permanent improvements, I suppose the financial question can be solved, but how will the smoke nuisance be overcome which on the elevated site will be most annoying during the morning hours with a light east wind blowing and with shipping in full blast. Would you kindly advise me through your esteemed paper whether that point has been considered by the promoters of that project?

An old subscriber,

B. M.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Yamai, one of China's most famous doctors, is in America to study its hospital system. She plans to reorganize the hospitals in China as the result of her investigations here.

General Ricciotti Garibaldi, only surviving son of the Italian hero, is as fervent in the cause of liberty and the oppressed as was his illustrious parent. General Garibaldi recently announced his intention to prepare an expedition of volunteers in Italy to aid the Albanians in their uprising against Turkish rule.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster will become South African planters on a large scale. The duke, who served in the Boer War, has 160,000 acres of land near the Orange River Colony, where he has made successful experiments with cotton. It is said he will take up his residence there. The duke is thirty-one years old. His fortune is estimated all the way from \$35,000,000 to \$70,000,000.

W. S. Gilbert is in his seventy-fifth year and still producing plays. His latest is entitled simply "A Character Study," and is said to be in the author's grimmest vein. While gifted with unusual imagination, Mr. Gilbert is a very shrewd man in business, and has driven many hard bargains with managers in the theatrical world. Claim is made that his estate will exceed in value that of any other modern dramatist or literary man.

Clarence W. Watson, now a United States senator, began life as a driver of a mule in one of his father's coal mines despite the protests of his parent, who was several times a millionaire. The young man made a careful study of coal mining, asking no favors, and steadily rose, later operating for himself. Recently he succeeded Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia in the upper house. Senator Watson is a man of few words, a good listener, and asks many questions.

Henry Scott has won success abroad in Italian opera, though he studied and equipped himself at home, where he even learned Italian. Recently he appeared in Rome, after convincing Milan that he is an artist. Scott is a basso and was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Milan agents took it for granted that the American, with no European training, was merely a rich amateur, who was willing to pay for his debut. He found it very difficult to persuade them that, instead of paying, he wanted to be paid for his singing.

Clara Louise Kellogg, the first American prima donna to win success abroad, has for more than twenty years been Mrs. Carl Strakosch. A beautiful home at New Hartford, Connecticut, claims Mr. and Mrs. Strakosch the greater part of the year, but their winters are spent in a fairer clime, usually in Italy. The singer has all the vivacity of a young woman, and occasionally in her own drawing-room recalls her early successes for old friends. She received all her musical education in America. Her debut was made in New York, in 1861, as Gilda in "Rigoletto."

Charles Martin Hall was a student at Oberlin College in 1885, and aluminum at that time was \$12 a pound. The young student believed the metal could be produced more cheaply, and take the place of copper, tin, and zinc. His study and practical experiments occupied five months and ended in victory. He secured a patent on his process and established a factory. The first output sold at \$2 a pound; now it is put on the market at 22 cents. Mr. Martin has his largest works at Niagara Falls, where he was the first to utilize the electricity offered from the big power houses. A few days ago the American Electrochemical Society gave Mr. Martin its medal for his work in developing aluminum.

Adolph Alexander Weinman, whose strength and originality as a sculptor have placed him among the foremost artists of the times, received practically all his education in this country. He was born in Karlsruhe, Baden, December 11, 1870, and came to America when ten years of age. At sixteen he entered the evening classes at Cooper Union. He does not confine himself to any special field of sculpture. His monument to Maryland Union soldiers and sailors, erected in Baltimore, is particularly striking, and was won in competition. The groups, "The Destiny of the Red Man" and "Kansas," for the St. Louis Exposition, were his works. From his medals is selected the United States medal for life-saving on railroads.

Selma Lagerlöf, the greatest of modern Swedish writers, won instant recognition by her first book, "Gösta Berling's Saga," in 1891. She was a teacher in Landskrona, a small city in southern Sweden, when she began writing. Her birthplace, Vermland, opposite Stockholm, is a romantic country, full of lakes, iron mines, and big dark forests. Following the success of her first efforts, she was awarded the Nobel prize in literature, the greatest of its kind in the world. In competition for a valuable prize, "Gösta Berling's Saga" came to be written. The author had just time to finish the early chapters of the book and submit them before the time limit expired. The remainder of the book was written at more leisure. Among her other notable books are "Miracles of Anti-Christ," "Jerusalem," and "The Wonderful Journey of Nils Holgerson." Miss Lagerlöf makes her home in a charming villa at Falun, in Dalecarlia. The great cities do not appeal to her.

SMOKE.

In a Wheat-Field of the San Benito.

The sun had forced the earth into league with it. From the valley's floor the unalleviated heat of the second hour after noon quivered in a yard-deep shimmer. The road, a long straight glare, was atremble; brown fields reflected fairy effects. Far off, toward a hidden town, a clump of trees showed uncertainly, an isolated patch of dark—supposedly green—in the varying yellows of the San Benito.

The tramp paused, head bared. His blanket pack, slung soldierwise, he eased slowly. As he wiped his forehead, the bandana streaked it with grime. For all his exertion and the dust and the garish heat, he felt vaguely that he was happy. The lure of the earth was on him, the lust of the road stirred in his veins.

He looked at the north: the entrance to the valley was still visible, a day's walk back. The easternmost spur of the range on the west, a diamond-head jutting apparently to meet the more rolling hills of the east, loomed impressive in the tenderness of its mauve tints. He remembered gratefully yet with regret a stream at its base. By it, under a scrub oak, the freshest of mornings, with one great star shining clear, had made the scene memorable. Even he had felt its poetry.

The man's view swept down the west, along the dark range by the ocean with trees jagging the sky's edge. These mountains looked across the valley to the bulwarks beyond which lay the great San Joaquin; hills, these latter, deep russet and violet-tinged beyond, sheer purple in patches, turning from brown to yellow—the yellow of wheat—on the nearer slopes. A great stretch of the dusty tinder of California hills in midsummer, from opposite the diamond-head to where the two ranges seemed to merge in the south.

Directly east, over the San Joaquin, the sky was darkened. It was sinister with a sullen brown that seemed a heavier tone of the farthest heights. This was smoke. Wheat was burning in the fields.

The tramp readjusted his pack. Save for thirst, he was content in a negative fashion: the warmth brought a sense of pleasurable labor and reward when afoot and of relief when still. From the roadside he selected a pebble and, in lieu of a drink, rolled it in his mouth. To the west, telegraph poles indicated the railroad—a jerk-water line joining the main road above.

"Wish I'd stuck to it." He reflected aloud and then wormed through the barbed-wire fence at the roadside, striking diagonally across the field to the line of poles.

The wide, brown stretch dwarfed him as the hills and the roads had not; pushing over the uneven ground, at times he sank till his head alone was visible, like that of a swimmer. It was hotter here than on the highway. Dry weeds and heavy-headed volunteer wheat, prolific of stickers, sent up a dust more choking than the white clouds of the road; they caught his clothes and tangled his feet.

The distance to the railroad seemed to extend itself tantalizingly. In a little hollow he paused, and then sat down, slipping the blanket. The sloping bank was a couch no wayfarer could resist. He was quite submerged: the walls of the hole were his horizon, the lowest growing things overtopped his head. Only from directly above was he visible.

Again the feeling of content, which had suffered from the hot work of traversing the field, came to him, strengthened, overmastering. He heard the rattle of insects crawling through plants or as they hopped and crept about him, and the hum of gnats was shrill. The earth gave forth a warm, acrid smell, the odor of growing things burnt brown. The savor was good in his nostrils. Occasionally a faint breeze made the spears of wheat nod gently.

Of all this—the warmth, the odorous earth, the calm rustle—he felt himself a part as he lay there, silent and motionless. His Pandean fraternity became complete when a gopher nosed from its hole in the bank opposite, a half-dozen feet away, and eyed him without alarm. The man returned the gaze curiously.

The little creature remained exposed, sniffing and scurrying timidly at intervals, till civilization, working through human habit, broke the spell, and the man sought complete contentment with a cigarette. Gray-blue, the smoke rose lazily from his hiding place.

Presently the earth bore to him tramping. A moment later a horseman in a sombrero looked down angrily from the bank above the gopher's hole. "Yer dam careful smokin' that way. What do y' want?"

The tramp undiplomatically inhaled a great puff. "I was hittin' over to the railway," he answered.

"Get out o' there, pronto. Can't loaf there. Come along now an' I'll show y' the road you'll take."

"I'm careful, boss; no need to get scairt on my account." The tramp, piqued, had risen only to a sitting posture.

"Godamighty!" broke out the other. "I c'n see the smoke from the San Joaquin here. Get up 'fore I take yeh." His hand fell on the rope coiled upon the saddle.

The tramp gave way to public opinion, voiced through this individual. As he scrambled from the hollow, he attempted the conversational. "How far is it?" he asked, pointing to the trees by the town.

"Put out that cigareet, careful. Five miles, about."

"Don't look two."

"Three by the railway."

"I was headed for that."

The horseman continued to glower at the intimation.

Down the field, a rambling adobe house showed itself; as they approached, the tramp saw a corral about it. One horse looked at them over the rail fence.

The rider opened the gate, motioned his charge through, and closed it with a horseman's care. "Now," he said, "down that road." Finality was in his tone as he pointed ahead.

A dusty stretch ran from the corral to the county road. Crossing the field obliquely, the tramp found, had taken him over a scant third of its breadth.

"But I was goin'—"

"That's the way." An index finger emphasized.

The tramp paused; then, "C'n I get a drink?" His tone was sarcastic.

The answer was a silent indication of the obvious horse trough.

"D rather die o' glanders 'n thirst," was his thanks. He drank long from the hot wooden pipe.

As he trudged off, the rider called in farewell: "Don't smoke no more 'round here."

"D'yeh think I'm loco?"

But the retort was lost as the man busied himself in the corral.

The incident was over: its effect had merely begun. In the sluggish mind of the plodder, resentment grew slowly, but sent its roots deep. His previous contentment was forgotten; the harmony that had made him the equal of the gopher was supplanted by increasing irksomeness and resentment. He swore, not only at the man who had interrupted him and added oppressive miles to his afternoon, but at the class he represented. For him there were but two classes—his own and the other.

"This's what they need!" He spoke aloud, tapping his hip pocket. Why he was armed he did not know: there was no definite reason. The revolver was a habit, a convention.

Beside the road, the volunteer wheat nodded mockingly over the fence at him under a gentle puff of wind. It was only a puff, though: the fumes of the earth continued to rise visibly from the dust-padded way, along which he made meagre progress. The clump of trees seemed as distant as ever; the blanket gained weight, and even the water of a horse trough was beyond reach.

He rested, contemplatively, and rolled a cigarette. The smoke, biting sharp, brought no enjoyment save the satisfaction of habit, yet calmed him. Gradually the causes of his perturbation lost outline, became evanescent, till they were like the smoke-cloud over the hills, dark and ominous, but capable of being forgotten.

He rose from his rock stool and turned his head from the visible smoke. For a time he walked with greater weariness. The dust shot from the toes of his boots at every step, shaking powder over him, sprinkling his clothes, choking him.

Suddenly he paused, again wiped his face, glanced each way along the bare line, turned his face toward the distant defile of poles, and leaped the little gully at the roadside. He entered the field. "You can't stop me," he muttered, glowering back toward the corral.

A big exhalation of tobacco smoke seemed to flaunt contempt to whatever might see. His stride became more decisive. Sullenness gave way to defiance: the clash with the horseman had, with cumulative results, brought its little climax. A rude form of self-esteem cheered him.

"By hell!" he cried in a returning flare of passion, "I'm a man, aint I? I c'n walk if I want to through this Godforsaken ranch, I guess, eh? Huh!"

Before him was a hillock. In spite of his spirit of daring, he skirted its base for safety. His course was deflected from the oblique to a parallel of the road. Waist high, the wheat clung to him and lower growths caught his feet, but retardment gave him only the sense of a task being accomplished. The mechanical work of walking, the drudgery it imposed, soothed by occupying him. Bit by bit, increasing with every yard gained, peace returned.

He dropped suddenly into a hollow and emerged with an upward lunge. At the crest he halted. There the growing tranquillity which had verged on a dumb exaltation changed in one moment to rancor. The telepathic sense, the enigmatical instinct bred of crisis, commanded "Turn," and he obeyed.

In the road, facing him, with right arm akimbo, was the horseman. Motionless, the two men gazed across the few rods between them, while the drifting dust of the road settled almost imperceptibly on the rider and on his mount. Enmity thrived as they glared. Into the vista of the tramp, the smoke-cloud over the hills came again.

"Come out!"

The order rang impatiently, bringing his grievance before the tramp once more sharply defined. "I'm going to walk where I want to." In the reply was doggedness. About to add, "I aint hurtin' nothin'," the tramp checked the qualification as a confession, an implied request for lenity or favor.

"I'm a dep'ty sheriff. Come out; you're under arrest."

The horseman, sliding from the saddle, stooped to pick up a stone. As his free hand reached a fence-post, he halted.

The sun glinted on a revolver as the tramp slipped a hand from under his coat. "Come 'n' get me." There was more than defiance in the challenge—contempt. For he had seen his opponent's holster was empty.

The clash of their strange antagonism, a struggle of

obstinacy against obstinacy, held them poised on the plane of tragedy. A man wished to walk across a bit of land: another wished to prevent him. This triviality arrayed them as foes. To one it was sublimated to a battle between law on his side and criminality on the other. The second saw the issue lie between oppression and a desire simple and without harm. To each, as he stood expectant, his view grew to the importance of a cause and his hate turned to fervor on the fringe of an odd fanaticism.

The deputy was forced to yield. "I won't come, but by God I'll get you!" he shouted as he backed to his horse.

When he mounted the tramp laughed nervously. "Yeh won't get me."

This was lost in the dust-deadened clatter of hoofs. From the spot where he had been halted, he watched the rider dwindle, galloping in the opposite direction to the corral. "Where's he goin'?" the man in the field asked. The deputy's gun should be at the corral: why, then, the ride south? Alarm came at the enigma and the hints of explanation groped for in the moment.

He estimated the distance to the railroad; there should be time to cross the field and get away in the beyond before the deputy could reach him. But he must avoid the town. The prospect made his throat dryer and warmed the sun. He rolled another cigarette, not because he wished to smoke, but as a matter of principle. Then he struck forward hurriedly.

Uneven ground checked his progress. Purposely he kept to the higher levels now, to follow the progress of a speck of a horse in a cloud. Far to the south he saw the rider turn toward the railroad; by reasoning rather than sight the watcher made out a road bisecting the field. For an instant he contemplated the choice of that, but the determination to have his way, to make no concession, strengthened by the threat of the deputy, sent him forward.

"I'm goin' t' cross here." He spoke aloud for emphasis and reassurance. Not till he was well over did he lose sight of the rider.

For a while he forgot time. Occupied physically with the hard field, he was busied mentally with a confusion of remembrances, of things seen but unnoticed before, retorts overlooked, strategy practicable and impossible, plans for action should they meet again. His anger simmered. With eyes selecting his path, he kept on, absorbed in the whirl created by the struggle for mastery.

The railroad was but a quarter of a mile away when he paused to take a survey. The knoll on which he stood was the highest of all. It fell into a little gully before him, much like that in which he had rested, at peace, when the deputy first came upon him. Beyond it, the ground stretched level to the railroad, which seemed to waver, crested by silver rails.

As he took in the foreground, he gave thanks that the last stretch was clear. Then he looked at the track.

On the roadbed was a horseman. At the crossing with the road below was a second. A third cantered along this highway toward the county road, retracing the deputy's course. The three marked the points of a triangle; his own position was midway in the hypotenuse. Horses on the road could outstrip a man on broken ground: he was cornered. This was predestined. He realized it then without rage, scarcely ruffled. The idea of continuing on his way in peace went tumbling into remoteness.

The discovery came at a moment when, his belated wrath ascendant, he had been framing defiance and obloquy for the deputy. The sight of the three sentinels sobered him. He studied them. One had a rifle—the man on the tracks. This mount he recognized as the deputy's. Of the newcomers, the figure at the crossing was portentous in repose. The third, riding on the white road, reined in as he came directly under the tip of the smoke from the San Joaquin, and turned in his saddle, waving to the others.

Before they could answer, the tramp had dropped to the gully in three bounds. Head and shoulder above the level, he had breastworks ready to hand. No thought of peace arose. They had come for fight: fight they would have. All the venomous passions of conflict surged up; an elemental prejudice commixed with a resentment borne of the newest days, a vaguely radical dissatisfaction which, for him, threw over his plight the glamour of martyrdom. His sensations demanded expression; profanity was the only means he had mastered. He cursed the three to himself while he twirled a cigarette into shape ostentatiously. The bit of paper and the brown flakes formed his ultimatum.

The man at the crossing was the first to move, dismounting. Almost simultaneously the deputy on the track waved his arms and yelled. His hands made a megaphone and his voice floated over the field strangely small: "Stay out, sheriff!"

But the sheriff merely turned his horse flank to, posting himself behind it. A full half-minute brought no movement. None intimated with a gesture offense, defense, or placation. In his trench, the tramp strained to note a sign.

Suddenly the horse at the crossing became restive; it whinnied, sidled, and its head jerked high. The sheriff leaped to the bit, and at the same time the deputy down the wagon road took precautionary aim.

A nervous reflex brought out the tramp's revolver, and while the field, the roads, and the men danced as if seen through a warped glass, he fired. Instantaneously from the farther corners of the triangle came answers.

Before him two bullets made the earth spit dust. The men, hugging their horses, slipped to the ground.

There was no going back now. Biting his cigarette, the tramp crouched till he could barely peer through the weedy growth. "Fire low, fire low," he said aloud, trying to keep count of his shots. At the last, the horse which had neighed kicked and fell. Over its saddle rose spurts of smoke. All four were firing now, their shots coming in an irregular clatter.

Reloading, the single fighter concentrated on the two directly before him, on the white road. "I'll get 'em," he cried.

The man at the crossing stayed behind the dead horse, but the other advanced into the field, pausing to aim. He walked carelessly, yet never took his eye from the ditch. Once he dropped to his knee.

"Onc," counted the tramp. "... Two ... Three ... I'll get 'em yet; four, five ... Six—what's wrong?"

He had lost count; six was a dead cartridge. Again he reloaded. How many rounds were left he did not know. His breath came hard and his hand shook as he thrust the bits of metal home. "Gott'er count right," he told himself.

Again he began the tale. As he cried "Three," the man in the field started forward at a trot. Once more the telepathic sense halted the wanderer. His revolver hand dropped; he wheeled.

Behind the gully, looking down from the crest of a rise, was his first opponent. The deputy had stolen a march. The tramp's pistol rose half way and dropped. A bullet had hit the arm. For one instant he tried to hold his gun in his left hand. As realization of futility came, he threw it toward his enemy, yelling a curse, and the pistol gyrated prettily in the sun.

No further apart than they had been at their second meeting, the pair stared. The deputy was smiling. The tramp shrank as he made out each feature. Three paces backward he went, feeling his way along the wall of the declivity. His mouth worked to cry curses, but no sound came. In panic, he bowed his head and threw his forearm across his face, erushing the stub of his cigarette.

The shots from the hillock came regularly. Firing as they ran, the other men were charging from the road.

Of a sudden the tramp lurched against his breast-work. The steady reports from the little hill kept up. They seemed the ticking of some gigantic instrument measuring the moments of a life.

Then the tramp crumpled.

Presently the three came together on the knoll from which he had first seen them. "I got 'm," said the man he had defied.

They contemplated their work without exultation. At length the sheriff said, "He looks like an ex-con. ... He was a bad one."

As they gazed into the little arroyo, only the tiny rustle of things alive in the field ruffled the calm. A gopher bobbed from a hole, blinked, and disappeared. Before them, faintly blue and striated against the clump of trees, the smoke of the fusillade drifted and faded.

Over the eastern hills, the smoke from the San Joaquin lay oppressively still. M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1911.

Dwellers in the hills, crudely armed with primitive weapons, but terrific fighters, are the Yaqui Indians, who have more than once decisively beaten the soldiers of Mexico. Peaceable when undisturbed, fully alive to the richness of their mines and the value of their fertile valleys, they sought only to defend that which was theirs from the grasping hands of those who desired their mines and their lands. Like most aborigines, however, they were doomed from the first. What was, at the time of Cortez, a tribe five thousand strong, able to defy the warriors of Montezuma, has dwindled until there are now not more than five hundred souls in the valley of the Yaqui River and in the mountain gorges which wall in the source of this stream. The bulk of the Yaquis have been wiped out in sanguinary wars, or taken prisoners and shot; and those for whom no excuse for death could be found have been deported to the fever-stricken vales of Yucatan. The Yaquis as a race are no more, but their passing has been made complete only during the past few years.

Argentina is the greatest exporter of corn in the world; she sends abroad more chilled and frozen meat than any other country. Only Russia excels her in wheat exports, and only Australia contributes more wool to international trade. The story of her occupations is told in the fact that nearly \$4,500,000,000 of working capital is represented in the pastoral and agricultural pursuits and in the allied industries, while less than \$100,000,000 is involved in manufactures, and this includes electric-light and power plants used in the larger cities.

There is just one variety of rubber-producing tree in the world that will thrive outside the tropics. That tree is now growing on the southern slope of a hill in the Arnold Arboretum, in a residence district within three miles of the gilded dome of the Massachusetts state-house. When the arboretum's explorer and collector, Mr. E. H. Wilson, went back to the gates of Tibet a year ago, an English nobleman offered any sum required for a quantity of the seeds of this remarkable tree, to be brought from their native home.

LONDON ONCE MORE.

With Some Reflections on Heat and Feet.

Miss Philadelphia and Miss Manhattan were our exclusive passengers. In the proper order of social demarcation they ought to have been seated at the captain's table, but as that stalwart navigator had been appropriately apportioned four ladies to two men, Miss Philadelphia and Miss Manhattan were deputed to grace the purser's right. For daughters of Uncle Sam they were singularly reticent; not when the voyage ended had they disclosed the object for which they were crossing, but during the last day or two Miss Manhattan waxed growingly eloquent over the pleasures she anticipated in another visit to London.

Those anticipations inspired her with unusual valor. When the good ship's anchor dropped into the Thames off Tilbury, and the sun's red disk was seen peering its farewell greeting over a bank of gray fog, Miss Manhattan defied the raw cold of the evening air for the "pleasure of seeing London town once more." She deserved all the reward she got. For there were tribulations in store—tribulations which are meaningless to those who have not experienced the bone-chilling sensation of London trains and hotels. The toy-like first-class carriages which were waiting to convey the voyagers to St. Pancras were as cold as an ice-house; the metal foot-warmers which were obtainable for a three-penny tip to alert porters served merely to accentuate the gulf which separates the warmed parlor-car of America from the refrigerated first-class carriage of England. Even Miss Manhattan's enthusiasm hardened into an iron frost. She was last seen huddled up in a corner, ensnathed in furs and rugs, and her breath, which floated in clouds on the chilly air, was silent as to the "pleasure of seeing London town once more."

But Miss Philadelphia and Miss Manhattan were, in a sense, fortunate. In their solitary outburst of confidence they disclosed that no hotel, but the home of friends, was their destination. Fortunate beings! In dining-room and drawing-room and bedroom there would be great glowing fires awaiting their advent; even the sheets of their bed would be made tolerable by the ministry of the warming-pan or the hot-water bottle. Far sadder and far colder was the fate in store for their late companions: to each and all of these was reserved the arctic welcome of a London hotel.

For the two things which most impress one who returns to the English capital after a sojourn in the United States are the paucity of heat and the plenitude of feet. Naturally, it is the paucity of heat which first arrests the attention, for a chilled circulation is not conducive to the frame of mind from which observation is born. There is no escaping the deathly cold of the London hotel. 'Tis true radiators are dotted about the public rooms, in deference, no doubt, to American manners, but they never radiate. That is, they never radiate heat, but, on the contrary, being so much chilly metal, help to lower a temperature already sufficiently arctic. Of course there is a fire away in a far-off corner, but whatever rays of warmth it may throw out are effectively intercepted by two or three guests who have planted themselves in front of its blaze.

And the passages and bedrooms! Ugh! They strike a chill to the marrow of one's bones. The door-handles and chairs are frigid to the touch, the water-jugs feel like icicles, the sheets might be slabs of glaciers. For "a shilling a night" you may have a fire in the tiny grate, but even that indulgence is a poor remedy for the chills, and shivers, and quakes, and quivers which afflict the occupant of a London hotel bedroom.

When he becomes an expert in strategy, the refrigerated guest may mitigate his lot by manœuvring his way to one of those two or three chairs by the fire. It is then he begins to make observations on the plenitude of feet in London. And he notes that it is common to both sexes. That helps to explain why the hobble skirt won no favor in London, but it leaves as a mystery the male Londoner's predilection for skimpy trousers. Perhaps those skimpy trousers accentuate the male feet of London, and the English bootmaker does the rest. He does it thoroughly. No doubt his leather is excellent; but his style—! There is said to be a village shoemaker somewhere in England who fashions English leather on American lasts, but his customers are as lost in London as a needle in a haystack. One may forgive the official shoemaker for finishing off policeman's shoes with a sole an inch thick, for bobby has to endure much weather, but to pardon the English shoemaker for the splay-shaped footwear which is his staple article is impossible. He helps to create that plenitude of feet which, with the paucity of heat, somewhat mars the "pleasure of seeing London town once more."

Yet there are compensations. They are not found in those mouthfuls of smoke-laden air which leave the taste of the chimney on the palate, nor in the pungent odors with which the motor buses fill the streets, nor in the stupid perversity of the cockneys for the wrong side of the pavement, nor in the affected or inunderstandable use of the king's English, but in those effects begotten of smoke-charged atmosphere, in the casual and unusual incidents of the thronged thoroughfares, and in those countless ghosts of the illustrious dead who beckon one from every corner. The winter vistas of London streets, which half reveal and half conceal, which harbor mysterious shadows here and

force them with black spaces there, explain the love of Whistler and many another etcher. And the hurrying throng, or the pathetic musicians piping for pence by the kerb, or the pavement merchants with their varied wares all "a penny each"—these are among the elements of London's unfailing charm. Even the heart of the recluse of Oyster Bay would warm towards that vender on Ludgate Hill who spends his days trying to secure subscribers to the *Daily Liar*.

But the ghosts of London! He who is independent of Baedeker sees their wraiths at every turn. Not merely the portly figure of Boswell's hero rolling along Fleet Street or darkening the doorway of many a tavern, but the shade of Benjamin Franklin in Craven Street, the spectre of Edmund Burke in the Gerrard Street restaurant where he eats his eighteen-penny lunch, the eager, boyish face of John Ruskin at the window of his birthplace on Brunswick Street, or the wistful visage of John Keats lighting the gloom of Great College Street, or— But the list is endless. To the American read in English literature and history the streets of London can never be lonely; a familiar spirit will greet him from every nook and help him to forget both the paucity of heat and the plenitude of feet.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, February 15, 1911.

An Artist and His Aids.

John La Farge renewed the lost tradition of the Renaissance workshop (says Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., in an "appreciation" published in the current number of the *World's Work*). From 1876 (when he organized that gallant emergency squad which under cruel conditions of time and convenience decorated Trinity Church, Boston) Mr. La Farge always had about him a corps of assistants ranging from intelligent artisans to accomplished artists. Upon all of them he impressed his will so completely that even their invention cast itself in his forms. One who was long his chief assistant told me that there were scores of drawings and sketches about the studio which might be his own or the master's—he honestly could not tell. A well-known art critic pleaded that the cartoon of the Confucius (every stroke of which was executed by this assistant) should be preserved in a museum as an imperishable memorial of La Farge's handiwork. His workshop dealt impartially with designs for glass or wall, accepting also humble decorative jobs, and drawing in on occasion woodcarvers and inlayers, sculptors, and even the casual visitor.

And here I am reminded of a club discussion concerning sculpture by proxy, the subtlety of contracts, the employment of students' sketches, etc. Mr. La Farge diverted an argument that was becoming too emphatic by the following anecdote:

"The other day," he said, "I was painting on the garden of the Confucius while my chief assistant was working on one of the heads. In came V. I. and I set him at a bit of drapery. Time was valuable, you see. L. looked in, and I set him at a bit of foreground foliage. I saw that the dead coloring of the sky needed deepening. At that moment my secretary, Miss B., entered with a letter. I gave her a broad brush, showed her how to charge it and sweep it with a mechanical stroke, and against her protest she, too, was enlisted." With that ineffable restrained smile of his he turned to me and asked, "Now whose picture was that?"

And I was lucky enough to blunder out, "It was a fine La Farge."

In this spirit the great decorators have always worked, and it is only by such devoted coöperation that we can hope to revive the monumental style. Mr. La Farge's genius for leadership—such men as Kenyon Cox, F. D. Millet, Will H. Low, W. B. Van Ingen, Humphreys Johnston, and the late Francis Lathrop, among others, have gladly served him—has almost as great importance as his painting. If there were many such shops as his the complete irrationality of much of our art instruction would be abated. Such clever and legitimate use of assistance did not prevent him from achieving remarkable autographic feats. The whole landscape of the Confucius was painted by himself from sketches made in Japan. The grandiose "Moses on Sinai" (in the same series) with its magnificent volcanic landscape, a Hawaiian reminiscence, was begun and finished with his own hand, though he had reached his seventieth year. But he would never admit any inferiority in the work done by his helpers, and here he felt like his great predecessors of the Renaissance.

For a jade vase seven inches high and seven and a half inches in diameter in the late Robert Hoe's collection of art objects \$3600 was paid at the auction in New York City a few days ago. The jade was of the green variety, approaching the hue of spinach. Its ornamentation was in undercut relief carving and pierced work in such form and arrangement that its beauty is best revealed when a light is placed within. It was carved in the reign of the Chinese emperor who abdicated in 1795 rather than show disrespect to the memory of his grandfather by reigning for as long a time as the grandfather did, the grandson, Ch'ien-lung, having already occupied the Dragon Seat for fifty-nine years, while grandpa K'ang-hsi reigned for sixty. The carving pictured mountains and figures in a well recognized Chinese motive. The vase was bought under a pseudonym, but it is understood that it goes to enrich a Western museum.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A Fine Biography That Is Free From the Malicious Caricatures of Boswell.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore in "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith" is perhaps the first among modern biographers to impeach not only the accuracy, but the motives of Boswell. It is time, he says in effect, that we de-throned Boswell from his position as the one unimpeachable authority on the Titans among whom he lived. He was by no means the faithful phonograph that it has been the custom for a hundred years to consider him. We have assumed too much on his simplicity, his folly, and his canine devotion to his hero Johnson, and therefore we have overlooked a certain cunning, a certain malice, that was so cunning and so malicious as to remain hidden while inflicting the most severe and incurable wounds. Indeed, Mr. Moore goes so far as to say that, like the collie dogs of Scotland, he would herd the conversation in any way he pleased and gravely record the expressions of his own spite as the opinions of Johnson. Perhaps his associates had some suspicion of the unworthy part that he was playing. Certainly they resented his intrusion into a company that was not always in a mood to be pleased by vacuity, for even the court fool would sometimes make an untimely appearance. Some one asked once, "Who is that cur that is always following at Johnson's heels?" Goldsmith replied, "He is not a cur. He is only a burr that Tom Davies threw at Johnson as a jest, and he has stuck to him ever since." Mr. Moore thinks that the Boswell myth might have fallen under suspicion long since. Boswell's dislike of Goldsmith was notorious, and he has indeed succeeded in painting a somewhat hateful picture of his aversion and persuading us that it is a portrait. And yet all the world loves Goldsmith. We do not love Johnson, nor Dryden, nor Pope, but Goldsmith inspires a warmth of kindly sentiment that is given to no other man of his age. And yet at the same time, strange to say, we are willing to believe Boswell, who portrays him as a liar, an ingrate, a hypocrite, and a braggart. It is as though our intellectual credulities were contradicted by a more reliable intuition, and the lineaments of the real Goldsmith could not be wholly suppressed even by the most skillful caricature. And the caricature was skillful, surprisingly skillful. Boswell knew how to damn with faint praise and to produce the semblance of generosity in order to strike the deeper. He knew better than to paint as a fool the man whom he wished to denounce as a knave. "To me and to many others," says Boswell, "it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though indeed upon a smaller scale." He imitated, but imitated ineffectively, and while he had a certain amount of intellectual soil, it was "thin soil," and "no deep root could be struck." Boswell's manner of conceding a small virtue in order to emphasize a great fault is well shown over and over again, as, for example, in the trivial story that he tells of an incident in France, so trivial that it would never be told at all except by malice:

"When accompanying two beautiful young ladies and their mother on a tour of France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next to him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not hear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth: 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.' He, I am afraid," continues Mr. Boswell—"and we see the eyes of the unctuous Scotsman raised from his manuscript as he makes the sorrowful record—"I am afraid"—and we see him shake his head in melancholy retrospect—"He, I am afraid"—and we hear his sigh as he at last brings himself to the point of setting down the mournful truth—"had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally."

There need be no doubt that Goldsmith was vain. Genius often is vain, and there are characters that vanity seems almost to decorate. Johnson, of course, had no toleration for vanity and would express himself with his usual vehemence. "Sir, he is so much afraid of being unnoticed that he often talks merely lest you should forget that he is in the company." Then Boswell, finding that he had touched a raw place, would carefully touch it again by a feeble defense in order that his hero might be stimulated from reproof to fury. "I told him," says Boswell, "of some trivial opinion that Goldsmith had expressed." "Sir," replies Johnson, "he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing":

Respecting the extraordinary vanity of Goldsmith, Boswell gives us many anecdotes. Upon one occasion when he was wearing a "bloom-colored" coat, he "strutted about hragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. . . . 'Let me tell you' (said Goldsmith), 'when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat he said, "Sir, I have a favor to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to remember John Filby at the Harrow in Water Lane."'" Whereupon Johnson, who had doubtless been thinking over this ponderous matter, said, "Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a color."

The author believes that Goldsmith was born on November 10, 1728, in County Roscommon, Ireland. His father was a Protestant curate, one of those unfortunate clerical misfits who are "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Oliver Goldsmith passed more than half his life in Ireland, and it was probably in Ireland that he acquired most of the characteristics for which we condemn him and love him. It was the day of

coarse and prodigal extravagance and of a sort of brutality that sheltered itself behind the pretense of high life. Mr. Moore gives us a picture that has its value in estimating the influences that surrounded his hero:

The gaiety of a brawl, with pistol shots and the flash of steel, might he indulged in every night in every grade of society in Dublin. That was what was called fun. There was no such thing known as a banquet without hoodedness. The coarseness of the habits of the host society was astonishing to the English visitors in the viceregal entourage; and this was possibly why the moment appeared an opportune one for the publication of a volume on etiquette, entitled "Hints to Introduce Decorum at City Feasts and Sunday Ordinaries in Dublin," and there can not be a doubt that the author's judgment was correct on this point, and his volume did not appear too soon. Among the hints which he considers advisable to offer for his readers is not to be too eager for the first cut from any joint at a banquet, and not to have a plate heaped with meat and vegetables. Two pounds weight, roughly speaking, he suggests as reasonable, but he adds, "to start with." He goes so far as to consider it inadvisable "to drag the leg of a fowl through your teeth in order to secure your property in it, and then lay it by to pick at your leisure." He discontenances throwing rejected "scraps of meat off your plate into the dish." Arthur Murphy mentions that "the tables groaned with abundance, but there was neither order nor good taste in the establishments."

Goldsmith's travels on the continent of Europe must be passed without mention. How he contrived them without money must be left to speculation. Apparently he lived the life of a beggar, playing the flute for a meal and a bed in the straw, but at least "The Traveler" was the result. And this gives occasion for a story that is not without its pathos:

"Dr. Goldsmith," said Chamier one evening at the club, "what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your Traveler: 'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow—' Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?"

Goldsmith said "Yes."

"No, sir," cried Johnson; "you did not mean tardiness of locomotion. You mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude."

"Ah!" exclaimed Goldsmith, "that was what I meant."

Of course Johnson knew much more about it than the author. But we can imagine what recollections passed through Goldsmith's mind in that foolish pause which followed the question. "Slow." What did the word mean? What does it convey to any one with even the smallest share of imagination? How could it possibly apply to the progress of a traveler on foot in early spring on the miry banks of the lazy Scheld?

Goldsmith's next ambition was to secure an appointment as surgeon for the East India Company on the Coromandel coast, and to secure the necessary funds he set about "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." He wrote to his friends in Ireland asking them to secure subscriptions, and this, says his biographer, is "the only real business step that can be recorded against him." But it failed:

The result was what every Irishman, save only Oliver Goldsmith, would have predicted: his dear friends ignored his appeal. Some of them, when he died famous, and when a memorial to him was placed in Westminster Abbey, spent their time boasting of their friendship for "dear old Noll Goldsmith"; but that was how they interpreted the claims of friendship when he was alive. Five shillings represented the difference between failure and success as an author to Goldsmith, and not one of them would promise to stand by him to this amount.

He wrote to his dear Ned Mills and to Boh Bryanton, who had been his companion on so many excursions on the river and the lake; he wrote to his Jane Lawder, with whom he had played duets at Kilmore, and to his brother-in-law, Daniel Bodson, but the result was the same: no matter in what direction his letters went, no one paid any attention to them.

Toward the year 1761 there were some signs of a tardy public appreciation. Almost for the first time in his life Goldsmith found himself in funds, but affluence was always short lived with him. The author says that the Grub Street loafers must have been awaiting him four deep when he returned from his publishers with coin in his pocket, and they had it all before he had climbed his breakneck stairs:

He formed some very doubtful friendships at this time. There was a certain club that offered him a choice between the thriftless and the disreputable, and, lest he might be embarrassed in his choosing, some of his own countrymen sought him out—and when they found that he was earning money—by forcing their companionship upon him, gave him an example of a combination of both. There was one Pilkington, whom he had known in Dublin—an excellent type of the plausible rascal. He came to Goldsmith with a story that would not have imposed upon even the little girl who borrowed the coals from him when Percy was his visitor—a story of a duchess who collected the albino mouse, necessitating the approach of a naturalist to her grace in a decent coat, and a decent coat could not be had for less than two guineas. Of course Pilkington had the mice safe at the docks; but where were the two guineas to come from? Goldsmith was willing to oblige, but alas! he had only half a guinea in cash. Pilkington had doubtless many a time faced a more difficult problem. Goldsmith had a watch. It was taken to a pawnbroker's, and—that was the last he saw of it or of the naturalist for many a day.

Goldsmith found some difficulty to secure recognition for his distinctly Irish humor. When he joked people thought that he was a fool, but we are not sure that the author is correct in explanation of the Irish bull:

That is how the Irishman found that his bull was a valuable national asset: it gave him the reputation of belonging to a nation of blunderers, but not on account of their use of that figure of speech known as the bull. If a really observant Englishman had seen the twinkle that there was in the eye of the old Mayo peasant who, when cheering the ladies who had helped the neighborhood in time of great distress, walked away muttering, "If it wasn't for the famine we'd all be starvin' this day," he would have known more about the true Irish bull than a whole treatise could teach him.

"The Traveler" did eventually find a publisher, although the reading world at that time much preferred the maunderings of some titled fool who had made the grand tour and who was willing to embalm his folly

in a book. But even here the poet neglected his opportunities by dedicating the little volume to his brother instead of to some aristocrat whose vanity might have been coined into money:

The second page of the hooklet contained another example of what Hawkins called "this idiot in the affairs of the world," putting aside his chances of making his venture a success by a dedication to a person of position and influence; it bore a dedication "To the Reverend Henry Goldsmith," his brother, and this was actually of an apologetic character.

"I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication: and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you."

It is pleasant to have no reason to believe otherwise than that this dedication was received by the curate of Kilkenny West, Co. Langford, Ireland, in the spirit in which it was offered; and that he had no *arrière pensée* in accepting immortality in association with an "attempt" to which his name was prefixed.

It was from his plays that Goldsmith tasted his first real prosperity, and in 1768 we find him with £500 in his pocket and rapidly burning their way through it:

Goldsmith with £500 in his hand all at once appears before us as a scarcely recognizable figure. He does not remain long so. He soon reveals his identity. What is a man to do who has had a constant struggle to obtain the necessities of life and who has learnt by hard experience how precarious are the pecuniary rewards of genius, when he suddenly becomes possessed of more than eight times the largest sum that he has ever had at one time? That was the question which he must have asked himself with his £500 in his pocket.

His ingenuity was quite equal to the working out of an answer. Manifestly the only thing that could possibly be done with the money was to buy the lease of a set of chambers in the best part of the Temple and furnish them in proper style.

He spent the whole of the money in this way within a few weeks of receiving it. Brick Court was the situation which he chose. He was fortunate enough (he thought) to be able to purchase the lease for £400, and he was certain that, with due extravagance, he could lay out his remaining £100 on furniture. He did not overestimate his powers in this way. In a day or two he was his old self, the Oliver Goldsmith whom everybody knew—a penniless genius, only instead of being lodged near the roof in Green Arbor Court—instead of being lodged on the staircase, jointly with Jeffs the butler, in Garden Court, where he could live as modestly as was consistent with his income, he has an expensive suite, admirably furnished and extremely well adapted for the exercise of hospitality.

In 1770 appeared "The Deserted Village." Johnson thought it to be inferior to "The Traveler," but then, as Mr. Moore points out, he had contributed nine lines to the earlier poem and only four to the latter, and this would be the ratio of its inferiority. Perfect as was the poem, it was equaled by its dedication:

What can he said of the man who could write the words of that dedication? It was inscribed to Sir Joshua Reynolds: "The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

It is the most perfect dedication in the English language. It is the only dedication that could be attached to such a poem, and the poem is the only one that could follow such an inscription. Read the words that we have quoted and note the natural hush that follows. We are conscious of having heard an exquisite chord struck, and we pause to allow its vibrations to wane away. They take long. . . .

Gray had read the poem to him, and before he heard the last line he cried:

"This man is a poet!"

He might have said "This man is a poet" before his reader had finished the dedication.

Goldsmith's fame was now established, much to Boswell's surprise, who came to London just about the time when "Threnodia" was published:

It was certainly not on account of the performance of this work during the month of February that Boswell, coming to London from his native Scotland, was amazed to find the name of Goldsmith in everybody's mouth. He could not understand the reason, and so he applied to Johnson for a solution.

"Sir," he complained to his mentor, "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war who were not generals."

"Why, sir," replied Johnson, "you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did before you find one fit to do what Goldsmith has done."

The explanation reminds one of the reply of the avaricious prima donna to the potentate who refused to accede to her terms on the plea that were he to pay her price she would be receiving more than any of his marshals: "Eh, hien, mon sire. Let your marshals sing to you."

Tom Paine makes a single appearance in this biography. He wrote to Goldsmith asking him to receive a copy of a complaint that had been drawn up on behalf of himself and of his fellow-excisenemen:

This letter has undoubtedly an interest of its own, for within two years of its date the writer's fortunes had undergone a great change, and he was on the way to become celebrated, or, according to Percy, notorious. The "ease" which he presented to Goldsmith and having complied with the author's request for an interview, commended him very highly and gave him the assurance that America was waiting for such men as he. Paine took the hint and found that this information was correct. America received him with enthusiasm, as also did France when her revolution was in progress. He was more fortunate than the Scotch exciseman who had shown himself in too great sympathy with the same tremendous national convulsion, and who, horn two years later than Tom Paine, died thirteen years earlier, miserable to the last because he had no friend near him of the practical insight of Franklin to advise him for his good.

Mr. Moore may be said to have written the first real biography of Goldsmith that has appeared. It is real because it does not grovel to the authority of Boswell, but rather uses that authority wisely and with due heed to verification. Mr. Moore's book is likely to hold the field for a long time to come, and deservedly so.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Attitudes and Avowals.

Of Mr. Le Gallienne's new book with its twenty-four essays we prefer the latter part to the former, that is to say, the "Retrospective Reviews" to the "Attitudes and Avowals." Mr. Le Gallienne knew many of the great dead, and he has the gift of ungrudging admiration. His anecdotes, too, are generally illuminating, as for example the story that he tells of Meredith. In fear and trembling—he was very young at the time—he asked his hero for a page of his manuscript and Meredith assented—"with royal geniality." But the promise for the moment was overlooked and a reminder was necessary. "Of course, Mr. Meredith, I don't ask for anything important. If I might only have a little poem—" He meant that he did not expect the manuscript of "Richard Feverel," for example. But the great man was touched on the raw. "Oh, I see! You don't want anything important—nothing important—only one of my poems. Ah!" And so there was no manuscript at all for him. Meredith and Swinburne died within a few days of each other—"it makes the world seem homeless. and, so to say, shabby. . . . When Björnson and Tolstoy go, there won't be a great man left in the world." There are many such retrospections, always apposite, always pointed, and if we may think that Mr. Grant Allen occupies too high a pedestal it is at least a creditable personal affection that places him there. But there will be no quarrel with Mr. Le Gallienne's general appreciations of Tennyson, Meredith, Symonds, and Stephen Phillips.

The author is not always so happy in his "avowals." Why should a poet be struck by the incongruity of the check sent him in payment for his poems? The check represents nominally money, but actually power. With it he can buy a day in the country, and so inspiration, or a book. Money will lubricate the hinges of heaven if rightly spent, and how can a poet be better paid than with power? Very pleasant is the essay on fairy tales, but do they always "represent the dreams of the poor and the unhappy"? Of the poor, perhaps, but surely not of the unhappy, since fairy tales seem to say, "Be kind, always be kind." It is true that rich people do not write fairy tales, but neither do they paint pictures, nor compose music—not at least in noticeable quantities. Usually they are just rich. Elsewhere Mr. Le Gallienne reminds us that even wealth sits differently upon men and women: "When a man knows he can buy you body and soul he is usually decent about it, but a woman . . . well! she stands haughtily on a race-track in the sun and looks like her—bank account."

These essays are well justified. Many of them are not profound. Indeed, Mr. Le Gallienne is rarely profound. He makes no pose as an interpreter of life and he willingly leaves the greater problems to those who have a greater assurance. But all that he writes is dainty and fresh and he tells us so many things that we have always known, and only art can do this.

ATTITUDES AND AVOWALS. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Heritage of the Desert.

This fine story is of the wholesome, old-fashioned kind, a combination of historical accuracy, character portraits, and a sentiment that is consonant with normal human experience. There is no jar of improbability from the first page to the last.

The hero is John Hare, who has come into southern Utah in search of health. Fainting in the desert, he is rescued by August Naab, a Mormon elder, then on his way with his sons to his ranch in the Arizona mountains. The patriarchal simplicity of the Mormon combined with a certain grim pioneer fortitude make a strong appeal to the young man's imagination, and as he is in danger of his life from the cattle rustlers, who believe him to be a spy, he readily accepts the old man's

offer of protection and employment and accompanies him to his desert home. It is in his description of old-time life in Arizona that the author is at his best. John Hare is assigned to the sheep tending because of the open-air life, and we see him in daily conflict with coyotes and bears and amid all the vicissitudes of a land where men fought for water as savagely as they ever fought for gold and where the rifle was the only law and the only enforcer of order.

In his choice of a heroine the author shows a peculiar skill. Mescal, half Navajo Indian, has been adopted in her infancy by Naab and has grown up into a wild desert beauty. She has been betrothed to one of Naab's stalwart sons, and the only one with a bad character. Moreover, he has a wife already. Naturally she falls in love with Hare, and when she finds that there is no other escape from her Mormon suitor she escapes into the desert. Then comes her pursuit and rescue by Hare, and they return to the ranch to find it attacked by the rustlers and to take a hand in the grim scene of their extermination. It is a thoroughly well-told story of ceaseless action, yet so well knit as to run smoothly and compactly to a well-considered finish.

THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

The Lady of the Spur.

Mr. David Potter has given us a thoroughly good and satisfying romance of New Jersey in the early days of the republic. The hero is Tom Bell, who was once charged as a highwayman and exiled, but who now, at the risk of his neck, revisits his early haunts and is promptly recognized by the landlord of the Pole Tavern. Acting under a sudden inspiration, he not only denies his identity, but asserts that he is Henry Morvan, the heir to the neighboring Morvan estate, who has been traveling for years but is now minded to claim his property. In this statement he can hardly be contradicted, seeing that the real Henry Morvan died in his presence only a few weeks before on the Missouri plains. Emboldened by his success with the over-inquisitive landlord, he decides to visit the Morvan house, and as he falls at once under the spell of a beautiful Morvan cousin it is almost inevitable that he should persevere in his personation. For the untangling of a particularly complicated knot the reader must consult the book itself. The knot is untangled in a thoroughly satisfactory way, but not until we are well acquainted with the fascinating and elusive cousin and with a great many other interesting people whom we are glad to know and to remember. The story is told with a fine skill and the characterization is well planned and executed.

THE LADY OF THE SPUR. By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Trail of Ninety-Eight.

In describing the great gold rush to Alaska Mr. Service draws about as grim a picture as can be imagined. With few exceptions its details are sordid, brutal, and cruel, and there is hardly a bright point in the dreary waste of greed and violence. Its hero is a young Englishman who leaves home to settle in Canada. But the wanderlust takes him to California, and then the lure of the newly discovered gold beckons him north. No writer has shown so graphically what that journey really meant or the price that nature exacted from those who would win her hidden wealth.

But as a romance the story is not so good. We should have thought more of the hero if he had married Berna when she first asked him to do so, for there could be no more winsome maiden nor one in greater straits. It may be doubted if the author intended to paint his young gold-seeker in such selfish colors, and the story loses somewhat from our failure to see his hero as he himself saw him. Moreover, there is a suspicion of the fantastic in the conclusion, and the reader is a little bewildered and even indignant.

THE TRAIL OF NINETY-EIGHT. By Robert W. Service. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30.

The Man-Made World.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman begins her argument, inoffensively she says, with sheep, and it takes her about ten pages to traverse the few and unimportant department that intervene between sheep and men. Giving to her book the alternative title of "Our Androcentric Culture," she explains that this indicates a system under which one sex has monopolized all human activities, called them "man's work," and managed them as such.

Mrs. Gilman writes so lucidly, so blithely even, that it is comparatively easy to epitomize a contention ably advanced and vigorously defended. Woman, she seems to say, is not only a woman, but also a human being. Man is not only a man, but also a human being. Both men and women have the duties peculiar to their sex, and they are important enough, but they are deeply overshadowed in importance by their human duties, and it is in the performance of these human duties that they stand, or should stand, upon common ground. The author's complaint appears to be that man's usurpation of dominance has confined woman to her sex duties alone and excluded her from the whole field of

human duties that should be common to both. As a result we have a state of arrested development in the female, and to this arrested development is due whatever lack of capacity is observable in woman's handling of affairs that should be commonly human.

There is therefore no disposition on Mrs. Gilman's part to minimize the incapacities that are most commonly charged. How can you wonder, she seems to say, that woman should be neither artist, architect, nor philosopher when for a thousand years she has been taught to think of herself as exclusively a creature of sex? Is it surprising that she should regard her sex attractiveness as her chief life function when for centuries there has been a reversal of the natural law that gives the right of sex selection to the female and enables the male to compete for her favor by a gaudier plumage and by physical decorations?

It is all very ingenious, very plausible, and with the charm of wit and close reasoning. But the syllogism is so specious that we are beguiled away from the premises. Is it true that women have now or have ever had any status except the status of their own choice? If the process of sexual selection as found in the animal kingdom has been reversed in the human kingdom may it not be a natural law that it should be so reversed? We might argue against conscience on the same ground, that it is a reversal of the tooth-and-claw law of the animal world. It may further be asked if there is indeed any department of human affairs in which activities can be or should be independent of sex, in other words if sex, or the law of opposites, is not all pervasive throughout nature?

Mrs. Gilman pursues her quarry through many departments of social affairs. We have chapters on health, literature, sports, religion, education, law, crime, war, industry, and economics. All the way through she grants that men have a high preeminence over women in human development, but she seeks to show that this is a distinction of humanity and not of sex, and that it is equally open to women if they use their human powers as well as their sex powers. It is a hook worth reading, and distinguished alike by perception and good temper.

THE MAN-MADE WORLD. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. New York: Charlton Company.

Briefer Reviews.

A neat little edition of "The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney" has been added to the Muses Library by the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., (50 cents). The editor, who writes substantial biographical and critical introductions, is John Drinkwater.

Miss Winifred Kirkland is well known as a writer for girls. Her "Introducing Corinna" and "Polly Pat's Parish" were successes, and she now gives us "The Home Comers" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20), recounting the amusing adventures of four girls.

"Dick Randall," by Ellery H. Clark, is a story for boys who like athletics. It is full of high jumps and sprints and all the other feats of skill, strength, and endurance that are performed on track and field. The hero is a fine fellow and should inspire enthusiasm. The publishers are the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Round the World in Seven Days," in spite of its ungrammatical title, is somewhat after the style of Jules Verne, but an aeroplane naturally takes the place of train and steamer. The author, Herbert Strang, tells his story vigorously and in a way that should be acceptable to adults as well as to boys. Some good illustrations are by A. C. Michael, and the publishers are the George H. Doran Company. The price is \$1.25.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Behind the Screens in Japan.

The author is an Englishwoman, and her information is so "extensive and peculiar," like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, as to suggest some connection with an embassy. She certainly looks at the country through untinted glasses and without any tendency to the "gush" that is usually considered the correct attitude toward the island empire and its people.

She seems, indeed, to regard Japan as in an infant stage of development and full of a precocity that can not recognize its own absurdities. The customs of a thousand years struggle fantastically with the borrowed ideals of the outside world or rather sit down by their side without struggle and without even a sense of incongruity. Take, for example, the old gentleman at Yokohama who steps into the train where several foreign ladies are already seated. Then he begins to disrobe even to those nether garments that are usually considered indispensable even to a modest solitude, each one being carefully shaken from the open window. Then their owner, in a state of complete nudity, is able to capture the agile flea which has been the cause of these manoeuvres. The author says that she saw this herself.

Japanese modesty, we are told, is a direct importation, and although the better classes are successful in imitating the conventional pose the old customs die hard, if indeed they die at all. That the public baths are divided into compartments "for men" and "for women" is in direct deference to foreign ideas and there is no natural sentiment behind it, although the Japanese will pretend that there is. The author tells us of the experience of a modest young curate who almost went into hysterics when the servant maids offered to soap his back while he was in the hotel bath, and who was yet to suffer still more severely when two lady guests entered the room, bowed to him charmingly, leisurely disrobed and slipped into the big tub beside him. But why do these things always happen to curates?

But the author is by no means censorious. Both her eyes are open, instead of only one, and her book gives the impression of being fairly written without tendency to undue praise or blame. But perhaps it would be as well for her not to go back to Japan.

BEHIND THE SCREENS IN JAPAN. By Evelyn Adam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Master and Maid.

Mrs. L. Allen Harker uses the simplest of material and weaves it into a pleasing romance, and almost without the aid of a plot. Moreover, she makes us love her heroine without the sensuous ecstasy of physical description which is always at the command of the writer who lacks literary art. Lallie is a winsome little Irish maid whose globe-trotting and irresponsible father sends for safe-keeping to his old friend who is house master at a large public school. Naturally enough, Lallie creates a sensation alike among teachers and pupils, and if the said house master had not been overburdened with a sense of his years and unworthiness the story would finish at its first chapter, which would be a pity. Mrs. Harker has written other books in somewhat the same vein, and it is a vein to be preserved and applauded.

MASTER AND MAID. By Mrs. L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

The Frozen Fortune.

The hero of this somewhat far-fetched story is badly in need of money, and he undertakes a journey to Alaska in the hope of retrieving his fortunes by a successful gold find. His ship is wrecked and he finds himself adrift on an iceberg in the Pacific, a sufficiently dreary situation until he discovers that the gravel deposits on the berg are rich with the precious metal. He is presently rescued against his will, there is a mutiny and an adventurous escape, the secret of the berg is coaxed from him, and finally there is a race between a yacht and an airship in pursuit of the floating treasure. There is hardly an incident that is not impossible, but the general effect is good, in its way.

THE FROZEN FORTUNE. By Frank Lillie Pollock. New York: The Macaulay Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, long prominent in the social and literary life of New York and Washington, begins in the March Scribner's Magazine a series of "Recollections Grave and Gay," beginning with her girlhood in Virginia before the war, and describing the stirring life of the early days of the Confederacy. Later she was much in Richmond in political circles and afterward became a figure in New York life.

Owen Frawley Kildare, who died a few days ago in a hospital in New York, had made a name as a writer of short fiction, though he had not learned to write or read when he was thirty years old. A school teacher in an East Side city district attracted his attention, and in return for his unselfish protection the young woman gave him a start in education. They were to be married, but she died

before the wedding, and Kildare's first notable success was the story of his courtship, entitled "Mamie Rose." Several other books followed, but the writer's mind became affected, and his life ended two years afterward.

One of the most drastic acts of R. L. Stevenson's life, and one eminently characteristic of his keen sense of honor and hero-worship, was his publication of the open letter to Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu, in vindication of Father Damien. As a piece of scathing and yet controlled invective nothing is more consummately done in all English literature. A new edition of the letter has recently been brought out by the publishers.

The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine has been merged in Watson's Magazine.

Jeffrey Farnor, whose work, "The Broad Highway," is a notable success, lives in Kent, England. He was born in Birmingham, and even as a schoolboy was endowed with the narrative gift. He walked and cycled over all rural England, and previous to settling down as a "Kentish man," he traveled on the Continent and visited the United States.

Two novels, soon to be published by Harper & Brothers, are first efforts in the field of sustained fiction. The authors thus to be introduced to novel-readers are Marjorie Patterson and William Samuel Johnson.

It is now announced that Marie Corelli is to appear in a new rôle, that of dramatist. She has written a playlet for a London music hall at a price said to be something enormous. Miss Corelli has taken the suffragette question as her theme, and is said to be outspoken in her views. The plot has not been revealed. Miss Corelli will personally produce her skit, select the cast and rehearse it.

"The Lady," that entertaining study by Emily James (Mrs. George Haven) Putnam, is in high favor abroad as well as at home. Sturgis & Walton, the publishers, have collected a large bouquet of praise for the book, not a blossom of which is carelessly or undeservedly bestowed.

Carolyn Wells, the clever parodyist whom a kindred wit cruelly refers to as "Wells of English defiled," has written another detective story, emboldened by the success of her first—"The Clue." The new novel is called "The Gold Bag," and it is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Maurice Hewlett has placed with the Macmillan Company "The Agonists: a Trilogy of God and Man," which presents the stories of Minos, King of Crete, Ariadne in Naxos, and the death of Hippolytus, and attempts to reveal "the fallacy in the ancient conceptions of God-kind and Mankind, and in the ancient views of their relationships."

Henry Holt & Co. are just having to send to press for the fourteenth time Berthold Auerbach's masterpiece, "The Villa on the Rhine," which they first issued over forty years ago.

The biography of "John Oliver Hobbes," Mrs. Craigie, is to be published soon. Mostly her life is told in her correspondence with her friends, but there is a memoir by her father, John Morgan Richards. Bishop Well-ton, now Dean of Manchester, contributes an introduction to the book.

Some inquiry was aroused in literary circles a little while ago with regard to the identity of "Jane Wardle," a novelist whose achievement seemed to belie the assumption that the first book to bear her name was really a first effort in the way of fiction. For once, it seems, the skeptics were right, for it is now announced that the pseudonym of "Jane Wardle" concealed the penmanship of Oliver Maddox Hueffer, whose name now appears upon the title page of a new story, "By the author of 'The Artistic Temperament.'" This new book is called "Where Truth Lies," and is described in advance as a story of impersonation, full of comic developments.

Miss Mary Johnston, whose new novel, "The Long Roll," will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company this spring, was the guest of honor and one of the speakers at a dinner given by three of the suffragist clubs in Baltimore recently.

Henry G. Bohn was born of German parentage in London January 4, 1796, and died August 22, 1884. He became famous as an author, translator, and publisher, and probably never imagined that his praises would be sung at college festivities in the New World, or that his efforts would give rise to the usually wrongly spelt colloquialism in reference to anything stolen or cribbed that it has been "boned (Bohn'd)." It is impossible to estimate too highly this author's services in republishing in inexpensive volumes a vast number of the most valuable works in literature, science, philosophy, theology, etc., such collections containing the intellectual wealth of both the ancients and the moderns. A new revised catalogue of the whole series is now being issued by the Macmillan Company.

CURRENT VERSE.

Scabbard and Sword.

The scabbard is worn,
But the sword is bright.
The sheath's forlorn,
And a sorry sight;
But the blade is keen,
And its edge holds true,
And it cuts as clean
As it used to do.

And the point is fine,
And the steel is fair,
And it hews the line
To a breadth of hair!

It is thus the Heart
In the days untold
Will bear its part,
Though the sheath he old!
—Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

The Whitecaps.

The gay little whitecaps afloat on the bay
Are pelting each other with dashes of spray;
They call to the ferries,
The fishermen's wherries,
To slip from the moorings and join them at play.

They warily tickle the battleship's prow
And slap the fat sides of the laboring scows,
They race with the tug-boats,
And worry those snug boats,
The launches, by tripping them up at the bows.

But work is the order of life on the bay,
The sea-going vessels are up and away,
The ferries are tossing
Their smoke in the crossing,
And only the driftwood can linger to play.
—Eunice Ward, in Outing Magazine.

The Lumber Camp.

Great Pan no longer sports with nymph and fawn;
There is no revelry in forest glade.
An ugly sawmill eats into the shade,
And cruel stumps lie bare
Where the old altars were.

Who knows? Among the chips that flew and lie
Rotting about the stump of that hewn tree,
The pipe that Ganyমেদ once dropped may be,
Forgotten overlong,
Robbed of its song.

Suppose a workman found and lifted it,
Rough cut from the green weed, now shrunken dry,
Pierced with a few small holes to loose the cry
A god could breathe in it—what note today
Would a man play?

Perchance a poet in some prison wall
Of coarser clay or less considered dirt,
With throbbing heart against a flannel shirt,
Will find it there and take
And, feeling power wake—

Will—sweet, O sweet—breathe soul in pagan flute.
Then must the wood gods answer, though long dead,
And frightened wild things come back comforted.

But still I hear the ace ring and the rush
Of a tree crashing in the underbrush.
—Louise Driscoll, in Smart Set.

The Apotheosis of Dust.

O man, thou wondrous fabric of the clay,
How hast thou climbed from that far place to this,
Through what world-maelstroms in the vast abyss

Of space and time, where Fate decreed the way!
Fate tossed thee on a tiny planet's crust,
The endless circles of the void to roam;
This green sun-tethered hall became thy home,
And thou—the Apotheosis of Dust.

For Godlike art thou, there's a God in thee
Striving for beauty in some grand design,
Which thou imperfect canst not yet divine,
Till that imprisoned God is once made free!

Yea, all the gods are creatures of thy mind,
And all the virtues horn of thy high soul;
'Tis thy ideals that, from pole to pole,
From age to age, have glorified thy kind.

Thou smilest in dying, yea, wilt sacrifice
On any altar that seems true to thee
Thy little moment of Eternity,
Nor reckon ought of Hell or Paradise!

And thine the arts of song and pipe and string
That teach the Soul the ways of dreams to go,
The rapturous pathways winding to and fro
Between Forgetting and Remembering.

With burin, brush and chisel thou hast made
The picture speak, the formless marble breathe—
There is a power whose thoughts of beauty
Seethe
In thee, and all thy striving brain pervade.

A God-in-All, impetuous to express
His beauty manifold, his plan profound,
Through light and color, motion, form and sound,
Through towering thoughts, and passions limitless.

—Frederick Peterson, in American Magazine.

General Manager Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company has decided to perform during the present season Arthur Nevin's opera "Twilight," with book in English by Richard Hartley. The first performance will come in the latter half of March and the three rôles will be sung by Mme. Gadski and Messrs. Martin and Witherspoon.

The director will be Hertz. This is the Metropolitan's second venture with opera in English. Mr. Nevin describes his work as a one-act opera in three pictures. Between the pictures will be dark changes of scenery, during which the music will go on, and there will be no curtains.

Public Safety

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In construction of tracks, trolley wires, and other fixed portions of a street railway system, every effort is made to avoid or overcome dangerous conditions.

In designing, building, and equipping cars the chief thought is the safety and convenience of passengers.

Every detail of the operation of cars is so directed as to provide the greatest safety, not only to passengers on the cars, but to all other persons using the streets on which the cars are run.

Besides using every practicable precaution in the construction of its lines and the building of and operation of its cars, a company must guard against the carelessness and recklessness of pedestrians and drivers on the streets.

The company must also prevent its passengers, so far as possible, from taking risks through disregard or ignorance of danger.

For every accident that occurs hundreds are prevented, either by the safeguards provided by the company or the watchfulness and care of its employees.

The United Railroads has constantly these thoughts in mind, and is constantly improving its equipment at great expense, that the thousands who daily use its cars may be carried in better time and over better tracks than in the past. A few hours spent in ordinary observation aboard speeding cars any day is sufficient to outline the great amount of reconstruction and new work which is being carried out in many parts of the city.

Trainmen and others engaged in the operation of the company's cars are selected with closest regard for their intelligence and reliability, for without these attributes the splendid street railway system in this city must suffer. Pleasing the public is the watchword, and complaints received through regular channels are given prompt and careful attention.

Before car men are permitted to go on duty they are instructed in such a manner as to give them the highest appreciation of their responsibilities. In this the company is very exacting. This training is continued, and even the oldest and most trustworthy in the company's employ are reminded constantly of their duty in protecting the public against accident.

To further increase its service and add to the attractiveness of its equipment, the United Railroads have ordered 80 of the latest type pay-as-you-enter cars, and they are now under construction in the East. The first installment of these cars will arrive shortly, and as fast as they are received here they will be put in service.

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MME. SHERRY'S CHARM.

All the popularity that was prophesied for "Madame Sherry" is coming true. There was a banner house at the Columbia Theatre on the opening night to greet a banner performance. For "Madame Sherry," which is called, not musical comedy, but French vaudeville, has all the polish of a European production, in spite of the Americanizing process that it has passed through.

Like "The Merry Widow," it is full of sensuous suggestion; and, again like "The Merry Widow," it contains a love song and dance which, while seductive to both eye and ear, provide material at which to be shocked for those stern censors who refuse to be caloused by the growing license of the stage.

The inconvenient moralist, however, finds nothing very challenging to his suspicions in the first two acts of "Madame Sherry," which are full of melodic and sensuous charm, with plenty of humor thrown in.

The piece opens with an enchantingly pretty stage tableau; a reminder, by the way, of that which charmed us in "The Arcadians." Only the gracefully draped beauties in "Madame Sherry" might have been the sylvan belles of the other piece promoted to a metropolitan environment. This tableau is followed by the song, "Esthetic Dancing," the motive of which is beautifully exemplified by a band of pretty pupils, led by their teacher, Lulu, who is personated by Miss Mary Quive.

From this auspicious beginning the piece prances gayly along one continuous round of brightness, prettiness, and gaiety, of melodious sentimentality, of perfectly delicious dancing, and of music that captures the imagination, and charms the ear.

To do all this requires not only a piece of unusual attractiveness for a starter, but a company similarly gifted. This little matter has been attended to in the most complete manner. There are four first-class musical-comedy stars among the women, and Oscar Figman is the comedian. Ann Tasker, the California pocket nightingale, is a most enchanting little Cripple. She is as charged with magnetism as Kipling's "Road to Mandalay." Nobody knows just exactly what the haunting charm of this song consists of. I suppose it is really the utterance by the enamored Tommy Atkins of the love and longing of the ages. It is with him, the girl, and the indissoluble mingling of her with the "cleaner, greener land" which is the setting for the girl.

Little Miss Tasker, as Yvonne, is a bewitching school-girl fresh from a French convent and charged to the finger-tips with the joy of living. She is not a beauty, but she is delicious. She is "the instinctive woman," and she is first cousin to Terpsichore. She dances as naturally and beautifully as the flowers bloom and the birds sing. And her celebrated toy soprano is like the clear piping of a particularly cheerful lark. Mixed with all the mischievousness of a girl huddling with the ardor for life and experiences is the innocence of the cloistered maid. And there are pretty little suggestions of graceful *gaucherie*, dainty poses, roguish looks and roguish tones. In fact, Ann Tasker's Yvonne is one of the daintiest, most fascinatingly feminine characterizations that I remember in musical comedy.

Hers was the leading one among the women, but Mary Quive, Lottie Kendall, and Cheridab Simpson all had important rôles, and did them well. Mary Quive has a pretty voice and a desirable assortment of substantial physical attractions which are better adapted to her rôle than is her dancing.

Lottie Kendall plays the rôle of a handsome, hot-tempered Venezuelan with a chronic dagger down her garter-band, and contributes youth, good looks, a figure, some singing, more dancing capacity, and a quantity of tropic-inspired temperament to a rôle which, to the regret of the house, fizzled out—except for the "dagger dance"—to altogether too little in the last act.

Cheridab Simpson plays a stout, hearty Irish dame with humor, and does a song or two, in which she shows that she retains her rich voice and a good hold on her popularity with San Franciscans.

Altogether we sat there almost stunned with our riches as one after the other of these attractive and clever women were brought to the fore, and we realized that we were at last seeing musical comedy illuminated by personalities, and played with finish and distinction.

For there was Oscar Figman, too (with his brother in the audience looking on with fraternal grins of amusement), playing the rôle of an unworldly old scholar wandering, alternately surprised and shocked, among the gay frivolities of "Madame Sherry," and hestowing upon his work the high polish that only the legitimate comedian can give. He made up old Theophilus to look like an elderly ape, with a pair of miraculously folding legs that doubled up like the hind legs of a migratory insect. And he gave him the most delightful elocution, and the most heavenly distinctness (in fact, the whole company is a marvel of clear articulation), and the most irresistible comicality, so that the audience had not a moment's cause to regret that he carried almost unassisted upon his shoulders the burden of the masculine part of the comedy.

William Cameron is also talented in the comedy line and an excellent dancer as well. But his lines, in the rôle of Philippe, the janitor, scarcely gave him the opportunity that his abilities entitled him to, and he was obliged to remedy the deficiency by a display of facial and leg agility that was accounted for later when we discovered that he is a dancer of parts.

Oscar Figman's lines, however, fairly twinkled with wit which he made so peculiarly his own that one could not but believe that he had had a share in the composition of some of the inspired sayings of old Theophilus.

There is a sort of distinction about the personality of Oscar Figman which, even during moments of the wildest laughter evoked by him, made him seem to be of finer clay than the ordinary light comedian. And one felt it, too, when he recited the lines ending with the refrain:

We are only poor, weak mortals after all.

Somehow because Oscar Figman knew how to balance the scales between seriousness and nonsense, they brought a realization of their underlying truth, even in, or perhaps because of, the atmosphere of racial lightness and folly in which they were born. I noticed that the men particularly applauded them, with an air of conviction.

I think that Mr. Figman shone particularly in the last act, when the assignment of guests to their respective cabins on board the yacht fell to old Theophilus as host. This is the point in the piece where the *risqué* element in the fun of the situations is considered to obtrude itself. But the French possess the art of handling this sort of thing without grossness, and the book is of French authorship. In this case, the innocence of the old scholar made his blunders laughable, without giving offense, unless offense was being sought for.

But *risqué* or not—and I noticed during the reign of "The Merry Widow" that it was a good deal in the way you take it, and probably will be the same with "Madame Sherry"—loads of people will go to see it, and enjoy it to distraction, without any consciousness of there being cause for a shock to refined sensibilities.

Since it was originally composed for Continental audiences, it naturally is more openly permeated with the suggestion of sex than is the custom in America. American audiences, however, seem to take more kindly to this sort of thing than they did of yore. Witness the extraordinary popularity of these two reputedly *risqué* pieces, while those that are openly gross sink out of sight.

I have often been struck with the varying points of view of people in regard to these matters. But if we try to puzzle it out, it seems to me that the sensuous appeal of music, dance, and motion, such as has been responded to so universally in "The Merry Widow" and "Madame Sherry," is as legitimate as the charm of young love in Shakespeare's plays. That the grosser natures make only the gross response need not impel us to banish the love element from our stories and our operas.

Once or twice in "Madame Sherry" the borderland of perfect good taste is almost stepped over. But the offense is inconsiderable, because the players acquit themselves with perfect balance and discretion. I do not doubt that in the Americanized version things are considerably softened down. The presence of Lulu, and her association with Edward, which would be quite *en regle* in a Paris production, was somewhat baffling. At the end of the first act we flew to our programme to solve the problem, only to find that we could not read. Not enough light. Queer thing, in a first-class theatre, where people pay two dollars a seat, not to furnish enough light to read their programmes by. And people sit like dumb, driven cattle and stand it.

If any one wants a pretty theory to reconcile them to the apparent naughtinesses of the piece, here is an ingenious one, suggested to me to fit the case: Edward is in the toils of that gay and inconstant materialist, Lulu, when little Yvonne comes along and offers him spontaneously the pure and innocent love of girlhood, which he gladly chooses.

Edward, by the way, was well impersonated by Harry Benham, who can sing, dance, make love, cut capers, and win a few legitimate

laughs of his own. And, to sum up other attractions, Howard Rehl has a sympathetic tenor, and the chorus is collectively pretty and plump. The girls were fair to see both as æsthetic dancers, and as butterflies, costumed as which they were radiant with colorings and glitterings, "like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

The orchestration had not enough volume on Monday night, but the score is gemmed with the most delightful numbers, and the particular one, which was sung repeatedly through the mazes of the piece, served as a most felicitous finale. The audience came out joining almost *en masse* in an accompaniment to the murmuring strains of the orchestra. Everybody, young, old, fat, thin, ugly, and pretty, was humming, openly or otherwise—

Every little movement has a meaning all its own.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performance of "The Midnight Sons" will be given at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night Gertrude Elliott will begin an engagement limited to one week in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Miss Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) is virtually a newcomer to this city, though habitual theatre-goers may remember her in "When We Were Twenty-One," with Nat Goodwin and her handsome sister, Maxine, some dozen years ago. She has since won the enviable position of an established stage favorite in England, and her presentation of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" at the Duke of York's Theatre was the signal event of the London season of last year. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play of cheerfulness is new here, though in Miss Elliott's hands it has been much talked about. It possesses nearly all that goes to make a great play, a human interest, a love threading, strong dramatic situations, a touch of genuine comedy, a coherent story, and an intensity of local coloring. Its scenes are laid in London, with an essentially typical London surrounding. The illusion is heightened by the English atmosphere in Miss Elliott's support, the entire cast being practically that which appeared with her during the season in London and the provinces. Chief among her associates are Fuller Melliish, A. Scott Gatty, Sydney Booth, Angela Ogden, Julia Blanc, though there are twenty others. The scenery is the most realistic given any stage production on tour this year. A special matinee will be given on Thursday.

"Madame Sherry" at the Columbia Theatre has done the biggest business in the history of the playhouse ever since the opening performance, last Monday night. Already the demand for reservations for the second week is unprecedented. The production has come up to every expectation. The large orchestra is excellent in the rendition of the various numbers and not a single member of the company has been miscast. Such a superb organization of singers has not been heard here in a long time. "Madame Sherry" enters upon the second week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night.

Elbert Hubbard's victory over the Orpheum audiences is complete. They seem to hang on his every word and his utterances are closely punctuated by them with applause and laughter. For the second and last week of his engagement, which begins next Sunday matinee, Fra Elbertus will deliver a new series of "Heart-to-Heart Talks." The Four Huntings, consisting of the original quartet of the family, Lew, Mollie, Tony, and John, the best singers and dancers in their particular line on the stage, will present their merry tomfoolery, "The Fool House." After starring in first-class Eastern theatres for the past two years they return to vaudeville for a limited tour of the Orpheum Circuit. Mike Bernard, champion ragtime player of the world, and Willie Weston, America's foremost singer of character songs, will be an enjoyable feature of the new bill. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, who have firmly established their popularity, will introduce their rural comedy skit, "At Hensfoot Corner," which is delightfully amusing. Harry Armstrong's latest one-act play, "The Fire Commissioner," will receive its first presentation in this city. It hits at no party or locality, but is simply a virile sketch of affairs pertaining to the lives and safety of American citizens. Its cast will include Frederick Watson, Milton Boyle, Herbert Sears, and Marion Day. The daylight motion pictures continue to be one of the most interesting and popular incidents of the programme. Next week will be the last of the Empire Comedy Four, Walter Grabam and his Mannikin Music Hall, and Bird Millman and her premiere wire artists.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin is actuated by the noblest motives when he exposes the extravagance of the frivolous but fashionable millionaire. We are all actuated by the noblest motives when we expose things. Nothing gives us such a glow of conscious rectitude as the sight of the other fellow's misdeeds.

Extravagance is a much misapplied word. Actually it means spending money that you can not afford upon things that you can do without, and therefore it is one of the few genuine luxuries left to us. Mr. Martin tells us of a millionaire who gave a dinner to his dog and presented the animal with a collar costing \$15,000. Another millionaire bought a motor-car with a living and sleeping room, bathroom, a kitchen, and hot and cold water fittings. There was still another millionaire who gave his guests cigarettes wrapped in \$100 bills, another who spent \$1,000,000 on an actress, another who gave \$75,000 for a pair of opera glasses, and another who had a hat made out of paper money to the value of \$20,000. These are only a few out of many examples given by Mr. Martin, who thus proves his point that the ultra rich are charged a great deal too much for what they have. You can get a very superior actress for less than \$1,000,000, and even at this price the millionaire had her for only three years. He could probably have married her for much less than that and made her do the washing.

But Mr. Martin has the wrong sow by the ear. Instead of telling us what the millionaire ought not to do with his money, he should tell us what he ought to do with it, and then we could pass a law or something. The millionaire must either spend his money or hoard it, and heaven knows we don't want millionaires who hoard their money. But if they spend it what are they to spend it on? It is very easy to say that it should be spent for the public good, but it is not so easy to do it. Already we have a few millionaires who are in the public good business, and we have all we can use. When the average philanthropic Cræsus starts out on his devastating career of benevolence he finds only three or four courses open to him. Of course there are lots of others, but he never sees them because the Almighty has deprived him of imagination. He can give his money to the churches, whose capacity for cash is about equal to that of the Atlantic Ocean. He can endow institutions for the practice of vivisection, commonly known as medical research. He can give a free library to every man, woman, and baby, or he can subsidize an organization to prevent red-haired men from fighting or ladies from scandal. Of course there are variations on these themes, but benevolent wealth usually runs along one of these lines, and there is hardly one among them that arouses the faintest glimmer of popular enthusiasm. On the whole, we seem to prefer that millionaire wealth should be spent in the time-honored millionaire way, drive away and frivole away, rather than in the establishment of vast charitable trusts that we shall be moving heaven and earth to get rid of in a few hundred years' time, just as they are now doing in Europe, where the charitable endowments of the middle ages have become a nuisance and a danger.

Just figure it out for ourselves. What will we do with a hundred million dollars when we get them some time next month? What do we do now with an unexpected windfall of ten dollars or so? Why, spend it, waste it. Buy something that we don't need, just for the love of buying. That is exactly what Mr. Martin's millionaires are doing. And it is just as well to let them spend their money in their own way. At least it is spent. After the dog is dead and the actress damned, that money will still be marching on, and some of it may come our way and so give us a chance to put into practice those fine theories about the public good that we are so fond of. But if we lecture the millionaire too much some of him may be moved to go into the public library or vivisection business, and then we shall be sorry we spoke. Or the doctors will invent a new disease for us and get themselves subsidized to cure it. On the whole, we had better let the frivolous millionaire alone. His money is coming our way all right, and we shall have the advantage of deciding for ourselves in what way it will do us most good. It seems too bad to lay such a duty upon the overburdened shoulders of the parsons and the doctors. And we should like to save the commission.

An association of milliners has been formed to combat the recent legislation inspired by the Audubon and other societies for the protection of birds. The milliners will go to work in the now recognized way by flooding the newspapers with carefully prepared articles intended to prove that birds are not scalped alive, that if they are scalped alive they like it, and that anyway they are not American birds, and therefore not birds at all, strictly speaking. Some of these articles have appeared already, but of course without any indication of their interested source.

The average newspaper reader, who, in the expressive words of Scripture, is "void of understanding," will read this precious rubbish and then he will say, "Dear me, it seems to be an entire mistake to suppose that the feminine fashions inflict cruelty upon birds. The whole thing is explained quite clearly here." That is the way an immense number of people talk. That is the kind of mind they have.

Lord Bacon says somewhere that one of the ingenious arts of controversy is to attack some proposition that no one has made, because there is a general air of successful argument about it and that is all that you need. That is what the milliners have done. They prove to us beyond all possibility of question that it does not hurt an ostrich to lose some of his tail feathers. No one ever said that it did. The ostrich is a pampered menial, and ungrateful wretch. He needs no pity. But the average man reads that screed about the ostrich and he goes away fully persuaded that millinery involves no cruelty to birds. Once more, that is the kind of mind he has. Nothing, of course, is said about the osprey, whose scalp is torn off, or of the simple massacre of song birds. If the milliners have any facts to give us, by all means let us have them, and let us at the same time know their source. But what a good thing it is that babies are not born with plumage.

It is of no use for Mr. Marcus Stone, R. A., to say that the harem skirt is so outrageous that it will never be tolerated in England. On the very day that he gave birth to this pious opinion there appeared in another London newspaper an account of this very skirt, a description of the shops where it may be bought, and a statement as to its frequent appearance on the streets. Mr. Stone has another guess coming to him. He does not know the possibilities of the feminine mind.

And yet he is not wholly without light. He says that there have been many hideously exotic fashions within the last few years. That is true enough, for we have noticed them ourselves. But he goes on to advance a curious theory as to the reason why ugly fashions last so much longer than pretty ones. Unquestionably they do, and in our ignorance we had supposed that this was due to a positive preference for what we may call ugliness tempered with indecency. But the cause is more subtle than that. Beautiful fashions, says Mr. Stone, are adopted at once by all classes, and so they cease to be distinctive of wealthy vulgarity. On the other hand, the ugliness and the indecencies are not copied and are allowed to remain the peculiar property of the aristocracy of fashion. When the shop girl imitates the fashionable hat my lady gets herself another one and the fashion changes. But the shop girl will not imitate what is ugly, and so the barbarities of fashion are allowed to remain in comparatively unchallenged possession of the eccentric females who are so quick to adopt them. In Mr. Stone's opinion "the little shop girl is really much better dressed than the duchess." Our acquaintance with duchesses is unfortunately limited to what we have gleaned from the pages of Ouida and Mrs. Humphry Ward, but we believe this to be so. At least we know the shop girl—generally, and her appearance is often comely. It is true that she will sometimes throw a chilling glance of disapproval upon the unoffending male who has been persuaded into a domestic purchase and who is ill equipped with the necessary specification of what he has been instructed to get, but that is a small matter, and she means well. She does not know how withering it is. Assume an attitude of cringing and furtive admiration and she will relent and get you something without asking any more embarrassing questions. All you have to do is to be humble. Of course this has nothing to do with her style of dress, but the recollection of ancient humiliations will sometimes crowd into the mind and demand expression. Let it pass.

But to return to the barem skirt. Is it the same as the "pasha skirt"? We ask to know. Because if it is the same thing we know all about it, but we are glad the name is changed because there was a suggestiveness about the first one. Without any wish to make an arrogant display of knowledge, let it be said that there are four kinds of "pasha" skirts. For example, there is a gown of lapis-lazuli blue in taffeta, with centre of multi-colored stones, the very low décolleté of fine lace being veiled to the neck in a shade of chiffon, with embroidery pendant also veiled on the neck. The pantalon, showing where the skirt is divided, is of the same shade of chiffon, the border of skirt being finished by a tiny bead fringe. That's number one. There is another made of black nixon with copper broderie, draped in iris blue charmeuse opening in the front over chiffon pantolons. Number three is for outdoor wear. It is of blue serge with relief of cherry and paisley (or should this be parsley—possibly a misprint) reaching down to the calf of the leg. We embarked on this last voyage without knowing where it would lead us, but it must stand, now it's there. After passing the calf of the leg—it's strange how soon one becomes brazen—the garment falls loosely over the ankles,

where it is fastened by a rubber band. Most of the foregoing probably doesn't mean anything, but it is the sort of hardware women deal in when they want a new frock or pair of trousers. A man could get out a specification for these things with half the number of words and a blue print. Moreover, a man would not have left out the most important part. Nowhere are we told how the "pasha" skirt, or trousers, is to be kept *in situ*. Now this is a serious matter, and ladies will be well advised to consider the question of suspenders in all its bearings. Heaven forbid that we should be officious, but we know what we are talking of, and the law of gravity is still working. Tapes and safety pins are all very well, but they can not be relied upon for trousers. They have no real sense of responsibility, no realization of the gravity of the issues depending upon them, none of that conscientious devotion to duty that one finds in suspenders. Tapes and pins have been tried in moments of extremity, but they give no sense of security, no peace of mind, no genuine tranquillity. There is always a certain lack of poise, of easy and confident dignity, about the man who knows that only

a safety pin stands between him and calamity. As has been said, we have no wish to be intrusive, but it is the duty of experience to come to the aid of the novice.

"We merely wish to add to our talented musical critic's review of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra's recent concert in this garden spot of the world and home of the fine arts," says the *Ohio State Journal*, editorially, "that the libretto, the tonal quality, the finesse, the allegretto, the pulsating rendition, the poignant melody, the tchaikowsky, and the embonpoint all struck our artistic temperament as being the real thing, *le dernier cri*, as we say in Ohio. We were particularly pleased with the finale."

Mrs. Jaggs (three a. m.)—What in the world kept you so late? Mr. Jaggs—Why—hic—m'dear, jus' as I was comin'—hic—long, first thing know'd was held up by shix or seven highwaym'n in—hic—dark street. Mrs. Jaggs—Well, it's a good thing they happened to be there to hold you up. You never could have done it yourself.—*The Club-Fellow.*

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,755; Dept. 1. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth Streets; running thence easterly on the northerly line of Vallejo Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles westerly twenty-five (25) feet to the easterly line of Leavenworth Street; thence at right angles southerly along said line of Leavenworth Street one hundred and nine (109) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement, being part of 50-Vara Lot No. 885.

SECOND.—Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Harrison Street distant thereon one hundred (100) feet southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fifth (5th) Street, running thence southwesterly and along said northwesterly line of Harrison Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly eighty-five (85) feet; thence at a right angle northeasterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southeasterly eighty-five (85) feet to the northwesterly line of Harrison Street and the point of commencement, being a part of 100-Vara Lot No. 192.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named to be the owners in fee-simple absolute, and each of said plaintiffs to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest of and in said real property, and each piece and parcel thereof, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met and just in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.
J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.
J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 26,756; Dept. 1.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of said JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS and PAULINE HART, Plaintiffs, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Fillmore Street with the northerly line of Filbert Street, and running thence northerly along said westerly line of Fillmore Street twenty-four (24) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-four (24) feet to the said northerly line of Filbert Street; and thence at right angles easterly along said northerly line of Filbert Street one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Fillmore Street at the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition Block No. 343, as the same is laid down and numbered on the Official Map of the said City and County of San Francisco.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: a judgment and decree of this Court, adjudging and decreeing said plaintiffs above named and Christine Hart to be the owners in fee-simple absolute of all the real property hereinbefore described and of every part thereof, and the said plaintiffs to be each the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-fourth interest, and Christine Hart to be the owner in fee-simple absolute of an undivided one-half interest, of and in said real property, and of every part thereof, and establishing and quieting the title of said plaintiffs and the said Christine Hart in and to the said real property and every part thereof, and determining all adverse claims thereto, and ascertaining and determining all estates, rights, titles, interests, and claims in and to the said real property and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein, and for such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 28th day of December, 1910.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM.

The first publication of this Summons was made in "The Argonaut," a newspaper, on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1911.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

MEMORANDUM.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property, adverse to plaintiff:

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, San Francisco, California.

MISS CHRISTINE HART, address, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 43 Pragerstrasse, Dresden, Germany.

J. G. DE FOREST, Attorney for Plaintiffs, Rooms 800-806 Foxcroft Building, San Francisco, California.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was a Denver woman who, entering a polling-place, said: "I want two ballots, as I wish to cast one for my sister, who is ill and unable to come to the polls."

The German music teacher was endeavoring to be polite yet truthful. "Of course," he said, "your daughter does not yet read notes very good and she strikes der wrong keys occasionally. But," he added with enthusiasm, "she plays der rests fine!"

Jacob H. Schiff at a dinner condemned a concern that had gone up. "Straight business methods are the only ones," he said. "There is a moral in the receiver story. A man, you know, said one day to a little boy: 'Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?' 'A receiver, sir,' Tommy answered, promptly. 'Ever since pa's been a receiver we've had champagne for dinner and two automobiles.'"

A lady of the suburban district whose husband comes to town every morning, called the maid with rather excited direction. "Oh, Sarah," she said, "I hadn't noticed how late it is. Go upstairs and tell Mr. Whitney to hurry or he'll miss his train." "I have called him," Sarah answered, proudly, "and he says, ma'am, that if I puts the grapefruit just outside the door and the chops on the top step and the rolls and coffee on the landing he can catch the 8:10 train."

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience: "What do you think of it?" This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried: "Rotten!" Shaw made a curtsy and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles. "My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

Accompanied by an instructor the new entry into the automobile field was out, bright and early, in his new touring-car. They were circling the park in rather a wabbly fashion. "I suppose," he casually remarked to the chauffeur, as he took a fresh grasp on the speed lever, "that you have been around with worse than I?" The man gave no answer. "I say," he repeated, in a louder tone, "I suppose you have been around this course with worse than I?" "I heard very well, sir, what you said in the first place," replied the man. "I'm jest a-thinkin' about it."

When a certain mild-mannered representative from a Middle Western State went to Congress, he left behind a body of constituents who fancied that great personal benefits would come to them through their powerful statesman. A farmer with political designs followed the great man to Washington. "Well, Tom," a friend asked him on his return, "did you see Washington and Dick Blank, and did you get what you went after?" "Yes, I seen Washington, and I seen Dick Blank," he replied, "but Dick couldn't do nuthin' for me. He was havin' a hard time to keep from gittin' tromped on hisself."

On the morning of election a farmer came into Hiram Morse's blacksmith shop to have his horse shod. "Putty husy this mornin', Bill?" inquired Morse, as he raked the embers together on the forge. "Yep," answered Bill. "Haint got hardly time ter go ter th' village an' vote." "Wall, I'm putty husy myself," said Morse, casually. "I'll tell yer what we'll do," he added, after a moment's thought. "Long'er yer a Republican an' I'm a Democrat, we'll pair off, jest as they do in Congress, an' neither on us will vote. What do yer say?" Bill agreed to the proposition, but after election it was found that the blacksmith had paired off with every Republican customer who had come into the shop.

He was a gentler specimen of his class than one usually meets, and when he made his appeal for something to eat at the kitchen door he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire. As he sat there, she said: "You don't look as though you had always been a tramp." "I haven't," he replied, without offense. "I came from a very good family." She let him eat on without interruption, but after he had finished she said: "You say you came from a good family. May I ask the name?" "It was Blankleigh," he responded. "Why," she said, in surprise, "that's the name of the occupier next door to us." "Yes," he replied. "I noticed it on the door-plate. That's who I came from. He threw me down his steps just before I called here."

As a memory of the late Eli Perkins, somebody has recalled one of the humorist's surprise stories, and his way of telling it: "I was on a train going East one summer night," he says, "when there was a wreck. The train

was derailed and all the passengers were more or less shaken up. Everybody in the sleeping-car tried to get out as hurriedly as possible, and in the confusion our clothing got considerably mixed. I had worn a pair of white duck trousers, but I couldn't find them. Finally I did find a pair of trousers. I put them on quickly, but I couldn't leave the car! You see, they were not men's trousers—" Here there is always general laughter, and Perkins looks about in a pained sort of way, then goes on: "They were hoy's trousers."

The visit of Dr. Grenfell to London, and his efforts to interest the public in the breeding of reindeer in Labrador, recalls an incident described by Alphonse Courlander, the author. Some people at Peckham engaged a girl from Norway as nurse general. Could she cook? she was asked on arrival. No. She couldn't cook. Could she wait on table? No, she hadn't been taught that. Could she wash or sew? No. Then, what could she do? her mistress demanded. "Well," she replied, "I'm good at milking reindeer."

A man traveling westward on a through express, one day last week, left his seat in the crowded dining-car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman. When he returned, in spite of the fact that he left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes. "Sir," she remarked, haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?" "My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

One of Lady Reay's recollections is of a dinner party at which she had for her neighbor Gladstone, in happiest mood. He told her of his Eton experiences and tales of terrible little Dr. Keate. The latter always had the names of those doomed to be flogged written down on a narrow slip of paper. One day, picking up such a list, he called up for flogging the boys whose names were inscribed upon it. Upon such occasions the delinquents were not permitted to offer explanations, so hoy after hoy was castigated, and returned sore and savage to his seat. Not until the operation was complete did he learn that, instead of the flogging list, he had picked up the slip on which were the names of the boys about to be confirmed.

The Yale man was stroke oar for his crew and chief athlete on the football field. He entered the ministry and spent years in missionary labor in the far West. Walking one day through the frontier town, a cowboy stepped up to him and said: "Parson, you don't have fun enough. Take a drink." The minister declined. "Well," the cowboy said, "you must have some fun. Here's a faro lay-out. Take a hand in the game." The minister declined. "Parson," said the cowboy, "you'll die if you don't have some fun," and he thereupon knocked the parson's hat off his head and hit him a whack on the ear. The old athlete's spirit arose; the science which had been learned in the college gymnasium and forgotten for a quarter of a century was aroused, and a blow landed on the jaw of the cowboy that sent him sprawling in the street. The parson walked over him as if he had been a door rug, picked him up and dusted the side of the house with him, mopped up the sidewalk, and, as the ambulance was carrying the cowboy off, he raised his head feebly and said: "Parson, what did you fool me for? You are chock full of fun."

John McSweeney, the great lawyer, defended a Cleveland man in a murder case. The case looked hopeless, and McSweeney submitted no evidence for the defense. So the public prosecutor, believing that conviction was assured, ended with just a few perfunctory remarks. Then, in a quiet, conversational tone, the famous McSweeney began to talk to the jury. He made no mention of the murder. He just described in vivid colors a pretty country cottage hung with honeysuckle, a young wife preparing supper, and the rosy youngsters waiting at the gate to greet their father on his return home for the evening meal. Suddenly McSweeney stopped. He drew himself up to his full height. Then, striking the table with his fist, he cried in a voice that thrilled every bosom: "Gentlemen, you must send him back home to them!" A red-faced juror choked and blurted out: "By George, sir, we'll do it!" McSweeney, without another word, sat down, and ten minutes later the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. The prisoner wept as he shook his counsel's hand. "No other man on earth could have saved me as you have done, Mr. McSweeney," he sobbed. "I aint got no wife or family, sir."

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Rich, chocolate coating. Very creamy centres. Delicate flavors. Elegantly packed in 1/2, 1 and 2-pound chocolate-colored boxes. Price, 60c a pound. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

THE MERRY MUSE.

He Said Good-by.
He said good-by forever
With great disdain,
And vowed that he would never
See her again.

The girl made no endeavor
To have him stay.
He said good-by forever,
And went away.

Life's path is full of dangers,
Of places bleak,
And they were utter strangers
For 'most a week.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Billing and Cooing.

In the days when I was wooing,
All my time was spent in cooing,
Cooing blissfully.
First she cooed and then I cooed
As the love chase we pursued
In a happy, dreamy mood.
Ne'er a coo from sweet Bahette
But hy me was promptly met
Cheerily!

Now we're wed, and 'stead of thrilling
Little coos we twain are billing,
Billing constantly.
First I bill and then she bills,
Bills for grocers, bills for pills,
Ice and bonnets, duds and frills.
Ne'er a bill from sweet Bahette
But must be instant met—
Woe is me!

There's no joy without its sorrow,
No today without its morrow
With its pain.
Yet with all the woes of billing,
With results so sad and chilling,
And the debt chase swift and killing,
When Bahette doth call me to it
I am ready still to coo it
All again!
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Smart Set.

Disillusion.

There were no days like the good old days,
When few were our desires;
We loved them so, for we didn't know
That the world was full of liars.
—Scranton Tribune-Republican.

Concessional.

Guard of the Motor, Great Chauffeur,
Master of every road and way,
Who renders useless curb and spur
And drives to madness roan and hay,
Oh, Goggled Magnate, spare us yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

The tumult and the "honk-honk" dies,
The Plutocrats and Snobs depart,
And little heed the sacrifice
Of one-time-honored horse and cart.
And round the curve Another yet,
Lest up we get, lest up we get!

Horn-warned, our courage melts away,
Within our cowed heart sink the fires,
Our horsemanship of yesterday
Is vanquished by exploding tircs.
Oh, Skilled Mechanic, spare us yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

If cheered by vistas clear we loose
Wild Tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as Equestrians use
Who can not speed beyond the law,
Relentless Driver, spare us yet,
Lest we upset, lest we upset!

On simple hearts that put their trust
In tireless steeds and brake cars light,
And, valiant, brave the fumes and dust
To learn that only might makes right,
On these poor, harmless amateurs
Have mercy, oh, Ye Great Chauffeurs!
—Ethel Walker, in Life.

The young woman sat before her glass and gazed long and earnestly at the reflection there. She screwed up her face in many ways. She fluffed her hair and then smoothed it down again. She raised her eyes and lowered them; she showed her teeth and she pressed her lips tightly together. At last she got up, with a weary sigh, and said: "It's no use. I'll be some kind of a reformer."

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Employees' Pension Fund.....109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910...42,039,580.06
Total Assets.....44,775,559.56

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.
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464 CALIFORNIA STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The last week of the season has been a record one for brilliancy, and crowded into its confines have been a number of dances, receptions, and weddings which found a fitting climax in the magnificence of the Crocker-Irwin wedding on Tuesday afternoon and the Mardi Gras hall on Tuesday night.

The younger set again rather monopolized the pleasures of this week, as both large dances were planned for their entertainment and at the weddings they predominated among the guests.

At the hal masque given by the Neighborhood Club the older element were largely in evidence, and at the bridge parties the hostesses were mainly from among the married set.

The Mardi Gras Ball at Dreamland Rink was largely attended and was an artistic and social success. It was essentially a society affair, although there were present over a thousand.

The wedding of Miss Helene Irwin and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker took place Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, on Washington Street. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Riordan. The bridal party included Miss Jennie Crocker as maid of honor, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Marion Zeile, and Miss Mary Keeney as bridesmaids. The ushers were Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Stanford Gwin, and Mr. A. R. Van Rensselaer of New York, and Mr. Walter Martin acted as best man. Among the guests were Ambassadors and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and the Honorable John Ward and Mrs. Ward (formerly Miss Jean Reid), of London. After a brief visit at Santa Barbara, Mr. Crocker and his bride will proceed to New York and thence to Europe, where the honeymoon will be spent.

The wedding of Miss Florence McLean and Mr. Nelson Baker Lansing took place Thursday evening at St. Luke's Church, and was followed by a reception at the Bellevue. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward Morgan, and the bridal party included Miss Ethel McLean, who was the maid of honor, Miss Margaret Witter, Miss Edna Hayward, Miss Marion Lally, and Miss Bernice Harrell, who were the bridesmaids. Mr. Melville Bowman was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Cleightoo S. Shriner, Mr. James O. Dell, Mr. George Gunn, and Mr. Derwent Kennedy.

The wedding of Mrs. William Ashe and Mr. Walter Howard Seymour took place Thursday afternoon at the parochial residence of the Paulist Fathers on California Street. There were present at the ceremony only Mr. William Ashe, Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller, Mrs. J. D. Peters, and Miss Anna Peters.

The wedding of Miss Luella Fessenden Clark and Mr. George Edward Arrowsmith took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride on Union Street. Mr. and Mrs. Arrowsmith have gone south on their honeymoon trip, but will return to reside here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann entertained at a dinner for Mrs. Bowditch Morton on Thursday evening. Among those who enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Mann on this occasion were Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Margaret Mee, Mr. Frank B. King, Major Roudiez, Mr. Sherwood Coffin, Mr. Jack Featherston, Mr. H. Dalton Harrison, Mr. J. Hayden Clarendon, and Mrs. George Tyson.

Mrs. Bruce Dray was the guest of honor at a tea given on Saturday afternoon at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb. Among the guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Gwin, Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. D. Bolado Ashe, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Mrs. William Dean, Miss Marie Rose Dean, Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. Campbell Shorb, and Mrs. Donald Shorb.

Mrs. John A. Darling entertained at a luncheon at her home on Clay Street, at which Miss Elizabeth Mills shared honors with Miss Kate Herrin and Miss Alice Herrin as the complimented guests. Among others present were Miss McClellan, Miss Josephine McClellan, Miss Edith Slack, and Mrs. Francis Payson of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood was hostess at a tea on Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Elizabeth Kirkland, who is a guest

of the Vanderlyn Stows. Among those present were Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Miss Nellie Stow, Mrs. John Daniel, Mrs. Charles Jackson, Mrs. Hellman, Miss Alice Hoffman, and Miss Kentfield.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst gave a tea on Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe. Receiving with the hostess were Miss Anna Olney, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, and Miss Marian Marvin.

Miss Helen Sullivan was hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon. Among her guests were Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Rhoda Niebling, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Marguerite Doe, and Miss Fredda Smith.

Mrs. James Shea and Mrs. James Farrell entertained at a bridge tea on Monday in honor of Mrs. E. G. Niebling, who will leave shortly for Europe.

The last private hall of the season was given at Century Hall Monday night by a coterie of women which included Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Edith Coleman, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. W. L. Elkins, and Mrs. Gordon Blanding. Over two hundred guests were present from among the younger dancing set.

Miss Rhoda Pickering was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of the Misses Herrin. Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb were hostesses at a luncheon on Saturday in honor of Miss Mildred Whitney. Their guests were Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Alice Mack, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Madge Wilson, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Margaret Carrigan, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Elva de Pue, and Miss Elizabeth Bull.

Mrs. Edward Poillon entertained at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday afternoon. Among her guests were Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Mrs. Tasker Bliss, Mrs. William Carleton, Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Mrs. J. B. Coryell, and Mrs. Frank Watson.

Miss Marguerite Doe entertained at a bridge party on Monday in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin and Miss Jaee Hotelling.

Mr. Gustave Sutro was host at a theatre party on Friday evening, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, and Mr. and Mrs. Fraok Deering.

Mrs. John Shroufe Merrill was hostess at a bridge tea at the Normandie on Monday, at which she entertained Mrs. Harry Sears Bates, Mrs. Joseph Myerstein, Mrs. Charles Plum, Mrs. William Crellin, Mrs. R. W. Davis, Mrs. Robert Lindsey, Mrs. A. C. Ball, Mrs. William Harrison, Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. R. G. Broderick, Mrs. W. Z. Tiffany, Mrs. Albert W. Fink, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. L. C. Hammond, Mrs. A. G. Rogers, Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. W. H. Morrow, Mrs. I. W. Thorne, Mrs. A. G. Boyer, Mrs. G. L. Lansing, Mrs. John Baker, Jr., Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. Frederick Knight, Mrs. Harold Rice Mann, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Mrs. Walter A. Scott, Miss Edith Bull, Miss Mae Sullivan, Miss Luella Allender, Miss Irene Melvin, Miss Eloise Gehardt, and Miss Mildred Lansing.

Miss Laura Baldwin entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Ruth Noyes of Washington, who is the guest of her cousin, Miss Myra Hall, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Douglas Fry was hostess at an informal tea on Friday, at which she entertained Miss Marian Miller, Miss Frances Martio, Miss Ruth Haskens, Miss Laura Baldwin, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Jaet Coleman, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, and Mrs. Ralston White.

Miss Laura McKinty entertained at a tea on Friday, at which Mrs. W. L. Elkins was the guest of honor. Among those present were Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. Thomas Benson, Mrs. George Page, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. George Garritt, Mrs. Norman McLareo, Mrs. N. L. Nokes, Mrs. Edward Eyre, and Mrs. Horace Hellman.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a luncheon on Saturday, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Frances Martin, who has recently returned from Europe, and for Miss Virginia Newhall, who is preparing to leave for Boston. Miss Tillmann's guests were Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Clara Allen, and Miss Bessie Ashton.

Mrs. A. W. Foster was a luncheon hostess on Tuesday at Fairhills, the Foster country home at San Rafael.

Miss Anita Maillard entertained fifty guests at a tea Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Jane Selby.

Mrs. William Ashburner and her niece, Miss Amelia Cristy, entertained at a tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Harriet Stringham, whose engagement was recently announced. The hostesses were assisted in receiving their guests by Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Maude Wilson, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Margaret Postlethwaite, Miss Marie Bullard, Miss Katherine Pennell, and Mrs. Ralston White.

Miss Esther Denny was the complimented guest at a luncheon on Tuesday given by Mrs. George Howard Eldridge at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. William S. Miller was hostess at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday, at which her guests were Mrs. George Fish, Mrs. Florence Porter Pinfest, Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Mrs. Samuel Gardner, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. A. N. Dorn, Mrs. Alexander Bergerin, Mrs. Kenyon, Miss Dourity, and Miss Kenyon.

Miss Johanna Volkman and her brothers, Mr. Daniel Volkman and Mr. William Volkman, entertained at a dance at their home on Broadway on Monday evening.

Miss Margaret Postlethwaite entertained at a dooce at her home on Monday evening, at which the guests included only members of the younger set.

Mrs. William Cluff entertained at a dinner at

the Fairmont Hotel on Monday evening in honor of Mrs. A. W. Wilson, who has just returned from the Orient. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, there were at the dinner Mr. and Mrs. George Fish, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Toney L. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. William Matson.

Mrs. Edgar Preston was hostess at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Tuesday evening, at which she entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. David Brown of Aspen, Colorado. The guests at the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Miss Virginia Joffie, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. John Bowie, Captain Black, and Miss Reed.

Mr. George Willcutt and Mr. Arthur Fennimore entertained at dinner Friday night at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl. Their guests were Miss Frances Martin, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Harriet Stone, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Josephine Johnson, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Maria Marvin, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Lurline Matson, Mr. Duval Moore, Mr. Melville Bowman, Mr. Otto Grau, Mr. Seyd Havens, Mr. Herbert Schmidt, Mr. Dan Volkmao, Mr. Frank de Lisle, Mr. Walter Hush, and Mr. George Leib.

Miss Jennie Crocker was a dinoer hostess at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening, at which her guests were the Hoorahle and Mrs. John Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott.

Mr. Roger Boqueraz was host at a dinner on Friday night, which was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor. The guests were Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. Christian de Guigne, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. John Gallois, and Mr. Charles Felton.

Miss Fredda Smith gave the friends of Miss Rhoda Niebling an opportunity of saying good-by to her at a tea on Friday. Among those present were Miss Anna Weller, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Katherine Bliss, Miss Gladys Poillon, Miss Katherine Pennell, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Elizabeth Orrick, Miss Cleo Posey, Miss Lila Kenny, Miss Irene Farrell, Miss Amalia Simpson, Mrs. Chester Roadhouse, and Mrs. Walter Greer.

Mrs. John A. Darling entertained Friday at her home on Clay Street in honor of Mrs. John Wisser. Mrs. John S. Merrill was hostess at a bridge party at the Normandie on Monday afternoon, at which she entertained a large number of guests prior to her departure for her home in San Mateo for the summer.

Another Concert by Miss Flora Wilson.

Since the appearance of Miss Flora Wilson at the concert given by her February 18, in the Hotel St. Francis, for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage, and at the urgent request of her friends and admirers, Miss Wilson has consented to give another concert here about March 20, in Scottish Rite Hall. The concert will be given at popular prices, as Miss Wilson is anxious that it shall be within reach of all music lovers. Miss Wilson is the daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, and has been for several seasons most popular in Washington society.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Gill (formerly Miss Sara Drumm) at Redlands, has been brightened by the advent of a son, born February 26, 1911.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Francis Wilson in his own comedy success, called "The Bachelor's Baby."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt and Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt are at present in Egypt, having gone abroad for a year of travel.

Miss Ruth Haskins of New York is the guest of Miss Marian Miller for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have returned to San Francisco, after a visit in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Fuller (formerly Miss Adelaide Wright) are spending their honeymoon in New York, and on their return will make their home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Othello Scribner have returned from Los Angeles and the southern part of the State, where they have spent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham and their daughters will spend the month of March in Los Angeles as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cooper Johnson (formerly Miss Beulah Brigham).

Mrs. John Bidwell has returned to her home at Chico, after having been entertained by Mrs. George Gibbs and Mrs. John Darling in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and their sons have returned from Bakersfield, where they have been spending the past week.

Mrs. Bowditch Morton left on Wednesday on the *Manchuria*. She is returning to her home in Paris by way of the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster and their daughters will leave early in March for Europe, where they will spend the summer in travel.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. Samuel Blair, and Miss Blair have been the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at Pleasanton for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell have returned from the southern part of the State.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt left Sunday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Black have returned from their honeymoon trip abroad. In New York they were the guests of Mrs. Black's sister, Mrs. Etienne Lancel.

Mrs. Francis Payson, who returned with Colonel Payson from Honolulu last week, will remain in San Francisco while he is under treatment at the General Hospital at the Presidio.

Miss Dora Winn left Saturday for Fort Leavenworth, where she will be the guest of her father, Major Frank Winn, for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, who came up to San Francisco for the Assembly and the Mardi Gras ball, will return this week to Santa Barbara, where they have a cottage for the summer. Mrs. Edward Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon, who have spent a pleasant winter in San Francisco, will go to Santa Barbara for a few weeks and from there to their home in New York.

Mrs. John S. Merrill is preparing to leave for her San Mateo home, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Volkman have returned from their Eastern trip and are at the Orchards, the Meek family home at San Lorenzo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McClellan were at Del Monte last week on their honeymoon trip. They had as their guest at luncheon Wednesday Miss Myrtle MacDonald of San Francisco, who is to leave soon for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hall have returned from Honolulu, and are guests at the Houghton home.

Mr. George R. Andrews of Seattle is at Del Monte on his return, after a short visit in the southern part of the State.

Miss Elsie Schilling left for New York on Tuesday, where she will spend several months.

Miss Virginia Newell Drown with a party of friends spent last week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Margaret Mee, Miss Mee, and Miss Rose Kales sailed on the *Manchuria* on Wednesday for a trip to the Orient.

Mr. Maurice B. Blake of Ireland, and Mr. Thomas Watson of Surrey, England, who are making a pleasure tour of the world, spent several days of last week at Del Monte.

Mrs. John Trainor, who has been visiting in Oakland, will return shortly to her Los Angeles home.

Mrs. M. H. Hecht left this week for the East and Europe.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the past week included Mrs. M. L. Sowle, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Breed, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Burgess, Mrs. William McGuire, Mrs. C. P. Figley, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Pattison, Mr. Albert Lindley, Mr. C. M. Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Voorhees, Mrs. Schrader, Mr. A. E. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Bode, Mrs. E. M. Grancy, Mr. E. L. Gordon, Mr. J. H. Harrison, and Mr. T. S. Bullock.

Friedrich von Flotow's opera "Martha" was given at the Irving Place Theatre in New York last week with strict adherence to the original text, with no spoken parts or cuts. The audience showed enthusiasm and at the close of the first act in addition to the principal singers Director Theodor Burgarth and the conductor of the orchestra, Herr Karl von Wegern, were called before the curtain many times. Herr von Wegern was one of the three favorite pupils of Von Flotow and the only one of them now living.

Johanna Gadski's singing at a Wagner concert in New York recently was reported by one gifted auditor as being "hewunderungswürdig," "höchstaunderndlich," "tiefer-schütterlichwirkend," and "kaumgläubhaft-ü brenndüberhauptganzenunentpyramidal," says the *Musical Courier*.

Blanche Bates appeared at the stage children's benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House recently, delivering a poem, "Forbid Them Not," written specially for the occasion by William Winter.

The Bonci Concerts.

At last music lovers here are to have the opportunity of hearing Alessandro Bonci, the greatest lyric tenor living. Of all the male stars imported by Hammerstein, Bonci was the only one who was a menace to the Metropolitan's success, and after his first season the older opera house captured his services at one of the biggest figures ever paid a man on the operatic stage.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 5, at the Columbia Theatre, when a programme of classic and modern songs by Giordani, Paisiello, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Godard, Macdowell, Debussy, and Leoncavallo will be given, besides excerpts from Gluck's "Helen and Paris," Flotow's "Martha," and Puccini's "La Bohème."

The second and positively last concert will be given just a week later, with another interesting programme, which will include an aria from Puccini's latest work, "The Girl of the Golden West."

Seats for both concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre.

Oakland music lovers will hear Bonci in an entirely different programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 10, at half-past three, and seats for this event will be ready Monday morning at Ye Liberty box-office only.

Mr. Harold Osborn Smith, pianist, will assist as both accompanist and soloist.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will hear this artist on Tuesday night.

Busoni Next.

Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist, who during the past week conducted one of his new orchestral works, "Berceuse elegiaque," with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, besides playing three times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and giving a recital at Smith College, will be the last of the great piano virtuosi to visit San Francisco this season. Busoni will open the new and beautiful Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue on Sunday afternoon, March 19, and Tuesday night, March 22, in programmes of the greatest interest.

Busoni's art is said to be quite different from that of any pianist who has yet visited us. He plays in a masterly and remarkable way, giving original interpretations of standard works, and eliciting from the much abused piano the varied tonal quality of an orchestra. He is one of the kind that make audiences rise and shout with enthusiasm.

The sale of seats for these important events will open Wednesday, March 15, but mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Plans of Composers and Authors.

The well-known Trieste paper, *Il Piccolo*, recently asked a number of European celebrities what they intend to do during the year 1911. Here are some of the answers:

Saint-Saëns: "I shall work on a four-act opera entitled 'Dejenira.'"

Massenet: "In April of this year the Opera Comique will bring out my music drama, 'Therese.'"

Mascagni, Puccini, and Boyto replied that they had no definite plans.

Leoncavallo is working on his new opera, "Prometheus."

Franz Lehár sent the hurried answer, "Eva," operetta in three acts—'Endlich Allein,' idem."

These were the only important composers who replied.

Maxim Gorki answered, "I am at work on the 'Chronicle of a Small Town' and on a new novel entitled 'Simple Love.'"

Maeterlinck answered, "I am poring over the subject of death. I can not say now whether I shall write a book concerning it, but I am afraid so."

Israel Zangwill said, "I am at work upon a drama which will be brought out at His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree."

Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, Richard Strauss's librettist, sends the most complete answer of them all. He writes: "I am at work upon a modern society comedy. I am also preparing a dramatic libretto based on an old Vienna novel, which will probably be set to music. I intend further to write for the stage an old English 'Mysterium' of the fifteenth century, and I am also engaged upon some pantomimes and ballads, which I shall dedicate to a well-known dancer."

Christine Nielsen, who is to alternate with Louise Gunning in singing the title-role of "The Balkan Princess" at the Herald Square Theatre, appeared in the rôle for the first time in New York City at the special Lincoln's Birthday matinee. Miss Nielsen is to sing all the regular Wednesday matinees and also at the special holiday afternoon performances throughout the engagement. She has sung the rôle several times during the preparatory out-of-town tour of the production. Miss Nielsen's last New York engagement was a member of the all-star company in the revival of "The Mikado" last summer.

Mischa Elman Coming.

Mischa Elman, the twenty-year-old Russian violinist, will open his season here on Sunday afternoon, March 26. This artist visited us just two years ago, and no other violinist created such a furor since the visit of Kubelik. Although we have heard such artists as Kreisler, who in certain ways overshadows any, this Russian lad possesses a quality of quite another kind; he makes his violin weep with sadness or sing with joy; he holds his auditors in an almost hypnotic spell; he is in every meaning of the word a genius. During the past month he has played seven times at the Carnegie Hall in New York, and at each concert hundreds were unable to gain admission.

Greenbaum will present this artist three times in this city and once in Oakland, besides which he will furnish the fifth programme of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Ruth St. Denis's Dances.

The production which Henry B. Harris gave the dances founded on the religion and customs of ancient Egypt, in which Ruth St. Denis appeared for the first time in New York recently, was widely commented upon, for it was so elaborate as to be worthy of a great play—and it is said that these dances in every way warranted the care which had been given their scenic equipment. On tour the scenery and effects of the company require the use of two large baggage cars. There are some fifty people in the organization. The new dances of ancient Egypt will

form part of the programme which Miss St. Denis will appear in when Henry B. Harris presents her for an engagement at the Columbia Theatre in the near future. In addition to the Egyptian numbers, Miss St. Denis will dance the most interesting of the Hindu numbers which first brought her into public notice.

"Natoma," the new English grand opera, book by Joseph D. Redding and music by Victor Herbert, was first produced on any stage in Philadelphia last Saturday evening, February 25, and made a most favorable impression. On Tuesday evening of this week the work was given in New York, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and was enthusiastically applauded by a large and brilliant audience. Mary Garden sang the title rôle. The critics in New York speak in terms of high praise of the production as "Victor Herbert's new opera," but not merely the libretto but the inspiration of the work must fairly be credited to Mr. Redding.

The annual spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will be held at the San Francisco Institute of Art, beginning March 3, and ending March 30, 1911. An opening reception for members of the association and contributing artists was given on Thursday evening, March 2.

On Sunday evening, March 12, Henry E. Savage's sterling production of "The Merry Widow" will begin an engagement at the Savoy Theatre limited to fifteen nights.



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"It costs him \$10,000 a year to live." "Why does he spend his money so foolishly?"—*Life*.

"'Ere, missus! Give over pinchin' them bananas. 'Ave a go at the cokernuts instead."—*Sketch*.

Gerald—My dog knows as much as I do. Geraldine—Why don't you get an intelligent dog?—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Harduppe—I admit I would do anything for money. Wigwag—Well, you can't do me for any.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Casey—Phwat kind as a horse is a coh? Mulligan—It's wan thot's heen raised in-toirely on corn, ye ignoramus.—*Boston Transcript*.

Harker—I don't see you running your auto any more? Sparky—No; I'm trying to save up money enough to huy a new one.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"My husband has a terrible case of grip." "What are you doing for him?" "Nothing. He has his life insured for \$60,000."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

She—So you have an educated dog; do you let him go to the postoffice for your mail? He—No; I am afraid he might take it to my wife first.—*Le Rire*.

"What? You're engaged to Mr. Brown? Then you won't marry Mr. Jones, after all!" "No, not after all. But, perhaps, after Mr. Brown."—*Milwaukee News*.

Alice—I like Tom immensely, and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself! Grace—Yes, dear, your knight hath a thousand 'ts.—*Puck*.

Bobby, aged eleven (to Auntie, an energetic suffragette)—I 'spose, auntie, the first thing you'll do when you get the vote will be to put a tax on us bachelors?—*M. A. P.*

"Thought you were going to quit keeping house and live in a hotel?" "We did intend to." "What made you change your minds?" "The cook wouldn't leave."—*Toledo Blade*.

Doctor—You must put a porous plaster on the small of your back. Lady—That's impossible, doctor, I'm going to the opera to-night—how would I look?—*Milwaukee News*.

Wigwag—I can always tell a married man when I meet one. Henpeckke—Oh, I don't know. You might occasionally run across a hachelor with a grouch.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I am working my way through college."

"Brave girl. How do you earn money?"

"Well, father gives me \$10 for every singing lesson I don't take."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I don't quite grasp the idea in this poem of yours." "Don't try," advised the author. "A man doesn't always have an idea every time he writes a poem."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Pa, what's an actor of the old school?" "Generally, he is one who used to be part of the Roman mob when Edwin Booth or John McCullough performed."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Why do they call Washington the city of magnificent distances?" "Because," answered the office-seeker, "it is such a long way between what you go after and what you get."—*Washington Herald*.

He—Fancy you getting engaged to that Dolington man. What does he do to earn a living? She—Don't be absurd, Jack. You know he hasn't time to earn a living while we are engaged.—*M. A. P.*

"Chuggins is fearfully selfish since he got that new motor-car," said the critical friend. "In what way?" "Every time he honks to warn a pedestrian he thinks he ought to have a life-saving medal."—*Washington Star*.

"I wonder why Amy is so long answering my letter." "Why, you know she's married now." "But she could write just the same." "Oh, she probably did write—and gave the letter to her husband."—*Buffalo Express*.

Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now? Mackintosh—For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singin'; and, thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.—*Musical Americo*.

"A verdict for \$10,000 isn't so bad," said the junior partner. "How much shall we allow our client?" "Oh, give him \$50," answered the senior partner. "But hold!" "Well?" "Don't be basty. Promise to give him \$50."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Senator," the beautiful girl inquired, "are you in favor of being elected by the direct votes of the people?" "My dear young lady," the statesman replied, "I am enthusiastically in favor of being elected thus or in any other way that can be arranged."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Prominent Lawyer (at home)—Where was I the night before last? How do I know? Do you expect me to remember every little thing I do. Same Lawyer (in court)—The

testimony of the witness is plainly unreliable. As you see, he can not recollect where he was on the 16th day of October, 1897, between 11:50 a. m. and 12:01 p. m.—*Puck*.

"I suppose the Muntoburns are so rich that they can afford to wear anything they take a fancy to in the way of diamonds." "Huh! They're so rich that they can wear cheap imitations of diamonds and nobody will suspect it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I was in a Missouri town two years ago," said a local dramatic producer, "trying to get up a show. The landlord of the chief and only hotel seemed half-way intelligent, and I interviewed him, as a preliminary. 'Your town boasts a hand, does it not?' I asked. 'Well, no, stranger,' he responded. 'We've got a band, but we don't hoast of it. We jest endure it.'"—*Boston Travler*.

"Mary, there's no use talking. I've got to have a stenographer." "John, don't be silly. You don't need a stenographer any more than you need a wooden leg." "That's it. Confound it, you have no consideration for me whatever. I've just been reading about a man who got poisoned by licking postage stamps. Sometimes I almost believe you want to lose me."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Along a country road walked a man and woman. The latter, a gaunt, stern-faced female, was hullyng the meek little fellow who trudged just in front of her, with downcast head. Suddenly the woman, turning, saw a hull racing down the road behind them. She quickly took refuge in the hedge, hut her companion, unconscious of aught hut his woes, kept on his way. The hull caught up to him and sent bim spinning into a muddy ditch, then continued on its wild career. As the woehogone figure crawled out of the mire he saw his better half coming toward him. Plucking up a little spirit, he whimpered: "M—M—Maria, if you hit me like that a-g-g-gain, you'll really get my temper up, so I warn ye."

Some of the stories of the foothall of '90 or '91 are, in fact, almost incredible. A Philadelphia sporting editor returned one November Saturday from West Philadelphia with a pale, frightened face. "Many accidents at the game?" a police reporter asked him. "One frightful accident," replied the sporting editor. "A powerful mule from a neighboring coal dealer's entered the field, hlundered into one of the hottest scrimmages, and got killed."

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Abraham Ruef.

There is no call for sympathy in the case of Abraham Ruef. The crimes for which this man is punished have not grown out of his necessities or human weaknesses; they are the fruits of inordinate avarice guided by knowledge and cunning, not in ignorance of moral and patriotic restraints, but in cold-blooded contempt of them. Ruef was born to respectable parents and to decent conditions. He was carefully educated in the public schools and in the State University. He was given the training of a lawyer. These advantages, which should have inspired him to a career of self-respect and honorable service, were diverted to a calculated and persistent criminality. From the beginning he practiced politics even more diligently than he did his profession of the law. His ideas were sinister and shameless, and he played the game in conformity with them. When after a long course of political scheming he acquired control of the labor-union forces, he yielded to no limitations or restraints. He became not only a boss, but a pirate. Nothing that would yield money was too small or too large for his attention. The more

he got the more he wanted. The larger the powers he drew to himself, the more rapacious and conscienceless he became. Sworn as an officer of the law, he used the law as a shield for his schemes.

What has come to Ruef is not more than he deserves by every rule of law and morals, by every principle of justice. If it comes to him tardily, it comes none the less justly. If there had been, in his prosecution four years ago, simple integrity and simple efficiency, he would long before now have been where he is today. He owes such measure of freedom as he has had during the past four years wholly to the blunderings, the bargainings, the shameless conspiracies of those who assumed the responsibilities of prosecution.

There is, we repeat, no call for sympathy on behalf of a creature whose mind and hand have conspired to a thousand infamous and sordid ends, who has injured and shamed the community in which he was nurtured and at whose cost he was educated, and for whom not one word of commendation may be uttered without doing violence to every moral sentiment.

The Old Congress and the New.

The final session of the Sixty-First Congress, which ended on Saturday last, accomplished something in the way of legislation, but not much. Outside of routine and perfunctory work, its most notable doings were to make provision for fortification of the Panama Canal, to provide for the construction of two new battleships, to authorize the recodification of laws relating to the judiciary, to create forest reserves in the southern Appalachian and the White Mountains, to provide for the acquirement of embassy and legation buildings in foreign countries, and to increase the annual charge on pension account by a round fifty millions of dollars. The things left undone are notable. They include failure to establish a permanent tariff board proposed by the President, passed by the Senate, but killed by a filibuster in the House; to provide for tariff reciprocity with Canada as proposed by the President, to review the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, to arrange for the entrance of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union of States, to act upon the ship subsidy proposals. Regarded as a whole, the session was a disappointment, distinctly so to President Taft, who has called an extra session of the new Congress to take up the work which the old Congress neglected, notably the tariff commission bill and the Canadian reciprocity proposal.

The new Congress which is thus to assemble at Washington early next month is a very different body from that which passed out last week, and the difference is all the more notable because for the first time in sixteen years there is a break in Republican party authority in the legislative branch of the government. The administration is Republican, the Senate is Republican, but the House of Representatives is Democratic. In the Congress which just ended there were 60 Republican members of the Senate and 32 Democrats. When the Senate assembles next month there will be 51 Republicans and 41 Democrats. On the Republican side the retirements are thirteen—Aldrich, Beveridge, Bulkeley, Burkett, Burrows, Carter, Dick, Flint, Hale, Kean, Whiles, Scott, and Warner; on the Democratic side, there are three retirements—Frazier, Money, and Taliaferro. Seven of the thirteen retiring Republicans will be succeeded by Democrats, with New York still to hear from. The three retiring Democrats will be succeeded by Democrats. In a total membership of 92, there will be 22 new faces in the reorganized Senate. The Republicans retain control, but several of the more notable conservatives will be succeeded by progressives.

Important as are these changes in the Senate, they are less important than changes which radically alter the political complexion of the House of Representatives. In the old House there were 218 Republicans, 172 Democrats, and one vacancy. In the new House

there will be 228 Democrats, 162 Republicans, and one Socialist. All told there will be 128 new members in a total of 391. It has already been determined by party caucus that the Speaker shall be Champ Clark of Missouri, but all the rest is uncertain. The powers of the Speaker will be less than they have been, therefore Mr. Clark comes to a less effective control of the House than that which has been exercised for eight years continuously by Mr. Cannon. Mr. Clark is the only man prominent in the Democratic membership who has had working experience under the responsibilities of majority control. The new majority therefore is unschooled and unskilled in the duties of congressional authority. Their experience has been in opposition and under a system of loose party control. In recent years each Democratic member has been pretty much a law unto himself; and since there has been no hope of advantage through coöperation, each has done the best that he could for his district by individual diplomacies. It now remains to be seen if effective team work may be got from a group of men thus trained in personal and independent methods and under the loosened rein which the modified rules have put into the hands of Speaker Clark. It remains to be seen, too, if the definite responsibilities implied in the new conditions will bring the Democrats in Congress, long accustomed to negative courses, to coöperative purposes and positive action.

It is especially interesting, at a time when the political status of Congress is in flux, when the tendency is toward a marked progressiveism, that a Republican President has deemed it necessary to appeal for the carrying out of his policies from a Congress dominated by his own party to a Congress in which the opposing party controls the House of Representatives. While it is true that the special purposes in view in the extra session already called—authorization of a permanent tariff board and reciprocity with Canada—are measures in which a Democratic House should have a natural sympathy, it is by no means certain that these purposes will be sustained. The Democratic House, while nominally favorable to a liberalized tariff, may have its own ideas with respect to ways and means and that it may for party reasons be unwilling to coöperate with a Republican President. It is quite possible that the position of the Democratic House will be to the effect that if the country wants tariff reform it should put into authority in both the legislative branches and in the White House the party that stands traditionally for that policy. It may not unreasonably be held that to help Mr. Taft out of his dilemma would be to strengthen a man who is practically assured of the next Republican presidential nomination; and it would be a natural taunt that the President who had failed with his own party ought not to expect help from the party in opposition.

While recent tendencies within the Republican party have gone to weaken the conservative element and correspondingly to strengthen the progressive element, the former is still in the ascendant in both branches of Congress. The conservative Republicans outnumber the progressives by two to one, both in the Senate and in the House. This fact, supplemented by other considerations, tends more and more to identify Mr. Taft with the conservative branch of his party. How under the new conditions the President will be able to get on with the progressive element is problematical. It remains to be seen if the differences of opinion and political purpose which divide conservative from progressive in the Republican ranks be not more serious than those which divide Republicans from Democrats. There are many who believe that the country is on the eve of a general political realignment, that the immediate future is to see one party made up of conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats and another made up of progressive Republicans and progressive Democrats. Many conditions and cir-

cumstances may be urged in justification of this suggestion; yet it is to be borne in mind that established political parties die hard, that new political parties rarely come to effective existence excepting in great national crises in which popular excitement lends its aid to the spirit of innovation.

The Large School and the Small One.

The demands made at Sacramento in behalf of Throop Institute raise afresh an issue which has been much discussed of recent years throughout the country. Should the help of the State in the cause of higher education be concentrated and put back of a single school, or should it be divided among smaller schools established in different localities? In other words, should we have one largely endowed university or should we have a number of lesser schools? There is something to be said on both sides.

The policy of concentration naturally means a much larger establishment, with greater and finer buildings, with a larger and more notable if not more competent group of teachers, with a more perfect equipment at all points, and of course with higher pretensions and wider reputation. On its face this looks well. It fascinates the mind with ideas of a great seat of learning with a fine academic atmosphere created and dominated by the ambition for knowledge and the spirit of culture. As a theory it appeals to the imagination not only of scholarship, but of intellectual ambition.

But does the reality work out logically and harmoniously with the conception? The great school does attract a great number of students, but among so many there is of necessity a great variety of aim and purpose. Then the gathering together of large groups of young persons develops social and other activities inevitably leading away from academic purposes and ambitions. One who visits a great American university in the hope of finding academic atmosphere is pretty certainly destined to disappointment. He finds instead a community of young persons whose minds are occupied with athletics, social pleasures, and a hundred other interests wholly distinct from the theoretical purposes of university life. The very magnitude of the college community tends to the destruction of the academic quiet and simplicity of purpose so desirable in the pursuit of culture or even of knowledge. Amid the social distractions of the modern university there is perhaps less inspiration to intellectual than physical life.

Again the great university does attract learned and famous professors, but the very largeness of the classes creates a condition unfavorable to the fullest measure of personal influence on the part of the teacher. Your famous professor is not uncommonly a famous author, or at least an ambitious one. He is more than likely to be absorbed in intellectual tasks entirely proper to a scholar, but hurtful rather than helpful to his character as a teacher. He becomes in effect a lecturer rather than a teacher—one whose touch with the minds under his care is practically limited to his classroom performances. The work of teaching in the greater school is commonly left to subordinates, for the most part poorly paid, oftentimes mere youths, and generally lacking in the experience and propensity which goes into the make-up of effective teachers.

The smaller school may have less distinguished professors, but they are all the more likely to be devoted to the work in hand and they come inevitably into more immediate contact with the student body. They give to those under their care a closer association and a certain inspiration the practical value of which is attested by results the country over. Dartmouth, Williams, Brown, Haverford, Hamilton—these and a multitude of smaller schools which might be named are represented in the working life of the country by men who bear witness to the thoroughness of their methods and who are commonly heard to declare that they could never have been so well taught in the larger schools.

The atmosphere of the small school is in the nature of things better than that of the great university. The social scheme is simpler, less dominated by ambition and fashion; athletics and other college activities if not neglected do not take so engrossing a hold upon the students; there is more of the academic quiet which tends to reading and to general culture, possibly because there are fewer distractions either outside or inside and partly because the teaching body stands in more personal relations to its students.

There is another consideration: A school of learning even though a small one is an important element in

community life. It tends to make a centre of scholarship and of serious interests wherever it exists; and it is important as related to the general purposes of society that there should be as many of these centres as possible. Something is lost in the intimate intellectual life of the State when a half-dozen schools are drawn from their moorings and concentrated into one great school at some central point. The editor of the *Argonaut* has had observation on this point in the neighboring State of Oregon, where the educational policy has tended toward separation rather than concentration. The schools at Eugene, at Corvallis, at Forest Grove, at Drain, at Monmouth, have done great work in their relations each to the immediate life of its community. In instances they have practically transformed communities, giving to them a tone and an atmosphere immensely superior to that which preceded their existence. They have become veritable sources of light, not only to the students directly connected with them, but to the far wider circle into which these students penetrate. It is, we think, much to be questioned if it would not be a loss to the State at large if the resources which sustain these several little schools should be brought to the support of a single and central institution, however large it might be. Something, indeed, that has been very good for the civilization of our country would surely be lost under such change of policy.

Under a centralized system there inevitably grows up in one or another of what we may call department schools a certain spirit of aristocracy. At Berkeley, for example, the academic schools have subordinated and practically overwhelmed the agricultural school. We are inclined to the judgment that each particular school, say of agriculture, of mines, of special professional aim, etc., comes to a better development of the atmosphere suited to its purposes when it stands measurably apart from other schools. There is, most certainly, in the great agricultural schools of Oregon, Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin an atmosphere which could hardly survive, in its simplicity and dignity, immediate relations to schools of more strictly academic purpose.

If the ambition of the State be to make a populous educational community, if the aim be to gather together a group of distinguished and famous professors, if the idea is to make what is called a "great institution," then the right policy is concentration. But if the aim is less for a great institution than for the advancement of knowledge and culture, with the wide diffusion of the advantages of education, then we think the small school system has the better of the argument.

Home Rule for Ireland.

Whatever may be the result of the struggle with the House of Lords, it is certain that Ireland is now nearer to home rule than she has ever been before. Indeed, the government has made no secret of its intention to grant to Ireland a measure of self-government that shall be satisfactory to her people, and if priority has been given to a curtailment of the veto power it is only because self-government for Ireland is impossible so long as the prerogatives of the peerage block the way. The two problems may therefore be considered as identical so far as immediate plans are concerned. The reform of the House of Lords is not an end in itself. It is a means to general democratic legislation, and foremost in that legislation is home rule for Ireland. This was definitely understood before the general election that gave the popular warrant to the present campaign against the Lords. Therefore the same popular warrant applies to home rule.

It is easy to see that there has been a vast change in political sentiment since the electorate refused to indorse Mr. Gladstone's great scheme for the reconciliation of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone was the first statesman of rank to break away from the traditional stupidity that has governed England's relations to her sister island. And the word stupidity is used advisedly, for since the days of Catholic emancipation and the disestablishment of the Irish church England has had nothing worse than stupidity to reproach herself with. She has been constitutionally incapable of understanding that no amount of remedial legislation, no amount of petting and paternalism, can avail anything at all in the absence of home rule, or that sentiment may outweigh in value the most material of benefactions. It is a matter of fact, of undeniable fact, that Irishmen are immeasurably better off than Englishmen so far as the land and other laws are concerned and that England

has been indefatigable in showering upon Ireland all those benefactions that are real enough, but that are not what Ireland has asked for. England, in point of fact, has been unable to appreciate a sentiment. It might be equally true to say that Ireland has been unable to appreciate anything but a sentiment. It is a matter of national temperament, of Saxon and Celt, and if England is now willing perplexedly to concede the sentiment, it is because she is beginning to recognize its reality. She would have conceded it long ago but for a lamentable lack of poetic imagination.

Of course there are other causes that have helped to widen the English view. The idea of imperial federation has been increasingly popular of late years, and England has found, somewhat to her dismay, that the Irish element in her colonies is always strong, sometimes dominant, and necessarily hostile. When she has broached the idea of a community of interests she has been reminded that her own house is by no means in order and that it would be well for her to heal her domestic wounds before arranging a family reunion. There was a time when a hostile Ireland threatened to be a serious embarrassment in case of foreign war, but the real embarrassments are those of peace. Canada would not have shown quite such alacrity to enter into commercial relations with ourselves to the supposed detriment of England if the Irishmen in Canada had forgotten their old-time grudge. England's foreign relations have suffered in the same way. It is an open secret that but for Irish influence at Washington, making itself felt through a hundred channels, there would now be an arbitration treaty of so thorough a nature as to cover every possible cause of quarrel. England is beginning to understand these things and to recognize that Irish discontent is a danger to herself and to the world. She is now showing a disposition to give Ireland what she wants, not only what she needs, and to appreciate the fact that a sentiment may be the one supreme reality in national life, a reality overshadowing all material advantages, unchangeable, and unextinguishable.

Fresno and Hyde Park.

The Industrial Workers of the World, save for a handful of leaders, have left Fresno. Paroles have been passed through the bars of their pen to more than a hundred prisoners, in accordance with the agreement between the agitators and the citizens' committee, and the malcontents have quit the town singly and in groups, afoot and by brake-beam. Little has been heard of the "army"—of three Industrialists and ninety-seven "sympathizers"—that recently left St. Louis. The band that marched against California from the north coast States is disintegrating.

The Fresno authorities declare themselves satisfied with the agreement, called a compromise; the Industrialists profess to be no less pleased. Two places have been set aside for speechmaking—one in Chinatown. So far as present indications go, the incident—a remarkable one, covering six months and threatening to bring a duplicate of Coxey's army—is ended.

But only one phase of the problem has passed. There remains one of the most important questions with which the new century has to deal. This is the control of the type of talk which is dubbed "free speech." What is the efficacy of the policeman's billy in suppressing the harangue? The police powers include the control of public places. The exercise of these powers by the intelligence of the average policeman brings an immediate effect of victory over the discontented. Witness, recently a single New York patrolman halted a parade of anarchists in Broadway, marching without a permit. In Fresno, when it came to a crisis, the police prevailed. Three years ago Los Angeles had a wave of disturbance in which the obstinacy of the disgruntled was pitted against the police power. Other coast cities have not been without similar experiences. The police, brawn backed by the assurance of power, gained their immediate point.

Yet each instance on examination will be found to have produced no alleviation of spleen, but merely to have increased bitterness and determination, however perverted. The bomb outrage in Union Square, New York, in the spring of 1908, was the direct outcome of just such a victory for the police. Selig Silverstein, the Russian youth who attempted to blow up a squad of police but only killed himself and a bystander, gave as his motive bitterness growing out of rough handling by a policeman at a previous gathering. To a lesser degree, the Fresno case illustrates the same

characteristic. The bands of men marching from north and east are as sure an indication of the futility of police suppression as Silverstein's abortive bomb.

Speechmaking is a safety valve. Thomas Jefferson wrote: "I hold it that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical." He contemplated no such antagonism as later generations have brought; he speaks merely of the expression of dissatisfaction as a safety valve. The soap-box orator is a symptom, an indication of a point of view inimical to the existing order and all that it means. To break his head and his soap box and put him in a pen makes him a martyr to those whose attitude is or might be his, and it is especially the latter who must be considered. Suppression gives the dissatisfied a powerful weapon; regulation reduces the danger to a minimum. To crack a head with a club does not let new light into the cranium; it drives the old ideas in farther and firmer.

Abroad, where social rancor is even greater than in America, the authorities have learned the lesson. In France and in England, notably, the police methods are different. M. Lepine, the Paris prefect, who has been called "the perfect policeman," knows when to hit and how to hit hard, but he does not send platoons in on the charge whenever a makeshift rostrum is mounted. The London police are a model of efficiency, yet nowhere is there more spouting and ranting than in the safeguarded speaking-places provided in Hyde Park. And, as a corollary, no world capital is freer from inimical demonstrations than London.

The situation, in truth, demands more deftness than force. Let each city have its Hyde Park, where all cults and "isms" may be expounded amid a thunder of tub-thumping, and your radical, shoulder to shoulder with vegetarian and suffragette and Salvationist, is disarmed.

The Direct Method, By All Means!

Among many measures before the legislature at Sacramento, carefully devised to promote insecurity of property and therefore for the discouragement of investment in California, we note one which seems especially well planned for the purposes in view. It has been presented in the assembly by one Griffin and has been reported favorably by the committee on capital and labor, with the prospect we are told of going through both houses under the special favor of his excellency Governor Johnson. The nominal purpose of this bill is to prevent employers from coercing their employees in the sense of preventing them from joining labor unions. But this is not the whole purport of the bill, for down in the middle of it there is a section prohibiting the "guarding of persons and property" under arms. The motive of this last clause scarcely requires interpretation. It is to prevent the owners of property from setting guards over their holdings or from employing non-strikers—in other words, strike-breakers—to take up work which striking employees reject. It is in plain terms a bill to put the property and business of any man or company at the mercy of striking workmen.

It is strange that the authors of the measure did not seek a simpler and more direct way of getting at this matter. An obviously direct procedure would be a bill abolishing the Constitution of the United States with the laws enacted under it, likewise the Constitution of California with the laws enacted under it. Perhaps, while they are about it, they might have inserted a clause altering the propensities and motives of human nature. All this, besides being straightforward and direct, would be just about as easy and proper as the plan which has been proposed.

Or, why not a measure giving over to the labor unions of California full and complete authority in all matters affecting life and property in this State? This would be not only in the precise spirit of Mr. Griffin's bill, but it would come to the same effect by a simpler process. It would be in perfect harmony with the policy under which we have given the control of affairs, political and material, in San Francisco to Mr. McCarthy and his Labor Council, and it would be in line with those fine sentiments and purposes which have found so effective an expounder and promoter in Governor Johnson. By all means, let the legislature avoid circumlocution, let it cut out devices and indirectness, let it go a straight course; let it simply enact that the business of governing California shall hereafter be given over into the hands of the labor organizations without limitation of constitution or laws and without

regard to those antiquated principles for which our fathers fought, bled, and died at Bunker's Hill and elsewhere.

While the legislature is engaged in driving capital from California, let it go the whole hog. Let our affairs be so adjusted that nobody will dare invest a dollar. This would make leisure in California and prevent intrusion from abroad. It would give us a perpetual holiday season in which to enjoy the blessings and charms of our glorious climate undisturbed by workaday or other vulgar distractions.

Our Ex-Presidents.

Ex-President Roosevelt comes to California in the character of a publicist and lecturer, a professional type made familiar to this generation by the career of Mr. William J. Bryan, who has not only sustained his fame—such as it is—by it, but has grown rich out of it. It is a legitimate occupation and one, we are bound to say, for which Mr. Roosevelt has qualifications in many respects similar if not identical with those of Mr. Bryan.

It may be of interest to review the occupations in which our ex-Presidents, since the foundation of the government, have interested themselves. Washington returned to his Potomac plantation and gave his energies to agriculture. John Adams went home to Massachusetts and devoted himself to literary leisure, including the study of political questions. Thomas Jefferson devoted himself to the cause of public education, became a species of political sage, and died poor. Madison, who had a generous private fortune, lived quietly among his books. John Q. Adams came to Congress from Massachusetts, and after a service of seventeen years, during which he fought on the one hand for the right of petition and on the other for human liberty, died in the capitol. Jackson lived a long and busy life on his plantation near Nashville, diligently pursuing the occupations of a farmer and never offering to mingle in politics. Van Buren never engaged in any business, but continued a quiet factor in politics. Tyler returned to his farm in Virginia and died while serving as a member of the Confederate Congress. Polk took no part in business affairs after leaving the White House, although he was planning to reënter politics when he died. Fillmore lived a life of social and literary ease at his home in Buffalo, again being a candidate for the presidency on the Know Nothing ticket in 1860. Pierce spent the remainder of his life in foreign travel and later became a pro-slavery advocate and a disunionist. Johnson became a senator from Tennessee, but died not long after taking his seat. Buchanan lived through the Civil War, but took no part in political or other activities. Grant went into financial business and wrecked his fortunes, but recouped them for the benefit of his family by authorship. He ventured again into politics, but was defeated in his candidacy for a third presidential nomination. Arthur planned to reënter the practice of law, but death came to break his plans. Hayes retired to private life and to educational work. Harrison resumed the practice of law. Cleveland became an educator and a publicist—the latter in the limited and highest sense.

The Harem Skirt at Sacramento.

The harem skirt is doomed—at least in California. For a few agonizing weeks it seemed that this devastating creation would surely make its way from the dissolute East and from still more dissolute Europe and would impose itself upon the chaste simplicities of our Western toilettes. But the danger has been averted. We may breathe once more. Assemblyman Polsey of Red Bluff has saved the State. At least he is thinking of doing so.

He is a modest man, is Assemblyman Polsey, and yet a bold one. It was ever so with true greatness. Not his to assume full responsibility for the resolution that he will submit to the august assembly of which he is so striking an ornament. He would have us believe that he is but the spokesman for unnamed but awful presences that prefer to remain anonymous, but that condescend to use even the most abject of tools for their sublime purposes. It may be so. Even Assemblyman Polsey could hardly be expected to admit that he had received his orders at the breakfast-table.

The resolutions may not pass, for it must be remembered that while some ladies of the legislature may support them they may be condemned by others. But at least they should be preserved as proof that the California legislature has not been without its *arbitrator*

gantium. Here they are in all the acadian simplicity of Red Bluff:

Whereas, Public taste has been degraded, public morals lowered, and decency outraged by that Oriental importation known as the harem skirt; and

Whereas, Many women in respectable walks of life have appeared on our public thoroughfares in this attire; and

Whereas, Acquiescence in such customs is conducive to a state of individual and national decadence; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the legislature of the State of California, do hereby place ourselves on record as unalterably opposed to this deplorable fashion; he it further

Resolved, That all women's organizations be hereby called upon to further the action of the California legislature, in this cause, in every possible way.

It will be noted that there is here no attempt at coercion. Moral suasion and sweet reasonableness are Assemblyman Polsey's long suit. No woman could resist such an appeal as this. There may be many harem trousers now hanging by their suspenders in the wardrobes of California awaiting their inauguration day, but it can never come now. They will never be worn. Women will make themselves ridiculous at the behest of fashion. They will encounter obloquy, profanity, the tears of unrestrained mirth, the smiles of aggressive contempt, at the bidding of the prevailing mode, but before the reproving glance of the sartorial exquisites at Sacramento they will be abashed into those modesties of costume that they should never have abandoned. A picture of our legislature will rise to their mind's eye even in the most frivolous moments. It is a picture of tender admonition and example. There they are in the heat of debate or in those few moments of convivial recreation that are expectoratingly enjoyed on the sidewalk or in the adjacent and refreshing shelters. Note the perfection of apparel, the distinction of deportment, the grace of carriage, the angle at which the hat is tilted, the gentle and finely calculated droop that is imparted to the cigar, the general effect of self-effacing modesty that can never be wholly hidden even by that tie. It should not be necessary to add precept to such an example as theirs, and yet perhaps it is well that some permanent record should remind us of elegances that are all too seldom in the public view.

Editorial Notes.

There are conflicting suggestions in the President's attitude towards Secretary Ballinger and in the appointment of Mr. Fisher to succeed him. Ballinger goes out of office in the fragrance of generous and even fulsome compliments at the hands of the President. But in the character and record of the man who succeeds him there are manifestations of a wish on the part of the President to conciliate anti-Ballinger sentiment. At this distance it looks as if the President had recognized the political expediency for a turn-about face, but that he is making it rather too sharply for political decorum, even for popular effect. It is hardly in keeping with Mr. Taft's encomiums upon Ballinger and his course in the Interior Department, and his emphatic rebuke of the conspiracy against him, to name as his successor one who, if he has no share in that conspiracy, is associated closely and sympathetically with those who have been at the head and front of it.

Senator Bailey of Texas is in many ways a strong man. He has knowledge, conviction, force. But he has weaknesses, and one of them is petulance. His resignation from the Senate last week under irritation growing out of the failure of his Democratic associates to accept his leadership, was an exhibition of weakness, followed by still another exhibition of weakness in his withdrawal. Either he should not have resigned or he should have made his resignation stick. Whatever claims he may have had to the leadership of the Democratic group in the Senate, he has now definitely lost. Probably, too, by this act he has lost consideration in his own State and in all likelihood his career in the Senate will end with the expiration of his present term, two years from now.

If we may credit the reports, Mr. Johnson's legislature is in the way of enacting a law to prevent "coercion" on the part of employers of men in their employ, with special reference to unionism. Now, since turn about is fair play, wouldn't it be reasonable and logical to enact a law preventing "coercion" on the part of employees as against employers? We are quite willing to concede that the employer has no right to coerce his men; but by the same token we must insist that a rule which applies to one class or element should apply to all.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

We may wonder why Mr. Frank Harris has waited all these years to tell us of his conversations with Carlyle. He should be summarily convicted of being in unlawful possession of public property and perhaps his fate might stimulate other culprits to deliver similar goods and so gain absolution. Mr. Harris tells us that he once asked Carlyle who was the greatest man he had ever known. Remember that Carlyle had known both Darwin and Goethe—great men were plentiful in those days—but he replied at once, "Emerson by far, and the noblest." Carlyle had met Darwin and had listened to the gospel of evolution from his own lips. Didn't think much of it apparently and said so. "There's naething in it—naething; it leads no whither—all sound and noise, signifying naething, naething." What did Darwin mean by the survival of the fittest? What is your fittest, "What d'ye mean by it?" It was an evasion, a subterfuge, a plausible sounding phrase. "Is your fittest the best, the noblest, the most unselfish? There's a faith, a belief, to live and die by; but is that your fittest, eh? That's what concerns me, a man—that and naething else. Ay di mi, ay de me—the evil dream." It is easy to believe that a crowd gathered around the gladiators and there was an audience as Carlyle fired his parting shot. Quoting his own account of the combat as he gave it to Mr. Harris: "All that's very interesting, Darwin, no doubt; how we men were evolved from apes and all that, and perhaps true, and I looked about me, I see no reason to doubt it, none; but what I want to know is how we're to prevent this present generation from devolving into apes? That seems to me the important matter—to prevent them devolving into apes."

The celebrated Swiss Guard of the Vatican is to be reformed, but not out of existence, as has happened to some of the semi-military bodies in attendance on the Pope. Its ancient traditions are to be restored and the recruiting system placed upon its former basis. All its members must henceforth be drawn from the Swiss army, for it has been a common saying of late years that the guard is Swiss only in name and that a good many of the men had never seen Switzerland in their lives. The Swiss Guard dates from the fifteenth century, when Sixtus IV chose a regiment of Helvetians because of their unshakable loyalty. The regiment became a permanent institution under Julius II, the della Rovere fighting Pope who decided finally that to Swiss soldiers should be entrusted the duty of guarding the person of the pontiff. Their number has varied at different times, reaching as high as 3000 and falling to about 100 now. Baron Meyer de Schauensee, their commander, died last year, and his successor, Colonel Repond, has been asked to make a thorough inquiry into the standing of the force. Among other changes, there is to be undress uniform, which will be worn as an alternative to the magnificent costume designed by Michael Angelo. The attribution to the Swiss of some special measure of loyalty must have some basis in fact. It was a Swiss Guard that fell to the last man in the defense of the Tuileries at the dawn of the great French revolution. The Vatican guard has never been put to a test so severe, but doubtless it would respond to a similar call.

It is surprising what a number of people there are nowadays who want to "do something" for the stage and, incidentally, for their own pet projects. We have been hearing a good deal lately of the vicissitudes of the New Theatre, and now comes a revival of the plan to build a Shakespearean theatre in London. First and foremost we are assured that the "whole English-speaking race" is disgraced by its neglect of a Shakespearean memorial, and then we are dazzled by assurances of the benefits that would accrue to the drama from a theatre lifted by endowments beyond the sordid cares of getting its own living. So far as Shakespeare is concerned, we may make our minds easy. The "whole English-speaking race" has not money enough to give Shakespeare a more tremendous memorial than he now possesses. Neither the millions of the millionaire nor the pennies of the pauper can do for Shakespeare more than has been done by three centuries of unchallenged supremacy. We may as well talk of honoring the Bible by a resplendent hindering as of commemorating Shakespeare by a new theatre. The supposed benefits to the drama are no less shadowy. Many young dramatists, we are told, who can not secure a production for their plays, would find an opportunity in an endowed theatre. It is to be feared that they would. They would find that cajolery, sycophancy, caste, and a hundred other things were more potent than merit, and in creating a dramatic committee to handle a public dramatic fund we should find that we had established an orthodoxy and endowed a fad. Imagine the condition of the young dramatist who feels that his only hope of production is in pleasing Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. William Archer.

Most people are vaguely aware that the production of Henri Bernstein's new play at the Comedie Française in Paris has been attended by rioting, but the cause of the disturbances has not been generally explained. The rioters are royalists and they disapprove of the play not because of its theme or of its sentiments, but for the sole reason that M. Bernstein is of Jewish origin. Presumably they abstain from church for a similar cause, not so much that they disapprove of Christian ethics or sentiments, but that the founder of Christianity belonged to the same race as M. Bernstein. But who would have believed that the royal cause in France could ever sink so low as this or that it should allow itself to be served by a crew of young ruffians calling themselves *Camelots du Roi* and who suppose that the divine right of kings is in some way menaced by the production of a play written by a man who happens to be a Jew.

The impossibility of detecting human bloodstains has been

a rock in the path of many criminal prosecutions, but the legal authorities of Germany, France, and Austria have now accepted the test perfected by Dr. Uhlenhuth, and it was employed also in England during a recent murder trial. Until now it has been impossible to distinguish between the stains made by human blood and those caused by the blood of other mammals with the sole exception of the camel tribe. The first step is to inoculate a rabbit with human blood. A serum is then prepared by means of a slight scratch in the rabbit's ear. The material with the suspected bloodstain is then separated into threads, soaked in a saline solution to give it density and the serum from the rabbit is added. If there is any trace of human blood a milky ring forms almost immediately in the test tube. The test is said to be so accurate that the blood of an Egyptian mummy thousands of years old has responded to it. Thus murder becomes more and more of a fine art and the path of the criminal is beset by dangers unheard of in less scientific ages.

A medical expert writing to an English newspaper makes the surprising statement that there are now only two places in Europe where the plague bacillus is known to exist. One of these places is in Russia and the other is in the eastern counties of England. Infected rats have been found in East Anglia and over a somewhat wide area. Some few persons have died there of unmistakable plague, and yet although these facts are known there is no public excitement nor, indeed, public interest. No one seems to care anything about it, although, as the writer accurately says, the matter is of vastly greater import than the reform of the House of Lords and Canadian reciprocity combined. The official attitude is indicated by the fact that the government has sent two experts to the infected area in order to hunt for diseased rats. The official attitude is still more strikingly shown by the further fact that this very area has been chosen by the military authorities as a camping ground for 40,000 militia. Perhaps England feels that she owes a debt of gratitude to the plague and that it would be indecorous to be obtrusively hostile. It was the plague that put an end to serfdom in England by producing a scarcity of farm laborers. It was the plague that reduced the power of the monasteries and so paved the way for the revolution. It was an aid even to English literature inasmuch as it nearly exterminated the classes that spoke French and Latin and called into activity a new body of educationists who spoke only English. The plague may be said to be the father of hygiene, for not even the terror of smallpox was so great a stimulus to cleanliness as the plague. Some day a hook will be written on the beneficence of catastrophes or a study of calamities as aids to human progress.

There is a certain man in New York who wants to read the blue books issued by the British government. His appetite for literature is unique and even depraved, but that is not the point. If the customs authorities at New York discriminate against official documents because they have blue covers—and this is what he maintains—the matter should be looked into. It seems that the victim of this extortion received a blue book from England and was asked to pay 25 cents duty. He protested to the superintendent, who listened to him and then suggested that they go and "see Tom." Tom was one of the inspectors. He was busy unwrapping parcels and assessing the duty on their contents.

"Say, Tom," said the superintendent. "This feller says there shouldn't be any duty on this British book. Know anything about it?"

Tom examined the book and the assessment sheet carefully. "Charley did that, I didn't," he said, recognizing Charley's initials. "I pass 'em free, as a usual thing, myself. But Charley, he don't. Better see Charley."

To Charley we went. The superintendent explained again. Said Charley: "That hook with the blue cover don't get by me without an assessment. It's dutiable all right, all right. I know."

Charley's pontifical tone confirmed the superintendent's suspicions. "See?" he said exultingly. "You'll have to pay."

"With whom can I lodge an appeal?" I asked.

"Won't do you any good," said the superintendent. "But you can write to Loeh. If you do, remember you're gunning for hear. Use big shot."

The ultimate result was a warrant authorizing the treasurer of the United States to disgorge his ill-gotten gains to the extent of a quarter, but the trouble is a recurring one. The battle must be fought again with the advent of each new blue book, but whenever a report is hound in some color other than blue it comes through without assessment.

The British suffragette is peculiarly militant, but it would be a mistake to suppose that "the sex" is unanimous. This is shown by a recent poll of women voters who are on the register for municipal purposes and who were asked if they were favorably or unfavorably disposed to the parliamentary franchise. Fifteen of the larger constituencies were chosen and 41,757 women were polled. Out of this number only 5379 were in favor of the franchise, 18,850 declared themselves as opposed to it, while the remainder were unaccountably and unprecedentedly silent.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Just outside Tachien-lu is the stone bridge which is called "the gate to Tibet." Tachien-lu is a narrow little city which had to conform its shape to the contour of the mountains which shut it in. There is hardly a foot of level ground within the walls. It is the great emporium of trade between China and Tibet where the Chinese exchange tea for musk and gold-dust. Many red-frocked lamas are to be seen about the city, most of whom live in large lamaseries outside the walls. On the flat roofs of the houses flutter innumerable prayer-flags, giving to the winds the universal Tibetan hymn of praise.

OLD FAVORITES.

To a Teacher.

No man was ever truer,
No prince with presence fairer;
No friend with failings fewer,
No spirit rarer.

No feet to succor fleetier,
No staff to lean on surer;
No father's blessing sweeter,
No heart e'er purer.

No teacher ever dearer,
No soul with feelings finer;
No elder brother nearer,
No king diviner.

No sage's concepts higher,
No prophet's vision clearer;
No life to duty nigher,
No life sincerer. —Lucius Bigelow.

La Grisette.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said, "We meet again!"
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and waves were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise! —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

At the King's Gate.

At the king's gate, the subtle noon
Wove filmy, yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
The guards fell, one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned, then
A beggar went, and laughed: "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better for being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what would'st thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream: "Of thee?
Nothing. I want the king."

Up rose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown and threw it by:
"Oh, man, thou must have known," he said,
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned, then,
Went king and beggar, hand in hand.
Whispered the king: "Shall I know when
Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed—free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced—
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep, in terror, soon
The guards waked, one by one.

"Ho here! Ho here! Has no man seen
The king?" the cry ran to and fro.
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray.
The king came not. They called him dead,
And made his eldest son, one day,
Slave in his father's stead. —Helen Hunt Jackson.

Wolves have long been extinct in France, yet there are a hundred "lieutenant de la louvererie" whose nominal duty it is to keep these animals under (says the *Westminster Gazette*). Among the holders of this office are aristocrats, such as the Prince d'Arenberg and the Marquis de Clermont Tonnerre, and millionaires like the Comte Greffulhe and M. Paul Lebaudy. They draw no salary, but the state provides them with a showy uniform, the buttons of which are adorned with wolves' heads. The distinction is keenly sought after, as the "lieutenants de la louvererie" have shooting rights in all the state domains and thus enjoy some of the best sport in France.

THE REDDING-HERBERT OPERA.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder Writes of the New York Production

Tuesday, the 28th of February, was a great night for California. If a citizen of San Francisco had happened in at the Metropolitan Opera House on that evening he would have felt very much at home, for blended with the flag of our country was the flag of the State of California, with the coat-of-arms of New York and of the Golden State cheek by jowl depending from the back of the boxes.

New York does not seem to have been in the least bit offended because the first performance of "Natoma" was given in Philadelphia. It merely puts the Quaker City on a plane with any other "dog town," that is, a town where plays or operas are "tried on a dog." The real performance was given in New York, and New York was there to see.

It seems that this Spanish-American opera, music by Victor Herbert, libretto by your Joseph Redding, was a legacy from Oscar Hammerstein inherited by Andreas Dippel, and would have been first sung at the opera house on West Thirty-Fourth Street if that temple of music had been allowed to flourish. The patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House were, however, just as eager to hear it as though it had been written for them, and as for California, you would have supposed that Mr. Redding was the composer and librettist all in one by the way New York Californians disported themselves. Mr. Clarence Mackay, who is one of the most enthusiastic Californians in New York, had a special celebration of the great event all his own. He turned the foyer of the opera house into a veritable bower of roses and smilax, there to greet the California Club, which in turn greeted the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House, and all marched together to a room in the opera-house building where supper was served to everybody (fashionable) and his wife, including Messrs. Herbert and Redding and Miss Mary Garden.

I dare say that you have heard almost as much about this opera in San Francisco as we have in New York. It has been well advertised, and when it finally came to the Metropolitan there was a great scramble for tickets. Speculators got as much as \$30 apiece for orchestra chairs. No wonder that they felt grateful to Victor Herbert and greeted him with wild applause as he passed in front of the opera house on the afternoon of the first performance. They have not reaped so fine a harvest since "La Fanciulla del West" had its premier. I dare say that they would have applauded Mr. Redding with equal enthusiasm if they had been able to recognize him. His own mother would not recognize the pictures that have been published of him in the newspapers, so if the speculators failed to know him they can not be blamed.

The plot of "Natoma" is not an intricate one nor a very novel one, and I dare say that the incidents depicted were common in California in the early days. The heroine, Natoma (Mary Garden), is the handmaiden of Barbara, the beautiful daughter of a proud Spaniard—all Spaniards, be it known, are supposed to be proud; they would not be Spaniards otherwise. The beautiful Barbara has two lovers, a young and proud Spaniard, Don Alvarado, whom she rejects in two acts, and Paul Merrill, an American naval officer, and there is a wicked half-breed, Castro, who makes trouble for every one, after the uncomfortable manner of half-breeds. There are "dagger dances" and dances without daggers, and choruses of the plain people and choruses of white-robed nuns.

Some of the music is very pretty and some is only "so-so," but the audience, which was in a most amiable mood, liked it much better than one might think from the way that Mr. Krehbiel of the *Tribune* and Mr. Henderson of the *Sun* would lead us to think. I can imagine how these two high-strung critics would writhe under music of this sort sung on the stage made dear to them by the music of Wagner and some of the younger generation of German composers.

While Mr. Herbert has been criticized, Mr. Redding has been roasted. His libretto has been called every uncomplimentary name under the canopy, and yet what librettoes of grand opera are worth reading or even singing. As I recall the lines of many, many operas I can remember few, outside of the Wagnerian group and certain of the more modern ones, such as "Salomé," that one cares for the words or even thinks about them. As for the old Italian operas, their translated books were idiotic.

The trouble with Mr. Redding is that he has a reputation for wit and a ready pen that covers all the distance between New York and San Francisco, and people expected something different. If he had been writing the book for a modern opera I am confident that it would have sparkled with wit and humor, but "Natoma," dating back to 1820, made him feel that he must write in the libretto manner of that day. Even so I can hardly reconcile the "lyrics" in this opera to his interstate reputation.

The first scene is laid off the coast of California on the island of Santa Cruz. It is opened by Don Francisco de la Guerra, "a noble Spaniard of the old régime," the basso, of course. At the rise of the curtain Don Francisco is discovered on the top of a hill overlooking his hacienda. He is waiting for his daughter, the beautiful Barbara, and this is what he sings as he waits:

Alas! Impatient father that I am!
No sign as yet from o'er the water
To tell the coming of my daughter.
The day with leaden feet is creeping,
While my impatient heart is leaping.

Oh child of love, oh child of grace,
I see in thee thy mother's face,
And like a perfume rare,
Her gentle spirit fills the air.
My Barbara, my Barbara!

When as a youth I led my bride
O'er mountain-chain and oceanide,
We dreamed a while to here remain,
Afair from our beloved Spain.

We wandered o'er this island flower,
And found herein a perfect flower;
It was a message from above,
To bless the union of our love.

A flower she gave to me—my bride;
A winsome rose, our joy, our pride.
(Entwined within our hearts it grew
As fleeting years above us flew.

The Reaper claimed my bride his own,
And left me with my rose alone,
This sunset isle I hold a shrine
Wherein to guard my trust divine.)

Oh child of love, oh child of grace,
I see in thee thy mother's face,
And like a perfume rare,
Her gentle spirit fills the air.
My Barbara, my Barbara!

When Don Francisco and his friends exeunt into the hacienda Natoma, leading Paul by the hand, appears coming over the hill. Paul has already begun a flirtation with the Indian girl, who is evidently pleased with his attentions. She sits on the grass at his feet and he calls her "a little wild flower." "No one has ever spoken to me as you do," she tells him and pays him a delicate compliment by asking if all Americans are "fair and good to look upon." She bids him "speak and speak again, until I bid you cease—and that will never be." At this he bursts into song, and this is what he sings:

Gentle maiden, tell me,
Have I seen thee in my dreams—
I wonder?
When above my pillow
All the night sheds starry gleams—
I wonder?

Ever am I haunted
By a pair of eyes so deep
And gleaming,
In whose wealth unfathomed
Lie the shafts of love asleep
And dreaming.

Every glance she gave me
Woke my heart and roused my soul
From slumber.
Gentle maiden, tell me,
Have I seen thee in my dreams—
I wonder?

At the conclusion of this song Natoma replies, after the manner of Hiawatha:

Would you ask me of my people,
Of my father and his father?
Then I hid you now to listen.

From the clouds came my first father;
Out he stepped upon the mountain
Over there upon the mainland,
In the early dawn of morning,
And his people followed after.
Soon there came an awful famine,
And his people paled with hunger,
Paled with hunger, and the famine.
Then he went down to the ocean
Where the waters roll unceasing,
And he prayed unto the Spirit,
To the Spirit of the mountain,
To the Spirit of the waters.
And lo, his prayer was answered.
At his feet, in untold numbers,
Tossed up by the mighty ocean,
Found he there the alahone,
Rich with meat the alahone.
With this meat he fed his people,
Brought to life his starving people,
And with prayer they thanked the Spirit.

One does not have to be as clever as Mr. Redding to write such lines as these. I can readily imagine that when he is writing for the high jinks of the Bohemian Club that he shows his quality to better advantage. Mr. Herbert knows him as a fellow-member of the Lambs, and it was at that club one evening that he said to him, "Joe, why don't you try your hand at the libretto for my opera?" Mr. Redding said nothing, but he "tried his hand," and Mr. Herbert was very much pleased with the result. How he feels about it now I don't know, but he saw that Mr. Redding, as well as he, was called before the curtain and showered with applause by "a large and fashionable audience." On the same night that "Natoma" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, "The Arrow Maker," an Indian play by Mary Hunter Austin of California, was produced at the New Theatre. Everything seems to be coming California's way just now, operas, plays—and the fair!

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1911.

Queensland is one of the great sugar-producing States of Australia, and practically all of the sugar consumed in the commonwealth is raised and refined in this State and in the northern part of New South Wales. The leading feature of the sugar industry is the number of small cane-growers engaged in it, who now supply cane to the central mills, of which they are proprietors.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry F. Lippitt, banker and cotton manufacturer, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from Rhode Island, takes much interest in his apple orchard, and he raises such good apples that they have a State-wide reputation. His farm is on the plantation where his ancestor settled in 1638.

Thomas Coleman Du Pont, president of the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, has offered to build, at his own expense, a splendid highway, 103 miles long, from end to end of the State of Delaware, costing \$2,000,000, if the commonwealth will agree to maintain the road after its construction. The offer is unique in the annals of philanthropic activities on the part of millionaires. Mr. Du Pont's home is at Wilmington, Delaware.

Charles D. Hilles, who at one time conducted a boys' school at Dobbs Ferry, New York, has been selected by President Taft as his secretary, succeeding Charles D. Norton. Hilles is now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He enjoys the friendship of influential members of Congress and the President has frequently employed him on important missions. His political judgment is said to be particularly good. The post carries a salary of \$6000 a year.

John Lane, a resident of the city of Washington, claims to be the only living man who ever saw the first President of the United States. He is only eighty-six years old, but the seeming impossibility is made possible by the fact that he was present, a curious lad, when the body was removed from one tomb to another in 1837. When the lid of the casket was raised for one brief moment, while the little knot of prominent men gazed awe-stricken on the almost natural face, one of them raised the boy aloft, and, he, too, looked.

Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, a woman of rare tact and intelligence, is appealing to her people in a manner which is doing much to endear her to them. She lends her energies to King Albert's efforts to remove the dark stain caused by Leopold's countenance of the Congo atrocities. Her last birthday was generally celebrated as Rose Day, and the sale of the queen's birthday roses realized \$20,000, which was given to the tuberculosis relief fund. On her next birthday the edelweiss will be substituted for the rose, and the proceeds from its sale will be devoted to combatting the sleeping sickness in the Congo.

Edward Dwelly, of Herne Bay, Kent, England, has finished the first complete Gaelic dictionary, after thirty years of incredible industry and perseverance. He has not only compiled the work, but has set, stereotyped, printed, illustrated, and published it with his own hands. It makes three volumes of over 80,000 words. Educated for the engineering profession, a musician of some skill, he began the study of Gaelic while a member of the London Scottish Volunteers band. At the end of ten years he went to Scotland, with savings, \$6000, to gather material for a Gaelic dictionary. After another ten years of work and study, his manuscript finished, he was unable to induce any publisher to bring out the work. Then he determined to do it himself. Without knowledge of type or printing, he purchased a second-hand press and a font of nonpareil type, enough to set ten or a dozen pages at a time, and began. Unfortunate investments swept away his entire savings and he was forced to do odd jobs of printing to gain a livelihood. As a last resort he even had to sell his valuable Gaelic library. Now his triumph is at hand. He has the final proofs undergoing revision. A civil pension of £250 has been settled on him and it has been suggested that he be knighted.

Isaac C. Johnson, J. P., inventor of Portland cement, attained the age of 100 years on January 28. He lives in a neat little cottage called Maywood, at Gravesend, England. Remarkable is the fact that he is spending the closing days of his life in translating the New Testament and parts of the old from Greek into literal English. Chemist, mathematician, and business man, he has also been a loving student of the Scriptures, and has preached in England and on the Continent. He has taken up his present work because he does not believe anybody should be idle. Born at Vauxhall of humble parentage, he received only a rudimentary education, and for a time was employed in a bookseller's store. Later he entered the service of a firm of cement manufacturers at Nine Elms, working in every branch of the business and finally receiving appointment in the office of the managers. Here, making his first acquaintance with mathematical instruments, he attended a night school for architectural drawing, and became so proficient that he was able to give instruction to young joiners, thus adding somewhat to his income. Only after a long series of experiments and many failures was he finally able to produce Portland cement. His company supplied the cement for the Tower Bridge foundations and the world-famous Assouan dam. During his career as a magistrate Mr. Johnson took the merciful side as far as he could. "Punishment is necessary for the welfare of society, but it must be, as near as possible, proportionate to the offense committed," he said recently. He does not believe in capital punishment. Although a total abstainer for eighty-two years, he explains that at one time he was very near to becoming a drunkard, "cast as I was into London as an apprentice in the midst of men of low habits."

THE DISINHERITED.

How He Won a Medal and Regained His Right.

You know the College Widow—I mean the play of Ade's, not the work of God. You have laughed with our young friend, Bub Hicks, at our old friend, his dad; for all that, they are no novelty. Novelty! Why, the backwoods are full of 'em, Hicks being, in brief, but Ade for Hickory.

Very well, then, Hazel Hicks was Bub's sister, to begin with. Sweet as a nut, brown as a berry, simple as A B C, she came from the woods back of Cloverdale to U. C., that alma mater of native daughters of the Golden West, in search of a M. A., she being motherless from birth, and the apple of her father's eye, Daddy Hicks, backwoodsman, goateed like a Pan, widower, and orchardist by vocation.

A sight for eyes afflicted of poison-oak was Hazel. Her looks bespoke her a cure. Neither the lily of the field, nor yet Solomon in all his glory, was arrayed like her. Her raiment begged, not her father, but description. (We can not all be Le Gallienues, yet God is good.) Suffice it to say that her gown ought to have been with the snows of yesteryear, but was not.

When Miss Hicks, in what had once been white, made her first appearance in the class-rooms, she caused the professor of English letters gayly to mix his metaphors, and general consternation thereat, the thing being a miracle. For, while Killpatrick Lovejoy, Ph. D., had his back turned, the vandals—to whom not even the barber's sign is sacred—filched from him the greatest thing in the world (see Drummond), namely, Love, and the greater (see Dooley), viz., humor, or its synonym, and left him poor indeed; in other words, Doc Kill-joy.

But why? For cause: He quizzed them face to face. They quizzed him back. He flunked them, of necessity. They filched him, if not of his good name, at least of the better part thereof. Not that he fain would flunk them, Kill-joy. Strangely enough, in the lexicon of this youth that Fate was even then reserving for a bright future, was no such word as "flunk."

For three months Doc Kill-joy mixed his metaphors, and at the end of that term, Hazel Hicks passed him with flying colors. When, soft as the west wind, she "blew" into the woods back of Cloverdale, for the holidays, her own dad didn't know her, nor did she much more than know him.

"Gosh! but it's good fer sore eyes ter see yer!" cried Silas Hicks. He held his maiden's blush, his eye's apple, at arm's length, and then would have drawn her close to his heart, when she held him, in turn. She held his eyes were sound enough to see her at a distance. Three months of college and Dr. Kill-joy had taught Hazel wonders, had revolutionized her.

This was but the beginning of the end, which was far other than that of her brother, Bub. At the close of the second semester, the "maiden's blush" tried, as usual, to pass the professor of English—and other things, among them undying affection. Not minded to flunk her, the doctor took her in hand and chided her for trying to pass him in that way. He didn't think it quite fair, and so forth, for all the world as if he were chairman of the faculty committee, which he was, but not just then acting in his official capacity, the place being, not the class-room specially provided, nor class-room at all, but under a spreading live-oak tree, they two alone. The upshot of the quizzical affair was that Hazel promised to try to pass him no more in the manner aforesaid.

So far, so good. Nature was simply at work, giving an object lesson in a co-educational State institution, to two masters of one art, whereof women are born post-graduates. Naturally enough, however, Silas Hicks, widower and orchardist by profession, wished Hazel to pass her professors—away up in G—for the nonce, at least. She was too young, nor had mind of her own. Time enough when—

On the other hand (the right one: the father was left), the man of letters, although he couldn't make "seventeen" to rhyme with "plenty," quoted to the effect that "youth's a stuff that won't endure." So effectively, indeed, that sweet and seventeen went and kissed him, and for the convenience of her many friends, and his, set the day so that two of the three bird-events of woman's life might be killed by the one diamond.

Dr. Kill-joy's father-in-law was not invited, the dove-like event being legally carried off without his presence. Nor was his absence conspicuous. Hazel had let most of the guests understand that she was an orphan, which was not wholly a lie, only worse. Daddy Hicks did not threaten to disinherit her, nor did she, as some daughters of new women have done, threaten to disinherit him. No: she simply disinherited him without a threat, or word of any kind.

Such briefly are the facts of the case, minus the more or less extenuating circumstances, which were, in part, as follows: From the point of view of culture, Silas was "impossible." Between him and Dr. Killpatrick Lovejoy was a gulf fixed such as Hazel was not superwoman enough to bridge. Not that her husband was pedant dry-as-dust, or snob, for all the students' leaving him but the Alpha and Omega of his name. The flunker, condemned of the flunked has not been tried by a jury of his peers. All colleges teach one that. Moreover, endowed with brains and beauty—the former deep in their place, hidden under a mass of anarchistic hair, behind two of the fairest stars that ever twinkled

in the spheres of human observation—Hazel had taken the university by storm, and to husband, the flower of its faculty. Hence her disowning of Hicks.

Be the extenuating circumstances more or less, Cloverdale on a clear November day can almost hear its woods reëcho the rooters at the big game between California and Stanford; when \$33,000 and half that many persons are taken in yearly. Ask them—not the dollars—"What went ye out for to see?" and the answer will scarcely be profitable. Now, a hundred thousand dollars less one (thousand) had been taken in; Stanford had serpentine its cardinal S over the Berkeley field, and California had U. C.'d the Stanford eleven on the home gridiron and given 'em all they "axed" for, "right in the neck" and elsewhere; and yet again, the Cardinal had snaked the Blue-and-Gold in the dust. Never once had the turnstile admitted one Silas Hicks, widower and orchardist by profession and the grace of God.

When Stanford and U. C. clash, brain against brain, instead of brawn against brawn, there are taken in a few hundred personal friends of the contestants, and no dollars. Yet the entertainment before the debate proper is worth a box of any man's belles-fleurs, or maiden's blushes. The joshes are many, each one of them, as if it were the shorn of Delilah, bringing down the house.

Twice had Mrs. Lovejoy won the Carnot medal, and that in open competition with five men. Stanford had thought it hardly fair, seeing that she had whom she had to "prep" her; and thought aloud. There being, however, no rule of the game to fit her case, Hazel had proof good as gold of her knowledge of French history, of her mastery of Demosthenes his art. Stanford might have kept her thoughts to herself. Men, since the stone age, have on occasion knocked the brains out of their betters, but the husband who can put brains into his wife's head is of an uncertain age. 'Twas her father's daughter rather than her husband's wife who was medaled twice over.

How came it, then, that no man from the woods back of Cloverdale smiled at the curtain-and-hair-raisers, or wept for joy over the unanimity of three judges, all of the losing sex? The woods back of Cloverdale are silent. Silas Hicks's hour is not yet come. He has neither the heart nor the head for such smiles or such tears. What would he be doing there, anyway, save as a friend of one of the contestants?

Mrs. Lovejoy is in her senior year, and—well, the Stanford boys of brain are jubilant. They are betting, as college boys—and girls—will, that Hazel Kill-joy, of Carnot fame will be a M. A. before she is a B. A. In heartfelt accents, they ask what's the matter with old Kill-joy, and assure us that he's all right. They even go so far as to couple his name with that of the first gentleman of the land.

But the great schoolma'am that we saw giving Hazel and the doctor an object lesson has one up her ample sleeves for Stanford also. At the appointed hour, Mrs. Lovejoy, medalless, looking as if she had stepped down and out of a Raphael, stepped up to and on the flowery platform, competitor for further Carnot honors. Be sure the Cardinal deemed it sin of its own dye, but the book had no rule debarring motherhood, nor, for that matter, a word to say on the subject. It had been drafted by the president of a college merely. So it came to this pretty pass that Stanford, blushing aloud for human depravity so deep as to gainsay "frailty, thy name is woman," thought aloud that kids were to be pitied whose mothers, instead of nursing them (at eight o'clock of an evening), were publicly discussing Malthus as applied to La Belle France.

Perhaps a like thought, only silent, flitted through a "specially prepped" brain. Certain it is that shame of some kind, glancing askance at college patriotism, kept Hazel as far withdrawn from public gaze as could be. A bird has it that what she actually was ashamed of was birdlike health, thus justifying what at first blush we were inclined to ridicule, as above. One learns, after they are flown, to be incredulous of birds.

For the third time, the twice-winner had drawn the side of the question she believed in, namely, the affirmative of "Resolved, That (in France) Bachelors over Thirty and Widowers of Five Years' Standing, Be Taxed." The president of the evening paid the customary tribute to the Baron de Cubertin, of whose gold were the medals made; informed the audience of the conditions of the debate, chief of which is that the side each contestant is to take is to be decided by lot at practically the last moment.

Four men spoke, two, for the taxing of single blessedness; two, against it—spoke well, the painfully memorized speeches that pass muster for spontaneity; each man, the one that was fitting—of two learned discourses, learned by heart. During the silence that followed the last perfunctory "hand," a U. C. senior was heard to offer a Stanford freshman 2 to 1, but the chief of police failed to detect any "you're on," though he strained his ears, being ready to lay 3 to 1 himself.

Three to one, with no takers, bet on her, Mrs. Lovejoy arose. It cost a drummer for a glove-house \$1 wholesale. Seeing a cool thousand in sight, he hanged the expense, and gave her a yet heartier hand. Hazel spoke as only brains and beauty can speak. When the one is in the least danger, the other comes to the rescue. What the former leaves unsaid, the latter makes eloquent. The judges sat up, and took notes. Ears visibly lengthened. Not a man or woman in the house but was "wise" to the little neglected Lovejoy that

(bless its heart!) lay in its crib, dreaming neither of Malthus nor of milk; and no word that might be twisted, nay, tortured, towards him, went without due applause.

When his mother sat down, half the audience thought it was all over save the shouting and the unanimous decision; the last Stanford man was forgotten. This fellow evidently was a diamond, not in the rough, but in what is known to the trade as the "brutage." It was characteristic of Stanford to depend on such as was Mr. Brannan.

For three awkward minutes, the debater justified the inattention of the house, and the adage anent diamonds and colleges. After that, you could hear the proverbial pin fall, and the curses of the unfilial freshman. "Brutage"—wise, yet brilliantly, voiced like the "Everlasting No," the negative scratched the arguments of the gentlemen—and lady—of the affirmative, gave them a tap, and glittering generalities and transparent fallacies were seen to fall to pieces, as of their own weight. Then, becoming every moment more and more polished, he talked lightly of the baby god in golden thumb-screws, and confessions of love wrung by means of the third degree, and the pawning by the widower of his dead wife's wedding-ring to pay the penalty for faithfulness; and finally sat down in the opinion that marriageful France was one thing, and childful France another.

The judges were unanimous.

Mrs. Lovejoy fainted. Of a sudden, women remembered that the neglected was but two weeks old. The Stanford boys recalled their blushes. The house was in an uproar.

By the time Dr. Lovejoy bucked his way to the stage, his wife was at home, come to herself again; the baby was—not crowing, because—well, not even the most wonderful baby that ever was can crow and forage at the same instant, any more than his grandfather can chew straws and whistle; so there you are, and there was he, and Mr. Brannan nowhere; for there in his stead, looking like a schoolboy, was Grand-daddy Hicks, winner of the Carnot medal, only minus it, minus goatee, country manners, speech, dress, and, to all appearances, some five and twenty years; but plus his sweet revenge and two generations.

In short, after two years at Stanford to his credit—two flunkless years wherewith to this day the registrar's office credits that man of straw, "S. Brannan," of Cloverdale; two interminable years of grinding slow as the mills of the gods; two lifetimes devoted to a labor of love, to making himself worthy to pass as the father of his daughter—Silas Hicks's hour was at length come.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1911.

Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, the sculptor, is brother of Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the portrait painter who married Amelie Rives, and both are sons of an American mother, who was Miss Ada Winans. Prince Paul refused to enter the army when he had arrived at the required age, and determined to be an artist. He studied in various art schools in Europe, always quarreling with the teachers, but winning honors and medals persistently. At length he was appointed professor of sculpture in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in Moscow, where he began his instructorship by throwing out of the class rooms all the antique statues that the students had been using as models and substituting for them living models. Just now the prince has a number of his works on exhibition in New York, at the museum of the Hispanic Society, among them busts of Tolstoy, Bernard Shaw, and even of several beautiful American women.

In the early days of the reign of the late King Leopold of Belgium a seventh son was born to a Brussels woman, and when the king heard of it and was told that the boy was the seventh successive one and that no girl had come to the family he asked to be the baby's godfather. Ever since then every seventh son born in Brussels has had the same honor, and the mothers have received gifts in keeping with their station in life. King Albert, in carrying out the old usage a short time ago, had some difficulty because the seventh son was twins. He could not stand for both boys, because that would give the family two Alberts. The remedy was found by Queen Elizabeth, who suggested that her little son, the Duke of Brabant, be the godfather of the eighth boy, who consequently received the name of Leopold.

In Augsburg, Germany, there is a little city in the heart of the city shut in all by itself with two gates and named the "Fuggerei." It is so called because the 106 houses within it were built with money left by Fugger, the wealthy sixteenth-century banker. When he died he directed that these houses should be built and then given to poor aged families for four marks and twelve pfennigs rental a year, which is exactly one American dollar. They have four rooms and kitchen, with a little front garden and a little garden behind.

To test the efficiency of a new army knapsack, an invention of Captain F. C. Harriman, of the Twelfth Regiment, National Guard, of New York, two privates of that organization, who started on February 9, are walking from New York to San Francisco. The men are Privates Medes Gravel and Fred B. Ostrander, Jr.

THE "JUPE CULOTTE."

Parisian Dressmakers and the Harem Skirt.

Auteuil has once more presided at the birth of fashion. Pictures and models of the *jupe culotte*, or the skirt with breeches, or the "harem skirt," or the "Pasha skirt," have been plentiful for some weeks past. The sketches revealed the new costume to be a long divided skirt falling over a pair of full trousers, indistinguishable from the glorious hobble. And the models were hardly more illuminating. As displayed in the shops of the leading dressmakers on the Rue de la Paix, or the Rue Taibout, or the adjoining boulevards, it was difficult to distinguish between the "jupe culotte Liberty" and the "jupe culotte trotteuse," or the "jupe culotte bouffante" and the "jupe culotte de sport," even though the first is intended for evening wear and the second for outdoor walking. But Auteuil has cleared up the mystery. The February race meeting on that lovely course of the Bois de Boulogne will go down in history as a companion episode to that gathering which introduced the sheath-gown, for it provided a curious public with its first opportunity to see the *jupe culotte* in action.

One thing was clearly demonstrated: the harem skirt in motion loses all likeness to the hobble. And it has possibilities of variety which may go far in establishing it in feminine favor. There were almost as many models as wearers, and they were too numerous to count. But the creators are to be credited with much subtlety; under excuses which have not been disclosed, they seem to have refused to make the costume for any save the most beautiful of their customers—women who would ravish the soured misogynist in the most hideous garb. And they were women whose feet were tiny enough to pass the test of the frankest revelation.

Yet it would be misleading to leave the impression that the harem skirt won a complete victory at Auteuil. "Divided skirts," protested an elderly member of the Legion of Honor, "Pasha trousers—what next, indeed! Is no feminine illusion to be left to us? What could be more charming than the glimpse of a neatly turned ankle—more innocently charming?" he hastens to add. And he has a sympathizer in that optimist who rejoices in a rainy, windy day for the sake of what it reveals around the ankle and a little above. But the objection may be contested. In some of its models the harem skirt conserves feminine illusion by hiding the ankle more than the ordinary type, and even those which do not are, in the opinion of Poirer, to be made ruinous to male peace of mind when finished off with ankle bangles incrustated with precious stones.

Up to the present the high priests of fashion are as divided as the new skirt. With its usual enterprise the *Gaulois* has arranged a symposium of the dress-makers, but the results will hardly tend to settle public opinion. Doucet, for example, confesses to making the new garment, but declares it "impossible for town wear," and the same admission is made by Doucillet's, who add, however, that they are "not wild about it." Paquin's have not cut a harem skirt, and don't mean to, and the widow of that name dismisses the innovation as "not a fashion but a fad." Laferrière is sitting on the fence with a leaning towards the patriotic side. "Foreigners themselves," they argue, "have decreed French taste to be the subtlest, the most elegant, the most delicate. Then why should we borrow our fashions from the ladies of the harem? No doubt in the harem they have charm, but not here. It is true we have a few models of harem skirts to show, but we don't believe really well-dressed women will ever take to them." Then there are Martial and Armand, who characterize the new skirt as "fancy dress"; it may do for "le footing," or "le skating," or "le sport," but that is all. At Worth's the garment is regarded as "the logical outcome of the hobble skirt, as though one had slit up a skirt in anger because it prevented one from walking upstairs."

Perhaps all this lack of decision is natural. There is the ghost of the hobble in the background. That dishonored garment has left a sore memory in Paris. The Frenchman does not object to a duel, but he abhors ridicule. Hence the efforts of the "creators" to saddle Americans with the invention of the hobble as soon as it aroused laughter. Hardly less deep was the wound their pride received when they were charged with stealing the idea from the mild natives of Japan. Naturally, then, all that bitter experience makes the potates of the Rue de la Paix exceedingly chary in committing themselves in favor of the harem skirt. The only exception is the valiant Poirer, who harbors those seductive visions of ankle bangles adorned with precious stones.

But this dubious attitude is not shared by the vivacious salesladies of the Rue de la Paix. With commissions to earn and no reputations at stake, they are arguing for the new garment in a convincing manner. "After all," said a charming member of the class, "society women are brave enough to dare an innovation of this sort. Did not our grandmothers wear the crinoline in an age when our sex stood much more in fear of masculine opinion?" That truism granted, the enthusiastic advocate advanced to other grounds, dilating upon the hygienic charms of the harem skirt and upon the freedom of movement it allows. But did she expect it to have the greatest success in Paris or abroad? That query stemmed the flood of praise, induced reflection, and was eventually answered thus: "Well, of

course, the French woman of the Faubourg St. Germain and of the bourgeoisie is very conservative, very correct, and little inclined to experiment. But I imagine that when she sees how nice the actresses and professional beauties look in this elegant and practical garment, she will adopt it to her own case. Yet, since you ask me for an honest opinion, I may say that we look for the larger sale from the two Americas, North and South."

At Worth's no such consummation is expected. On the contrary, the prediction is made that "it will soon spread to Montmartre, and then it will be done for." Which seems likely. Anything associated with a harem is certain to have a potent appeal for the denizens of that delectable district. Montmartre welcomed the sheath-gown; it can hardly do less with a garment suggestive of a Turkish divan and yielding cushions.

PARIS, February 20, 1911. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Keep the Park Clear.

SANTA CRUZ, March 4, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Perhaps it has been suggested before that the first and most important thing to be considered in selecting a site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition is that it should be sheltered. We all wish our visitors to be comfortable, and to form a pleasant opinion of our climate. This they will not do if exposed to the cutting winds and fogs which at times sweep across the peninsula. I agree with your correspondent of last week that the park should be kept intact, and so add another and different attraction to our city.

An old resident and subscriber,
MRS. MARY GILMAN.

For Disinterested Effort.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 28, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The most conspicuous fact in connection with the choosing of the fair site seems to be the thoroughly selfish spirit in which the citizens are considering the subject. Each "improvement" club stands solidly for the site which may in some way affect its own little restricted locality, and there seems to be not a glimmer of the broad public spirit which should lead them to vote for the good of the whole city and the convenience of visitors to the fair. Outsiders are beholding with disgust the selfish, undignified, and short-sighted squabble.

Can they not put aside narrow, local jealousies and work disinterestedly for the success of the exposition, which success in the end must bring more prosperity to each individual district of the city than any petty sectional "bosting" can do.

Very truly yours,
AN OUTSIDER.

Do Not Stop.

THE SENATE OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII.

HONOLULU, T. H., February 28, 1911.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING CO.: Dear Sirs—Your notice in reference to renewal of subscription at hand. I had already mailed postoffice order to pay for next year's subscription; if not received please notify me that I may look up the matter, but do not stop your paper.

We are now in session considering a primary law. May the election and recall of judges never reach us. Your editorials on these issues are most interesting.

Yours truly,
GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.

Doesn't Like American Humor.

GRAVETYE MANOR,

EAST GRINSTEAD, ENGLAND, 27-1-11.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I write in the wilds of Sussex. I have your *Argonaut* and like it, except the humours on back page, which seem to me to give a very poor idea of American humour. Those cynical snippets are very poor.

Yours faithfully,
W. ROBINSON.

Chinese students in America have been told by the Kioun-ki-tch'ou, the imperial council that stands next to the person of the infant emperor and governs the empire, that they need not send any more telegrams from New York and elsewhere in the United States advising that body how to run the government in Peking. It has also been announced by that august cabinet in an official proclamation for distribution through the Middle Kingdom that a student's only task is to study what the Western civilization has to teach. Maybe when he graduates and comes back to China the imperial government will ask his advice upon affairs of state.

Secretary of War Dickinson has asked the Treasury Department to admit free of duty the two thoroughbreds Henry of Navarre and Octagon, to be presented by August Belmont of New York to the War Department as a nucleus for a breeding farm for army horses. These animals are now in France and will shortly be shipped to this country. Mr. Belmont has promised to present four other animals to the department, and Edward B. Cassatt, a former captain in the army, has tendered three more. There will be no complications in the acceptance of the gifts by the department, according to the authorities.

Under a cottonwood-tree, standing opposite what is now No. 60 Wall Street, twenty-four independent brokers on May 17, 1792, signed an agreement for uniform rates of commission and thus founded the present New York Stock Exchange. It was nearly twenty years later, in 1817, however, that permanent organization was affected. The exchange is not incorporated, being a strictly voluntary association. It has now 1100 members. In 1909 a membership or seat in the exchange was sold for \$96,000, the highest price on record.

Mustaches have again been banned by the general committee of Cornell University, the order affecting all under class men. Sophomores, and even freshmen, had adopted the reprehensible fashion of wearing hirsute decorations on the upper lip.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It becomes more and more evident that selection of a site for the Panama-Pacific Exposition is a business unsuited to local authority. Any selection, no matter what may be said for it, will arouse jealousies and resentments ultimately to be reflected upon the project itself. It is a case calling imperatively for outside judgment; and fortunately there exists under national patronage an association of architects, engineers, and artists to whom the matter may properly be referred. By all means let the National Commission of Arts be called in to determine this very important matter.

The speech of Mr. Bourne of Oregon in the Senate on Monday of last week ought to be interesting to his fellow-progressives at Sacramento. Senator Bourne characterizes the use of the executive authority, in the matter of appointments to office, as improper, sinful, even infamous. These phrases must have been read with certain qualms of conscience by Governor Johnson, unless indeed his excellency has gotten beyond the reach of qualms. Really it is time the progressives should come to a common understanding as to the principles which they profess to hold in common. If the club of executive authority is a wicked thing in Washington, then surely it is a wicked thing at Sacramento. If it is infamous for the President to use official patronage to enforce his purposes, then it must be wicked for the governor to do the same thing. Our progressive friends, we repeat, should get together. It is not seemly that the words of one and the actions of the other should be so painfully out of focus and out of harmony.

By some happy chance the Oregon State School of Agriculture was organized as a separate institution from the academic State University at Eugene. The result has been a prodigious growth both in size and in usefulness. A few months ago there were something more than six hundred students in attendance at the agricultural school, while less than half that number were in attendance at Eugene. In brief, the agricultural school has far outstripped the academic school. Now there is a proposal to bring the two together and the *Portland Oregonian* makes the mistake of lending its influence to this end. If the scheme shall carry, it will be the death knell of anything like an effective school of agriculture in Oregon, for so surely as the two schools come together the academic school will swallow up and destroy the school of agriculture. If a working illustration is desired, it may be found in California, where the State School of Agriculture has long been an attachment to the State University at Berkeley. It has stood and still stands in the position of a poor relation to the academic school, contributing powerfully indeed to its "pull" with the legislature, but getting almost nothing in return. If the Oregonians want to retain their school of agriculture in really effective vigor, they will maintain it in absolute independence, free from the demoralizations which will surely follow if its identity shall be lost through merging it with the school at Eugene.

Who is to be director-general of the fair? This question is being asked many thousands of times each day. There are candidates in plenty, avowed and otherwise, but against every name thus far publicly proposed there are many objections. No man ought to be director-general, however capable, whose selection would dampen enthusiasm for the project itself. No man ought to be director-general whose interests on the one hand might tempt him to favoritism or on the other make him timid in dealing with the labor problems sure to arise. No man should be director-general who can not strip himself of all other interests and occupations and give himself wholly during the next four years to the work in hand. The suggestion that we look to the engineer corps of the army for a director-general is supported by many considerations. The selection of an army officer would involve us in no local jealousies or distractions, and it would give us both independence and disinterestedness. It may be possible to find a proper man at home, but in view of all the conditions and considerations, we are, the *Argonaut* thinks, far more likely to find him away from home—either in the army or elsewhere.

The Duke of Galliera, who died in 1876, gave \$4,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor of Genoa, Italy, and this benefaction was an important factor in the rejuvenation of Genoa, which is now one of the most prosperous ports on the Mediterranean.

REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN.

Edgar Beecher Bronson Tells of Early Days on Western Ranches.

The author tells us that the trials of a tenderfoot cowboy on the plains in the early 'seventies were only exceeded by the trials of those who survived their apprenticeship with enough hardihood to become tenderfoot ranchmen. The story of his own life is certainly a confirmation of his contention, and he tells the story with a vigor that appeals to the imagination and goes far to reconstruct the scenes with which he deals. His entry on the scene was in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He had been a reporter on the New York *Tribune*, and no doubt both his appearance and his outfit were unpromising enough from the ranchman's point of view. But a few hours at the local stores gave him at least the outward seeming of his new trade, and his own determination and no small measure of physical courage did the rest. One of his first experiences was with a heifer that objected to the corral and so gave the author his first chance to show his mettle:

Presently I got what—I had thought—I wanted; she charged me straight.

Quickly swinging the spade over my shoulder for the blow, and shifting my feet slightly in a gather for the leap aside, I slipped on the now muddy ground and fell flat on my back, dropping the spade in the effort to recover myself!

And no more was I down than the heifer was upon me, head lowered and sharp horns pointed for the coup de mort of her race. But, surprised by my fall, she braced her forefeet when a little distance from me, and literally slid through the mud up to me till her two hoofs gave me a pretty good dig in the ribs, then backed away two or three feet, then muzzled my body and face in inquiry and lightly prodded me with her horns for any sign of life. Lying motionless, through half-closed lids I plainly saw the fury in her eyes soften with wonder and curiosity however I could have gone dead so quickly—and then she lightly leaped across my body and was gone!

The open range was a great place for rattlesnakes in those days, and the horseman was never out of sight of them for many minutes together. How, indeed, any living thing could exist within reach of their murderous fangs was past understanding:

Indeed, the active actual peril from the rattlers was at noon emphasized. When, our dinner finished, Nigger Dick, the horse wrangler, brought in the loose horses to the wagon, some one noted him sucking his thumb and asked him what was the matter.

"Done got stung by Br'er Rattler! Seed a li'l young cotton-tail an' allowed I'd cotch him, but hit done run me oher de prickly pears 'n' 'roun' greasewood patches twell my ole tongue wuz haingin' out, 'n' then hit up 'n' duv into a hole jes es I wuz goin' t' drap on hit. Yassa, I was sho' clus atop o' Br'er Rabbit, so clus I runs my fool nigga airm into de hole, spectin' t' get hit's hind paws, but staid o' that, Br'er Rattler what was layin' thar, jes riz up fm his noon earpoundin', 'n' pow'ful mad at Br'er Rabbit fer kickin' him in de haid, he jes nails me good on de fo' paw, 'n' when I jerks away, out pah't way he comes twell one o' his ole toofs slips out 'n' th' otha one she jes bruck off 'n' stay stickin' in Dick's fumb. But I shore dug him out 'n' bruck him apah't, 'foh I quit! 'N' all de time, I 'lows, Br'er Rabbit wuz sittin' deapa down de hole alafin' at Dick. Hell! but hit do hu't!"

And indeed his hand and arm were already badly swollen. Promptly one of the boys drew the bullet from a pistol cartridge, took a knife and deeply gashed, almost hashed, the thumb all about the two tiny punctures, then poured the powder over the wound and fired it with a match! A crude method of cauterizing, it certainly seemed effective. Anyway, whether due to Dick's sucking his thumb or to the rude cowboy surgery, the inflammation went no further and Dick made a quick recovery.

Purchasing cattle in those days was no easy matter, even for experienced men, and the author tells us that his first experiment brought him so many anxieties that he was not likely to forget it. In every grade there were wide differences in quality and therefore in values:

Then to make the tenderfoot buyer's task almost hopeless, a separate price was set on cows and calves, in one class and on yearlings, two, three, and four-year-olds, in four distinct classes; and classification by age had to be made on the open plains, while the cattle were run in a narrow and steady stream between the mounted buyer and seller.

While really the only practicable method of classification, it plainly gave the canny, hawk-eyed old-time trail drivers a terrible advantage over the tenderfoot they never neglected—a chance to class many a big calf as a yearling, long yearlings as two-year-olds, etc., and thus to heavily mark up the average per capita price of the herd.

And not always content even with this advantage, there was one notorious bit of mixed humor and thrift, where 1200 cattle were converted into 2400, in making the running tally or count, by selecting an isolated hill as the place of their delivery to their monoeled, crop-carrying, straight-spurred British buyer, and the simple expedient of running the tallied cattle round the hill for recount until their actual number was doubled! Thus were staid English sovereigns captured and converted into laughter-screaming American eagles!

The author's nearest neighbors were Mack and Peers, small ranchmen living eighteen miles away. Mack had developed a reputation for extreme eccentricity, apparently for no better reason than his adherence to some of the forms of a gentler life. The author's chum, Tex, was well acquainted with Mack and held firmly to the opinion that he was not only eccentric, but insane:

"'N' yet he was mighty kind like—give me tobacco 'n' papers, 'n' books t' look at. Books! He was sartently hell on books—had th' dod-burned o' cabin full o' them, 'nough t' run all th' destrict schools in th' hull State o' Texas. Books! he had long ones 'n' short ones, fat ones 'n' thin ones, some in leather scabbards 'n' some jest wrapt in paper, lots o' them with pictures o' more d—n queer things I never heard of than I could tell you 'bout in a year. Books! Why, honest, I reckon that ol' feller 's got more books than anybody eze in th' world, 'n' has got so used t' gittin' all his back t' 'em outen them that it's jest got t' be onhandy fo' him t' use 'em tongue wi' humans.

"Wall, finally he gits snpper ready, 'n' we eats, 'N' she as a shore pea-warmer o' a snpper, good as women-folk's

cookin'; raised hot bread 'n' a puddin' that 'd make a puncher jest natchally want t' marry 'n' live wi' th' cook that made it.

"After supper I smokes 'n' smokes, while he plumb loses his ol' self in a hook.

"Finally, come bed-time, he give me a nice hunk, 'n' I pulls off my coat, bat, spurs 'n' boots, 'n' gits into th' blankets.

"Then what 'n' hell does you allow that ol' feller did? You'd never guess in a thousand years! 'Fore that I thought he was jest queer o' his ways, but when he did that, I made so sure he was plumb dangerous crazy it scart me so had I never shet an eye th' hull night long."

"Nonsense, Tex," I interrupted; "Mack isn't crazy."

"Crazy!" he resumed. "It's me tellin' yu he's crazy as a d—d hedhug, 'n' I got th' goods t' prove it; fo' right thar in th' cabin, hefo' me, he pulls off every last stitch o' clothes he had on, 'n' then he up 'n' puts on his ol' carcass a great long white woman's dress reachin' plumb down t' his feet, 'n' goes t' hied in it! Yes, sir, that's jest what he did; I'll swear t' it; 'n' I reckon now yu-all 'll admit he's crazy!"

A trip by coach to Deadwood Springs brought the author into chance acquaintance with a gentleman who combined whisky and piety in liberal measures. It was Sunday and the obligation to keep the day holy rested heavily upon a conscience artificially stimulated to unwonted activity. That the usual facilities were lacking only called into play the invention born of necessity.

"Tell you wha' we'll do. I'll betcher th' best d—n gallon 'r whisky we can buy in Deadwood that I can shing more d—n Shunday-school songs 'n' you can, shingin' turn 'bout!"

Courteously conceding the opening to me, I sang the only Shunday-school hymn I felt certain I knew from start to finish, "Shall We Gather at the River."

Finished, he continued, appropriately it seemed to me, with "A Charge to Keep I Have," and never missed a line or word, though often driven sadly out of time by interloping hiccoughs.

His turn done, he mumbled:

"Zalmighty dry work tryin' t' keep Shunday, pardner; le's take a drink."

And thinking the sooner 'twas over the sooner I'd sleep, we drank.

Then it was up to me, and I gave him, in my best form, two verses of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," all I could remember, and stopped, certain I had lost on the second round.

But instead, cheerfully oblivious to the paucity of verses, he made many a vocal stumble through the measure of "I Hunger and I Thirst," but diligently skipped no lines.

And out of deference to the theme of his song, I consented to take another drink.

Here I caught my second wind, though I did not hold it long, and contrived to finish all three verses of "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night."

Next he promptly responded with some long-whiskered old resident of a hymn, gabbling honestly through from its beginning to its end.

And so we went on for more than an hour, I soon driven into snatches of operatic airs and comic songs, any scrap of musical flossam still adrift in the current of my memory, he sticking faithfully to the text if not the tune of some hoary hymn.

Memory served him well to the last—to the last drop in the bottle, when, after two or three false starts at "Lahoring and Heavy Laden," he suddenly dropped into a snore more rhythmic than his song.

The struggle with the Indians forms a large part of the author's narrative and, it must be confessed, a tragic and a pitiable part. The Cheyennes fiercely resented the intrusion of the white man upon the unoccupied plains, and we have a remarkable account of the attempt to persuade Dull Knife's band to march to Fort Reno, six hundred miles to the south. The journey was, of course, an impossible one in the depth of winter without clothing or supplies, and the wretched Indians refused to leave their barracks, preferring to die of starvation or by their own knives. Their final desperate sortie is well described:

"Taps" sounded at nine o'clock, the barracks were soon darkened, and the troopers retired.

Only a few lights burned in the officers' quarters and at the trader's store.

The night was still and fearfully cold, the earth hid by the snow.

Ten o'clock came, and just as the "All's well" was passing from one sentry to another, a huck fired through a window and killed a sentry, jumped through the window and got the sentry's carbine and belt, and sprang back into the barrack.

Then two or three hucks ran out of the west door, where they quickly shot down Corporal Culver and Private Huiz, both of Troop A, and Private Tommeny, of Troop E.

At doors and windows the barrack now emptied its horde of desperate captives, maddened by injustice and wild from hunger. Nevertheless, they acted with method and generalship, and with a heroism worthy of the noblest men of any race.

The hucks armed with firearms were the first to leave the barrack. These formed in line in front of the barrack and opened fire on the guard-house and upon the troopers as they came pouring out of neighboring barracks. Thus they held the garrison in check until the women and children and the old and infirm were in full flight.

Taken completely by surprise, the troops, nevertheless, did fearfully effective work. Captain Wessels soon had them out, and not a few entered into the fight and pursuit clad in nothing but their underclothing, hatless and shoeless.

The fugitives took the road to the saw-mill crossing of White River, only a few hundred yards distant from their barrack, crossed the White River, and started southwest toward my ranch, where they evidently expected to mount themselves out of my herd of cow ponies, for they carried with them all their lariats, saddles, and bridles to this point.

Here, pressed hopelessly close by the troops, their gallant rear-guard of hucks melting fast before the volleys of the pursuers, the Indians dropped their horse equipments, turned, and recrossed White River, and headed for the high, precipitous divide between Soldier Creek and White River, two miles nearer their then position than the cliffs about my ranch. They knew their only chance lay in quickly reaching hills inaccessible to cavalry.

All history affords no record of a more heroic, forlorn hope than this Cheyenne sortie.

The pursuit of the flying Indians was the scene of some extraordinary encounters. One solitary brave was found encamped and preparations were at once made to capture him:

Immediately after I first sighted the Indian, "Papa" Lawson swung around the foot of the hill with his troop, dismounted, and charged up on foot—thus making sixty men concentrated upon one!

The old Cheyenne kept up his rapid fire as long as he could. Toward the last I plainly saw him fire his carbine three times with his left hand, resting the barrel along the edge of the washout, while his right hand hung helpless beside him.

Suddenly I saw him drop down in the bottom of the washout, limp as an empty sack.

When we came up to him it appeared that while the shot that killed him had entered the top of his head, he nevertheless earlier in the engagement had been hit four times—once through the right shoulder, once through the left cheek, once in the right side, and a fourth ball toward the last had completely shattered his right wrist.

An ambulance had come with Lawson's troop to the field, in which the body of Everett and his wounded mate were placed, while the body of the dead Cheyenne was thrown into the boot at the back of the conveyance. Upon arrival in the garrison, Lieutenant Baxter discovered that the body of the Indian had been lost out of the boot on the short four-mile journey into Robinson, and sent back a sergeant and detail of men to recover it. But the most careful search along the trail failed to reveal any trace of the body, and whatever became of it to this day remains a mystery.

A few days later came the finish. The fight had been continued for nearly a week, the Indians being followed in running fight and forced from position after position:

At a point on the Hat Creek Bluffs, near the head of War Bonnet Creek, forty-four miles a little to the south of west of Fort Robinson, the Cheyennes lay at bay in their last in-trenchment, worn out with travel and fighting, and with scarcely any ammunition left.

They were in a washout about fifty feet long, twelve feet wide, and five feet deep, near the edge of the bluffs.

Skirmishers were thrown out beneath them on the slope of the bluff to prevent their escape in that direction, and then Captain Wessels advanced on the washout, with his men formed in open skirmish order.

A summons through the interpreter to surrender was answered by a few scattering shots from the washout.

Converging on the washout in this charge, the troops soon were advancing in such a dense body that nothing saved them from terrible slaughter but the exhaustion of the Cheyennes' ammunition.

Charging to the edge of the pit, the troopers emptied their carbines into it, sprang back to reload, and then came on again, while above the crash of the rifles rose the hoarse death chants of the expiring band.

The last three warriors alive—and God knows they deserve the name of warriors if ever men deserved it—sprang out of their defenses, one armed with an empty pistol and two with knives, and madly charged the troops!

Three men charged three hundred!

They fell, shot to pieces like men fallen under platoon fire.

And then the fight was over.

The little washout was a shambles, whence the troops removed twenty-two dead and nine living, and of the living all but two (women) were badly wounded!

The author witnessed the last great Sun Dance of the Sioux Indians that was held in Southern Dakota in the spring of 1880 or 1881. It seems to have made a deep impression on his mind, for he says that no cultsman, civilized or pagan, ever bent before the throne of his spiritual allegiance with more of profound faith and reverence or took more pains to purify the body by cleansing and to exalt the spirit by fasting before sacrificing to his deity than did the Sioux sun dancer. But at least one of the scenes that he describes is barbarously revolting:

Each candidate in turn was laid at the foot of the Sun Pole. The chief medicine man then drew his narrow-bladed knife, extended it toward each of the four cardinal points of the compass, bent over the candidate, and passed the blade beneath and through a narrow strip of flesh on each breast, the puncture being scarcely more than a half-inch in breadth, stuck a stout, hardwood skewer through each of the two openings so made, and lastly, looped each of the two ends of one of the hanging ropes over each of the two skewers—torture the candidates endured without plaint or the finching of a muscle.

This finished, the candidate was helped to his feet and given a long, stout staff—to help him in his terrible task of rending his own flesh till the skewers were torn from their lodgment in his breast!

Some pulled slowly but steadily and strongly backward, aided by their staffs, until the skin of their breasts was drawn out eighteen inches, while that of their backs was tight as a drum head. Others jumped and hucked on their ropes like a bronco suffering the indignity of his first saddle.

Yet no cry escaped their lips; no eye showed pain!

On they struggled, and yet on, blood flowing freely from their wounds, until worn nature could do no more, and one after another fell fainting on his leash!

To fail of breaking loose was a lasting disgrace, only to be partially redeemed by heavy presents to the tribe. And thus it happened that as each fell his nearest and dearest ran up and fiercely beat and kicked him to rouse him to new effort.

The spirit and courage to break loose all had, but only one still owned store of strength sufficient for the awful task.

After struggling until so weak they could no longer be made to rise, eight were bought off by presents, and their skewers cut loose by the medicine man.

The ninth man, the husband, by the way, of the one squaw dancer, after repeatedly falling in a faint, at last roused himself, cast aside his staff, staggered up to the pole, and, commanding every last remaining grain of strength, bounded violently away from the pole, hounded with such force that his body swung on the rope free of the ground so hard that when he again hit the ground he was free of the rope. A plucky and strong one indeed was he—tied to the pole nearly an hour and a half!

Nevertheless the Sioux, says the author, had many and fine virtues. Their religion made them a good people "as we first found them." They were a kindly, loving, and charitable people "always free givers to the poor, and generous helpers of any in distress." It was harder, he tells us, for the Sioux to lie than for the average "Christian" to tell the truth. Their women were virtuous and honest, their men were iron-hearted, stoical, and honorable. Their religion, he says, was worth owning, and their deity worth praying to. Certainly a remarkable testimonial and a fitting conclusion to a book of real worth and one that adds largely to our knowledge of the early days on ranch and plain.

REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Political Development of Japan.

For the first time we have a weighty and comprehensive account of the causes that led Japan to abandon her old feudal system and to adopt the complexities of constitutional government. The causes seem indeed to be vague enough, and we are forced to wonder if Japan did well to forsake a method that owed its vitality to an emotional patriotism so productive of national unity. We hesitate to say that a sense of inferiority is one of the basic national traits of Japan, and yet this need bear no offensive meaning when we remember that imitiveness—avowedly a Japanese characteristic—can have no other source. The opening up of the country showed Japan that she was unlike other countries, and she believed that her preservation demanded not only armies, navies, and sewing machines—wherein she was probably right, but also constitutions, parliaments, and elections—wherein she may have been wrong. Certainly there were no Socialist plotters to be hanged in pre-constitution days.

The problem of a constitution became a live one in 1873, but it took seventeen years to bring it to fruition. But so far from the present constitution being a step toward democracy it seems to point in quite another way. So long as the emperor's traditional power was wholly despotic it was never exercised at all, and for centuries the ruler was no more than a sublime abstraction. But an authority that finds expression in national documents becomes a very different matter, inasmuch as its exercise becomes obligatory. And so today the emperor is the absolute ruler of Japan not because of revered tradition, but because of a constitution that is too young and too strange to be revered. He is beyond criticism. His veto power over legislation is complete and unquestionable. He controls all executive branches as well as the army and navy. He can declare war and make peace and he is the source of all honors and rewards. And finally he is the sole interpreter of the constitution and he alone can amend it. The constitution seems therefore to be little more than an instrument that gives a sort of legal basis to the absolute powers that formerly rested upon sentiment. Whether they will rest so securely upon their new basis as they did upon their old remains to be seen. An emotional patriotism that has stood almost without a vibration for centuries may not look upon a written constitution as an ally. Indeed the hutchess may overthrow the building.

There is no need to follow Dr. Ueyehara through the mazes of the new governmental mechanism. Our interest is naturally chilled by the persisting absolutism of the monarch which reduces all legislative acts to the status of pious opinions. None the less they are set forth by the author with great care and lucidity, while he further enriches his volume by a translation of the constitution, a list of the ministers since 1885, as well as of the members of the privy council.

THE POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN, 1867-1909. By George Etsujiro Ueyehara. B. A., D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

The Lever.

Such stories as this make us wonder why a so-called love interest should be considered so indispensable a thread in the fabric of the modern narrative. "The Lever" is essentially a story of business organization and of the combinations known as trusts. It is a thoroughly good story of its kind, and written with knowledge, moderation, and ethical purpose. But it is weakened by the introduction of a young girl, and a married woman with a past, who converse in unreal and stilted phrases and whose presence is always an intrusion. We are genuinely interested in Gorham's belief in the philanthropy of his world-embracing trust that shall lower the cost of living, and in his ultimate recognition that while his principle is right it is invalidated

by the human instinct of greed, but we are inclined to skip the chapters that relate to his tiresome daughter and that are inserted with methodical regularity. Gorham's final conclusion that the public must inevitably suffer in the long run from all combinations that become monopolies is logically and dramatically reached, and this is the gist and the intention of the novel. The sex appeal furnished by Gorham's young wife is a superfluity and a discord.

THE LEVER. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

When God Laughs.

Of the twelve stories that make up Mr. London's latest hook there is only one that strikes the note of true sentiment. "The Apostate" is the story of a young mechanic, an industrial and sweated slave, who suddenly realizes what a big world it is outside, and so drops his work and steps out into freedom. The other stories are not artistic, but we miss from them none of Mr. London's literary ferocity. He is just as sinewy as ever when he selects some awful deed and tells us exactly how it was done. His jolly little sketch of the two thieves who poison each other rather than divide the fortune leaves nothing to the imagination. There are no half-lights and the curtain does not drop until we know precisely how strychnine works. Then there is the merry tale of the murder at sea with the incident of the tureen cover and its horrible contents, and the other little pleasantries of the Chinaman who was headed because it was too much trouble to correct a mistake in identity. But the author is unlucky with his women. Loretta in "A Wicked Woman" was doubtless a nice girl, but if she really supposed that she had to marry a man because he had kissed her she was also a very silly one.

WHEN GOD LAUGHS. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

What Nature Is.

Mr. Charles Kendall Franklin's little volume, to which he gives the sub-title of "An Outline of Scientific Naturalism," leaves us as much in the dark as ever. It is, in fact, a belated defense of crude materialism, in which fortuitous concourses of atoms, coincidences, and chance happenings are made to take the place of creative intelligence, moral intent, and universal plan. The average reader may feel that the naked dogmas of theology are more credible, more probably true, than a philosophy that speaks of man as "a being unfavored, unfriended, unfathered, simply the product of the ceaseless strivings of the elements and energies of nature," or that will ask us with apparent seriousness to "think of the energies of inorganic nature here on earth that could be expended more economically than they are if a being even with man's mentality had the power to use them." Imagine Newton speaking in such a way, or Spencer. The author is right in saying that the only hope for humanity is the distribution of sound philosophy among the "masses." But it will not be the philosophy of a "naturalism" that excludes from nature everything in which we do not happen to believe.

WHAT NATURE IS. By Charles Kendall Franklin. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents.

Alise of Astra.

There have been a good many stories in the vein popularized by Anthony Hope in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and it must be admitted that few of them have much color. But Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson has done a careful piece of work in "Alise of Astra," a compact and well-told story and without the slipshod patches that so often disfigure novels of this kind. There is a disputed succession to the grand duchy of Waldthal, but the danger seems to be averted by the timely birth of an heir to the grand duchess. But another woman of unknown identity, who has been fatally injured in a railway accident, is brought to the castle just at the critical moment, and she, too, gives birth to a child before she dies. As only one of the babies survives it is natural that the astute chancellor—there is always an astute chancellor in these stories—should be suspected of an adroit substitution in order to secure the succession. And so we have three hundred pages of plot and counterplot with a beautiful duchess on one side and a gallant young pretender on the other, and the quarrel is finally settled in a way eminently satisfactory to both parties.

ALISE OF ASTRA. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

L'Amé des Anglais.

We can afford to look with a certain dispassionate interest upon this mirror held up in French hands for English self-inspection. "Fœmina" knows all about her neighbors. She has studied them with affection and aversion, but she usually prefers to laugh at them, but with a kindly hadinage that compels the victim to join in the fun. But sometimes her comparisons lead her into injustice. That the Anglo-Saxon race usually hide their

deepest feelings under a certain external stoicism is hardly proof of dull sensibilities. Even though they do not show it they may still feel "cette tendresse terrible" and "cette pitié passionnée."

The English dinner-table naturally falls under the lash, and we can heartily enjoy so provocative a chapter title as "Notre Ascétisme et Leur Sensualité." The Englishman, it seems, eats only for the pleasure of eating, and he is satisfied with anything that contains plenty of pickles and red pepper. But look at the dainty Frenchman, who eats only that his brain may be nourished. What an abyss divides them. Yet does not the author compensate for everything she says by the confession of her inability to translate into French the word "fairplay," and still more by her kindly conclusion:

Des menaces sont suspendues sur cette terre de force, d'orgueil et de gloire. Qu'importe, après tout! C'est l'Angleterre, où l'instinct de résistance à la destruction est plus puissant que la destruction. Elle a connu bien d'autres troubles, des incertitudes plus tragiques, des luttes plus féroces, des pire menaces, et elle est—l'Angleterre.

L'AME DES ANGLAIS. Par Fœmina. Paris: Bernard Grasset; fcs. 3.50.

Briefer Reviews.

"My Advice Book," by Herschel Williams (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a little volume of blank pages, each one headed by a question such as "How can I avoid running into debt?" "How can I dress on \$10 a year?" etc. These pages are intended to be filled in by defenseless or weak-willed friends.

"The Trail of a Tenderfoot," by Stephen Chalmers (Outing Publishing Company), is a collection of six short stories that will be thoroughly enjoyed by any one who has ever been a tenderfoot. The author tells his own experiences, and he does it as though he had to tell them. The best of the lot is the story of deer-hunting in the Adirondacks, but they are all of a fine quality, and humorous, too.

Mr. E. Kehle Chatterton, author of "The Romance of the Ship" (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50), admits the difficulty of describing in one volume the whole evolution of the ship from her crude beginnings to the present time, but at least he does this effectively enough to stimulate the interest and curiosity that lead to further research. His volume of over three hundred pages is a veritable romance, while the thirty-three illustrations are admirable.

"The Authorized Version of the Bible and Its Influence," by Professor Albert S. Cook (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1), is a literary rather than a religious appreciation. In addition to some general historical data there are chapters on the various channels of its influence and its effect upon literature, oratory, and speech. Professor Cook's essay was originally written for volume IV of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," and is now published in separate form by permission of the Syndics.

"The Golden Heart," by Ralph Henry Barbour (J. B. Lippincott Company), is a charming little story of an artist and a girl in a tea shop. The girl in the tea shop is really some one quite different and is only amusing herself by dispensing beverages that cheer but not inebriate. The artist discovers her identity only after he has proved his disinterestedness and everything ends delightfully. There are illustrations in color by Clarence F. Underwood, and marginal decorations by Edward Stratton Holloway.

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How Leslie Loved.

Miss Anne Warner can write such a good story that it is strange to find her writing such a poor one. Leslie is a young widow who has quarreled with her lover, and as she is determined to marry some one we are treated to a review of the various eligibles that she meets on her European tour. At least she seems to suppose that they are eligibles, mainly on the primitive ground of their sex. The reader will correctly label them as fools and bores. Leslie is not at all a nice young woman, and her offenses are aggravated by the fact that she is a widow—a most inartistic touch.

How LESLIE LOVED. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Alice Morse Earle, who died a few days ago, was a tireless searcher of antiquarian lore, and her book, "Child Life in Colonial Days," is a delightful collection of old-time reminiscence and chronicle, which was followed by "Two Centuries of Costume," and other volumes. An essayist in a recent issue of the New York *Evening Post* recalls one of the amusing though pathetic incidents set down in one of Mrs. Earle's works: "Some years since she had sent to her for identification by the descendant of an old Virginia family what was a priceless family relic, a curious gold medal or disk stamped with certain initial letters. Was it a decoration of honor, an insignia of rank, or a lovers' token. Alack for the proud owner when the riddle was read. No longer will 'the badge of poverty' be to him but a figure of speech. The medal was proved to be the pauper's badge of a Maryland or Virginia parish. An old Virginia law regarding the identification of paupers, an order of relief for a stricken wanderer, when the wardens of St. John's Parish ordered the sheriff to send the pauper on—these, with sundry other facts, made the meaning of 'P. P.; St. J. Psh.' painfully clear. Just what motive had made the original owner preserve this pinchbeck badge, who had played it with gold, and what strange exile had first worn it, we shall never know. But how one longs to read the diplomatic letter written to carry this mortifying news to the proud owner of the relic."

Henry Holt & Co. announce the eleventh printing of Helen Kendrick Johnson's "Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made Them." This standard collection of three hundred favorite melodies, with sketches of the writers and composers, and histories of the songs, has values that increase with time.

"Dr. Bryson" is the title of the first novel written by Frank H. Spearman, which was published in 1902 and last year, eight years after its appearance, sold more largely than ever before. Charles Scribner's Sons have just published Mr. Spearman's fourth novel, "Robert Kimberly."

Thirty thousand copies of "The Life of Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota" have been sold and the demand continues. This encouraging interest in a unique and forceful character is, of course, in no small degree creditable to the authors of the biography, Frank A. Day and Theodore M. Knapp.

Why should not Sir A. Conan Doyle have been content as the creator of Sherlock Holmes and the Brigadier Gerard? He has written a volume of poems soon to be published in London with the title, "Songs of the Road."

A new volume on the German philosopher of revolt is soon to be brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co. It is written by A. R. Orage, and entitled "Friederick Nietzsche: The Dionysian Spirit of the Age."

Friedrich Spielhagen, the German novelist, died last month in Berlin, aged eighty-two. His collected works fill twenty-two volumes.

Sam Walter Foss, the poet and lecturer, died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 25, aged fifty-three. Mr. Foss was born in New Hampshire, worked his way through Brown University, and after graduation became editor of the *Lynn Union*. His humorous verse and paragraphs were soon widely quoted, and his vocation as a humorist seemed certain. Later he was the editor of the *Yankee Blade*, and after five years resigned to give his time to authorship. Called to the position of librarian at Somerville, Massachusetts, he took up the work with energy and fine discrimination, and enlarged the library's usefulness. Five volumes of his verse have been published: "Back Country Poems," 1892; "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," 1895; "Dreams in Homespun," 1897; "Songs of War and Peace," 1899; and "Songs of the Average Man," 1907.

A poet laureate's autobiography, a thing not so common in our literature as buttercups in June, is promised soon (says the *Dial*). Mr. Alfred Austin has written his reminiscences, and the house of Macmillan is to publish them, as we hear from London. The grace-

ful prose of the present poet laureate has probably won him more readers than his verse—or at least than that particular portion of his verse which has come from him by virtue of his high office. It is remarkable, by the way, how little he has impressed himself upon the world's attention as poet laureate of England. Probably there are hundreds of cultured and well-informed persons in this country who would be at a loss if asked suddenly to name Tennyson's successor.

New Books Received.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL OF ARBITRATION, 1872. THE ALABAMA CLAIMS. By Frank Warren Hackett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

SOCIALISM: A CRITICAL ANALYSIS. By Oscar D. Skelton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

MINIATURE DRAMAS. By Maurice Baring. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Dialogues between famous historical characters.

THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN. By Charles Alexander Eastman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

An estimate of Indian character by an Indian.

FOUR IN FAMILY. By Florida P. Sumner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.

A story of how we look from where the dog sits.

THE HOUSE OF SEERAVALLE. By Richard Bagot. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A novel of modern Rome.

FEMININE INFLUENCE ON THE POETS. By Edward Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50.

The author discusses the part played by women in the life of the poets and the creation of poems.

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By John A. Gade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

Fully illustrated.

THE INTELLECTUALS. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50.

An experiment in Irish club life.

THE SILVA OF CALIFORNIA. By Willis Linn Jepson. Berkeley: The University Press. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

FORTUNATA. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.30.

THE UNKNOWN LADY. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

"With a far more truthful and less melodramatic plot than 'Trilby,' this new novel has the quality of that great story."

COMPENSATION. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A SINNER OF ISRAEL. By Pierre Costello. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

THE HEART OF THE BUSH. By Edith Searle Grossmann. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

DIAM, MASTER OF MEXICO. By James Creelman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

THE LION'S SKIN. By Rafael Sahatini. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Arms and the Maid," etc.

THE IMMORTAL LURE. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25.

Four new plays by the author of "A Night in Avignon."

CAPTIVATING MARY CARSTAIRS. By Henry Second. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.30.

A PRINCE OF ROMANCE. By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A new novel by the author of "When Love Calls Men to Arms," etc.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, GETTING MARRIED, AND THE SHEWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

A tragedy, a comedy, and a melodrama, with copious prefaces that may be better than the plays.

MEDICAL CHAOS AND CRIME. By Norman Barnesby, M. D. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$2.

"An inquiry into the widespread demoralization of the medical profession, a warning to the victimized public, and an earnest plea for immediate and drastic reform."

WAR AND ITS ALLEGED BENEFITS. By J. Novicow. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.

A small treatise by the vice-president of the International Institute of Sociology.

FRENCH MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS. By M. Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.50.

A series of nineteenth-century studies by the author of "Home Life in France," etc., with eight portraits.

FLOWERS FROM MEDIEVAL HISTORY. By Minnie D. Kellogg. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1.50.

A series of essays on the French Gothic.

FRANCIS BACON. By G. Walter Steeves. London: Methuen & Co.; 6s.

A guide to the chief events in the life of the great philosopher and to the acknowledged editions of his works.

HALF A HUNDRED HERO TALES OF ULYSSES AND THE MEN OF OLD. Edited by Francis Storr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

With illustrations by Frank C. Papé.

THE NEW CRITICISM. By J. E. Spingarn. New York: The Columbia University Press.

A lecture delivered at Columbia University by the professor of comparative literature.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. Edited by S. N. D. North, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A record of events and progress, issued under

direction of a supervising board representing national learned societies.

OLD ENGLISH INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC. By Francis W. Galpin, M. A., F. L. S. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.50.

With an appendix and a list of books of reference. Fully illustrated.

A LATIN GRAMMAR. By Harry Edwin Burton, Ph. D. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 90 cents.

ESSENTIALS OF BIOLOGY. By George William Hunter, A. M. New York: The American Book Company; \$1.25.

With problems, explanations, and illustrations, with lists of references to both elementary and advanced books for collateral reading.

TRUTHS. By E. B. Lowry, M. D. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

Intended for boys of from ten to fourteen years of age and containing the "simple truths of life development and sex which should be given to every boy approaching manhood."

THE FINE ART OF FISHING. By Samuel G. Camp. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.

WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W. Mackail, M. A., LL. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 30 cents.

An address delivered in the town hall, Birmingham, at the annual meeting of the National Home Reading Union.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION. Book One. By Stratton D. Brooks. New York: American Book Company; 75 cents.

Intended for high-school requirements for the first two years in composition and rhetoric.

THE CLASSIC MYTHS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND IN ART. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt. D., LL. D. Boston: Ginn & Co.; \$1.60.

Based originally on Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" (1855), accompanied by an interpretative and illustrative commentary. New edition, revised and enlarged.

LADY JOHN RUSSELL. Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50.

The course of modern political events followed through the eyes of the wife of one of the principal actors in them. Among Lady Russell's friends were Queen Victoria, Dickens, Herbert Spencer, and Tom Moore.

DENRY THE AUCADUCUS. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35.

A new novel by the author of "Clayhanger."

THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A new novel by the author of "The Danger Trail."

"ME—SMITH." By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.20.

"A novel out of the West."

ROBINETTA. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary and Lane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10.

THE GOLD BAG. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.20.

A new novel by the author of "The Clue."

California Society Banquet in Chicago.

A rich consignment, including a variety of California's boasted products, arrived in Chicago today (says the *Chicago Daily News* of February 10). As safely and as carefully as any treasure it was brought from the extreme end of the Golden State across the Rockies, eluding highwaymen and bandits, although it undoubtedly would have proved acceptable loot. It was brought on the China and Japan fast mail train, which left San Francisco Monday evening and arrived at the Northwestern station at 9:10 o'clock. Thence it was carried through the busy streets to the Union League Club, where it was left in charge of a sole guardian, the chef.

The final consignees will receive the bounteous gift tomorrow night, when the California Society of Chicago will give a banquet to Judge Julian W. Mack, a former Californian and a past president of the society, in honor of his appointment by President Taft as associate judge of the commerce court. A dozen cities of the Golden State have contributed that the banquet truly might be a California affair.

This will not include all of California's offering to its Chicago sons, however. The Golden State has sent so much of itself that those who sit down to the feast will find themselves in an environment almost entirely of their native State. Before them they will behold huge mounds of California grape fruit, oranges, apples, raisins, and prunes. Everywhere their eyes will behold and to them will be wafted the fragrance of the kind of flowers many of them have not enjoyed for a long, long time. There will be masses of California foliage and there will be clusters and heaps of California eucalyptus, violets, and lilies.

Judge Charles S. Cutting of the probate court will be toastmaster. William Kent, former Chicagoan and United States congressman-elect from California, will be among the guests. Others of prominence who will be present are J. C. Stubbs and J. H. Wigmore.

Arrangements for the banquet have been in charge of a committee composed of E. O. McCormick, N. W. McChesney, Dr. P. J. H. Farrell, W. W. Durham, Al V. Booth, and C. H. Norwood. The officers of the society are: S. T. Maher, president; Al V. Booth and Dr. P. J. H. Farrell, vice-presidents; W. W. Durham, secretary; C. H. Norwood, treasurer.

Handling an Army Daily

"Are you people out here aware of the fact that the suburban transportation systems running in and out of San Francisco—not counting your trolley lines or the intermittent services maintained by your river boats—carry more passengers than any other group of interurban or suburban systems in the world?"

This was the question put by a prominent Washington newspaper man during a visit to this city not so long ago.

It is a remarkable statement, and the man who made it was prepared to back his assertion with facts gathered during a long service as a seeker after statistics of various kinds.

How many San Francisco people have ever thought of the street-car system here in that light? Few, probably. They have seen it grow to its present magnificent proportions, extending its ramifications to every part of the city, obliterating distance and bringing business and pleasure to the front door of the people, so to speak, but, like the steam roads of the country, it provokes no wonder, save in the minds of the statistically inclined, who see in their mind's eye the thousands of men and women who depend on this mode of travel twice a day.

Converging at the ferry building are twenty-four trolley lines, which bear away to different sections of the city. These, with the other lines crossing the main artery at an acute angle, enable the passenger to reach any section for a five-cent fare.

Now come a few transportation facts.

The street-cars of San Francisco have to accommodate not only the city's own 420,000, but a large percentage of the 300,000 people who live in the transbay cities and suburban districts and transact their daily business here. Between the hours of six and nine every morning the population of San Francisco is increased between fifty and sixty thousand. A great proportion of these people must be accommodated by street-car service to various distributing points, and the number which makes the ferry a terminal for transbay travel runs far into the thousands. Naturally the Ferry is the leading point of distribution in the city. The cars must carry this industrial army again at evening. Add to this force several thousand shoppers and visitors daily, and one begins to obtain an idea of the volume of traffic handled daily by the United Railroads.

Naturally transportation problems crop up. No progressive city is without them, and it is not on record that any city with an increasing population has ever solved these problems. All that can be done, and all that any street-car company has ever succeeded in doing to better traffic conditions, is to give the best possible service. This the United Railroads has always endeavored to do. What it has accomplished in improving and adding to its lines since the fire of 1906 is as marvelous as the rebuilding of San Francisco herself.

One reason that the situation in San Francisco presents exceptional difficulties is that on account of the many and steep grades traversed by the cars it is impossible to operate more than a certain number of cars at one time on certain streets.

The one fact that the United Railroads have expended in San Francisco over \$11,000,000 is most striking proof of its desire to please the public and improve traffic conditions in every way possible.

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"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW."

Not having read the press agent's advance notices, I found myself, in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," in a slightly puzzled state of mind as to whether optimism, Christian Science, or the New Thought was the foundation-stone of Frances Hodgson Burnett's play. I am not sure yet, although it seemed finally to turn out to be efficacy of prayer; which, if so, illustrates the tenacity with which the feminine mind clings to its beliefs, no matter how often and how convincingly scientists may demonstrate that the world and its marvels are compounded of matter alone. I conclude, however, that the author meant to leave an artistic haze of uncertainty as to what is exactly meant, for the purpose of deepening the spiritual impressiveness of the idea.

Mrs. Burnett, however, is not a sufficiently profound thinker to quite succeed in being impressive. She is, if I mistake not, making some attempt to follow the lead of such vigorous, original thinkers as Galsworthy. And to do so we are brought face to face with individuals or groups who are denizens of the slums. The success of Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" has had a further tendency to exalt slum-dwellers into protagonists of the legitimate drama. And so, with ladylike tread, Mrs. Burnett follows in the footsteps of greater ones, and fails to lend life-likeness to the hoarse utterances of the Bat, the Kid, the Thief, and such-like characters identified with noisome London courts. Yet, with woman's gentle art, she has contrived to throw a little halo of grace over the graceless, so that tender-hearted optimists are pleased and softened to see happen in her "play of cheerfulness" those wonderful interventions of Providence that ordinarily only transpire in melodrama.

Mrs. Burnett's real *métier* is to be the teller of cosy little love-stories that make pleasant reading by the winter fire. Like Mrs. Humphry Ward, she is just a little bit of a snob when she gets her pen in her hand, and loves to introduce her readers to the very best society.

So it is something to the author's credit that, in abandoning her aristocratic entourage, she has given some realistic East-End effects. We saw Apple Blossom Court dimly through a pea-soup fog, listened to the street racket made by its inhabitants, contemplated rags, grime, and poverty endured with the philosophy of habit, and saw a family row of the British lower-class order in which a characteristically long-suffering wife received bruises and black eyes, not willingly, but as a matter of course—as a sort of concomitant of matrimony.

One can not complain of monotony in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," in which we are transported from the bome of wealth to the democratic alley of poverty; from an interior where gilded, not-to-be-recognized ladies are entertained by rattle-dazzle young men, to a garret in which everything is openly and unabashedly grimed with the dirt which chronically attaches itself to the belongings of those who must forego the luxury of having a wash-day and a wash.

It is in these squalid places that the author makes her point, touchingly enough, no doubt, in the opinion of many that poverty, destitution, and misfortune can not down the hopefulness and joyousness that will always bubble up in a determinedly cheerful heart.

The play opens in the mansion of Sir Oliver Holt, a man of failing mind, whose doom is pronounced by three rather loquacious consulting physicians in the sight and hearing of the audience. Sir Oliver, whose weakening mental powers have not yet sapped away his judgment, very sensibly decides that death by slow torture is not to be endured, and resolves to disappear in a London fog and commit suicide. Through this resolve we become acquainted with the denizens of Apple Blossom Court, and with Glad.

Glad is a child of the slums, but even in the deterrent atmosphere of Hell's Hole has contrived to retain her purity, her cheerfulness, and her trust in a benign Providence. In other words, even in Hell's Hole, Glad remains young and wholesome in head and heart.

It is a pretty thought, and since there are many sad and sordid things that happen in this naughty world, it is, perhaps, just as well to put such a motive into a play occasionally, to cheer up those who willingly lend themselves to the idea. We need not have realism

always. If we did, Mrs. Burnett would never write such charming plays as "The Little Princess," a darling story for children at the sweet, hopeful, romantic stage of life, when miracles happen. It is a play that is particularly popular at the Children's Educational Theatre in New York, where it must move many an ardent little heart to that thrill of sympathetic joy which grown-ups have felt when "the little princess" found herself no longer friendless in a big, unfriendly world.

Mrs. Burnett has sought to give similar thrills in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," and perhaps she has succeeded, but—alas!—I did not catch even the fringe of the thrill. In my judgment the play is too artless, too sentimental, for twentieth-century standards. It would be really nothing without Glad, who is a plucky, clean-hearted, jolly, cheerful girl; but the play is too prolix, and even Glad talks too much. At least, in other hands she would.

If it were not for Gertrude Elliott's fresh, spirited, attractive, and technically excellent impersonation of the girl of the slums, we would find the play too unconvincing to maintain uninterruptedly the tension of interest. Which shows that it is not an "actor-proof" play. Gertrude Elliott, with what ought to be the trying test of an English company for a setting, plays Glad, true daughter of cockneyism, with a coster girl's accent upon her tongue which sounds as if it were born there. Glad has a great deal to say, and pours forth her discourse with a steady bubbling up of the exuberant joy of life.

Miss Elliott does not for a moment depart from her genuineness of tone, her sincerity of manner. If she did it would have a tendency to approach the piece to the rank of melodrama, on account of Dandy's and Oliver Holt's share in the story.

Oliver Holt is too much like a conventional villain, and can only be played in the conventional style; which detail, by the way, is very well attended to by Sidney Booth, who gives him a bad make-up and a good manner.

Dandy is a refugee, hiding in holes in the wall or driving up to distraction by lingering persistently on the front door-step to have his talk out while the tramp of the police is heard coming nearer and nearer. Dear old trick of melodrama, how many chills and thrills it has given us in the splendid, glorious past.

Yet all the rôles were well played, even down to that of the bully who, like Dickens's Jerry Cruncher, castigated his wife for praying against him; an idea which, no doubt, suggested itself to Mrs. Burnett from the pages of "The Tale of Two Cities."

Sometimes, when we sit up in cool judgment upon a play, it suddenly comes to us how much it means to all those people on the other side of the footlights. It was so on Sunday night, when the curtain fell and rose again upon the finale of the first act, and we saw Gertrude Elliott's English company looking unaffectedly relieved and happy at the discovery that they had pleased the audience; and almost the most amiable and happy countenance there was that of the whilom bully.

A rather dismal first scene had seemed to strike a note contradictory to the idea of the play being a "drama of cheerfulness." Fuller Mellish had given a carefully studied representation of a man who was a nervous wreck. The portrayal of purely physical suffering on the stage is generally unprofitable and disagreeable, and I am convinced that it is always our nerves instead of our sympathies that are affected at such times. No doubt this paved the way to a particularly cordial acquaintanceship with Glad and her wholesome cheerfulness, and therefore it served a purpose, but, all the same, I think the play would be improved by cutting out some of Sir Oliver's starts and shakes and shivers, and also a very fair proportion of the talk of the surgeons.

The general tone of the play varies between sentimentality and artificiality, and there is weakness of outline, and an effect of incompleteness in the construction of the main characters, Glad excepted. On the whole, I should say that the best things in it are scenes in the presentation of the accessory characters and the dialogue that is put into Glad's mouth. It is a purely ephemeral piece, in spite of Mrs. Burnett's ethically fine intentions, as it is lacking in the inspiration that should stamp the carrying out of such a theme. Yet, in spite of earlier failures, it pleased the audience at the Savoy Theatre, and will do very well as a passing vehicle for Gertrude Elliott's agreeable personality, attractive sincerity, and indubitable histrionic ability.

It is regrettable that we shall not have the opportunity of seeing Miss Elliott in the brave array of the drawing-room, for she is a handsome enough woman to bear the wearing of rags and tatters, and grimy ones at that, without being compelled to have the light of her dark beauty quenched.

I think the nimble-fingered press agent could get a good story out of the telling of the evolution of the costume in which Miss Elliott appears throughout every scene of the play. It is ragged, dirty, threadbare, and looks as if it had been slept in for several months. If we had not seen on the programme the pictured representation of a particularly grace-

ful throat and neck, we might never know that Miss Elliott possesses beauty of form.

Those members of her company, not already specified, who deserve honorable mention for good work in small rôles are Mr. Phillips (although a shade too self-consciously impressive) as the great London surgeon, and Anna Waite as the resignedly battered and banged wife. A. Scott Gatty is a pretty good Dandy, and the general effect of the company is that of giving careful, conscientious work, without the high polish of, let us say, the very excellent company that supported Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Gertrude Elliott and her fine supporting company will appear for the last times at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and on Sunday night "The Merry Widow," with its irresistible whirl of beautiful girls, enchanting music, and brilliant costumes, will begin an engagement limited to two weeks. Henry W. Savage offers what doubtless will be accepted as the best all-round company which he has ever equipped for the presentation of this wondrously popular Viennese operetta. The rôle of Sonia falls to Mabel Wilber, who has appeared here twice before in that character, and who has had the highest encomiums showered upon her work. Charles Meakins, who was with the original company at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, will be the dashing Prince Danilo. The three chief comedians of the organization are R. E. Graham as Popoff, Fred Frear as Nish, and F. J. McCarthy as Nova Kovich. A newcomer will be Ivy Scott, an Australian prima donna, making her first American appearance in the rôle of Natalie. Harold Blake will be seen in the rôle of De Jolidon. With Brabm Vandenberg directing an orchestra of grand opera strength, Franz Lehar's entrancing score will be brilliantly interpreted. The demand for seats has been large, and "The Merry Widow" waltz is again being hummed about town.

Unusual in many respects is the engagement of "Madame Sherry" at the Columbia Theatre. It is unusual in so far that the performance is even more than was claimed for it in advance; that the company is a remarkably strong organization; and that theatre-goers are securing seats in such numbers as to make a new record in this city for large business. Days ago all the seats for the week were sold out, and reservations for the third and last week, which opens Sunday night, were being made as early as last Tuesday. From all appearances the final performances of the musical-comedy hit will see hundreds turned away unable to secure admission to the Columbia Theatre. The management has arranged for two extra matinees during the coming week. They will be given on Wednesday and Friday, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee.

B. A. Rolfe and his Rolfeonians, the headliners next week at the Orpheum, are said to give the best instrumental act in vaudeville. Rolfe has long been recognized as a cornet soloist, having attained the highest known register in the world on that instrument. The name of his offering is "The Lawn Fête," and it introduces besides himself, Lottie McLaughlin, soprano; Nellie Morse, cornet; Fannie Morse, cello; Carl J. Lewis, euphonium; Paul M. Brown, monster tuba; Jay M. Simms, trombone; Jack A. Henry, trombone; Frank Stefano, harp; and Bert Sheridan, musical director and baritone soloist. Lola Merrill and Frank Otto will present "After the Shower," which is described as a little summer flirtation with tuneful numbers and bright repartee, cleverly interwoven with a charming romance. Both are clever performers. The Six Flying Banvards, who come next week, are renowned the world over as daring and skillful aerialists. They recently concluded a most successful engagement at the Hippodrome, London, where for several months they were its leading sensation. The act consists of Miss Maudie Banvard and Miss Dora Banvard, splendidly built girls of exceptional beauty, and four male members of the family. Jarow, the droll trickster, originator of the famous "lemon trick," will give the Orpheum audiences a taste of his quality. He is a witty foreigner who apparently enjoys his feats of legerdemain as much as the spectators. Next week closes the engagements of Bernard and Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry, "The Fire Commissioner," and the Four Huntings.

Nance O'Neill, Charles Cartwright, and the original New York Belasco Theatre company will soon be here in the production of "The Lily." This is the play adapted from the French of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux by David Belasco. Julia Dean, who is very popular here, is a member of the long list of players in the cast.

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VANITY FAIR.

The legislature of Massachusetts is about to consider a bill for the imposition of a special tax upon bachelors. It need hardly be said that the bill was instigated by suffragettes, who are probably unaware that the plan has been tried over and over again in various parts of the world and has always been dropped because it produced neither revenue nor husbands. It is obvious that there are not enough bachelors to pay the cost of collecting the tax, while it is equally certain that no convinced and conscientious bachelor could be frightened out of the only liberty left to him by a mere revenue collector. He would pay the tax gladly, giving three cheers, and cheap at the price, too.

But it is lamentable that our legislating sisters should allow themselves to be led into this inconsistency. How many times have we been assured that our abominable system places woman in a position of dependence where she is forced to marry in order to get a living, in other words where marriage is compulsory? The theory that there are a large number of women who would remain single if they were economically able to do so is a favorite one with the suffragette, and it says much for the courtesy of men that they rarely laugh visibly or audibly when they hear it. But surely if it is unjust to compel the woman to marry it is equally unjust to compel the man, and not even an unmarried suffragette would maintain that this bill is other than a compulsory marriage bill.

Moreover, if bachelors are to be taxed, why not spinsters? It is useless to argue that women have to await the advances of a man and therefore are not free agents, for this negates the whole principle of sex equality. The consistent suffragette must maintain that women have the same rights of initiative as men, and the spinster is therefore guilty either of a selfish preference for the single life or of a lack of energy in the pursuit of her quarry. In either case she ought to be taxed with her fellow culprit the bachelor, and who knows what might follow such a community of misfortune? But the theory that women can not take the initiative in marital matters is so threadbare that it should be abandoned. It is the woman who takes that initiative nine times out of ten. It is the woman who selects her mate in accordance with the law that holds sway in every department of nature.

It is time that the oyster controversy should cease. So long as it was confined to the New York Times and the London Express it was rather good fun to watch the incendiary epithets hurled across the Atlantic and exploding with a fishy smell in the rival camps. But the thing is growing serious. It is assuming international aspects and it ought to stop. Here is Mostyn Pigott, the English humorist, who waves a disdainful hand at the American oyster and says that the nation that can swallow the Blue Point can swallow Canada. Now we shall be hearing from Ottawa about this thing, and maybe the reciprocity treaty will fail. Another war has come from a Washington newspaper, which falls into a mood of deceptive reverie and would like to know what kind of oysters Commander Sims had been eating before he made his compromising speech. If he had been eating the English product he was naturally in a condition of irresponsibility and should not have been judged so harshly. In the meantime the New York Times has been putting an extra edge on its little oyster knife and leering horribly, and the Express accuses it of a deliberate effort to incite the mob. Other champions are rushing into the fray from all sides. The manager of Murray's in New York is just as mean as he can be about the English oyster. He assumes that no man who is in the habit of washing his face has ever eaten one, and for the sake of the inexperienced and to help to spread the gospel, he suggests that the inquirer take the smallest and the most depraved American oyster that he can find, dip it in the ink bottle and swallow it quickly. Then he will know all about it. And another dynamiter remarks that of course the English do not cook their oysters because sheet copper can not be cooked. And so it goes.

At the moment the Express has the last word, and conscious of its strategical position, it declares that the subject is closed. What happens, it asks, when you order oysters in an American restaurant? The waiter rushes off and brings you a bottle of tabasco sauce (which is liquefied cayenne pepper), a quantity of horseradish sauce, and a heaping plate of small biscuits. When the oysters appear, they have been chilled until much of the pungency of the original flavor is held in abeyance. To keep it there, the oysters are served on a plate stacked high with ice.

On the side of the plate is half a lemon, and in the centre of the plate is a cup of tomato sauce, called oyster cocktail. To disguise the taste of the frozen oyster completely, you prepare him this wise:

First you squeeze some lemon juice over the animal, a precaution which some epi-

cureans say kills most of the typhoid germs. Then you shake a generous amount of tabasco sauce over the lemon juice. Upon the tabasco layer you spread a bit of the horseradish preparation. Some people, with unusually sensitive palates, add salt, pepper, and vinegar, but, in justice, it must be admitted they are in the minority. Then you harpoon the oyster with a specially made fork, and plunge him into the tomato sauce.

After that you slip him into your mouth, and reach out quickly for a handful of biscuits to disguise the taste still further. The flavor is of anything about which you may happen to be thinking at the moment, from tomato soup or snuff to bread pudding or a patent medicine. There is, however, one distinct advantage. If you get a bad oyster, the covering of lemon juice, three sauces, and biscuit crumbs modifies the effect, and in many instances a catastrophe is averted.

The announcement that a "ten-dollar-a-head" dinner is to be given to Ellen Terry is a reminder of what a vulgar world it is that we live in. Who is responsible for these pitiful displays of bad taste? The dinner to Miss Terry is supposed to mark a public appreciation of her genius, and the very first stipulation is that only rich people shall attend it. Ten dollars is quite a lot of money nowadays, and when it is multiplied by two or three, as it must be where families wish to share the delight, the cost becomes really formidable. The dramatic profession is the most democratic of all, and Miss Terry is the most democratic member of it. Her most intelligent admirers are usually those to whom ten dollars for a dinner is prohibitive, and yet we are asked to pay a price that must exclude all but the relatively wealthy. No doubt the lackeys who arrange these things are under the impression that Miss Terry has the same kind of a greenback soul that they themselves have and that she will be gratified. We are never likely to know just what she feels about this sort of thing, but if her appetite for the ten-dollar dinner is not a very good one it will be because the promoters have made her feel sick.

When the Maharani of Baroda and her daughter, the Princess Pratiba, were in New York they were interviewed so extensively by fashionable women who were gushingly anxious to do them good that it was certain that these Indian ladies would have something to say about it when they reached home. Now the Maharani is a woman of distinction and refinement and of almost incalculable wealth. Her daughter is exquisitely dainty and with an education that is thorough as well as modern. But they were stared at by their fashionable visitors very much as though they were wild beasts or as though they might be expected at any moment to give an exhibition of widow burning or child marriage. And the questions that they were asked! Never was there such a display of the impertinent curiosity which is the specialty of the newly rich.

Of course the interviewers started from a wrong basis. They supposed that the Maharani and her daughter had come to America in order to admire them, to imitate them, and to learn from them. Not at all. The Maharani now makes this quite clear. It was sympathy that brought her, not curiosity. She had heard that the wealthy women of America were unhappy, that they knew nothing of the art of living, and so she came to see for herself. She found, she says, that she had been correctly informed and that the women she met were "vulgar, ignorant, and tactless. . . . They all talk loudly. They try to be sprightly, and only succeed in making ugly faces. They chatter too much and think too little." This is all bad enough, but did these ladies really ask the Maharani, "Are you an East Indian, a West Indian, or an American Indian?" She says they did. And so the Maharani and her daughter are more pleased with their own lot in life than ever they were before. They are quite sure that "no women in the rest of the world are so happy. We of India alone know the art of happiness."

The duel is still popular in Paris, and as a form of innocent athleticism there is much to be said for it. On the other hand, there have been several cases of severe colds caught on the field of honor, and physicians are of opinion that there is a distinct risk in the early morning duel that is fought on an empty stomach.

So frequent is the amusement in spite of the law against it that the recent meeting between M. Max Fischer and M. Louis Vauxelles was said to be the sixth within the week. As usual the greatest secrecy was observed, absolutely no one being let into the secret except friends of the combatants, the reporters, and the police. Of course it would never do to give publicity to an affair involving a lady's honor, and, by the way, why do we speak of a lady's honor when we usually mean a lady's dishonor? The really remarkable feature of this duel was the fact that M. Fischer was wounded by a deplorable accident for which no one can account. By one of those curious fatalities that seem inseparable

even from the best intentions he came into contact with his adversary's sword, which entered the cuticle of the chest.

It was quite a fight while it lasted. Neither of the two gentlemen had ever held a sword before. They were experts with the pen, one of them being an author and the other a critic, but the sword was an unfamiliar weapon, and it was handled in an unfamiliar way. As a matter of fact, the two redoubtable penmen ran at each other with the greatest fury, and, evidently under the impression that their swords were sticks, they belabored each other most unmercifully. The hawk flew from the neighboring trees and the shivering seconds kept at a respectful distance from the whirling flails. It was then that the unfortunate accident occurred. M. Vauxelles happened to point his weapon in his adversary's direction, doubtless forgetting that it was sharp, and M. Fischer ran right upon it and fell to the ground from exhaustion, murmuring some nearly inaudible words about honor and country. On examination it was found that he was wounded in the manner aforesaid. M. Rouzier-Dorcières, who was one of the seconds and who has taken part in nearly four hundred duels, was understood to say that rather than countenance bloodshed he should abandon his favorite pastime, and the affair has cast a gloom over the dueling world.

The late Francis Galton was in the habit of writing scientific papers for various societies, but as he was extremely deaf he usually got a friend to read them for him while he himself sat among the audience. But he always knew whether his paper was a success by watching the demeanor of the ladies present. We would explain that when ladies are interested they fidget about twice in five minutes, but when they are not interested they fidget twice a minute. Thus he always knew whether his audience was entertained or bored.

The New York Sun intends that there shall be no popular ignorance on the subject of the British royal family. We thought we knew it all, but week by week we find that we did not. For example, we have just been told that "Queen Mary is essentially a mother." It is a doubtful compliment when applied to a queen, but the statement was intended for the gallery and will get there. King George writes quite a number of letters—writes them with his own hand, mind you, especially private ones. He writes on paper, just plain white paper, and he "carefully" numbers his pages "as he goes forwards." We can now gloatingly visualize the whole operation when we know that he uses a fountain pen. King Edward did not use a fountain pen. Nor did Queen Victoria. Queen Mary also writes letters sometimes, also on paper, and with a pen, a gold pen. The king dates his letters from Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace, just wherever he happens to be, but never from Tammany Hall. Curiously enough, he can write in French and German. His letters are opened by a secretary, who also answers them. When the king wishes to answer a letter personally it is not answered by the secretary.

Imagine over a column of this sort of stuff and more to come.

The suggestion that a sufficient endowment be raised for the Mount Vernon Association in order that it may maintain the estate of George Washington without charging an entrance fee is not welcomed by the officers of the association (says the Springfield Republican). They state that while it was the original intention to secure an endowment for precisely that purpose, they have long since been persuaded that it would be unwise to dispense with the modest entrance fee of 25 cents which every decent Mount Vernon visitor is entirely willing to pay. The fee is some protection against unruly crowds and yet is not so large that orderly, well-meaning people are kept away. As a matter of fact, the annual income from the entrance receipts is now ample to cover all the expenses of the place, which are not inconsiderable. The managers state in a communication to the Washington Post that "it would take quite a large annual appropriation to do away with the entrance fee—for while the services of the regents are voluntary, and without financial compensation, it has been our policy to pay liberal salaries to our officials and employees, so as to secure the best service, and this, of course, involves a heavy pay roll." With the steady increase, year by year, of visitors to Washington the gate money at Mount Vernon will surely reach still larger proportions, and doubtless it could always be depended upon to meet all the costs of maintaining the estate as a national shrine.

Some unkind criticism is offered by a writer on "The Argument of the Heiress" in the current issue of Success Magazine. In the first place, he sets down as a general rule that life in Europe is more interesting than life in America. If this is not true, he asks, why do American tourists by tens of thousands crowd the great liners every spring

and summer for a few months abroad? Homes are more attractive abroad. The heiress must huy or build a very fine, very imposing house. "Money is no object, but where shall it be located on Manhattan Island? Ah, where? She thinks of her stately London house in Park Lane, of her Paris villa with its shaded gardens near the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and she shakes her head. Fifth Avenue? Impossible! With the automobile madness, she might as well live in a smoking, pounding oil factory. And other streets are worse. Noise everywhere! Business encroaching everywhere! Not a green thing in sight! No privacy! Every building spoiled architecturally by the huddle and jumble of other buildings! And this is our best city, our metropolis!"

John M. Carrère, the noted New York architect, died in New York a few days ago, the victim of an accidental collision between a cab and street-car. Mr. Carrère was born in Rio de Janeiro in 1858, his father being French and his mother American. He went to school in Switzerland and afterward in Paris. Many fine buildings in New York and elsewhere were planned by the firm of Carrère & Hastings, of which Mr. Carrère was the head. His work was usually illustrative of modern influences on French models of architecture.

Her—What, going already? I don't suppose it would be any use to ask you to stay a little longer? Him—Not in that tone of voice. —Milwaukee News.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The farmer had bought a pair of shoes in the city shop. "Now, can't I sell you a pair of shoe-trees?" suggested the clerk. "Don't git fresh with me, sonny!" replied the farmer, hristling up; "I don't helieve shoes kin he raised on trees any more'n I helieve ruhbers grow on rubber plants, or oysters on oyster plants, h'gosh!"

The late Lord Glasgow was traveling by rail in Scotland one day, and tendered a "five" to the hooking-clerk for a ticket. "Put your name on it," said the youth. Lord Glasgow indorsed it "Glasgow" as requested and handed the note back. "Here, you old idiot!" cried the clerk. "I want to know who you are, and not where you are going to."

Ben Nathan, the English humorist, recently returned from America, was expatiating to a friend upon the glories of California. After listening patiently, the friend said: "But there must be some disadvantages in living there?" "No," said Mr. Nathan, "it is a perfectly ideal place. For any man who will work—" "Ah," broke in the friend. "I knew there were some disadvantages!"

And now this business-like view and caustic remark are ascribed to Rear-Admiral Rohley D. Evans. He entered, it is related, a church and was shown to a pew near the door. Its sole occupant glared at him and then, pulling out a card, wrote on it the words: "I pay \$500 a year for the exclusive use of this pew." The admiral wrote underneath as he passed the card back: "Then you pay a blank sight too much."

Mulligan, the contractor, put up a church building. Dunn was building inspector then, and when he saw the church he said: "Pat, it isn't plumh." That made Mr. Mulligan pretty mad. He climbed right up and began to take measurements. Having squinted down the plumh line in a dozen different places he was ready to report. There was a ring of triumph in his voice. "Mr. Dunn," he said, "come and look at it y'rself. Plumh, eh? By th' piper that played before Moses, it's more than plumh!"

George Grossmith had had remarkable success with his readings in America, and on his return to England somewhat haughtily compared the art of entertaining with that of acting. "You fellows," he said to Charles Brookfield, "have to take out scenery, properties, plays, and a large company when you want to perform; while I—look at me. I just landed in New York with my piano and a dress suit, and I made \$30,000." "I dare say," snapped Brookfield. "But we don't all look so damn funny in our dress suits."

When the Crown Prince of Sweden married Princess Margaret, the pretty niece of King Edward, he arrived at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, just when the perplexed officials were at their wits' end to provide seats and observe due order of precedence. As the prince was standing in the doorway with his attending groomsman one of the officials hustled up. "Now, sir," said he, scarcely glancing at the prince, "who might you and your party be, and where am I to seat you?" "Where you put me doesn't matter," the prince replied meekly. "I am only the bridegroom!"

A traveling man, who was a cigarette smoker, reached town on an early train. He wanted a smoke, but none of the stores was open. Near the station he saw a newsboy smoking, and approached him with: "Say, son, got another cigarette?" "No, sir," said the boy, "hut I've got makings." "All right," the traveling man said. "But I can't roll 'em very well. Will you fix one for me?" The boy did. "Don't helieve I've got a match," said the man, after a search through his pockets. The boy handed him a match. "Say, captain," he said, "you aint got anything hut the habit, have you?"

Wilson Barrett once had a lot of workmen redeccorating his private residence, and thinking to give them a treat, he asked them if, after work one evening, they would all like to have seats to come and see him play in "The Lights of London" at the Princess's. They said they didn't mind if they did, and being given complimentary tickets, all went to witness on a Saturday night their employer's production. At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight, on the pay sheet, of an item against each workman's name, which read: "Saturday night. Four hours' overtime at Princess's Theatre, 8 shillings."

Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing \$7.85. He pleaded not guilty, and, as he was unable to hire an attorney, the judge appointed Lawyer Clearem as counsel. Clearem got up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted. Counsel and client met a few

minutes later outside the courtroom. "Now, Rastus," said Clearem, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more pay than I'm getting for my valuable services, and you should dig up a good-sized fee. Have you got any money?" "Yes, boss," replied Rastus, "I still done got dat sehen dollahs and eighty-five cents."

David Bispham was undergoing the ministration of the ship's barber. "I 'opes," said the barber, "that we shall 'ave the pleasure of 'earin' you at the concert tonight." "No," explained the famous singer, "I've had a long and exhausting season in America and within a few days I am to open in London. I have decided not to do anything on this voyage." "It's the same way with me," said the barber, understandingly. "When I'm hashore I never looks at a razor."

Among the patients in a certain hospital there was one disposed to take a dark view of his chances of recovery. "Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful medico attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as ill as you are. Look at me now!" The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame. "Yes, hut what doctor did you have?" he finally asked feebly.

Two gentlemen were talking when a seedy individual came up and spoke to one of them. After he had gone, the gentleman said to his friend: "That's a brother of mine, and about the most unfortunate fellow in the world. I have set him up in business three times. The last time I bought a pork shop business for him in a place called Barking. After a few weeks he wrote and said the business had all dropped off. Would I come up? I went, and the first thing that caught my eye was a ticket in the window inviting the public to 'Try Our Barking Sausages.'"

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her recent volume of reminiscence tells of her first meeting with Henry James, the novelist: "I sat next him at a dinner. I had just come to London, and he asked me if I liked it. I said I hadn't made up my mind, and he said I would—that in London you were allowed every independence of opinion and action, only you must contribute something socially—heavy (and he howed very courteously to me, and I howed very prettily to him) or wit or agreeableness—and then London accepted you. I said, 'History repeats itself. In Texas, where I was born, they say a man is not asked his nationality, his religion, or his politics, hut only if he is a good fellow.' 'Ah,' said Mr. James, 'then London is the Texas of Europe.'"

A Scottish tourist wandering about the streets of Paris some distance from his hotel found himself in a maze from which he could not escape, and, to make things worse, he failed, through ignorance of the language, to get any light to guide him homeward. Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs he concluded a hargain with a fruit hawker for a basketful of gooseberries, and then, to the amazement of everybody, he went about shouting, "Fine Scotch grozers, a penny a pun, a penny a pun!" This went on for a while till a fellow-countryman rushed forward to him, and, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, asked: "Man, d'ye think ye're in the streets o' Glesca, that ye gang about crying like a madman?" "Eh!" he replied, with a sense of relief. "Ye're juist the man I wis looking for. D'ye ken the way to my hotel?"

Dr. John Wesley Hill, the New York divine, is almost as much interested in politics as he is in religion, and he is a great friend of President Taft. On last election day, when Mr. Taft went to Cincinnati to vote, he met Dr. Hill in the railroad station. "How do things look politically in Ohio, doctor?" asked the President. "Fine!" said the doctor, with great enthusiasm. "I doubt that," commented Gus Karger, a newspaper correspondent who knows all about Ohio politics. "No reason to doubt," objected the divine. "Why, I've made ninety-four speeches in this State myself, and, if it goes Democratic, I'll be ashamed to stay in the United States." That night, when it became known that Ohio had gone over to the Democrats by a tremendous majority, Karger was still in Cincinnati, and the President and Dr. Hill were on a train speeding eastward. This is the telegram Karger sent the President: "Ohio has gone Democratic. Put Hill off the train."

Guest—Good heavens! Does your chauffeur always speed like this? Barker—No. Sometimes the car breaks down.—Harper's Bazar.

For St. Patrick's Day.

Green satin boxes filled with candies and appropriately decorated with Shamrocks or Harp of Erin. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUZE.

Drawbacks.

There is no rose
Without its cruel thorn.
No pleasure glows
Without some grief to fill us,
In words of bliss
There still lurks tones of scorn—
In every kiss
Hides some doggoned bacillus!
—Milwaukee News.

Magazine Girls.

All women are lovely and radiantly fair
In the magazine pages today.
They all have a mop of luxuriant hair,
In the magazine pages today.
There's not one with freckles or noses askew,
Or teeth that protrude, as some real girls' do,
There isn't a hemlock on girls that we view
In the magazine pages today.
There's not one too pudgy or not one too thin,
In the magazine pages today;
Nor one who's just losing her tortoise-shell pin,
In the magazine pages today.
'Twixt shirtwaist and belt there is never a gap,
Or a tear in the silk that is lining her wrap,
And her gloves never lack a pearl button or snap,
In the magazine pages today.
She doesn't wear pink when she ought to wear blue,
In the magazine pages today;
And she isn't run down at the heel of her shoe,
In the magazine pages today.
You never can see when she hasn't a hat,
How much is real hair and how much of it's rat,
It's only in life that we see things like that,
Not in magazine pages today.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Secret of the Suffragettes.

Jane Smithers was a suffragette of thirty-five or forty.
Her close-cropped hair gave her an air quite strenuous and haughty.
And though her maiden's bloom had fled, the fires of youth were far from dead.
Worn out from speaking, late one night, she subways home to mother;
(Their hills for rent and nutriment were footed by a brother—
And portraits of the Pankhursts graced the modest flat, severe and chaste).
'My dearest child,' her mother cried, 'this life is very wearing.
Come, drink some tea; confide in me—your manner seems despairing!
I greatly fear that all this fuss is more or less ambiguous.'
'Don't breathe it, mother, if I tell,' Jane answered, sweetly hushing;
'This talk anstere of woman's sphere is what men call four-flushing—
When equal rights have won the day the men will be our easy prey.'
'In times gone by we had no choice—those ages dark are closing.
Equality will mean that we can do our own proposing;
Freedom at last will be divine—I think I'll take a blond for mine.' —The Club-Fellow.

Down to Earth.

A little bit of a rogue of a chit of a dimply, fluffy girl!
A simply delicious, uncommonly vicious sweet vision of powder and pearl;
An overly active, deady attractive dream that will last through life—
But, oh, how you'd run from a chance that one of such ladies might be your wife!
A palace fashioned of stones impassioned, located in Arcady;
With scarlet flowers that climb the towers, and halls where the gods might be;
Where serf and vassal could keep the castle, and eagles might nest in its dome—
Oh, that would be grand for a romantic land—hut it wouldn't seem much like home!
In fields Elysian the poet's vision finds pasture wide and far;
He wings his flights to Olympian heights, to capture the morning star.
He leaves us mortals to storm the portals of heaven—and, even at that,
Comes back for the kisses of one small Missus that lives in a five-room flat!
—Boston Traveler.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Departing travelers who are leaving this early for a summer of European and Oriental travel have been feted at small dinners and luncheons during the week, notable among them being the Charles Baldwins, Mrs. William Matson and her daughter, Miss Lurline Matson, and Mrs. E. T. Niebling and Miss Rhoda Niebling.

The concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society in the colonial ball-room at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening served to assemble all of society that is remaining in town.

The engagement has been announced of Mrs. Walter Scott Newhall and Captain Charles Harley, U. S. N., of the cruiser *California*. Mrs. Newhall is the widow of Mr. Walter Scott Newhall, who was the brother of Mr. Mayo Newhall, Mr. Edwin Newhall, and Mr. George Newhall of this city.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marie Garneau of St. Louis and Mr. Theodore Murphy. The wedding will take place in the early summer.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Winnifred Rhodes and Mr. Henry Clay Pendleton. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Rhodes. The wedding will take place in the summer.

The wedding of Miss Mollie Mathes and Mr. Lester Greene took place on Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents in Oakland.

The wedding of Mrs. Beryl Whitney Graydon and Mr. Joseph Columbus Wheeler, Jr., of Fort Thomas, Kentucky, took place Sunday morning at the Fairmont Hotel. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. W. K. Guthrie in the presence of the relatives of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, and Mrs. S. W. Tallant. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will be in Kentucky.

Mrs. E. E. Brownell entertained on Friday night at a colonial dinner at her home on Broadway. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop.

Mrs. John A. Darling was hostess at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Mrs. John Wisser, wife of Colonel Wisser, commandant at the Presidio. The guests were Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, Mrs. John McClellan, Mrs. Day, Mrs. St. John Chubb, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Francis Payson, and Mrs. Henry Gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Miss Mary Keeney, and Dr. Harry Tevis.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar made her sister, the Baroness von Turcke, her guest of honor at a luncheon on Wednesday.

Mr. Melville Bowman was host at a theatre party on Saturday evening, which was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuhn, and at which he entertained Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Emily Johnson, Miss Marian Marvin, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Frederick Wood, Mr. Kimball Kenoe, Mr. Seyd Havens, Mr. Gordon Edwards, Mr. William Huff, Mr. Roy Ryone, and Dr. Yerrington.

Miss Laura Baldwin entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Ruth Noyes of Washington, D. C. Her guests were Mrs. Douglas Fry, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Ruth Haskins, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Marguerite Doe, and Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Mrs. Charles Horace Mann and her daughter, Mrs. A. H. Turner, received several hundred guests at a tea on Monday at their home on Vallejo Street. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. Ella Judson, Mrs. James Lavensaler, Mrs. George Gale, Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mrs. E. G. Dennistoe, Mrs. Warren S. Mills, Mrs. James G. Spalding, Mrs. M. F. Gahs, and Mrs. Frank I. Turner.

Miss Fernanda Pratt entertained at a tea on Saturday afternoon, at which Miss Elizabeth Mills, the fiancée of Mr. Edward Crothers, was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith entertained at luncheon and bridge at her home on Octavia Street on Thursday. Her guests were Mrs. Harold Law,

Mrs. Frank Ames, Mrs. Charles Gibson, Mrs. N. Ohlandt, Mrs. J. C. Meyerstein, Mrs. Harry Sullivan, Miss Florence Martin, and Miss Lucile Levy.

Colonel and Mrs. Eugene Ladd entertained at a dinner at the Hotel Victoria on Tuesday evening. Among those present were General and Mrs. Tasker Bliss, Colonel and Mrs. John Wisser, Colonel and Mrs. Gandy, Mrs. Grimes, Major Blakely, Colonel and Mrs. Eby, Major and Mrs. Millar, Major and Mrs. O'Neil, Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, and Captain and Mrs. Welch.

Mrs. Edgar Preston entertained sixteen guests at bridge at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday. The card party was followed by an informal tea in the laurel court.

Mrs. George Carr entertained at a theatre party on Thursday for Miss Eleanor Landers. Among the guests were Miss Aona Whittaker, Miss Katherine Booth, Miss Putnam, Miss Jane Kennedy, Miss Adelaide Kennedy, and Mrs. Bertram Landers.

Mrs. Frederick Henshaw gave a luncheon at the Richelieu on Thursday, at which the guests were Mrs. John Sroufe Merrill, Mrs. Edward Van Bergen, Mrs. Pentz, Mrs. Zook, Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas, Mrs. Pruett, and Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin.

Mrs. George Pinckard, who is spending the winter at the Fairmont Hotel, was hostess at a tea last Thursday afternoon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Charles Baldwin. Among those present were Miss Mary Eyre, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Charles Eels, Mrs. Carter P. Pomey, Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman, Miss Lena Blanding, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Norman McLaren, Miss Jane Flood, Miss Crosby, Mrs. Edward Eyre, and Mrs. Percy Moore.

Miss Rhoda Pickering was a luncheon hostess on Thursday in honor of the Misses Herrin, who recently returned from Europe. The guests included Mrs. John Drum, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Miss Maud Howard.

Miss Edith Metcalfe entertained twenty girls of the younger set at a theatre party and tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Frederick Amweg and her daughter, Mrs. Walter H. Scott, were hostesses at a tea on Tuesday afternoon, which was attended by Mrs. Frank W. Marston, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Walter Greer, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Mrs. John A. Aitken, Miss Ruth Sadler, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Ethel Pippy, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Elyse Schultze, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Mrs. John Britton, Mrs. Tracy Cummings, Mrs. Paul Beck, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Prentiss Cohh Hale, Mrs. Tiley L. Ford, Mrs. Howard Blethen, Mrs. Clarence Reed, Mrs. J. F. Pressley, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. George Hill Stoddard, Mrs. John Metcalfe, Mrs. Tasker Bliss, Miss Aloise Gebhardt, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Anna Peters, and Miss Grace Bromfield.

Mrs. John Baker, Jr., entertained at luncheon on Monday at her home on Fell Street in honor of Mrs. Willis Clark (formerly Miss Stella Whitman).

Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb gave a luncheon on Saturday in honor of Miss Katherine Pennell. The guests were Miss Katherine Pennell, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Olive Craig, Miss Marie Bullard, Miss Emily du Bois, Miss Helen Peonell, Miss Gladys Pennell, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Lois Crosby, and Mrs. Alan MacDonald.

An Appeal.

The managers of the Woman's Exchange have issued the following appeal for financial help:

Our old and worthy charity, the Woman's Exchange, is passing through a period of financial distress, and we greatly fear our usefulness will soon be at an end, unless our friends will give us a helping hand. An unusual number of consignors thrown on their own resources, through the stringency of the times, the increased price of all commodities, high rent, and severe competition, have pretty nearly exhausted our small surplus, and we see before us a certainty that all the hundreds of distressed gentlewomen we have helped to support will be exposed to the untender charity of the world.

We had intended giving an entertainment, but realized the unpleasantness of selling tickets, and the annoyance it caused to those asked to purchase. We therefore pray you to send us a donation to help us in the good work we have done for over twenty-five years.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle, President.
Mrs. Louis Sloss, First Vice-President.
Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, Second Vice-President.
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Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Fourth Vice-President.
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Woman's Exchange, 60 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Francis Wilson, in "The Bachelor's Baby," will come to the Columbia Theatre this month. It is proclaimed the best comedy in which the comedian has ever appeared, and it has been given a splendid production by Charles Frohman. The same company that was with Mr. Wilson during his New York engagement are still in his support. The advance sale of seats opens next Thursday.

Miss Flora Wilson's Recital.

Miss Flora Wilson, who has returned to San Francisco after a trip to the north, will give a second recital at Scottish Rite Hall on March 22, which will be very pleasing news to those who were unable to obtain tickets for the concert at which she sang in February at the Hotel St. Francis for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage. Miss Wilson is a coloratura soprano of wonderful range, and her recitals abroad won for her the highest praise from critics of London, the Parisian journals, the *Lucerne Zeitung*, and others of like weight in the musical world. "Miss Wilson's clear high notes rival those of Tetrazzini," wrote the critic of the *London Mail*, and it was this same expression that was used by one of the San Francisco critics when writing of Miss Wilson's rendition of the shadow song from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah" at the St. Francis concert. Miss Wilson's repertory ranges from the most intricate arias of the grand opera composers to the simple Scotch ballads. She possesses a charming personality, which naturally adds to the enjoyment of her singing. Her concert on the 22d will be given at popular prices, and tickets for the event are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s at prices from \$2 to 75 cents.

Bonci's Farewell Programme.

Bonci, the great Italian lyric tenor, whose marvelous artistry has been the principal topic of conversation in musical circles during the past week, will give his farewell concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, March 12, at 2:30, and seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until five o'clock on Saturday, and at the Columbia Theatre box-office on Sunday.

The programme is a most attractive one, including Cimarosa's beautiful sacred melody, "Rest in Peace," Carissimi's "Vittoria, Vittoria," Rossini's "La Promessa," Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Blumenthal's "Evening Song," George W. Chadwick's "Nocturne," besides operatic numbers from "Orfeo" by Haydn, "Faust" (Salve dimora) by Gounod, "Don Pasquale" by Donizetti, "Cosi Fan Tutte" by Mozart, "La Tosca" by Puccini, and the last-named's latest success, "The Girl of the Golden West." Seldom if ever has such a varied and beautiful recital of song been offered here.

Harold Osborn Smith, in addition to playing the accompaniments, will offer Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnole."

Rheinhold von Wahrlich, a young Russian basso cantante, who has been making a great success in Europe and the East as a singer of the songs of all countries, will be the last musical attraction before Easter. His programmes will consist of songs in German, French, Russian, and English. Uda Waldrop, a Californian, is traveling with Von Wahrlich as pianist, and his work is compared favorably with that of Coenraad V. Bos. The dates for these concerts are Thursday night, April 6, and Sunday afternoon, April 9.

Marie Dressler, in "Tillie's Nightmare," will follow "The Merry Widow" at the Savoy Theatre.

Another year promises three new first-class down-town theatres.

St. Patrick's Dinner Favors.

Dinner-party favors for St. Patrick's Day at all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores. A little Green Satin Box filled with sweets and decorated with a Shamrock makes an ideal dinner favor. Candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, accompanied by the Honorable John Ward and Mrs. Ward, have gone to Racine, Michigan, to be present at the wedding of their son, Mr. Ogden Mills Reid. Later they will go to New York and sail immediately for London.

Mr. John Parrott has arrived here from Paris and is visiting his mother, Mrs. Louis Parrott, at San Mateo.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Edwina Hammond have gone to Colorado Springs, where Mrs. Hammond will close her home and then return here for an indefinite stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne.

Senator and Mrs. Thomas Kearns of Utah, who have been visiting in San Francisco for several weeks, have returned to their home in Salt Lake and will go abroad for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne and their daughter will leave within a few weeks for Europe, where they will remain for the summer.

Miss Dorothy Morrison has returned to Portland, after a pleasant visit here with Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will spend the summer at Burlingame.

Colonel and Mrs. Frederick von Schrader have returned from a trip to Coronado.

Mrs. Henry Kierstedt has been visiting her mother, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, at the Fairmont Hotel for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, who are in New York on their return from England, are planning to spend the summer here.

Miss Ada Sullivan, who has made her home in Paris for a number of years, is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Frank Marston and her children will leave in two weeks for Europe, where they will spend the summer in travel.

Mrs. E. L. Niebling and Miss Rhoda Niebling left Sunday for New York, en route to Europe for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin will leave next week for New York and Newport.

Miss Marguerite Burns is the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Scudder at Coronado.

Major and Mrs. Frank Winn will visit for several weeks in San Francisco before sailing for the Philippines on April 5. Miss Dora Winn is now their guest at Fort Leavenworth, and will accompany them to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin and Miss Mary Eyre sailed on Wednesday for the Orient, where they will spend several months in travel.

Miss Louise Foster and Miss Sara Coffin were the guests of Miss Amylita Talbot in Washington, D. C., before leaving for Savannah, where they are now the guests of Mrs. Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols).

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore will leave shortly for Santa Barbara, where they will spend two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy. They are en route to Santa Barbara from their home in Portland.

Mrs. W. D. Huntington and her son, Leland Huntington, left on Tuesday for the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Oliver left this week for their home in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesbrough are in New York, but will return shortly to San Francisco, where they will make their home.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall left on Wednesday for New York, where they will remain but a short time before sailing for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke are enjoying a trip in the Nile River country. They are planning to join Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin in London in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse will sail on March 21 for Japan, where they will remain until June.

Mrs. Frederick Knight and her daughter left Sunday for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

General John Taylor of Boston is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury, at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and her daughter, Miss Flora Miller, have returned from a four months' visit to Santa Barbara, and are at the Hillcrest preparatory to opening their summer home at Ross.

Mr. Robert Golet is here from New York, and has been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin and Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. C. S. Morey of Denver is at Del Monte, visiting his friend, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marry reached here from Washington, D. C., on Friday and will spend the summer at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Richard Girvin and Miss Lee Girvin will spend the Lenten season at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Randel arrived at Del Monte last week from Los Angeles for a visit with their son, Mr. Hanson F. Randel, and their daughter, Mrs. W. W. Forrester.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes are leaving this month for an extensive European tour.

General Adelbert Ames, U. S. A., is at Del Monte.

Mrs. William Matson and Miss Lurline Matson are leaving on March 20 for New York, and they will sail during the first part of April for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Myrtle Smith of Minneapolis, who has been visiting Miss Alice Warner at Del Monte, was joined last week by her father, Mr. C. A. Smith of Minneapolis, and Miss Adeline Smith.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Crossby of New York will spend the month of March at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Bruce Bonney, Mr. George Lewis, Mrs. R. A. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Girvin, and Miss Girvin, are among the San Franciscans at Del Monte.

CURRENT VERSE.

Homesickness.

Toward yonder purple ridges
Low in the twilight sky,
With mighty rush of pinions
The wild goose rideth by.

I can not tell what anguish,
Sudden and sweet and dim,
Out of the leaden present
Callet me after him:

O mountains of the southland,
What was it came and went?
A lost bird speeding homeward
After the day is spent?

—Charles G. Matthews, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Today.

Violet the waves, and white all homing sails,
As past the bar they run:
I only know this twilight is the last
Before tomorrow's sun.

Misty the sea beyond our harbor's line,
Slowly the night shuts in:
I only know that by tomorrow's light,
Voyagings begin.

The night wind hurries through the little town,
Calling the ships to sea:
I only know it waits to fill the sails,
Those sails that wait for me.

Unknown the shores we seek, and, seeking, find;
Unknown the resting-place:
I only know how lonely is that land
Where I find not your face.

Blow, sunrise wind, and fill the hoisting sails.
And, morning light, break clear:
For now no longer is tomorrow feared—
Because—today is here.

—Alice Corey, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Myrtis of Mytilene.

There is a pink upon the almond trees,
The sunlight is grown warm, the southwest wind
Makes a soft music in the sighing pines;
And where the blue seas break more gently now
On all the shores of Hellas it is spring.

And yesterday I saw a swallow flash
Across the azure noon to wheel and drop
To her old nest by thy deserted door.
O Myrtis, why wilt thou not also come
Back with the spring to Mytilene now?

The pear tree in the garden is in bud,
The vines once more are full of twitters, and
And in the woods the violets unfold.
All these return, why not the only one
That ever could enhance the year's rebirth?

Men buy and sell, folk gossip at their work,
Children make noise at play, black ships come in
To the gray wharves; but where thy heauteous
head

Was wont to pass is only empty air.
With silence where thy laughter used to ring.

Even the little street looks poor and mean
That used to wear such glory. Loneliness
Is heavy on the doorkill where last year
The lightest feet in Lesbos came and went.
There is no welcome in the twilight now.

—Bliss Carman, in *The Forum*.

Lazarus.

"Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest
thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things."

Still he lingers, where wealth and fashion
Meet together to dine or play,

Lingers, a matter of vague compassion,
Out in the darkness across the way;

Out beyond the warmth and the glitter,
And the light where luxury's laughter rings,

Lazarus waits, where the wind is bitter,
Receiving his evil things.

Still you find him, when, breathless, burning
Summer flames upon square and street,
When the fortunate ones of the earth are turning
Their thoughts to meadows and meadowsweet;

For far away from the wide green valley,
And the bramble patch where the whitethroat
sings,

Lazarus sweats in his crowded alley,
Receiving his evil things.

And all the time from a thousand rostrums
Wise men preach upon him and his woes,

Each with his bundle of noisy nostrums
Torn to tatters 'twixt ayes and noses;

Sage and Socialist, gush and glamour,
Yet little relief their wisdom brings,

For there's nothing for him out of all the clamor,
Nothing but evil things.

Royal Commissions, creeds, convictions,
Learnedly argue and write and speak,

But the happy issue of his afflictions
Lazarus waits for it week by week.

Still he seeks it today, tomorrow,
In purposeless pavement wanderings,

Or dreams it, a huddled heap of sorrow,
Receiving bis evil things.

And some will tell you of Evolution
With social science thereto: and some

Look forth to the parable's retribution,
When the lot is changed in the life to come,

To the trumpet sound and the great awaking,
To One with healing upon His wings

In the house of the many mansions making
An end of the evil things.

In the name of Knowledge the race grows
healthier,

In the name of Freedom the world grows great,
And men are wiser, and men are wealthier,

But—Lazarus lies at the rich man's gate;
Lies as he lay through human history,

Through fame of heroes and pomp of Kings,
At the rich man's gate, an abiding mystery,

Receiving his evil things.

—Alfred Cochrane, in *London Spectator*.

Busoni, the Marvelous Pianist.

Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist and composer, will be the opening attraction at the Scottish Rite Auditorium at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, which Manager Greenbaum has secured, and which is the handsomest concert hall in America. Busoni is one of the most important personages in the world of music, not alone as a virtuoso, but as a composer and musician. His orchestral works are being continually played by the most important symphony orchestras of the world, and as a pianist his services are in the greatest demand, both as a soloist with orchestras and as a recitalist. Busoni's programmes are simply colossal, and few pianists would dare attempt them in a public performance.

At his first concert in this city, scheduled for Sunday afternoon, March 19, he will play his own arrangement of Bach's "Organ Prelude and Fugue" in D minor, two Chopin "Ballades," three Liszt "Etudes," viz., (a) Mazeppa, (b) Ricordanza, (c) La Campanella; two legends, "St. Francis Feeding the Birds" and "St. Francis Walking on the Waves," and concluding with the tremendous transcription of Mozart's "Don Juan."

The second concert will be given Tuesday night, March 21, when Busoni's transcription of the Bach "Chaconne," Beethoven's "Fifteen Variations and Fugue" on a theme from "The Eroica Symphony," Liszt's "Sonata" in B minor, and a group of Chopin works, including "Impromptu" in F sharp minor, "Scherzo" in C sharp minor, "Nocturne" in C minor, and "Polonaise" in A flat major, will form the brilliant offering.

Mail orders for these important events may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The sale of seats will open Wednesday, March 15.

In Oakland Busoni will play quite a different programme on Wednesday afternoon, March 22, at Ye Liberty Playhouse. On this occasion the beautiful Chopin Sonata, No. 2 (the one with the funeral march), Schumann's "Variation" Op. 1, and "Toccata" Op. 7, Liszt's Rhapsodie, No. 13, and "Caprice-Valse," and the transcriptions of "The Erlking" and "Hungarian March" by Schubert-Liszt, will be the features. For this event seats will be on sale at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday, March 20.

Pianists of the Busoni calibre are rarely

heard in this or any other city, and students and teachers should flock to hear the interpretations of this "master of masters," as they do in Berlin.

Mischa Elman, the Violinist, Comes Soon.

The second attraction at the Scottish Rite Auditorium will be that superb violinist, Mischa Elman, one of the real geniuses of the world of music and an artist whose playing one never gets enough of. Elman possesses that charm of tonal quality that makes his instrument appeal like a human voice, and the musicianship which exhibits itself, no matter whether he be playing a Bach sonata or a Kreisler Viennese waltz, is at once attractive and compelling. As a violinist who will afford the greatest pleasure to all classes of music lovers, Mischa Elman unquestionably is without a peer.

The Elman concerts will be given Sunday afternoon, March 26, Thursday night, March 30, and Sunday afternoon April 2, with an entirely different programme at each.

In Oakland, Elman plays at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 31.

Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The box-office will open Wednesday, March 22, and in Oakland on Monday, March 27.

Mr. Percy Kahn of London will be the accompanist.

Walter De Leon's musical comedy, "The Campus," played by the Ferris Hartman Comic Opera Company, is just completing a run of ten weeks in Los Angeles, breaking all records on the Pacific Coast for a production by a stock organization. This comes the nearest to being a rest Ferris Hartman has had for years. The comedian is said to prefer a weekly change of bill and a new part to study. De Leon, the young leading man and author, and his wife, Muggins Davies, the soubrette, have made a notable success of their rôles, an additional cause for congratulation. They are to star in the piece.

The Study of Languages.

Professor De Filippie has removed his languages studio to more commodious quarters, northwest corner Post and Gough Streets. The professor's well-known ability in the difficult art of imparting instruction and the rapid progress of his pupils insure that gentleman prosperity in his undertaking.



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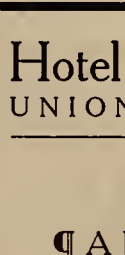
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The Loser—Do you think it's wicked to play poker? *The Winner*—Yes, the way you play it.—*Toledo Blade*.

No. 13—What kind of a lawyer did you have? No. 23—Well, de jury was out five minutes.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"A senator, pa—" "A senator, my son, is very often a man who has risen from obscurity to something worse."—*Life*.

Potience—Do you believe in wearing false hair? *Potrice*—Why, certainly! What else would one do with it?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"What! Ten years in an office and you've never once been promoted. What kind of a man do you work for?" "A promoter."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Was your husband a bear in Wall Street?" "I think so," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "He certainly acted like one when he got home."—*Washington Star*.

"It was very romantic," says the friend. "He proposed to her in the automobile." "Yes?" we murmur, encouragingly. "And she accepted him in the hospital."—*Life*.

The Spiritualist—Is that the spirit of Lady Montague? *The Medium*—No, ma'am. I'm the spirit of 'er ladyship's maid, an' I'm to say that she's not at 'ome.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Don't you know that my little hoy always counts 100 before he engages in a fight?" "Yessm, an' he don't engage in it then less'n the other feller ketches him."—*Houston Post*.

"What hook have you found most useful?" "A hook of Browning's poems. We have a table with one short leg, and the Browning hook just fits under it."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

She—I would like that lovely pearl necklace. Look what beauties they are. *He*—It's better not to have such large pearls, my dear. People always think they are false.—*Journal Amusant*.

Mrs. Asher—Are your laundry hills very high? *Mrs. Telliot*—No; they charge by the piece, but they lose so many pieces that it keeps down the expense pretty well.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"When a man dies, is an inquest always held?" "Oh, no. If a doctor has been in attendance the coroner is not supposed to have to inquire into the cause of the death."—*Toledo Blade*.

First Physician—Can you make anything out of the patient's trouble? *Second Ditto*—I think if we manage right we can make about five hundred apiece out of it.—*Baltimore American*.

"What's the matter with your wife? She seems very irascible lately." "Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale, and somebody sold her new hat for 35 cents."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Singleton—Wigwag seems frightfully despondent. He says he doesn't care what happens to him. *Henpeckke*—The first thing you know that fellow will be going off and getting married.—*Philadelphian Record*.

"He is hard-hearted; whenever he runs any one down with his auto he speeds up and leaves them." "That's because he's tender-hearted. It breaks his heart to hear their groans of pain."—*Houston Post*.

"My husband is particularly liable to seasickness, captain," remarked a lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?" "Taint necessary, mum," replied the captain. "He'll do it."—*Moriner's Advocate*.

Portroit Pointer—How can you expect me to paint your portrait from these two photographs when one is dated 1863 and the other 1911? *The Boroness*—Why, copy the head from the 1863 one and take the gown from this year's!—*Pelle Mêle*.

"Never let it be said that you accepted votes that were given for a financial consideration." "Oh, well," replied the man who isn't sensitive. "I don't think a dollar apiece is enough of a financial consideration to be worth mentioning."—*Washington Star*.

"Now that you are famous, Mr. Rimer, we propose to place a tablet on your former home." "Well?" "What would you wish us to say?" "You might say that I was ejected for non-payment of rent," replied the somewhat embittered hard.—*Courier-Journal*.

"I am determined to live in luxurious surroundings and eat and drink the best the land affords," said the frankly selfish man. "That ought to be easily arranged," replied Miss Cayenne. "All you have to do is to get a situation as a butler."—*Washington Star*.

First West Texon—Have you heard the good news? *Second West Texon*—No; what is it? *First West Texon*—The big railroad bridge is washed out, the ferryboat has been drowned, and the footlog "husted" by flood

waters; the bottoms are overflowed, cattle are standing with their noses only half an inch above water, and all the streams are still rising. *Second West Texon*—Glorious! It is God's country again.—*Baltimore Sun*.

"The doctors are urging all kinds of sanitary measures and precautions upon the public." "Yes; if all the recommendations and warnings were followed, a man's home would look like a hospital."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Your wife wants you on the telephone," announced the new hoy in an office where the 'phones of two separate companies were installed. "Which one?" inquired the boss, thinking of the two telephones, of course. "Please, sir," said the boy, "I don't know how many you have."—*Brooklyn Life*.

She—Yus, she's a Christydelian—it's a noo religion, she says. Wot is it, 'Arry? 'Arry—Well, 'taint 'xactly a religion—it's like this 'ere. 'Sposin' you got the stomick-ache, you says, 'Stomick-ache he blowed. Aint got no bloomin' stomick-ache'—an' y' aint. 'Least, that's what they says. 'Course, it's all pickles, reely.—*London Sketch*.

Subeditor—A correspondent sends us a full account of a cock fight, with photographs of the steel spurs used, the cockpit, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described. *Groot Editor*—Gracious! Get it all in. *Subeditor* (doubtfully)—But this is a moral Sunday paper. *Groot Editor*—Y-e-s, I know. Head it: "A Brutal Sport—Where Were the Police?"—*New Costle Free Press*.

"John," his wife called from the top of the stairway, "what are you doing down there?" "I'm tryin' to get m' overcoat off, m' dear, thash all." "Well, what's the matter? I never knew before that your overcoat was hard to get off." "S funny thing. I never knew it t' c'm off hard h'fore, eisher. Can't un'rstand it. Shay, when did I get thish overcoat that hutonish up back, 'nyhow?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Mrs. Duzzitt attracted much comment when she appeared in her latest ampere gown," wrote the market reporter, who had been detailed in a pinch to sub for the society editor. "Don't you mean empire gown?" asked the city editor, glancing over the copy. "Must have made the mistake because of the way some of those folks give the word 'empire' the real French twist, huh?" "No. I mean ampere all right," argued the market reporter. "It was shocking."—*Chicago Post*.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The New "Steam-Roller."

Lissner, Johnson & Company are making rapid strides in the interesting business of solidifying their "organization." The bill by which the San Francisco Harbor Commission and its patronage is placed in the hands of the firm was signed by Governor Johnson on Tuesday. Previously he had practically if not in terms taken over the direct administration of pretty much all the other institutions of the State. A step forward was made on Monday when the anti-strikebreaker bill passed the Senate. This is intended to bring the labor unions into line. Other measures are still in process and likely to work out satisfactorily before the termination of the present session of the legislature.

The only jolt the scheme has thus far sustained was that given it by Senator Works in his now famous criticism of the recall measure as "reform run mad." But this it is believed is only temporary. The senator, so it is understood, is to be personally conducted at Washington by one of Mr. Lissner's capable young men, and it is believed that he will make up for his temerity in the matter of the recall by taking orders in the

matter of Federal appointments in California. How far President Taft will go in the matter of yielding to Senator Works's recommendations is not yet known, but the hope is that through senatorial suggestion and executive complacence Lissner, Johnson & Company will get a full half of the Federal patronage.

On the whole, insurgent reform seems to be in the way of working out the results commonly observed in such matters. The new machine has been so well devised and up to now so carefully developed that it promises to be an even better instrument for the execution of arbitrary plans and purposes in politics than that which has been so ignominiously "kicked out."

Mexico.

Mexico presents to the world the pretensions and the external aspects of a civilized country, and she has contrived to gain recognition and place in the family of nations. But her moral and political foundations are frail. Her civilization is only an outer garment, covering without really concealing conditions which should classify her with semi-barbarous rather than with advanced peoples. Politically, Mexico presents a front of representative democracy and has sustained it so long that, viewed from without, it wears a genuine and solid look. But it is only a mask for all that—a mask sustained internally by one paramount personal force, externally by the interest of the civilized states of the world, our own country chief among them.

The internal conditions of Mexico under close inquiry make a sorry showing. There is, indeed, the foundation of a vast and rich territory. It reaches from the southern boundary of the United States to Central America and from ocean to ocean, comprising all told 767,259 square miles. It is a country rich in every element of natural wealth, varied almost as our own in its topography, blest with a fine climate, affording incalculable resources and facilities for industry and commerce. But it is a case, if we may borrow the phrases of a famous hymn, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Of the fourteen and a half millions of the Mexican population in 1910 only 19 per cent are classified as pure whites, and not all of these are in truth of simon-pure European stock. Even President Diaz is of mixed blood. The Indian race, descended from ancient and mostly degenerate tribes, comprise 38 per cent of the whole population; while 43 per cent are mongrels. The non-Mexican population, largely American, is about sixty thousand, mostly engaged in mining, railroading, and other occupations growing out of the large investment of foreign capital. In 1895, 10,345,899 of the Mexican people could neither read nor write; 1,782,822 could read and write after a fashion; 39,516 persons were listed under the classification of "literate." All—whites, mongrels, Indians, literates and illiterates alike—are citizens under the constitution and entitled to participate in the political life of the country. The population has considerably grown since the date of this report, but probably the ratio of literates to illiterates is not much changed. Today in the whole of Mexico, with its fourteen and a half million people, less than fifty thousand citizens are entitled to classification as educated persons.

The political record of Mexico from the conquest up to a comparatively recent time is a welter of cruelties and infamies. The conquering race was dominated wholly by its lusts and bigotries. Aggrandizement in any and every form was its aim. For justice it cared nothing; of compassion it hardly knew even the name. The three centuries of Spanish rule was a period marked by every form of oppression that can be named or conceived. And when, in the break-up of the Spanish dominion, the country acquired a nominal independence, the new condition meant nothing better than the old. The slave drivers of the old era remained slave drivers as before, if not in name most certainly in character. There followed an era of con-

flict between rival dictators; then an era of European usurpation under the Austrian Maximilian; then another era of partisan conflicts; then—Diaz.

Porfirio Diaz differed from other partisan leaders of his day only at the points of capacity and ambition. He was and is a Mexican of the traditional breed, limited as to education, but clear of purpose, masterful, bold. He came as a young soldier upon a troubled time, and through success as a soldier and by the methods of a soldier rose to the presidency of the so-called republic—for since 1857 Mexico has been nominally under a constitutional government. Established in the presidential chair and having at his back the financial resource of the country and a devoted partisan army, Diaz became in effect the dictator of the Mexican system. In defiance of the constitution, or in spite of it, he continued to remain in office until early in the 'eighties, when for decency's sake he so modified the constitution as to permit of indefinite reelections. Now at the age of eighty-one he is in his eighth six-year term in the presidency.

The methods by which Diaz has sustained himself through all these years have not precisely matched the formal terms of the Mexican constitution. Nominally the scheme is a replica of our own. Mexico is in name a republic made up of twenty-seven federated States, each with its own legislative and administrative system. The general government is divided into departments—executive, legislative, and judicial—precisely like ours. The president is chosen by electors, themselves popularly elected. But there is a wide gulf between theory and practice, for whatever Diaz wants he gets. And he gets it in the most direct way. Elections are held in form, but the returns are always precisely what Diaz wants. If the citizens fail to cast enough votes or if they should cast them the wrong way, the officials representing Diaz cook the returns to suit the requirement. In other words, for all its pretensions the government of Mexico is a dictatorship. And so absolute is this dictatorship, so thoroughly does Diaz personally occupy the whole political sphere, that not one American in a thousand prior to the recent troubles could call by name one other citizen of our so-called sister republic.

To justify the course of Diaz during the past forty years under the standards of modern civilization would be impossible. For the man has literally been a law unto himself. He has ruled with an iron hand and by force, not of public sentiment, because there is no public sentiment in Mexico, not by moral powers, because there can be no such thing in that country, but by sheer will backed by sword, bayonet, and the gallows. The innate quality of the man has been the mandate of his authority; his military organization, small but devoted and efficient, has been the backbone of his power. He has been a tyrant, if a word of evil significance be desired to describe him; on the other hand, he has been the guide and leader of his people, if one chooses to take that view of it. The world has justified the man because during the forty years of his administrative career his country has made steady progress, not indeed toward liberty, but toward higher and higher planes of enlightenment and prosperity.

If not exactly a benevolent despot, Diaz has been a progressive one. He found his country unorganized, politically incapable, prostrate in the mire of social, financial, and commercial collapse. He has brought it up, not indeed to the level with other countries of equal pretensions, but to a plane immeasurably above where he found it. In matters relating to private life, wherever the interests of the Diaz system has not been affected, he has established justice or something as nearly akin to justice as the Mexicans can comprehend and sustain. In matters related to property, he has enforced regularity and equity. In the realm of internal administration, he has infused energy and

liberality, establishing great public works, with many of the institutions of higher civilization. He has even established and sustained a university, although the Mexican mind has not readily taken to it or made very profitable use of it. He has even made the attempt to establish popular education, failing only because the people have lacked spirit and ambition to profit by it.

But the greatest achievements of Diaz have been in building up the industry and commerce of the country. Exhibiting to the world a status of social order and of stable government, he has won the coöperation of capital to an extraordinary degree. Financial statistics are not available in detail, but details are not needed to show what the outside world has done in Mexico under the guaranties which Diaz has enforced. Today there are nineteen thousand miles of railroad in Mexico; there are forty-five thousand miles of telegraph lines. The annual exports are valued at \$260,000,000; the annual imports at \$195,000,000; the national debt is \$139,000,000 in gold and \$1,500,000 in silver. These figures yield a fair measure of the foreign interest in Mexico, for practically the whole recent development of the country has been at the hands of foreign agents operating with foreign capital. The native riches of the country are a Mexican asset, but the activities by which they are being turned to practical account are largely, indeed almost wholly, foreign. Our own country has hundreds of millions invested in Mexico; England has a very large sum; Germany is represented by another large though lesser sum; France has a large stake in the country. These investments of foreign capital have been made upon the guaranties of security afforded by the strength and regularity of the Diaz government. Undoubtedly Mexico in all her interests has been prodigiously advanced by them. Mexico, viewed financially and otherwise, is among the expanding countries of the world. The weak point in her situation is the practical suppression of the people under a system radically arbitrary, but perhaps not more arbitrary than has been necessary under the local conditions for the maintenance of public order at home and the national credit abroad.

Diaz, like many another man of great force, has not been fond of strong men about him. His policy, both conscious and unconscious, has been to destroy and eliminate rivalry. His assistants in the work of government are commonly men of subservient temper. He has so dominated the system personally as to prevent the development of men of his own temper—of the kind of force essential to the maintenance of the system. Now he grows old and his system is weak, not because the strong hand has been relaxed, but because of uncertainties as to the future. After Diaz—what? This question has been put with increasing emphasis at home and abroad of late years, and no man has answered it satisfactorily. Nobody knows what will happen after Diaz, because the Mexican people, ignorant, politically incapable, schooled in subjection to arbitrary power, have no political initiative, and afford no promise of political stability. Diaz has a son, but he lacks the spirit and force of the father. He has cabinet secretaries, generals, administrators, but they all take their tone from the paramount figure, all follow lines which he lays down. The situation is not without its hazards, and with the increasing years and the relaxing grip of the strong man the sense of uncertainty grows.

Within recent months there has developed in Mexico a persistent resistance to the Diaz régime. Ambitious men are resentful of the limits enforced upon their participation in government. Seeing that somebody must soon grasp the sceptre of authority, there are those, both in military and civil life, who are reaching out for the succession. There has grown up an organized conspiracy against Diaz, sustained partly by the hopes of vaulting ambition, partly by the discontent of certain elements of the population with arbitrary rule. There has been much in the system offensive to intelligence and spirit, for the Diaz policy, for all its effect in promoting the material welfare of the country, has been severe. The hand of the strong man has pressed heavily, especially upon those who have exhibited propensity or ambition for independent political action.

The insurrection has had its victories and it has attracted to itself a certain vigor in personal leadership and apparently some financial resource. In other days it would promptly have been crushed out, but now Diaz is too old for the rough-riding mastership of his earlier days, and he has in his service no adequate

personality to supplement his own. His will is all that it ever was, but his hand is palsied. The powers even of the strong man are not adequate to the situation. In the conflicts more or less petty of the past three months he has lost again and again; and while the ultimate triumph of insurrection is not probable, it has by its successes acquired a certain character.

Naturally the countries having heavy investments in Mexico are fearful of what may happen. This country especially, with its hundreds of millions in Mexican securities, is asking with anxious insistence what is to happen if Diaz should be overwhelmed by the insurgents or if he should die. Diaz is in feeble health. His death would doubtless be a signal for anarchy; then what would become of the railroads, the telegraphs, the mining and other investments of America, England, Germany, and France?

It goes without saying that the interest of all these countries is in continuing the conditions under which their Mexican investments were made. They want to see political and social order sustained, and they well know that this can only be through the continued domination of some strong personal force. They want to see the reins of Mexican authority in the hands of Diaz as long as he can hold them. And following Diaz they want to see in authority some other force at least measurably competent and authoritative. They dread changes which would make Mexico, not a country of stable and secure conditions, but one like the so-called republics of Central and South America, the plaything of revolutionary activities.

These considerations have been under interested discussion for several months past, during which the insurgent forces have been getting the better of the fighting. If there is no alarm in Washington, London, Berlin, and Paris, there is at least some anxiety for the future. England, ever closely looking after her foreign investments, is particularly anxious to see something like assurance in the Mexican situation. Perhaps the United States, whose stake in the country is far greater, is none the less anxious. It has been intimated that England would take steps directly or indirectly to guarantee her interests in Mexico; and this intimation has no doubt been heard at Washington and considered in connection with our Monroe Doctrine. The United States government has felt that if anybody is to mix in the Mexican troubles, the hand of America must be first.

The active centres of insurrection have been near the American border. In at least three instances, battles have been fought within full sight of persons perched to advantage on the American side of the line. Undoubtedly the forces of insurrection have found American markets just across the line a handy resource. Horses, provisions, guns, ammunition—even recruits—all have been easily available. The traffic is forbidden, none the less it is active, for the American trader has been ready enough to sell to whoever would buy. Possibly, even probably, the insurrection would have collapsed before now if in exchange for what it has to offer it could not have found aid and comfort from the American side of the boundary line.

All this adequately explains why twenty thousand American troops and a considerable force of American ships have been sent to guard the boundary line and the American ports immediately adjacent to it. Our government, careful of its own interests in Mexico, likewise heedful of its own pretensions and obligations under the Monroe Doctrine, feels bound to see that the Mexicans shall fight out their fight among themselves without recourse to American supplies, without help from American traders, without interference from Europe. There is no intention of taking a hand in the fight; there is a fixed purpose to so patrol the boundary line as to maintain actually as well as theoretically the neutrality pledged by international good faith. Nominally the movement is of our own motion; probably it is the outcome of an understanding with England, possibly with Germany and France. Undoubtedly the American government is in sympathy with the Mexican government; undoubtedly it would like to see Diaz triumphant and the insurrection destroyed. But assuming this to be true, the fact is still far from implying that there will be anything like invasion of Mexican territory by American forces. The American policy will simply be to enforce practical neutrality in the hope that this will of itself starve out insurrection.

There is only one condition under which the United

States forces could possibly be ordered into Mexico. If, indeed, the war in Mexico should become a menace to American interests, our forces would be sent to protect them. Our government would not permit American mines to be looted or blown up, American railroads to be disabled, American factories burned down. If either party to the fight should undertake these things, then undoubtedly Uncle Sam will send his soldiers to stop the fight.

Left without the resource of American markets, the insurrection will probably come to an end. Diaz now controls Mexican sources of military supplies and probably will be able to protect them. The immediate danger is that Diaz, being of extreme age, will fail under the stress of the struggle. His death is not an improbable contingency. The government at Washington, it is plain, proposes to be ready for whatever may happen.

Co-Education and the Conventions.

What heart is not touched by the sad fate of the Stanford "rough." That picturesque feature of the higher learning may soon cease to delight our senses, for, by his own confession, so poignantly set forth in the *Daily Palo Alto*, he feels himself melting into a molycoddle under the super-refining influence of co-education and clawhammers. Some few of us, perchance, may harbor a cynical doubt, never having observed this phenomenon nor any tendency thereto. But we have reckoned without the disintegrative possibilities of a Social Renaissance. It seems there is a reform movement afoot—a solution, so to speak, of the eternal problems and perplexities that swirl round the co-ed presence. And the "rough," unready, unwilling, and unregenerate, is forced into a new scheme of things based on the modern conventions.

Now, as every one knows, this is no place for the conventions. Nobody wants them and, of course, nobody needs them. Red-blooded "men" and high-minded maids in hot pursuit of wisdom and the Ideal, what use have they for the artificial proprieties! To intrude these meddling restrictions into the glorified barbarism of college life is against all precedent and the sacred rights of college tradition. And nothing can be more sacred than that. This campus claptrap, sealed and ratified by an indulgent public opinion, has created an environment absolutely unique, a climatic condition favorable to many strange growths. In this social atmosphere the "roughneck" burgeons and blooms and puts forth rank shoots of personality. In this atmosphere evening functions degenerate into helter-skelter "jollyups" and noisy breakdowns, where the manners and costumes of the mining camp prevail, and sweaters, hob-nailed boots, and ink-spattered "cords" swagger through the dance with the silks and chiffons of the co-eds. For in this atmosphere such things are the realities, and courtesy, chivalry, the little niceties of deportment are lumped with boiled shirts and clawhammers as artificial notions of an effeminate civilization—all equally hampering to the development of crimson corpuscles.

This same peculiar standard is responsible for the Arcadian simplicity of "queening" and all those scenes which add human interest to the landscape in our great Western universities—where every square foot of shadow shelters a tender tête-à-tête and Corydon sports with Amaryllis in the shade of the palm or the consecrated tomb of the founders. For "queeners" are no respecters of places or proprieties, nor yet of hours and seasons. But nobody seems to mind and no cold moral intrudes. Every vagary is college spirit, college spirit is duty, and "*Die Luft von Freiheit*" kindly accommodates itself to any aberration. A perfectly lovely idyl, not to be equaled in innocent audacities outside the Golden Age—or a Robert Chambers novel. Assuredly in no other place can so many conventions be so blissfully ignored without loss of social standing.

But it happens, unluckily for the theorist, that our Corydons are just raw, undisciplined boys, only scantily idyllic, and our Amaryllises immature, inexperienced, impressionable girls with the crudest notions of life. Which simple truth some one, waking from the silly co-educational dream, chanced to discover; along with the corollary that four years' training under a code of conduct differing from the civilized code of the outside world is a poor preparation for that world and a grave danger to the individual woman. Such was the germ of the Social Renaissance. Thence came the hasty importation of a dean of women, the censorship of student activities, the regulation of "queening," and the

pruning of that flower of barbarism—the Stanford “rough.”

Of course there is indignant protest. Inevitably a general discontent. From the press a fearsome prophecy that “this red-blooded institution will degenerate into a mollycoddle manufactory and seminary for senseless spinsters.” But let us not be unduly alarmed. Even if the “rough” succumbs to the ravages of etiquette, even if some star attractions and inestimable “advantages” of a college career are sacrificed, there is still much to be said for a régime which breaks from the illusions of life-as-it-isn’t and gets into line with life-as-it-is.

The Colonel's Campaign.

Persons who have not closely regarded the man and his ways may look upon the Western trip on which the Colonel has just launched himself as a mere academic jaunt, but there are those who know better. It is not a jaunt, but a campaign; the academic programme will serve as a pretext, but it is far from being the main purpose. Otherwise the journey would not be so elaborately contrived or so adroitly arranged for personal and political effect. The Colonel may or may not have an immediate eye on the presidency; none the less he has not sunk the politician in the collegiate lecturer. If not one way, then in another he will do politics on this trip as he has done on every journey he has ever made in his life and as he will continue to do so long as he lives. It is in his blood; it possesses and controls his mind; it is the thing by which he lives, breathes, and has his being.

Everywhere along the line of progress there will be tumult and shouting, no less in California than elsewhere. Probably a circus parade, nor even Harry Lauder, might draw no bigger crowds or develop no higher measure of hoi-polloi enthusiasm. But all the same the Colonel is for the moment in political eclipse. It was not the New York election that did it, nor yet the elections in Indiana, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. These incidents have not been without their part, but the real cause lies in the established position and in the well-developed resentments and jealousies of the greater insurgent leaders. The Colonel might have won them if he could have contrived to support their cause in an impersonal way, but he offended and repelled them when he sought upon his return from Africa not so much to lend a hand as to establish himself as the personal head of the progressive movement. Men who had pioneered the new departure, who had borne the burden and heat, who had met the opprobrium of conservative opposition, were not in the mood to step aside and blandly hand over the honors of the new propaganda to the man from Africa.

We see how it is in California. The forces of insurgency, here triumphant and for the moment in the saddle, will meet the Colonel at the State line. They will welcome him with drum and viol and the sounding alchemy; they will shout for him, even howl for him. They will make a fiesta wherever he appears. They will counsel with him in private and huzzah him in public. They will make what use of him they may as a political irritant and as a centrepiece for factional enthusiasm. But withal, they are not for him as against other leaders of the progressive movement. The game here, in its working purposes and plans, is set up not for the Colonel, but for La Follette; and whatever emphasis, whatever impetus, the Colonel's visit may give to progressive or insurgent politics will be passed—practically to the account of the pompadoured son of Wisconsin. This is the game. And it is none the less the game because of the elaborate efforts to conceal it and of the strenuousness with which it is denied.

The Colonel takes pains to declare himself a progressive, yet it is to be noted that he avoids wearing the look of a definite break from the regular party organization. This is always his way. He condemns what exists; he agitates for something different; he shouts, yells, hollers, and bellers; yet when it comes to action he always contrives to retire behind the breast-works of party regularity. It was so away back in the Blaine campaign; it has been so in every political crisis in his own State and in the country at large from that day until now.

Yet the Colonel has sources of strength in connection with the cause of insurgency which neither Mr. La Follette nor Mr. Cummings nor anybody else is likely to acquire. He is the idol and the ultimate hope of all those to whom the battle-cries of insurgency

make appeal. His history, his temperament, his slapdash, his egotism combined with his contempt for law—these make him the beau-ideal of those whose idea is to smash things.

Ultimately the Colonel must find his place, not with the thoughtful and the conservative elements of the country, but with those who are neither thoughtful nor conservative, those who would cure whatever they find amiss in our political conditions by wrecking the foundations so laboriously and painfully built by the Fathers of the Republic. Ultimately he will go to the factionists' body and breeches because, for all his great reputation, he has no real consideration or respect elsewhere. Wise and cautious men will not accept his principles or his ways of enforcing them. His place—the only place left for him—is with the forces of reckless innovation. He may not come to it just now, but he will do it in the end because there is nowhere else for him to go.

In Praise of the Harem Skirt.

Amid a chorus of unreasoning condemnation from Vienna all the way to San Francisco it is time that a ray of sanity should be injected into the controversy on the harem skirt. That public disapproval should be so vociferous is in itself a discouraging sign. It is the mark of a general stupidity that still engages gleefully in hopeless battles and that has learned nothing from a century of continuous defeat. For when were women ever known to abandon a fashion under the lash of ridicule or to discard a garment because the world laughed? Did they surrender the crinoline before they themselves wearied of it? And did they not replace the crinoline by another and a still more objectionable contrivance intended to emphasize that portion of the anatomy *où le dos change le nom*? Has there not been a continuous protest against the corset and its murderous strings? Did not the public dissolve in merriment over the sheath skirt, the hobble skirt, the peach-basket hat, and a dozen other monstrosities of like nature? And did it make any difference? Will it make any difference now? A regard for dignity would suggest the propriety of acquiescence where resistance is hopeless and absurd.

But why should there be either resistance or protest? Surely not in defense of feminine modesty, for to the unobstructed eye it is evident that the harem skirt is the first really modest garment that women have worn for a decade. To tolerate the sheath skirt, for example, and to denounce the harem skirt is to display a mental confusion on the meaning of modesty that is eloquent of a decadent age. The sheath skirt was designed to evade the police regulations and for nothing else. It was delightfully eloquent about everything that it was supposed to conceal. It did not even appeal to the imagination, for it left nothing to the imagination. Yet the sheath skirt provoked no more than the usual merriment. The natural derision that is provoked by the fashionable woman who is dressed for the street was unmingled with moral reflections. But no sooner does woman show a disposition to give up her evil ways, to dress herself in loose and flowing garments, to display nothing and to suggest nothing, than Christendom raises a howl of disgust and charges her with immodesty. Perhaps it is a howl of disappointment, of frustrated curiosity.

So far our knowledge of the harem skirt is derived from the illustrated newspapers, and it would ill become the mere man to speak without due reticence. But its general appearance is as ingratiating as its name. Any one who can look at the ordinary divided riding habit without a blush can certainly gaze at the harem skirt to his heart's content and face the wife of his bosom without a tremor of conscience. It is pale and ineffectual compared with the riding skirt to which not even an assemblyman has objected. Not only is it modest, but it promises to give a certain ease to the feminine form that is now sadly lacking, and it looks as though its wearer would be able to sit down without imitating the movement of a two-foot rule.

It may be that the harem skirt will not find favor, but its failure will not be due to male opposition, which never yet had the smallest effect. It will be due rather to one of those mysterious conservatisms that women manage to combine with revolutionary radicalisms in matters of dress. It is said that women always put their skirts on over their heads, although why they should do so it is hard to say, seeing that it would be so much easier to step into them as a man would do and

so raise them into position from the smaller or tapering end. That is the way a man gets into his trousers, and if women are determined to wear trousers, too, they will have to imitate the tyrant. A moment's consideration will show them that there is no other way, and it may be that this forcible departure from precedent will act as a deterrent. But male protests will never do it.

In the meantime the new skirt continues on its victorious march. In London it has become almost a commonplace. Mme. Provost of the Comédie Française is warm in its defense, and with feminine ingenuity suggests that the opposition is instigated by women with big feet and fat ankles. Low-necked dresses, she very properly says, do not suit every one. The ladies' tailors of Berlin are overwhelmed with inquiries, while a dispatch from Madrid says that the Spanish ladies have adopted the skirt in its most exaggerated form and that the “garment continues to cause public scandals.” All honor to these brave pioneers who are willing not only to defy the mob and the legislators, but in the privacy of their bedrooms to reverse the custom of centuries and to dress feet first.

The Democrats and Canadian Reciprocity.

President Taft's extra session of Congress is likely to make embarrassment for the new Democratic House of Representatives. His appeal is for reciprocal trade with Canada, and it is one which a Democratic House will find it difficult to decline and still maintain any show of political or moral consistency. Reciprocity with Canada stands fairly on the legs of equity and expediency. It presents no obstacles like those so long urged in support of the tariff wall against Europe. The Canadians are a people much like ourselves. They are in possession of a new and fertile country and their methods of working it are almost precisely our own. There is no “pauper labor” in Canada against which American labor must be “saved.” The Canadian is as advanced, as liberal and as self-respecting—as generous a liver—as the American. There is no possible harm to come to us through interworking relations with him, even through interchange of markets on a free basis. On the other hand reciprocity with Canada means in a material sense to enlarge the boundaries of American trade and commerce upon a strictly American basis. It means little less than the commercial annexation of Canada.

Again, opposition to reciprocity with Canada comes only from interests which resent the break-up of established and monopolistic conditions. The timber trust stands opposed because it wants not only a monopoly of the American market, but a monopoly on the basis of prices which it has artificially made exorbitant. The paper trust stands in opposition because it doesn't want the “disturbance” which the bringing in of Canadian pulp would create in the trust schedules. The linseed oil trust stands opposed because having advanced prices fifty per cent, it doesn't want the competition of a country where linseed oil is produced in great quantities at a lower range of prices. And so on down the line. Reciprocity with Canada can not be opposed on the old protective cries. In reality it is opposed only by the interests against which Democracy has long made or professed warfare.

The only ground upon which the Democratic House of Representatives can fail to give its support to the President is purely political. Are we, the Democrats may argue, to lend our aid to a Republican President, to the end of establishing his prestige before the country and of putting him in a strong position for his coming candidacy for reelection? Is it due from us that we should help pull out of the fire the chestnuts which the President's own party have stupidly placed there? These, indeed, may prove effective inquiries in a Democratic party caucus, but how will that be regarded by the country at large—how by the rank and file of the Democratic party which has so long appealed and agitated for a freer tariff? Can the Democratic House without loss of moral consistency, without sacrifice of public respect, on the basis of party policy, reject proposals which have long formed the backbone of party doctrine and the battle-cry of party warfare? Indeed, can the Democratic House without loss of self-respect decline to open a door against the closing of which they have long railed, when the key to it is placed in its hands?

Speaker Champ Clark has a divided interest in the special session of Congress, as it forces him to cancel \$9000 worth of lecture contracts.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The death of Antonio Fogazzaro, the greatest of Italian novelists, gives occasion for an expression of regret that so much intellectual strength and imaginative genius should have adopted an attitude that was almost servile toward a Vatican decree. Fogazzaro's greatest novel, "Il Santo," was placed on the index, but no one seemed quite to know why except that it was distasteful to a number of political clericals. The author affronted his own genius by a meek submission, and an hour before his death he asked for the last communion, but it was brought too late, and he died without it. Not even his last wish to see once more the rising sun was gratified, for he died just before daybreak in a room carefully darkened that the first rays of dawn should be the more visible. The ban placed upon "Il Santo" naturally defeated itself, as such bans always do, for the book was hurried into many languages and went out into the world crowned with the laurels of its attempted suppression. Fogazzaro was born at Vicenza in 1842, and his death leaves not only the Venetian provinces, but all Italy, in mourning.

The German emperor deserves the thanks of logician and jurist alike for his decree that the crime of attempted suicide is not amenable to earthly law. It is indeed evident enough that there can be no place in an intelligent jurisprudence for penalties that are neither deterrent nor reformatory. No man is likely to be deterred by a prison sentence from repeating an attempt upon his own life. It is far more likely that he will be stimulated thereby to another effort and a better one. Nor will his prison sufferings serve as a warning to others except to avoid those same sufferings by a greater efficacy of intention and method. No one was ever yet saved from suicide by a law which is nullified by the very fact of suicide.

A certain order of mind has always been attracted to speculations on the probable attitude of Christ toward modern society if the founder of Christianity should return suddenly to earth. The attraction is a natural, if a disgusting one. It assumes some sort of peculiar mental fellowship with the Divine, a fellowship enjoyed only by the author and to the exclusion of those less favored. As a piece of impudent arrogance it has no parallel.

Paris has just had an experience of this kind. Charles Morice diffidently assumes the rôle of interpreter of the divine mind, and in his book, "He Is Risen Again," he tells us just what the Parisian might expect if Christ should be born again. He does it so cleverly that the Parisian conscience is disturbed. One day the newspapers print only the truth, and consequently their pages are filled with blanks. Then Christ is discovered in one of the hotels and is interviewed by all sorts and conditions of men. M. Jaurès tries to persuade Him into some declaration favorable to socialism, but is answered, "The poor will always be among you." A wave of righteousness passes over the city. Marriages of convenience are broken off everywhere, and at last the Bourse comes to a standstill, as dishonesty is no longer possible. Finally the government intervenes to prevent the further spread of a virtue that is becoming embarrassing. The president of the republic and the chief of police persuade Christ to leave France and He departs on Christmas Day. Charles Morice is well known as a writer on religion and religious poetry, and in this case he seems to have written so impressively as to produce something almost like a revival. But the really impressive thing about M. Morice and all his predecessors is their nauseating egotism.

The establishment of old age pensions in England has led to some calculations on the possibility of sustaining life on a weekly pittance of five shillings. It seems that it can be done if the appetite is not very large, but there will be no margin for clothing, entertainments, or traveling. In fact there will be no margin for anything after provision has been made for keeping body and soul together, a task that would seem hardly worth doing under conditions so adverse. Here is an estimate communicated to the *Daily Express* by Margaret Stockman, B. A., and based on the lowest weekly rent payable for an unfurnished room in London:

Room	\$0.60
Breakfast—Rolled oats at 3c a lb., ½ lb. sugar at 3c a lb. (tea also)04
Bones for stock (three dinners), with pea flour or mixed vegetables04
Haricot beans, at 2½c a pint (three dinners), say01
Bread (two loaves)10
Coal (present retail price)14
Wood02
Half tin condensed milk, at 4c02
Two ozs. tea, at 24c a lb.03
One hot dinner, at 10c10
Soap, light and sundries10
Total	\$1.20

Sickness, of course, is one of the luxuries that are beyond the reach of the pensioner, and it is open to question if the measure may not be the cause of suffering among the very poor who are persuaded by the prospect of independence and liberty to quit the shelter of the workhouse and to face the world again on such a pittance as this. It is to be noted that while pauperism implies certain political disabilities there are to be no such disabilities in connection with the government pension scheme.

Whenever it is at all possible an attempt is always made to prove that new archaeological discoveries have confirmed something that is recorded in the Bible. If the facts do not correspond, so much the worse for the facts. It is at least safe to assume that the contradiction never overtakes the fabrication.

An instance of this is to be found in the reports of the

Samaria excavations undertaken by the Harvard Semitic Museum. It is not true that a letter from an Assyrian king to Ahab has been found or that a tablet has been discovered containing an inventory of Ahab's furniture. The explorers have found four cities built one over another. The first is a Roman city. Under that is one built by Alexander and his successors. Then comes a Babylonian settlement made under King Sargon, and finally a town built by Omri, King of Israel. From the archaeological point of view, the most important find is that of many broken pieces of pottery bearing Hebrew characters evidently written after the pottery was broken. Most of them are receipts for oil and wine, and the names of both parties are given. The writing is in ink and of the cursive kind, that is to say, in running form and not with separate letters as in print. Some of the names are in correct Hebrew and some are compounded with Baal. No documents relating to any particular king have been found, nor has any treasure house been brought to light. An immense amount of work remains to be done, but Professor Reisner and his associates are in no way responsible for the fanciful assertions that have been spread broadcast as "evidences."

Mr. Basil Brown believes that he has found a contemporary caricature of the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare. It appears in a pamphlet issued in 1642 by John Taylor and entitled "Heads of All Fashions." John Taylor is known to have been something of a wag. He burlesqued Coryat's "Crudities" and he was the author of numerous clever epigrams. What more likely than that he should make fun of the hideous effigy that disfigures the First Folio and that can not be like Shakespeare because it is not in the least like a human being? This is the monstrosity that inspired Ben Jonson's advice to the reader to look rather upon the book than upon the picture, which certainly has a strange resemblance to the cut in Taylor's "Heads of All Fashions." Taylor may have known Shakespeare and he may have resented the First Folio caricature. Such at least is Mr. Basil Brown's theory, and it may be accepted with a certain relief at a time when every new hook about Shakespeare is opened with fear and trembling lest it be found to contain positive proof that Shakespeare wrote the Ten Commandments or that Francis Bacon was the author of the Koran.

The human family, physically speaking, does not seem to have changed much for better or worse since the man whose skeleton has just been found in the Thames Valley laid himself down to rest 170,000 years ago. At least Professor Keith says it was 170,000 years ago, and as the professor is eminent enough to lecture before the Royal College of Surgeons in London his opinion must be received with deferential silence. This particular man was very much like the men of today. He was over five feet in height, round-chested and narrow-shouldered, but with well-developed muscles. His cranial cavity was 1360 cubic centimetres, which is not at all bad for a man of that height, while a cast of the cavity proves a well-convoluted brain with all the essential features of today. The lower jaw shows the speech faculty and his forehead was just such a forehead as may be met on the street of a modern city. The head was extremely long and narrow, the width being about 67 per cent of the length, the upper and lower ends of the thigh bones were peculiarly shaped, and the leg bones were very short. But in the absence of the full text of the professor's lecture it may be asked if he is quite sure that this skeleton is actually 170,000 years old. It is possible that our departed ancestor may have fallen down a crevasse or been swallowed by an earthquake and so have got himself into juxtaposition with geological strata and the like to which he has no valid claim.

The legal system of France contains a delicate provision for the guardianship of prodigal sons, and the name of Claude Casimir Perier, son of a one-time president of the republic, has just been added to the list of those over whom the government exercises its paternal care. There is no direct reflection upon the beneficiaries of this excellent system, which might be imported into America duty free. It is sufficient to show that the individual is either weak-minded or prodigal, and in the circles of gilded youth it is not a disgrace to be prodigal. Indeed, rather the reverse. Upon proper application the authorities appoint a *conseil judiciaire*, who is empowered to supervise all expenditure and generally to act in *loco parentis*. If there are no relatives to invoke the law the state attorney may do so on his own initiative, and in all cases the selection of the *conseil judiciaire* is a matter of amicable arrangement. If the prodigal has a family, then a family council is called and participates in the deliberations of the tribunal. The guardian, once appointed, remains on duty until sufficient evidence has been furnished that his ward has reformed himself, and this is not always an easy matter, since the Marquis de Dion, who is fifty-five years of age and the head of a large automobile factory has only just succeeded in ridding himself of attentions that are salutary but annoying.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Professor Kekule von Stradnoitz has just made an interesting study of the condition of many of the ancient ennobled families of Germany. The professor takes his facts from the records of the Central Society for the Assistance of German Nobles. Here he finds that the descendants of families whose nobility is beyond question are in some instances gaining a livelihood, such as it is, as clerks, shopmen and minor officials. Many have emigrated to America. Among these are scions of houses justly distinguished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Not a few, having put in their term of military service, are now passing their days in the ranks.

OLD FAVORITES.

Monterey.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day:
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hail'd
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quail'd
When wounded comrades round them wait'd
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living slept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoil'd aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And hrawing full their murderous blast,
Storm'd home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play:
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who press'd
Beside the brave who fell that day—
But who of us has not confess'd
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?
—Charles F. Hoffman.

My Wife and Child.

The tattoo beats,—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet,—
To mother, wife,—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne
Ob, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while at Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate these forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!
—Henry R. Jackson.

The Cavalry Charge.

Hark! the rattling roll of the musketeers
And the ruffled drums, and the rally cheers,
And the rifles hum with a keen desire
Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,
And the singing shot and the shrieking shell
And the splintered fire on the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
As the growing guns by batteries spoke:
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds with a breath again
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled out with the crimson drips,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by,
"But his soul marched on!" the Captain said,
For the Boy in Blue can never be dead!
And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the sabre hand—
Oh, to bid them live, and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed!
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards, too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron-shod
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod—
Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns black-throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns—then "Right about wheel!"
Hurrah! a new swath through the harvest again!
Hurrah for the Flag! To the battle, Amen!
—Benjamin F. Taylor.

While the Springfield *Republican* favors the recall of judges, it can not forbear this satirical comment: "Senator Lorimer's reception by his 'home folks'—the brass bands, the 300 automobiles, the thousands of madly cheering spectators—that's what increases one's faith in American institutions."

POPULAR PREACHERS IN NEW YORK.

The Rev. Dr. Aked Leaves the Metropolis and the Rev. Dr. Jowett Arrives.

At the present writing it is not positively settled that the Rev. Dr. Aked of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of this city will accept the call of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, but I think it more than likely that he will. Indeed I am sure that he will if he has the promise of a big church, something on the lines of the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City. A church of ordinary size will not satisfy him. We all have our ambitions, and they usually run along the lines of largeness. It is the American spirit to want something bigger than your neighbors. Dr. Aked has only been in this country four years, but he has caught our spirit—that of going the next fellow one, or even two, better. Just at the present time the ambition of commercial New Yorkers is for tall towers. I can remember the time when the tower of the *Tribune* Building, on Printing House Square, was the tallest thing we had in New York. It seemed to pierce the sky. Today the dome of the *World* Building smiles down upon it. The tower of the Singer Building was considered the tallest thing in towers until the Metropolitan tower raised its head above the town. Now a dealer in five and ten-cent commodities is building a tower on lower Broadway that will be much nearer heaven when it is completed than either of the two named.

Dr. Aked sees all this, and naturally feels that to preach in a church that is no bigger than it was a few years ago is to acknowledge failure. Although his church may not be large enough to satisfy him, his congregations should be satisfied, for they overflow the main body of that edifice and spill out into the side-rooms and, so it is said, even overflow the tank.

In his confidential talk to his congregation a Sunday or so ago, Dr. Aked frankly told them that when he came to this country from England, at the solicitation of the Rockefellers, it was with the belief that his congregation was yearning for vast enterprises, but he has now discovered that these enterprises were "of such stuff as dreams are made on" and had no substantial foundation. He said, and not without emotion, that he referred to the lack of enthusiasm on the part of his congregation for the work that he had planned, and had relied upon them to help him carry out.

In San Francisco Dr. Aked felt that he would be met more than half-way by his congregation, and to do the greatest good to the greatest number was what he had set his heart upon. He was desolated at the thought of parting with the dear friends that he had made during the four years of his pastorate in this city, but all personal considerations must be set aside for the great work in which he was engaged.

More than six months ago Dr. Aked told his trustees that he had not come to this country to be the minister of "a small community of Baptists meeting in such a building as this." His work in this country had been pitifully small compared to that which he had accomplished in Liverpool. His pride was hurt that his friends in England did not see him doing a bigger work here than he had done there. "I could give myself to a great work with deathless passion," he exclaimed with dramatic fervor, "but such work does not seem possible in this church." To an interviewer Dr. Aked said: "The great project we had in hand has completely broken down. We had in mind something that would have given us one of the biggest churches in American Protestantism, perhaps in the Protestantism of the world," but that dream is all over, for the Rockefellers, who were his richest and most enthusiastic friends and backers when he first came to this country, could not make up their minds "what was the wisest thing to do," so they did nothing.

Your city seems to be in an expansive mood, and may give the reverend doctor a church of the size that he believes to be commensurate with his drawing ability. If you do, it will be interesting to watch the experiment, and I know of no one who will watch it with more interest than Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

While we speed the parting we welcome the coming guest. As Dr. Aked goes, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett comes from England to fill the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. Jowett hails from Birmingham, where his popularity has been great, and when he preached his farewell sermon thousands were turned away unable to get inside the church doors. Judging by the interviews prior to his departure for this country, Dr. Jowett is as enthusiastic as Dr. Aked, and ten to one he will be asking for a bigger church before he has been here any length of time. "I glory in the width of the gospel I preach," he exclaimed. "I shall glory in proclaiming in New York as I have here that everybody is in the love grip." His last words were, "Put on your real manhood and womanhood. Do it now! Answer the love grip."

I fancy from what I have read of Dr. Jowett that he is the sort of a preacher who makes his hearers sit up and pay attention. If he asks for a big church ten to one he will get it. Do not confuse this Dr. Jowett with the late and learned Master of Balliol. The present Dr. Jowett, pronounced *Jowett*, is the author of a number of books which show him to be far from hide-bound in the expressions of his beliefs. New York has long yearned for a preacher who makes things lively, and I imagine that Dr. Jowett will fill that bill.

He will draw congregations who want to hear what he has got to say and who will find going to church something more than a pious duty.

There was a hope expressed that Dr. Henry Van Dyke, having resigned his Princeton University professorship, would return to his old pulpit in New York, but that hope has been dashed. Dr. Van Dyke was the most popular preacher in New York for years, and there was genuine regret, not only from his own congregation, but from all over the city, when he left the Brick Church for the scholastic shades of Princeton University. When it was said that he was about to resign his chair we hoped that it was only to take his seat in his old pulpit, but he hasn't resigned, or if he has Princeton turned a deaf ear to his resignation.

JEANNETTE L. GILGER.

NEW YORK, March 9, 1911.

Rear-Admiral John Charles Fremont, commandant of the Charleston Navy Yard, son of General John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," dropped dead at his home in Charlestown from heart failure on March 7. He was born in San Francisco April 19, 1849. In 1872 he graduated from the Naval Academy. In the war with Spain he commanded the torpedo boat *Porter*, and had the honor of landing the first Americans on the Cuban coast. Later he commanded the *Porter* off Santiago during the blockade. In the summer of 1898 he was supervisor of New York harbor. In 1906-07 he was naval attaché at Paris and St. Petersburg. For two years he commanded the battleship *Mississippi*. During his service in the Philippines he commanded the Cavite Navy Yard, brought about sanitary conditions, and raised and repaired the Spanish gunboats which had been sunk by Admiral Dewey. He was made a rear-admiral last year.

The birthplace of Pasteur at Dôle has become a place of pilgrimage for the people of Jura and the neighboring departments. They go to contemplate with respect this modest dwelling where, on December 27, 1822, one of the most illustrious savants of our time first saw light, and the municipal council, by a unanimous vote, has purchased the house. Pasteur up to the end of his life showed the greatest affection for this little house. Notwithstanding his great and manifold labors, he never allowed a year to pass without visiting the old home, which he always beheld with emotion. Great was Pasteur's joy on a certain visit to his birthplace when he found at Arbois the ancient signboard of the tannery of his father, with its gaudy colors. He brought it piously to Paris, to the institute in the Rue Dutot, and there placed it in his bedroom, by the side of a portrait of his mother, which he painted himself when he was fifteen years old.

A committee of the Denver Chamber of Commerce is fathoming the plan of having Colorado build a tunnel through the mountains west of Denver for the use of transcontinental railroads. The argument is that such a hole would advance the material prosperity of the State to an extent many times greater than its cost. It is said that a constitutional amendment will be necessary before the State can undertake such work, and such an amendment could not be voted upon until the general election in 1912. Massachusetts built the tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain, being slowly drawn into that enterprise until over \$20,000,000 of the public money had been expended.

Among the many works carried out by the late Sir John Aird is the most oddly named bridge in the world. This is in Peru, on the railway from Lima to Oroya, spanning a deep and precipitous chasm over 600 feet wide and resting on three gigantic piers. Many of the men employed on the work were ex-sailors, whose training enabled them to work at dizzy heights. Although the work was necessarily of a most dangerous character, there were comparatively few accidents. But an epidemic of bubonic plague broke out. So the bridge was officially christened Puente de las Verrugas, or Bridge of Boils—a name which it still retains.

The discovery of a new star in January by an Oxford University man has renewed the old speculation as to the causes of a "new" star. Astronomers know that the stars are formed by the collision of bodies hitherto unseen, but are ignorant as to how this is brought about. In 1901 a star suddenly blazed up in Perseus and died away after obtaining first magnitude. After the flash light was seen traveling outward as though to remote parts of an extended body. The speed of the movement proved that it was light which was moving and not a body, and the spectroscopic showed that it was of the same elements as the first flash.

The "shivaree" was introduced into America by the French of Louisiana and Canada. Of course "shivaree" is a corrupt, contracted form of charivari, the French word, but its meaning is the same. The charivari began as a regular wedding serenade, but came to be reserved only for unpopular marriages. The council of Tours, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, forbade this form of serenade, the penalty being excommunication from the church, but this did not put an end to the practice.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Edward Tennant, brother of Mrs. Asquith, wife of the premier, has been made a baron of the United Kingdom. The king has also approved his appointment as lord high commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Sir Edward is now in the United States.

Dr. Ritter von Tinti, a noted German physician, in charge of one of the sanatoriums in Carlsbad, is touring the United States, inspecting its hospitals. He praises the training schools for nurses in the American institutions. Dr. von Tinti has seen many improvements in the hospitals of this country which he will adopt on his return to Germany.

Japanese Ambassador Uchida, who has just signed a document pledging his government to respect the old regulations which restricted the entry of Japanese coolies to the United States, has represented his government at Washington since 1909. Baron Yasuya Uchida was born in 1865. He was educated in Japan. As far back as 1888 he served as an attaché at Washington.

Miss Anna Rogstad is about to become a member of the Norwegian Parliament. Miss Rogstad was chosen an alternate member for General Brattle, who has since been chosen president of the Storting. He is now obliged to give up his seat for a while to take part in reorganizing the army. Miss Rogstad as his alternate will have to fill his place as a member, though it is said she will not act as president.

Walter Lowrie Fisher, successor to Secretary Balingier, is a Chicago lawyer, prominent in municipal affairs. He was born in Virginia forty-nine years ago. Educated at Marietta and Hanover colleges, he read law in Chicago, and has practised since 1888. He served the Municipal Voters' League first as secretary and later as president. In 1906 and 1907 he was special traction counsel for the city.

Theophile Delcasse, who has aroused international interest by his return to the French government, having accepted the portfolio of marine, began his career as a journalist. As the minister of foreign affairs he has survived five ministries. Probably his greatest achievement was the arrangement of the Anglo-French colonial treaty, which settled the differences regarding French rights in Newfoundland waters and in Egypt.

Frank C. Enright, invested with the title, "commercial envoy" by the Chicago Association of Commerce, will leave next month for South America, where he will devote his efforts to building up American trade with the various countries. He is well equipped for the task. Enright was born in Buenos Ayres thirty-six years ago, is familiar with South America, its needs and peculiarities, and for a time represented business interests there.

John C. Mayo, the richest man in Kentucky, twenty-five years ago was a struggling school teacher in the mountains of the Blue Grass State. He is said to be worth \$20,000,000, primarily due to his belief that the courts would uphold the rights of "squatters" in the wilderness of eastern Kentucky. His savings were invested in these lands, and later he organized a company to enable buying to proceed on a large scale. The real value of the various tracts lay in the vast coal deposits. Mayo is said to be the first man to make a big fortune out of Kentucky resources alone.

Prince Egon Max von Thum, member of one of the richest and most ancient Hungarian families and a godson of the emperor, is to wed Lola Krauss, daughter of a Hungarian manufacturer. The prince has combatted the opposition of his family to the union, they objecting to the difference in rank between a scion of a noble house and a manufacturer's daughter. The family appealed to the emperor, who has evidently approved of the match. Miss Krauss is one of the beauties of Hungarian society, has a dowry of \$1,250,000 and will inherit the great wealth of her father, whose only child she is.

Lady Creagh, wife of the Indian commander-in-chief, General Sir O' More Creagh, was recently accorded a distinction which has fallen to few women—that of an elephant ride through the streets of Calcutta. Elephants are not allowed in the city without special permission. In deference to Lady Creagh's wish, one was brought from Tarkeswar, a distance of thirty-six miles. During the trip through the city all traffic was stopped. A special police force escorted the rider. General Creagh was made commander-in-chief in 1909. He has seen much service and was decorated for valor in the Afghan war of 1879-80.

Colonel Enoch H. Crowder, newly appointed judge advocate of the army, with the rank of brigadier-general, has had an eventful career. He succeeds General George B. Davis, retired on account of age. Colonel Crowder was detailed by the United States for duty with the provisional government of Cuba as legal advisor, during the attempted insurrection in 1908. He was of material assistance in rewriting Cuba's code of laws and reestablishing the judiciary. A Missourian, he has served in the army since 1881. During the Russo-Japanese War he was appointed an observer with the Japanese army, and was with General Kuroki's army for nearly a year.

THEODORE'S WOODCOCK.

The Doom of a Dinner.

Scene—Rue de Rennes, fourth flat; an interior modestly fitted up with new furniture, pictures, and bric-à-brac suggestive of wedding-presents. Monsieur enters from his office, being an employee of the Public Works.
*Monsieur—*Here I am at last. Anything happened today?

*Madame—*Yes; something you little expected, too.

*Mon.—*Pleasant?

*Mad.—*Decidedly. While I was out this morning, a game-hamper was left here, all expenses paid. You can't guess what it contained.

*Mon.—*What? My mouth waters at the very word "game."

*Mad.—*Six woodcock!

*Mon.—*Indeed!

*Mad.—*And such splendid birds!

*Mon.—*The sender can boast of having one happy idea in his life. But who can the extravagant fellow be?

*Mad.—*I can't guess. I have thought of every one.
*Mon.—*What a puzzle! But now that I think of it, it isn't such an enigma after all. It was no other than Theodore. He went hunting last week, in the woodcock country, too. He promised to send me some birds, but I didn't pay any attention to him, because I know he isn't very generous; besides, I don't consider him a good shot. But six woodcock! Great guns!

*Mad.—*Of course it was Theodore! Why didn't I think of him?

*Mon.—*That fellow has a big heart. He doesn't seem to have, but he surprises one on acquaintance.

*Mad.—*I always said so, but you would never believe me.

*Mon.—*I was wrong; that's all. He owed us something, however; you know he didn't send us a thing when we were married, not even a scarfpin.

*Mad.—*There were many others who did the same thing.

*Mon.—*You mean who did nothing at all. Just the same, this act was very kind on his part; my favorite game, too.

*Mad.—*And which I can't give you often, my poor dear, at the price they ask for it.

*Mon.—*That is to say, since Lucullus is not our cousin, but we'll have some good little dinners now, hey?

*Mad.—*Do you think we can eat six woodcock between us?

*Mon.—*In installments we can. That kind of game will keep.

*Mad.—*Yes; but it would be selfish to indulge ourselves alone.

*Mon.—*Do you think so? Well, then, we'll invite your mother.

*Mad.—*But she is on a white meat diet.

*Mon.—*That's so.

*Mad.—*Since our treasure has fallen to us, why not profit by it and cancel some of our social obligations?

*Mon.—*Our social obligations! To whom, pray?

*Mad.—*To those who have entertained us.

*Mon.—*Oh, I see. But if we are forced to return courtesies, they cease to be such, and become loans.

*Mad.—*Possibly. But forced or not, one should honor such debts, unless one wishes to pass for a sponge.

*Mon.—*A big word that. I'll give it up. Now let us make a list of our creditors.

*Mad.—*Well, first of all, there's your chief, who entertained us twice last winter.

*Mon.—*And who at the last change in the office put that know-nothing of a Musardier ahead of me.

*Mad.—*Of course. That was because he has been slighted. Mme. Musardier receives; she gives five o'clocks; she wears diamonds—paste, of course, but they dazzle just the same. All that reflects credit upon the administration. We, on the contrary, are taken for poverty-stricken creatures, living scantily on our salary.

*Mon.—*A good reason why it should be increased.

*Mad.—*You are wrong. Water always runs into the river, and the best means of obtaining advancement is to pretend that one does not need it.

*Mon.—*Machiavelli speaks through your lips!

*Mad.—*Let us say, then, M. and Mme. de la Pape-rassie and their two daughters.

*Mon.—*If I invite one of my chiefs, I must invite the other.

*Mad.—*One person more or less won't count.

*Mon.—*Two persons you mean; for if I ask the wife of one, I shall have to ask the wife of the other.

*Mad.—*Mme. Laplume? I couldn't think of it. Such a dowdy! She would surely wear her green silk and her yellow waist.

*Mon.—*She would have to come. Then there is their gawky daughter.

*Mad.—*Very well; put down three Laplumes. It would be a good time, too, to repay our Grossac cousins, those parvenus who act as if they thought we don't eat every day.

*Mon.—*If we invite them, we shall have to ask the Chateaupanés, who are more closely related to us.

*Mad.—*But there are so many of them.

*Mon.—*The grandmother won't come, neither will Alfred, as he has a sprain from falling off from his wheel.

*Mad.—*I always told you cycling was dangerous. Well, let me count up: four and three are seven, two are nine, four are thirteen, and we two make fifteen. We must have an even number else the table will look one-sided. There is one woman too many.

*Mon.—*Leave her out.

*Mad.—*How stupid you are. Let us ask another man. That would be a good idea, as there is not an amusing person on our list.

*Mon.—*Thank you.

*Mad.—*Oh, the host doesn't count, you know. Supposing we invite Colonel de Vatenville.

*Mon.—*What an absurd idea! I should like to know what obligation we are under to that old worn-out beau.

*Mad.—*He is agreeable and very "decorative." The Grossac cousins, who always have him, will perish with envy on seeing him here. Now I think of it, there's Matilda. Since she has married her clerk, whom she dubs a "broker," she gives no end of dinners—to which she never invites us, however. I will ask her just to annoy her.

*Mon.—*If spiting your relatives is your object, it seems to me you could find some less expensive way of doing it. Of course you do not pretend to believe that eighteen persons can dine on six woodcock.

*Mad.—*Of course not; we shall have to have a few other things. Fish, then the four entrées, with the woodcock for the roast. With a pâté de foie gras, ices and fruit, we shall have quite enough.

*Mon.—*I should think so. But do you expect Mariette to prepare your feast?

*Mad.—*You make me smile. It is not much dearer to order things from outside and they are always better.

*Mon.—*You would want to order the dinner from Potel & Chabot's, then.

*Mad.—*Not the dinner. Mariette could prepare part of it—the woodcock, at least; game-roasting is her forte. Then the soup—and what else?

*Mon.—*The salad. You forgot that.

*Mad.—*Yes, the salad.

*Mon.—*And the wines.

*Mad.—*I forgot those, too. We have some more of the old Saint-Emilion that your father gave us. We could put that in carafes.

*Mon.—*That choice wine?

*Mad.—*We couldn't invite people to offer them the stuff we drink every day, could we?

*Mon.—*If they didn't like it, they wouldn't drink so much of it. That would be some advantage.

*Mad.—*How witty you are! We would only have to get some Xeres or Zucco, and some champagne—frozen. Shall it be frozen or not?

*Mon.—*Ask me whether it shall be roasted or boiled.

*Mad.—*Frozen, then; it is more elegant. Then there must be port for dessert.

*Mon.—*Yes, and Tokay, and gilt-edged Johannisberg. Then, as our dining-room is a trifle small for eighteen, six hardly being able to get around in it, we shall have to move. What do you say to that? The first floor is to let: five thousand francs a year—a mere trifle.

*Mad.—*You are positively dreadful. We will only have to take out the buffet and squeeze a little. Our table service is rather scanty, though. The Grossacs' present, you know. They might have been more generous. If you were kind, you might buy me another, just to shame them.

*Mon.—*You have a queer way of reasoning. I am afraid your dinner will lead us far.

*Mad.—*My dinner! Don't say it is for me. It is for the honor of the house.

*Mon.—*I really can't see what honor has to do with it.

*Mad.—*Oh, I know very well that we have not the same ideas about things. There are refinements one can not understand unless he has been brought up to them.

*Mon.—*Do you wish to inform me that you lowered yourself in marrying me?

*Mad.—*I don't say that; but it is certain that I was brought up to fill quite a different position from the one in which I am placed.

*Mon.—*You should have sought it then.

*Mad.—*That's right. Reproach me for having chosen you.

*Mon.—*It was your misfortune, you say.

*Mad.—*What does it matter? A woman's destiny is decided for her and she can not escape it.

*Mon.—*Perhaps you think it is pleasant to live with a woman of your disposition.

*Mad.—*You should have complained sooner and I would not have troubled you so long with my presence. It isn't too late now. I will go back to my father's house.

*Mon.—*It would have been a good thing if you had never left it.

*Mad.—*How dreadful! And only two years after marriage! And to think of the brilliant offers I refused.

*Mon.—*Whose, pray?

*Mad.—*Do you doubt my word? Would you like to have me name them?

*Mon.—*No, thanks; it would take too long.

*Mad.—*It would take longer than you think. There was not only Theodore . . .

*Mon.—*Theodore!

*Mad.—*Yes, Theodore. And if he has never married, it is because he has never been able to console himself for my loss.

*Mon.—*So Theodore loves you, does he? That is the secret of the woodcock. They are the offering of a guilty love.

*Mad.—*Guilty! The most respectful love, rather.

*Mon.—*There is only one way of showing respect for a woman one loves when she is married to another: and that is by showing her no compromising attentions. And how do I know that you have not encouraged them?

*Mad.—*I, encourage Theodore? You are insulting. I won't remain a day longer in a house where my honor is questioned; I will go back to—

*Mariette (entering)—*Pardon me, madame, but the cook from the second flat is here.

*Mad.—*That does not concern me. Address yourself to your master.

*Mariette—*Monsieur, what shall I do about the woodcock? The cook from the second flat—

*Mon.—*The woodcock! Let madame take them away. I would not soil my table with such game.

*Mariette—*Then I am not to give them to her.

*Mon. and Mad. (together)—*To the cook from the second flat!

*Mariette—*Yes; she says that her mistress was expecting the birds, and thinking there had been a mistake in the flats, she looked at the address on the hamper and found that there had. You can see for yourselves, if you look.

[Monsieur and Madame burst out laughing.]

*Mon.—*Take your miserable birds, and would to heaven they had never entered the house. (Exit servants.) It would have saved us from a silly quarrel.

*Mad.—*And we have been silly enough. You know very well that I didn't mean a word I said.

*Mon.—*Nor I either. But is what you told me about Theodore true?

*Mad.—*True! The idea! I should like to see him ever dare to raise his eyes to me, with that face of his.

*Mon.—*He isn't very handsome.

*Mad.—*And he is so stupid!

*Mon.—*And so awkward!

*Mad.—*How could you have thought for one moment that that fellow had killed six woodcock.

*Mon.—*Or that the egotist would have thought to send us anything. I have had quite enough of Theodore.

*Mad.—*And I, too. If he comes here, he will get a cool reception.

[Mariette announces dinner.]

*Mon.—*Let us go to dinner, and over our modest pot-au-feu, the emblem of domestic virtue, let us swear never to indulge in gastronomic luxury.

*Mad.—*Excepting at the tables of other people.

—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Marie Anne de Bovet by H. Twitchell.

Mrs. Ellen Wade Colfax, widow of Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, died March 4 at South Bend, Indiana, aged seventy years. Her husband died on January 13, 1885. She was betrothed to him on the top of Pike's Peak and married to him the night before his election as Vice-President. She was the daughter of Senator Theodore M. Wade of Ohio. As the wife of the Vice-President she was a leading social figure in Washington. She went to Washington as a débutante in the 'fifties and became acquainted with Mr. Colfax while he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. With friends the couple made a Western trip in 1866 and while at Pike's Peak lighted their troth. They were engaged two years, their marriage taking place in November, 1868, at Andover, Ohio. She is survived by one son, Schuyler Colfax, who served several terms as mayor of South Bend. He now lives in Rochester, New York.

In the Vosges department in France the little town of Saint-Dié is preparing to celebrate the fact that in a book printed there the name America was first given to the Western world. M. Pichon, minister of foreign affairs, is to preside at the celebration and to represent the government. Saint-Dié had a printing shop in 1507 and there was printed an account of Amerigo Vespucci's voyages as an addition to Ptolemy's treatise on geography. These lines are the beginning of the introduction: "There is a fourth quarter of the world which Amerigo Vespucci has discovered and which for this reason we can call 'America' or the land of America." Further on appears: "We do not see why the name of the man of genius, Amerigo, who has discovered them should not be given to these lands, as Eurone and Asia have adopted the names of women." Saint-Dié has long been called godmother of America.

Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strung with fine translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silk worms. The principal centre of the manufacture of catgut is the island of Procida, in the Bay of Naples, but most of the silk worms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of pickling, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly twenty inches.

A NIGHT IN A LONDON CLUB.

How America Is Misrepresented in Novels and Plays.

London clubs are notoriously exclusive. That quality in the Englishman which makes him a stickler for ceremony and formal introductions is nowhere carried to such extreme lengths as in club life. To this day no foreigner is admitted as a member at Arthur's, and the rule is yet in force which prohibits a member to entertain a friend. So rigidly is the exclusiveness of Arthur's maintained that its equipment includes a "Strangers' Room," in which visitors may wait for members, and where they may be served with light refreshments as a matter of courtesy, but none save members are allowed in the other apartments of the clubhouse. How thoroughly this appeals to Englishmen of a certain type may be inferred from the fact that in spite of a high entrance fee and a considerable annual subscription, candidates have to wait an average of three years for election to its limited circle of six hundred.

And there are other clubs in the English capital equally difficult of access. Even if one can afford the two hundred dollars' entrance fee which is the rule at the Carlton, or the hundred and fifty dollars demanded as gate-money at the Athenæum, or Boodles's, or the Marlborough, and many more, it is highly probable that the other essential qualifications may be lacking. Perhaps, however, many will be surprised to learn that the most exclusive club in London is not a social or political coterie, but a fellowship of letters. Its proud name of The Club will not be found in any list of "the principal clubs of London," but ignorance of its existence can hardly be accounted a reproach in view of the confession of Tennyson. When asked by a member, the Duke of Argyll, to allow him to place his name in nomination, Tennyson rejoined, "Before answering definitely, I should like to know something about expenses. 'The Club'? It is either my fault or my misfortune that I have never heard of it." When the poet made that confession he was in his fifty-sixth year, and up to that time, apparently, had not read his Boswell. Or if he had, he was not aware that the club Reynolds had founded in 1764 under the name of The Club, of which the title had subsequently been changed to the Literary Club, still existed under its original designation. And it is yet in being, guarding its membership with the zeal of Cherubims at the gates of Eden, and announcing its accessions in the stilted formula written by Gibbon: "I have to intimate to you that you have had the honor of being elected a member of 'The Club.'"

But literature has grown less exclusive in these democratic days. If the denizens of Grubb Street may not darken the portals of The Club, there are others enticing them with the legend, "Walk in!" Conspicuous among these hospitable institutions is the Authors' Club, which has abandoned its original limitation of membership and accommodated its entrance fee to the modest financial resources of those who live by the pen. Its quarters on Whitehall Place are comfortable if not palatial, but its ability to make buttered toast is still lamentably crude. Somewhat limited, too, is its library equipment, though valiant efforts are being made to remedy that defect by allowing new members to compound their entrance fee by presentation copies of their own immortal works. If this policy is continued for any length of time the library is likely to become strong in theology, for the members seem to include a disproportionate number of callow curates and other clerics. Presumably the publication of a single sermon is held to be sufficient "author" qualification, and the most unprepossessing curate can surely boast of at least one spinster admirer willing and able to pay the printing expenses.

While Arthur's "doesn't advertise," the Authors' Club does. It rejoices for the moment in a secretary who would make an ideal press agent for one of Charles Frohman's dramatic companies. He is alert and knows the value of printers' ink. He is strong on house dinners, and distinguished guests, and discussions of topics of the day. One of his latest achievements has been the arranging of a debate on the alluring theme of "America in Fiction," with the redoubtable Hon. John L. Griffiths, consul-general for the United States, as chief orator. Topic and speaker formed a magnetic combination, for the club-room was uncomfortably crowded and plenty of real authors were present. The chairman, for example, was none other than C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, indefatigable traveler and creator of "Captain Kettle," and the auditors included Nat Gould, still hale and hearty despite his incessant production of sporting "shockers"; Sir W. M. Wallace, seeking his favorite recreation of "a change in occupation"; Louis Tracy, the proud sponsor of "the living wage" phrase; Charles Garvice, scenting "local color" for a new novel or play; John Long, wistfully prospecting for new writers of genius, and many another whose names are not written in "Who's Who."

"Captain Kettle" availed himself of the privileges of a chairman. Or perhaps he did not wish to encroach on Mr. Griffiths's province. At any rate, instead of airing his views on "America in Fiction," he indulged in a eulogy of Mexico and the perennial Don Porfirio, much in the manner of a man who either possesses or lives in hope of valuable concessions. But Mr. Griffiths made amends. The consul-general is one of those thick-set, bulbous-headed men who make the best ora-

tors. And, according to the wont of the "spellbinder," he was not long in getting under full sail. After a few rolling periods, his ample supply of shirt-cuff worked down his coat-sleeves and enveloped his chubby hands, and once that proper condition was reached his flow of words knew no obstacle. He had no difficulty in showing how easy it is to misrepresent another country and to attribute defects, shortcomings, extravagances, and absurdities to somebody else. As an *ad hominem* illustration nothing could have been more telling than his good-humored description of the conclusions a foreigner might have arrived at from a residence in England during the past six years. Such an observer might have imagined that the path of panic was regarded by the Englishman as the way to glory, that the sex problem might be precipitated if mixed bathing were encouraged, and that it is the duty of the English censor to forbid the production of all good plays. Neither of these telling shafts was resented by the authors, for Mr. Griffiths hastened to explain that he cited his examples as illustrations of how easy it is to misrepresent people. The application was obvious. Hence his confession of amusement at reading in an English newspaper a remark to the effect that London was to be congratulated on having an opportunity of seeing at the same time two of the most characteristic American plays, representative of American society at its best—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Strongheart"—as if the drawing-room of the typical American house was a sort of vegetable saloon, and as if it were the usual thing for an American heiress to marry a half-breed, if he should happen to be a half-back in a 'varsity team. Heedless of the feelings of the playwrights among his listeners, Mr. Griffiths protested that much of the misconception on both sides of the Atlantic was due to the stage. On the further shore the Englishman was invariably represented as being of mincing gait and an insufferable drawl, with a monocle, and a vacuous mind, just restrained from knavery by anæmia of will and a feeble intellect: while on the London stage the American was depicted as worshipping the God of Success, and the American woman as vain and frivolous and conducting herself in such a way as to bar her from entering any reputable drawing-room in her own country. To these types were to be added the "oil king" or "steel magnate," who bought an ancestral place in England, converted a dignified Elizabethan mansion into a bizarre, modern structure, rode atrociously to hounds, and generally dislocated the world in which he was implanted but did not move.

Of course the eternal question of "the great American novel" cropped up during the evening. That was not altogether the fault of Mr. Griffiths, even though he declined to explain why it had not been written or hazard a guess as to when it would appear; the onus rested on Mr. Louis Tracy, who, however, knows enough about the conditions which govern fiction to understand the impossibility of any one type of American being able to embody the divergent characteristics of East, West, and South. Besides, he has lived in America and can appreciate the absurdity of making a Virginian talk Chicago or foisting upon a New Englander the speech of Louisiana. But it was a pleasant evening, moreover, which has doubtless contributed not a little towards swelling the ranks of the authors and at the same time cautioning some of their number against the pitfalls which beset the path of those who rashly indict a nation from isolated specimens of its sons and daughters.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, February 28, 1911.

Dr. Taylor, a professor of physiological chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, has little patience with diet reformers. He says that Fletcherism is based on a false assumption—namely, that chewing helps to digest food. It is absurd to suppose that sugar is dangerous, either to the teeth or the body, he contends. The Russian government feeds sugar to its soldiers on forced marches, because of its nutritive value and its digestibility. People who say we eat too much meat are the victims of economic considerations, in Professor Taylor's view. They condemn its use because of its great cost.

Secretary Meyer of the Navy Department has discovered that the United States has over twice as many first-class home navy yards as Great Britain, with a navy at least double the size of ours, and we have one more navy yard of the second class than Great Britain has. In other words, we have, in all, eleven first and second class navy yards in the United States, while Great Britain has but six of the same kind. Germany has three and France five.

Baron Albert von Rothschild, head of the Austrian branch of the famous banking family, who died recently, left a fortune placed by the Vienna papers at \$140,000,000. His gifts to charity while living and at death amounted to about \$10,000,000. He is said to have lacked the business temperament and his wealth came to him largely from inheritance and ordinary accretion.

The Trinity building, in New York, twenty-one stories high, is the highest-priced renting building in the world. Lawyers and brokers in it pay \$4.50 a square foot for their offices.

"THE ARROW-MAKER."

Production at the New Theatre of Mrs. Austin's Long-Delayed Play of California.

California is especially prominent in the theatrical chronicles of New York this season. Following Puccini's opera based on Belasco's play, and almost coincident with the production of the Herbert-Redding opera, "Natoma," was that of a play which is quite as completely identified with the romance of the Golden West. From the New York *Evening Post* of February 25 is taken the appended description and criticism of Mrs. Austin's work:

Mrs. Austin's long-delayed play, "The Arrow-Maker," was produced in the New Theatre last evening before a very large audience, and had a kindly and appreciative, but not enthusiastic, reception. That it will ever be a popular piece is unlikely, for it has neither the human nor the dramatic interest necessary to attract the miscellaneous crowd, but it has many qualities which will commend it to the intelligent observer, and the presentation of it is a creditable and appropriate enterprise. It was decidedly worth while for a representative American theatre to offer a play of Indian life, which, if it savors somewhat more strongly of romance than reality, does reflect with considerable fidelity the habits and customs of the natives of California in the days before the white invasion, and is plainly written with much expert knowledge. The result is an exceedingly picturesque and, in many ways, an instructive panorama, with occasional interludes of dramatic incident.

The tribesmen of Sagharawite, having a war on their hands, assemble to consult their Chisera—a combination of high priestess and soothsayer—on the selection of a war leader. Now the Chisera, being bound to celibacy by the laws of the tribe, has naturally fallen in love with the handsome arrow-maker, Simwa, whose secret mistress she is. So when the great medicine-making council is held—a scene that is admirably managed at the New Theatre—she contrives that in the ordeal by sticks he shall be chosen for war chief over his older and more experienced rival.

Impelled by her devotion, she helps his ambition in many ways, and he soon becomes a dominant figure among his fellows. But when she discovers that he is playing her false, deriding the gods whom she has invoked in his behalf, and wooing the daughter of the chief in order to further his ambition, she is broken-hearted, and on the wedding day denounces him with the wrath of the gods he has offended, predicts ruin for the tribe, and withdraws into solitude.

In the concluding act—three months later—the tribe has been reduced to the extremity of suffering and despair. Simwa's war strategy has proved disastrous, and they have been driven by the enemy to their last stronghold in the mountains, where, miserable and starving, they await the end. In the crisis they appeal to the Chisera for help, but she explains that—owing to the treatment she has endured—she has no longer either the power or the will to help them. She has been denied woman's inalienable right to love. But at last she realizes that, though childless herself, she may love and cherish the children of others, and, fortified by this new consolation, she presently feels her old powers of heart and brain returning. Once again she makes medicine for the council. Simwa, who has tried to kill her, is deposed from the war leadership, and the curtain falls upon the prospect of speedy victory and renewed prosperity.

The management has provided a most beautiful setting—no more striking or suitable pictures could reasonably be desired than the valley of Sagharawite, the camp on the plains, or the stronghold on the mountain top—the costuming—if somewhat too bright and fresh—is highly picturesque and doubtless accurate, while the tableaux are exceedingly spirited and lifelike. The dances are particularly well done. In all these things there is a vivid impression of verisimilitude, but with regard to the Indians themselves it is less easy to entertain illusions. There is a praiseworthy general effort to reproduce the traditional Indian carriage, walk, and gesture, but the performers, with two or three exceptions, are plainly white folk in masquerade.

Miss Matthison is one of the exceptions. Her Chisera is a fine piece of impersonation and imagination. Her love scene with the impassive Simwa in the first act was most charmingly and delicately done, and she conducted her incantations with impressive abandonment. But she created her greatest effects in the denunciation of her false lover and in the delivery of the long and passionate speech in the last act, where her beautiful voice and eloquent declamation were displayed to great advantage. Hers was the artistic success of the evening, but to her, also, were offered the best opportunities.

Frank Gillmore played the title-part exceedingly well, and Ben Johnson made a formidable and sonorous figure of the rival chief, Great Hawk. All the subordinate players did well, and the representation, as a whole, was thoroughly competent. A word of recognition is due to the incidental music, written by Elliott Schenck, which was well played by the orchestra. On the whole, "The Arrow-Maker" furnishes plenty of interesting and attractive matter, even if it be neither an epoch-making play nor an exact picture of savage life, and both the author and the New Theatre are entitled to congratulations.

A WOMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor Tells the Story of Her Life in Texas and as the Wife of a Home-Ruler.

Nearly half of Mrs. O'Connor's substantial volume is devoted to her life before she met "T. P." Whether she was well advised in thus apportioning her material must be left to the determination of the individual reader. A few light strokes of the autobiographical brush are usually enough to do justice to the incidents of childhood and youth, reserving the deeper colors for the experiences of maturity, but it would be ungracious to find fault with a lady's sense of comparative values. Not that the author's youth was in any way a commonplace one. Born in Texas just before the Civil War, she is able to write with authority and always with charm on the general complexion of affairs as they presented themselves to her. At the early age of six she became an abolitionist and confided the dread secret to her father, who quenched the martyr spirit with vociferous laughter. Later on, when the need for employment came, she met General Grant, who found her work at the war office, and while in Washington she saw a good deal of Walt Whitman, who once read to her from his poems for quite an hour. She admits that she "lacked enthusiasm," but Whitman ascribed this to youth and femininity and expressed the hope that she would one day grow up to "the highest leaf of grass." Then comes a period on the New York *World* as book reviewer, but when Mr. Pulitzer wanted the author to work as a society reporter she left the *World* and joined Harper's as a reader. A long illness necessitated a vacation, and so we find her first in Ireland and then in London. Calling upon the American vice-consul, he proposed a visit to the House of Commons and an introduction to Justin McCarthy. But Mr. McCarthy had gone for the evening, and then the hand of fate interposed and a kindly policeman played the part of providence:

The big, good-natured policeman, seeing how terribly disappointed I was at not seeing the House of Commons, proposed that he should take Colonel Mitchell's cards to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who, he said, was always most polite to Americans. In a few moments the genial T. P. came out heaving. He was delighted to do the honors for Mr. McCarthy, explained all the House of Commons most lucidly, then disposed of Colonel Mitchell and took me up to the Ladies' Gallery, where his native eloquence poured forth like a torrent, and he seemed prepared to keep me any length of time—certainly verifying the judgment of the policeman who said he was so kind to Americans.

When we came downstairs Colonel Mitchell was looking quite gloomy after our prolonged absence, nor did the proposition of T. P. to stroll home with us seem to make him any more cheerful. It was only at the door of my pension that T. P.'s eloquence ceased, and both he and Colonel Mitchell had arranged to call upon me the next day—but not together, and this was my first meeting with T. P.

The next day Justin McCarthy called and invited me to dine at the House of Commons. The party consisted of his daughter, T. P., Justin Huntly McCarthy, and myself. I thought I had never heard such gay, brilliant, witty conversation—they flashed together like meteors. Justin Huntly and T. P. were like two accomplished fencers. As I was fresh from America, where, even if men can talk, they rarely do if women are present, allowing them to absorb all the conversation and all the attention, the dinner was a perfect revelation to me.

Thenceforth T. P.'s visits were daily, and sometimes he came twice a day. But he did not have it quite his own way, although he used to the uttermost his persuasive powers, "which are very great." On one occasion he produced a special marriage license with the date fixed for the following morning, "without one word of consultation with me," but even such audacity failed, to the consternation of the sexton at St. Margaret's. Another date was equally unlucky, although this time the lady had acquiesced. She "left T. P. to deal with clergymen, witnesses, and sexton" and sailed for America, but only to return in the course of a few weeks and to become Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

It does not seem that Mrs. O'Connor ever entered very heartily into her husband's political ambitions. She says she was a convinced home-ruler and a suffragist, but she gives no evidence of an abounding enthusiasm for either cause. In fact she seems to take rather a pleasure in recounting incidents such as the following:

Not long after we moved to Grosvenor Road there was a general election, and T. P. was away speaking all over the country. His speeches were highly commended and complimented, and he arrived at home one night expecting more praise, when almost my first words were, "I've made an awful mistake in the blue wall-paper, it's much too dark and eats up all the light. You see London is so gloomy, so different from America, I did not realize that when I chose it."

"Really," T. P. said, much irritated, "and not one word about my speeches. Have you read them?"

"Not all of them," I answered, "and the dado is the worst part—it's much darker than the rest."

"What is a dado?" said T. P. "And this is the interest you take in my career!"

Just then came the postman's knock, the mail was brought in, and on opening an American paper, the first thing that caught my eye was an article saying there were three women in England who were intelligent politicians. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor—that Mr. O'Connor was not ashamed to acknowledge how much of his success he owed to his wife, who had indeed been of great assistance to him, in planning his present brilliant election tour. I handed the paper to T. P. and said, "You see I am made a politician whether I am one or not. The American papers always praise their absent women-kind."

T. P. read the article with rather a grim smile, and said, "This fellow does not know your interest in dados. The American papers will say next that you wrote 'The Parnell Movement!'"

Indeed, Mrs. O'Connor seems at a loss to account

for her own reputation. Whatever work was done by T. P. was surely credited to her, and not only by her own countrymen, but by others:

There is nothing indeed in life that has amused me more than my own reputation. It is a thing I have stood so apart away from, and it is so utterly unlike the real, less interesting me. An Irish woman said to me once, "Do you write *M. A. P.*?"

I thought I had not heard her aright, and replied, "You mean do I write in *M. A. P.*?"

"No," she said, "do you write the paper?"

I asked, "Do you mean from cover to cover?"

"Yes," she said; "I heard that you did."

"Oh," I said, "this is very interesting. Tell me what else you have heard about me."

She hesitated a moment and said, "Well, I did hear that you wrote Mr. O'Connor's political speeches."

"Well," I said, "I don't, but I'll tell you a secret—I did write all of Mr. Gladstone's."

Mrs. O'Connor has much to say of the many celebrities whom she met. She knew the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mrs. Labouchere, Cardinal Manning, Harold Frederick, and George Augustus Sala. She speaks of helping Mrs. Labouchere to arrange a production of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Sala was to be Bottom, but something like an impasse was created when he insisted on clinging to the book on the night of the performance, but he finally compromised on a brandy and soda that did just as well.

Mrs. O'Connor gives us a curious side-light on the character of Mr. Parnell, for whom she seems to have had something of an aversion. It had been decided that the Irish in Liverpool were entitled to their own representative, and T. P. had been chosen to contest a seat and to surrender his old constituency in Galway:

Mr. Parnell, T. P. Gill, T. P. O'Connor, and myself occupied one common sitting-room—at least, I occupied it, as they were all busy and absent, organizing meetings and speaking at various places. One day I bought three bunches of violets and presented each gentleman with a flower for his buttonhole. T. P. and Mr. Gill threw theirs aside when faded, but Mr. Parnell paid me the compliment of wearing his a week. He had to women the manner of a man who liked them. It was quite different from his manner to men, much more kind, gracious and solicitous. They all seemed to take the result of T. P.'s election for granted, and one evening at dinner Mr. Gill asked Mr. Parnell whom he should put up at Galway in T. P.'s place. There was a dead silence at the table, and Mr. Parnell answered not one word, but I saw a sort of red glint in his eye, his mouth shut like a death trap, and I said to myself, "It will be O'Shea."

The incident is significant when we remember the part played by Captain O'Shea in the coming downfall of the great Irish leader. Mrs. O'Connor relates a rumor that O'Shea once asked Gambetta, "What are we going to do with Parnell? He is getting to be a great danger in the country." And Gambetta replied, "Set a woman on his track." It was ill-omened advice and disastrously taken, for the woman was Mrs. O'Shea. Here is another story of Parnell:

A member of Parliament, with a world-wide reputation in the early days of Home Rule, had a sort of promissory paper entrusted to him by Mr. Gladstone, merely to be read to Mr. Parnell and afterwards it was to be returned to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell, desiring to see some particular phrase, held the paper for a moment, then quietly folded it and placed it in his pocket. The member stretched out his hand and said, "Oh, but I'm under bond to return that to Mr. Gladstone." "No," said Mr. Parnell very gently, "oh, no, it's safer in my pocket," and in his pocket it remained. Mr. Gladstone was greatly disturbed when he heard the result of the interview and fiercely blamed the intermediary, who said, "Well, you get it back—I can't." And Mr. Parnell remained master of the situation and possessor of the document.

Parnell, says the author, was inordinately selfish. No matter what he asked of his followers he got. He "subordinated everything and every man to himself." But to compare Mr. Parnell with "Jack the Ripper" was reserved for Mr. Labouchere:

What an impenetrable mystery Jack the Ripper was! The wretch evidently had a sardonic sense of humor, for he used to write to the papers to say a murder would be committed the next night, and sign his letters "The Ripper"—and sure enough the murder, in spite of all vigilance, would take place neatly and deftly; and, notwithstanding his grimly humorous letter of warning, no trace would be found. All sorts of theories were advanced, but there was absolutely nothing in any of them.

One night Mr. Parnell came to see Mr. Labouchere. He was wearing a long rough overcoat with the collar well above his ears, a slouch hat well down over his eyes, and he carried a black bag just the size for instruments. Mr. Labouchere accompanied him to the door and said, "Shall I call a cab?"

"No," Mr. Parnell said, "I will walk."

"Where," said Mr. Labouchere, "do you live?"

"Over there," said Mr. Parnell, sweeping his arm toward the darkness of the night into which he disappeared.

Mr. Labouchere returned to his library and a group of friends, and laughing, said, "I do believe that I've just parted with 'Jack the Ripper'—anyhow Parnell is the only man who answers to the description."

Bernard Shaw was among the acquaintances of those early days, but it was an impecunious Bernard Shaw, whose ship was still far from port. In September, 1888, we find him declining an invitation to accompany Mrs. O'Connor to West Kensington. He is in a "state of destitution and even car-fares are a consideration to him":

"I walked home from my lecture at Dalston last night to save a tram-fare—think of that and hush! Probably I shall walk home from the New Cut tonight for the same reason. Last month I learned £6, 12s. The month's rent is £5. I have another paper to prepare for October 5th, equal in difficulty to the Bath one, and equally paid in the gratitude of posterity. I have two books commissioned, payment by royalty after they are published—and you talk of the Italian Exhibition! Ha, ha! Do you know what the Italian Exhibition costs? Our tickets, third class, including admission, half-a-crown if they would cost a penny. One programme between us, a penny. The Blue Grotto, threepence (for you—I should wait outside as I have seen the imposture already); sixpenny seats at the Coliseum—one shilling; threepenny seats at the Mandolists—sixpence; shilling seats at the Marionettes—two shillings; Switchback Railway, one turn—six-

pence. Refreshments, say fourpence, as we could be scrupulously economical. Loss of time, reckoned at *Star* rates of payment—half-a-crown apiece. Total, twelve shillings and twopence! So that even if I borrowed ten shillings from you to start with (which an Army Reserve man in S. D. Federation tells me is the cheapest plan of managing an affair of this sort) I should still be two shillings and twopence out of pocket. Two shillings and twopence to gratify the whim of a giddy young woman who proposes (monstrous conceit) to take my education in hand! My education! You a baby, still looking with wide-open, delighted eyes at the glitter of West European whitewash and advising maids, wives, and widows with the artless wisdom of an incomparable and unique naiveite—educate me! Stupendous project! No, I learn from everybody, and what I learn I teach, but I am nobody's pupil, though I should be glad indeed to meet my master.

A visit to America occupies many pages, and once more Mr. Parnell is referred to. There was no particle of sympathy, we are told, for a man "who could ruin his own position and that of his party through Love." But how about the ruin of the woman? Curiously enough, this aspect of the tragedy does not seem to appeal. Mrs. O'Connor, of course, was besieged by reporters, who were anxious to get the inner secrets of the Irish party from a lady so well qualified to furnish them:

Mrs. William O'Brien was held up to me as a model of discretion. She never even looked in the direction of a reporter, while I occasionally did smile at some good-looking lad, who bade me good-morning, and I was strictly commanded to hold my tongue, and on no account to be interviewed. I slipped away to Washington for a few days, and missing my friends at the station, as they lived in the country, I was obliged to go to the Arlington Hotel for the night. No sooner had I sat down to supper than a young man appeared.

"Is this Mrs. O'Connor?"

"It is," I answered cordially, thinking, with my had memory for faces, he was a forgotten friend.

"I am a reporter from the—"

"Don't," I said, "please don't interview me. T. P. is in mortal terror of my saying something I ought not to say. You see I am disturbingly frank, and I've got no political opinions except that I'm a Democrat from Texas, and anyhow I'm not the interesting one of the family. If you will leave me out I'll tell you all I know about T. P. Where shall we begin?"

The next morning there was an awful column headed: "Mrs. T. P. says she ought not. The frankest woman in America."

Luckily there really was nothing compromising in the interview, but the Irish Party breathed a sigh of relief when they heard I had retired to the country.

Experience of American reporters recalls a story related of Sir Edwin Arnold:

Another literary man that I knew who was very neat and methodical was Sir Edwin Arnold. And what a very agreeable man he was. I heard him speak the Japanese language once, and it was pure music. I was a great admirer of his "Light of Asia," and he sent me such a charming copy of that work, which some kind friend horrified and never returned. He told me that on one occasion in America a newspaper reporter had extracted a long interview from him, and just at the end said: "Now Sir Edwin, what is your opinion of the American woman?" "An exhaustive subject," said Sir Edwin, "but I can dispose of it in one word, Afrin." "And what," said the reporter, "does that mean?" "It is Turkish," said Sir Edwin, and means "Oh Allah, make many more of them," and then he ran away.

John Bright is mentioned more than once. Some one remarked in his presence that "Paradise Regained" was almost unknown, and the veteran statesmen responded by reciting nearly the whole of it. Here is another story showing how the Quaker politician could take an insult:

Before the Laboucheres lived in Old Palace Yard, various interesting people had owned the house, and a certain lady who was at one time Chatelaine there had very high political aspirations and a desire to be exclusive. Her husband, on the contrary, a Member of Parliament, was most democratic in his tendencies, so there was often a great mixture in their entertainments. One night at dinner John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation: "Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum which he put down upon the floor, and getting on his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, hitherto getting up, "it is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place," and then he calmly resumed his political conversation and the dinner went on.

That Mrs. O'Connor was, and is, a popular member of the society in which she was thrown is evident enough from the charming frankness of her story. That she could throw her spell over cabinet ministers as well as lesser folk is evidenced by an amusing incident that may well serve as a concluding anecdote:

One night at Lady St. Helier's I sat next to the Right Honorable Cecil Raikes, at that time Postmaster-General. He wanted to know what he could do to show his appreciation of an Anglo-American, and I instantly asked for a pillar-box to be put up before the front door of Oakley Lodge. He laughingly said it should be done at once. T. P. was surprised at my request, and going home gave me a lecture on the freedom of my American manners. I said, "Wouldn't it be nice to have a nearer pillar-box?" He agreed that it would, but said it was impossible. However, a very few days later a government cart drove up and deposited exactly opposite our door a shining new pillar-box, and when T. P. returned at midnight from the House of Commons there was my scarlet triumph to greet him.

Mrs. O'Connor has written a charming book, but we could wish that there had been more of it. Her experiences of political life in England have been so large that she must have exercised severe self-restraint in her selections from a memory so richly stored. Perhaps she will write another book from which the relatively trivial incidents of youth are excluded and that will lay a more prolonged emphasis on the recollections of maturity.

I MYSELF. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: Brentano's.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

James Capen Adams.

A peculiar interest attaches to a work first published half a century ago, lost sight of in the turmoil of the Civil War, and now republished, not as a literary curiosity, but as a remarkable record of early life in California and one well worthy of perusal and preservation. The distinction of its author, Theodore H. Hittell, is a sufficient guaranty of authenticity, while it is certain that no apology is needed for the presentation of so remarkable a story as that of James Capen Adams.

Mr. Hittell explains that he met his hero in San Francisco in 1856. Attracted by an announcement on Clay Street, he visited "The Mountaineer Museum," and was surprised to find a large collection of live bears, elk, cougars, and eagles. Two of the grizzlies were specially notable, not only on account of their size, but from the fact that the hair was worn off portions of their backs. Adams, the owner of the museum, explained that this was caused by pack saddles, that he himself had caught and trained the bears and used them to carry burdens in the mountains. He proved his statement to Mr. Hittell's satisfaction by mounting the bears and riding them round the room, and in this way began an acquaintance that resulted in the present fascinating volume. Mr. Hittell was then a reporter on an evening paper, and it was his custom when his day's work was done to betake himself to "The Mountaineer Museum" and employ an hour or so in recording the experiences of its owner. These were so extraordinary that the author tells us he frequently cross-questioned the narrator sharply, but always with satisfactory replies. In short, he believed him to be truthful in every respect and, thus encouraged, he published his notes in 1860, but the publication was discontinued on account of business troubles occasioned by the war, and so the book went out of print. The present new edition is issued in exactly the same form, as far as type, illustrations, and binding are concerned, as the first edition, but with an introduction and postscript.

James Capen Adams was born in Massachusetts in 1807, and he came to California in 1849. He had already won for himself a reputation as a hunter, but he now addressed himself to the gentler pursuits of trade until, after his third failure, he turned his back on the world and made his way into the Sierra Nevada. Henceforward he was a hunter, and he remained a hunter practically until his death. His record in this respect is probably as long and as full of adventure as that of any man who ever lived, and we are fortunate that so competent a biographer as Mr. Hittell should have devoted himself to its preservation. For a consistent story of exploration, of incessant warfare with nature and with wild animals and of heroic and admirable fortitude it has no superior.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS. By Theodore H. Hittell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Fortunata.

A profound knowledge of certain phases of the aristocratic life of Italy enables the author to give us a novel of some interest and even of ethical importance. The heroine is Fortunata, whose father was an Italian nobleman and whose mother was one of the smaller heiresses of America. Conte Ugo Rivallo, already dead, was poor and an unlucky gambler, but of that peculiar brand of romantic rascality in which the nations of southern Europe abound. His wife is a weak, colorless woman who finds that a title is a poor exchange for the surrender of everything wholesome and stimulating in life, and who vegetates hopelessly and pennilessly on the hereditary estate near Milan.

Whether the character of Fortunata is the logical result of an union so ill-omened must be left to the psychologist for determination. She certainly has a character and an individuality better outlined and emphasized than those of the conte's children by his first wife and who are therefore wholly Italian. Fortunata has strong ambitions, a biting wit, and a certain resolute unscrupulousness that do not in the least belong to her mother, but that suggest a Saxon heredity. Had she been

less neglected, had she been educated in an environment less immoral, she might have been a good woman. She has no conscience because she has never even heard of such a thing. She has no worthy ambition, because life has never been presented to her except as providing opportunities for pleasures that are not necessarily vicious, but that are to be obtained by vice if vice appear to be good policy. Having no money, she must marry a man who has money, and it never occurs to her that there can be any other instrument than her physical charms. Perhaps the author could have made her story more artistic, that is to say, more true, had she allowed us to see some redemption process at work, for Fortunata has possibilities that ought not to be waste material. We want some relief from the sordid, tawdry, sensual life in which we are plunged, and because there is no other relief we must turn to poor Miss Billford, the kindly and garrulous English governess, whose virtue is so impregnable that she has kept herself unspotted even from such a world as that of aristocratic Milan.

FORTUNATA. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.30.

War.

Mr. Novicow devotes himself with some energy and even petulance to a refutation of the arguments of those who advocate war. But perhaps it is hardly correct to say that there are those who advocate war. War has sometimes been regarded as a partial corrective of other evils more dangerous because less spectacular, but even Max Jahns has never recommended it except as a regenerative, a remedy for "mortal languor," or a cure for corruption.

Nevertheless Mr. Novicow writes well, and we may willingly forgive a large measure of pugnacity in those who are struggling for peace. His thirteen chapters are devoted to a consideration of war from its various viewpoints, such as the physiological, economic, political, intellectual, and moral. He never fails to be true and interesting, and his historical citations are always apt and accurate. Perhaps he is weakest when he deals with the psychology of war. The contention that men fight because they are enslaved by routine can hardly be considered tenable, and it is indeed strange how persistently we evade the obvious fact that men fight because they like fighting, and not because they are bound by a fancied necessity. War will cease when men are persuaded that it is morally wrong, and Mr. Novicow and those who are like-minded may well throw all their economic arguments to the winds and concentrate their energies upon arousing not so much the intelligence as the conscience of mankind.

WAR AND ITS ALLEGED BENEFITS. By J. Novicow. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.

The Lass with the Delicate Air.

Mr. Goring Thomas gives us a heroine very much like Becky Sharp, but Thackeray was too wise to allow his fascinating little adventuress to triumph in the end, as does Benny Miller. That Benny has a "delicate air" and that she seems to have a soul of beautiful purity attracts the attention of Jack Fitzgerald when first he befriends her in the shabby London boarding-house. Not only are we not allowed to suspect Benny's real character, but its final disclosure comes as a real shock and an unwelcome one. The final disposition of Fitzgerald is another shock and an artistic piece of work, and we turn almost with relief from this disappointing couple to the vulgar daughter of the vulgar boarding-house keeper, who becomes human and almost likeable when she falls in love with the honest young tradesman around the corner. Unfortunately the author has chosen a group of irredeemably commonplace people and presented them through a morbid and sickly atmosphere.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR. By A. R. Goring-Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Phantom of the Opera.

A story of such extraordinary ingenuity should not have been hampered with so impossible a plot. One of the contractors who built the opera house at Paris is supposed to have been so hideously ugly that he hides himself from the world in an underground cellar and thence emerges in all sorts of fantastic ways and terrorizes the whole staff of the theatre by his tricks and crimes. Of course he falls in love with an actress and courts her in uncanny ways and under the guise of the supernatural. Of course the story is well told and with a clever mingling of sentiment, sensation, horror, and adventure, so well told indeed as to take the edge from justifiable criticism. But M. Leroux has done better and can do better again.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. By Gaston Leroux. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Lion's Skin.

This wholesome and satisfactory romance is of the days when the Young Pretender lived in France and the "king over the water" was a perpetual menace to the English court. Justin Caryll, eager to revenge the betrayal

of his mother by his father, Lord Ostermore, goes to England in order to entrap that nobleman into political alliances that shall then be used to effect his ruin. His journey is necessarily one of danger, as he himself is an adherent of the proscribed party. Plot and counterplot are therefore the order of the day, and they are all set forth with moderation and historical accuracy. Of the tender causes that modify Caryll's thirst for vengeance and of the ultimate issue of his journey the book itself must be the record. It is readable from cover to cover.

THE LION'S SKIN. By Rafael Sabatini. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

The Heart of the Bush.

This is a story of New Zealand and of the experiences of a young girl who has been somewhat spoiled for bush life by an extended visit to aristocratic relatives in England. On her return to New Zealand she has to make up her mind between an aggressively unpleasant young Englishman, whose acquaintance she made in the old country, and her childhood's chum, who is the foreman of her father's ranch. Adelaide Borlase is by no means the first colonial girl to be enamored by "civilization" into discontent with the hush and its rasping realities, but she seems to have something more than a touch of a temperamental silliness that aggravates the situation. Then, too, it must be admitted that Dennis MacDiarmid has little of the *suaviter in modo* that goes so far in affairs of the heart. He is even a bit of a brute, and it should not have needed three hundred pages to bring him to his senses. The author is evidently competent to write on New Zealand life, but the excessive femininity of Adelaide leaves a sense of something wanting.

THE HEART OF THE BUSH. By Edith Searle Grossman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Poems of Eugene Field.

Lovers of Eugene Field's verses may now possess them complete in one volume, thanks to the enterprise of Charles Scribner's Sons. The volume resembles in size and general appearance the one-volume edition of the poems of Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Lanier, and others, and there can be no doubt that it will be welcomed to permanent American literature. The portrait frontispiece was selected by Mrs. Field as the best ever taken of the author, while the letterpress is of comfortable size and the general appearance of the volume all that it should be. The convenience of the reader has been safeguarded by an index of first lines as well as table of contents.

THE POEMS OF EUGENE FIELD. Complete edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.

Briefer Reviews.

From the System Company, Chicago, comes a little volume entitled "How to Double the Day's Work," by P. W. Lennen. System is defined as the ability to get the thing done, to get it done thoroughly, and to get it done on time.

Some valuable suggestions on the teaching of literature are given by Mr. John S. Welch in his "Literature in the School" (Silver, Burdett & Co.). The author was formerly supervisor of grammar grades in the Salt Lake City public schools, and he writes not only from the experience of a school teacher, but from the enthusiasm of a book lover.

In "The Fine Art of Fishing" (Outing Publishing Company) Mr. Samuel G. Camp tells us not only how to catch fish, but how to catch them in the right way. His suggestions are intended for the beginner as well as the expert, and if they will not result always in a full creel they will at least insure a quiet and contented conscience. There are a dozen good illustrations.

"The Pianoforte and Its Music," by Henry Edward Krehbiel (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25), is a study of the origin and development of the pianoforte, the music composed for it, and the performers who have lived since the instrument acquired the predominant influence that it occupies in modern culture. Mr. Krehbiel divides his volume into three sections: "The Instrument," "The Composers," and "The Players." Some good illustrations add to the value of this welcome addition to the history of music.

No great literary gift, but only a certain imitative agility, is needed for such a work as that undertaken by Paul Rehoux and Charles Muller, whose "A la Manière de..." has just been published by Bernard Grasset, Paris (3 frs. 50). Nor perhaps is there any large value in imitations of great authors that can be imitations only of style and not of the genius that it expressed. None the less the authors may be praised for successful cleverness in imitating the style of their own countrymen such as Loti and La Rochefoucauld and for a certain innocent audacity in attempting a similar feat with English writers such as Dickens, Conan Doyle, and Shakespeare. The present volume contains thirty specimens, and it seems that others have preceded it.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Paul Heyse has given a great part of the Nobel literary prize which was bestowed on him last year to various German and Swedish philanthropic institutions and societies. In addition he has contributed 10,000 marks to the Munich branch of the Schiller Foundation, 5000 marks to the pension fund of the German Society of Journalists and Authors, 2000 marks to the sick fund of the Munich Newspapermen's Society and 1000 marks to the German Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Since the beginning of the publication of Houghton Mifflin Company's Riverside Literature series, no less than eighteen and one-half millions of single numbers of the books have been sold.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will soon publish the story of an adventurous career in a biography by Horace Smith. It is the life of the late Captain George Boynton, who was one of the last of the great "soldiers of fortune." In his lifetime he served under nineteen flags, including pretty nearly every one of the Spanish-American banners.

Henry James Forman is waiting for his forthcoming volume, "The Ideal Italian Tour," now in press, before sailing for Europe, where he intends to complete a novel depicting life in New York. His preceding book, "In the Footprints of Heine," met with a cordial reception, and is in steady demand.

"If I were dying," says William De Morgan in a recent tribute to Charles Dickens, "and were suddenly told that an unsuspected posthumous work of Charles Dickens had come to light and was in the printer's hands, I firmly believe that I should wish to go on doing long enough to read it. Anyhow, that is a good way of expressing a love of his works that has lasted through a lifetime, and a motive on the surface—and why seek for others when these abound, as Betsey Trotwood said to Mr. Wickfield—for expressing sympathy with any and every movement in his honor."

Mrs. Hubert Barclay, whose "Trevor Lordship" has just been brought out by the Macmillan Company, is a niece of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," the most popular novel of 1910.

Charles Scribner's Sons are soon to bring out a new book by Edward Dickinson, professor of history and criticism of music, Oberlin College, called "The Education of a Music Lover; a Book for Those Who Study or Teach the Art of Listening."

St. Nicholas, the ideal magazine for young folks, will make a special appeal to hoy readers this summer with a series of articles describing and illustrating all the points and strategic movements in baseball. Some older enthusiasts will be likely to find entertainment and instruction in the papers, which are written by C. H. Claudy.

New Books Received.

KLAUS HINRICH BAAS. By Gustav Frenssen. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.
"A story of achievement."

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company; \$1.10.
A novel of the occult.

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20.
A new novel by the author of "The King's Scapgoat."

TREVOR LORDSHIP. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20.
THE SQUARE PEG. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

BEWARE OF THE DOG. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's; \$1.
A new story of the "detective and mystery kind."

THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30.
A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD. By Horace Blackley. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.
A new novel by the author of "Ladies Fair and Frail."

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
With illustrations by M. Leone Bracker.

HOW LESLIE LOVED. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

ALICE OF ASTRA. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Boston: Little Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

MASTER AND MAID. By Mrs. L. Allen Harker. New York: \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly."

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS. By Theodore H. Hittell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

The biography of a mountaineer and grizzly bear hunter of California.

SONNETS. By Ferdinand Earle. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25.

KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE. By Irving Bachelier. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.

"The trouble began when Samuel Henshaw,

grocer, started to make a queen of his daughter, Lizzie."

THE YOUNG FITCHER. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

Ken Ward in another exciting story—baseball this time.

A RATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM. By H. M. P. Eckardt. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.
Describing the system of branch banks and pointing out how the change from present methods might be made.

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Volume IX. Petri-Reuchlin. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

FERDINAND LASSALLE. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

THE SECRET OF ACHIEVEMENT. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.

RIISING IN THE WORLD. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.

PUSHING TO THE FRONT. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.

THE OUTLOOK TO NATURE. By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

I MYSELF. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: Brentano's; \$3.50.

CONFESSIONS OF A MACEONIAN BANOIT. By Albert Sonnichsen. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE SON OF MARY BETHELL. By Elsa Barker. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

SONGS AND POEMS, OLD AND NEW. By William Sharp. New York: Duffield & Co.

A collection of the poetic works of "Fiona Macleod."

SIR GUY AND LADY RANNARD. By H. N. Dickinson. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

THE POWDER-PUFF: A LADIES' BRIEFCY. From the German of Franz Blei. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE CRIMSON AZALEAS. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

A Japanese story with a young Englishman for hero and a Japanese mousmé for heroine.

EGYPT (LA MORT DE PHILÈ). By Pierre Loti. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50.

Translated by W. P. Baines, and with eight plates in color from paintings by A. Lamplough.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND. By Helen Marshall Pratt. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50.

Their architecture, history, and antiquities, with bibliography, itinerary, and glossary. A practical handbook for students and travelers.

THE WRITINGS OF "FIONA MACLEOD" (William Sharp). Vols. I, II, III: "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," "The Sin Eater" and "The Washer of the Ford," "The Dominion of Dreams" and "Under the Dark Star." Edited by Mrs. William Sharp. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50 per vol.

The works which William Sharp wrote under his pseudonym between the years 1894 and 1905 are here first presented in complete edition by Mrs. Sharp, as editor, according to the wishes and instructions left with her. The issue will be complete in seven volumes.

THE QUEEN OF ORFEOE. By Charles Wharton Stork. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Poems by the author of "Day Dreams of Greece."

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON. By Henry Law Webb. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

ROOSEVELTIAN FACT AND FABLE. By Mrs. Annie Riley Hale. Illustrated by Will H. Chandlee. Published by the author, 519 West One Hundred and Twenty-First Street, New York; \$1.

A trencbant attack by a Southern woman.

WHILE CAROLINE WAS GROWING. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

HOW TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY. By E. P. Powell. Illustrated. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.75.

Written from the author's own experience in combining happiness and profit in country living.

FAMILIAR TREES AND THEIR LEAVES. By F. Schuyler Mathews. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

With illustrations in colors and over two hundred drawings by the author, and an introduction by Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University.

ETIQUETTE FOR WOMEN. By a Woman of Fashion. New and revised edition. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE WHITE PEACOCK. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30.

A novel of English town and country life.

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A novel "marked at the same time by a vivid realism and a keen perception of subtle, invisible influences."

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A new novel about "a real Irish boy," by the author of "The Blue Lagoon."

MY LADY OF AROS. By John Brandane. New York: Duffield & Co.

TILLERS OF THE SOIL. By J. E. Patterson. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30.

A new novel of English farm life by the author of "Fishers of the Sea."

YOUNG LIFE. By Jessie Leckie Herbertson. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

A story of a young English girl and her love affairs.

CURRENT VERSE.

For a Dead Lady.

No more with overflowing light
Shall fill the eyes that now are faded,
Nor shall another's fringe with night
Their woman-hidden world as they did.
No more shall quiver down the days
The flowing wonder of her ways,
Whereof no language may requite
The shifting and the many-shaded.

The grace, divine, definitive,
Clings only as a faint forestalling;
The laugh that love could not forgive
Is bushed, and answers to no calling;
The forehead and the little ears
Have gone where Saturn keeps the years;
The breast where roses could not live
Has done with rising and with falling.

The beauty, shattered by the laws
That have creation in their keeping,
No longer trembles at applause,
Or over children that are sleeping;
And we who delve in beauty's lore
Know all that we have known before
Of what inexorable cause
Makes Time so vicious in his reaping.

—From "The Town Down the River," by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Stigmata.

I was the mother of Judas—
The night that he was born
I saw the veil of a temple rent,
And I felt a wounding thorn.

I was the mother of Judas—
And lo! at his first wail
I heard the sound of a sullen roar,
"Thou King of Jews—all hail!"

I was the mother of Judas—
In childbirth's beat and jar,
The drink they put to my parched lips
Was byssop and vinegar.

I was the mother of Judas—
When palm to palm we drew,
The flesh of my own was torn apart
As a sharp spike pierced it through.

I was the mother of Judas—
When at my breast he fed,
Meseemed in my side a sudden spear
Made an open wound that bled.

I was the mother of Judas—
When first I felt his breath,
The life-blood ebbed in my veins, and I
Knew all the pangs of death.

I was the mother of Judas—
Ab, God! why should it be
My arms were stretched, and my feet were nailed,
And I hung on an awful Tree!

.....
(I was the mother of Judas—
Thou God, who art All Good,
Bear witness, Thou, that I love my son,
Despite Thine own Son's road.)
—Susie M. Best, in Lippincott's Magazine.

An Egyptian Love Charm.

Carven with curious symbol and mystic sign,
Enwrapped in tissue of gold, as in a shrine,
It lay in a sandalwood casket wrought with pearl
And rare chased ivories.

What slim, dark girl,
What cherished love of king or caliph wore
This delicate trinket? Did Egyptian lore
Avail to keep faith true in hearts of old?
And would their passionate love shame ours more
cold?

Enchanted, yet it breathes rose attar vows
And lotus lure of love. Beneath palm boughs,
By marble fountains, templed, sphinx-lined ways,
Were kisses treason or the pledge of days
Heavy with fate? Was love too maddened sweet
For one so frail? Was love too fevered fleet?
And did she wear this token to her grave,
Counting all naught to be his queen or slave?
And had she those fond fancies that defy
The grave, soul of his soul, content to die
Thinking sweet love immortal?

Long since then
The centuries have borne great tides of men;
Undying Greece has flamed and flared away;
Reverberant Rome has passed; yet to this day
This fragile bit of perishable gold,
With vows and kisses, prayers and tears enscrollled,
Fair as of old, wanders in distant lands,
Homeless, awary for those first soft hands.
—Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, in Smart Set.

It is astonishing to hear from Russia that the number of new books published in that country in 1910 were 25,057 (says the Springfield Republican). In England for the same year the production, as already noted, was only a trifle over 10,000, and while the population of Russia is much greater, so is the percentage of illiteracy. It may be that the figures are compiled on different principles in the two countries, in Russia taking in what in England would not be considered books. Until lately, it is said, the bulk of the new books issued in Russia consisted of detective stories, but this only increases the marvel. The United States consumes quite as much of this sort of literature as is good for the public, but the total runs to but a trifling part of the figures given for Russia. In place of detective stories that country is now turning to translations of shady French hooks, which manage to pass the censorship, probably because the censor has quite enough to do in vetoing hooks of dangerous political or social import.

"The Grain of Dust," the novel completed by the late David Graham Phillips shortly before his death, will be brought out this month by D. Appleton & Co.

The Trip for a Storm

How many have thought of a trip to the oceanside during a storm?

Comparatively few have seen the usually placid Pacific thundering in angry mood of late, but the lovers of nature who fared forth to the beach during the past ten days were repaid a hundredfold for their defiance of wind and rain.

During that period only the largest and staunchest craft put to sea; the remainder contented itself with hugging the shores of the inner bay, where boisterous winds were laughed to scorn.

A five-cent fare and courage which laughed gleefully at the storm king landed the venturesome sightseers near the world-famous Cliff House in the teeth of the gale. The sight stirred the blood and made the pulses leap. It was worth a journey of many hours and justified the claim that a storm on the sea is far more interesting than a month of fair weather. Were more Bay City people in the habit of making such a trip in wintry weather, the 45-minute trip to the beach would become one of the leading attractions at this period of the year. So far too little attention has been paid to it, and no effort has been made to induce the 420,000 odd permanent residents of this city to take a peep at the Pacific at the western dooryard when winds shriek and waves roll mountain high.

When the storm was at its worst the pleasant journey was decided on. A Haight Street car was taken at the Ferry, transferring at Stanyan direct to the ocean. Snug within the car, after coming within sight of the vasty deep, the ride along the shore was continued to the terminal to the accompaniment of thundering waves and roar of wind sweeping across the leaden sky.

Far out at the point of the horizon a long line of white-capped hillows rose, rolling inshore in magnificent lines of awful beauty, to finally rear, great green-white cliffs, and fall in a smother of foam and spray as the last dash up the sandy beach was begun. Farther along the waves pounded about the cliffs and reared monstrous heads which seemed to swallow the jagged seal rocks, now forsaken by their furry harking inhabitants. Only one ship, a big ocean-going steamer, was in sight at the time, leaving a black streak of smoke flying across the angry heavens as she heaved and tossed on the breast of the billows, hound presumably for Honolulu.

Seen from one of the many sheltered spots above the beach, a storm on the Pacific is an event which appeals to every lover of nature with two-fold interest. And following the awe-inspiring scene comes the calm, e'en though the skies he still threatening, when steamers and sailing vessels dot the horizon, coming and going, and the fishing fleet plies its busy trade close inshore a mile or so south of the Cliff House.

"See America first" has been advised, and it might well be altered to "See San Francisco first," before attempting to see the remainder of the country. And above all else, see the Pacific Ocean in a storm if possible. Take any street-car line and tell the conductor where you wish to go. Five cents and a transfer will carry you to one of the grandest sights in the world.

This is just one of the many trips that can be made over the United Railroads line.

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AGAIN "THE MERRY WIDOW."

One may extract a good deal of interest from the occupation of looking up in theatre programmes the class to which is assigned any or all the light, musical pieces which have been the vogue in San Francisco during the last two or three months.

"The Merry Widow," which is running at the Savoy this week, is classed as an operetta, which explains a lessened amount of comedy and extraneous entertainment in its three acts, and an increased quantity of enjoyment on the part of the general public.

For musical comedy has, for its steady patrons, people who do not always include in their ranks those who are fond of real plays. Now the book of "The Merry Widow" is a play, and rather a pretty one, too. It is full of sentiment and romance, wedded to music that is of a character much superior to that we are accustomed to hearing in musical comedy. Franz Lehar has the gift of composing music that is charged with the universal appeal. The Americans feel it, and respond to it, almost, if not quite, as freely as the Continentals, although listeners whose taste is still restrained by the swaddling clothes of the still surviving Puritanism of our progenitors have a vague feeling that to be sensuous is to be wicked. Yet, I have often and often seen, in popular musical comedies, a certain crude, *gauche* vulgarity which, oddly enough, does not affront because of its frankness and lack of subtle suggestion.

The story of Sonia and Prince Danilo is almost told in the first two acts. It needs but a brief interview to wind it up in the third. The famous dance is an invitation, and the passionate surrender to its spell of two temperamental beings who abandon themselves to the relief of expressing in its mazes what their lips proudly refuse to utter.

It is almost a solemn dance, for love at white heat is apt to be solemn, awed by the strength of its own involuntary expression. And it relieves the aroused romantic sympathy of onlookers, as does the final embrace of stage lovers.

It is that underlying strain of sadness which makes the strains of the waltz so appealing before they weave themselves into that fascinating pattern of intermingled melodies at the close. So the waltz, in spite of its being so overworked, holds its own, and the strength of its charm, during the dance at least, is but little lessened on this the third visit of "The Merry Widow." It suggests that wistful, underlying sadness that must always soften with mysterious charm the greatest joys. Something of which the prosaic, matter-of-fact being knows not, nor recognizes even though he may dimly feel it. Galsworthy told us that in his little sketch about the blossoming lime tree in "A Motley."

And so while we dance to the great waltzes we tread a measure of mingled sadness and gladness, and Franz Lehar captured us with that same blend. The wild dances at the Café Maxim, and the numerous flirtations and loves of married people provide the frivolous element which is the regular feature in comedy operas in Europe. In America we have substituted the mother-in-law joke—which threatens to become staled by repetition—and the larkly husbands who fool their wives. Why we in America are shocked at the goings on of gay married women, and yet consider ourselves justified in laughing with innocent, innocuous glee, at the more than hinted escapades of gay married men, heaven alone knows. Perhaps the antiquity of the joke has conferred on it a certain respectability.

At any rate, this new vogue of comedy-opera seems to have hit the popular taste, as nothing in this line has, in later years, kicked up such a cheerful furor as "The Merry Widow." Of course, people will inevitably compare it with its present rival here. For the sake of those who wish comparison, I hereby state my conviction that to the one who loves romance and sentiment, and music of higher rank than that containing mere prettiness, "The Merry Widow" appeals most potently, while the lover of laughter has more opportunity to enjoy himself in "Madame Sherry." There are in both, daintiness, æsthetic effects, a similarity of atmosphere, good ensemble, and dancing, but it is better in "The Merry Widow," and each dance has its appropriate place in reference to the text.

The production at the Savoy Theatre is

quite as handsome as what we have been accustomed to in previous productions, but on Monday night, whether or not it was the sudden illness of R. E. Graham which clouded the spirits of the company, I can not say, but there was a certain lack of spontaneous lightness and gaiety in the performance.

Mabel Wilber, however, seemed just about the same. She has a very effective presence as a comic-opera principal, with her exquisite figure, her very pretty face—rather badly made up—her abundant hair—rather ungracefully coiffured—and her light and agile dancing, which, however, lacks that special charm. Mabel Wilber's voice is young, fresh, and pretty, but already she has sung a little of it away. She acts out Sonia's mood of womanly pique, of proud concealment of her disappointments very prettily.

Charles Meakins has the appropriate characteristics of youth, good looks, a small but agreeable voice, and extra lightness in the dance to contribute to the rôle of Prince Danilo, and he is a thoroughly skillful actor. Since comparisons are in the air, I will say that I prefer George Damerall's Danilo, because he had all of Mr. Meakins's good qualities, besides possessing greater physical beauty, a meteoric lightness and swiftness in the dance, and an unusual fascination of personality. Yet we rarely see in this form of entertainment an actor so well equipped physically, technically, and temperamentally as Charles Meakins.

The Popoff of R. E. Graham promised to be a particularly good one. The actor, before his sudden illness in the second act necessitated his withdrawal for the rest of the evening, showed that he possessed the necessary presence, the grand manner, the touch of comedy, and the air of worldliness essential to the old ambassador.

In Fred Frear's Nish the humor of a not particularly juicy part was better brought out than before, and F. J. McCarthy's Nova Kovitch was noisily funny to an undemanding taste; which remark is not a criticism upon Mr. McCarthy, but upon the fault of introducing into "The Merry Widow" such a primitive conception of humor. Charles Kaufman was a good Jolidon, quite sufficiently French in look and accent to take in one who fails to study the programme, and able to turn off a neat tenor solo to advantage.

We missed, sadly missed, something in the dance following the "Women" sextet. It was the fat man in the Zouave rig. He was a dream in bloomers, a model of comic agility. He wound himself, fat though he was, around our affections, into our laughter. And we have forgotten his name. Such is fame. His successor is good, but not great.

The rôle of Natalie, the wife of Popoff, who is dabbling with sentiment and illicit love, has been given to Ivy Scott, a lady of good appearance and adequate musical attainments, but physically less endowed with beauty than her predecessor.

There is a little, just a little, falling off in the personnel of the company, as may be deduced, yet as a whole the performance is excellent and very attractive. Financially, no doubt, it is just as costly as before, and is entirely first class.

One of the successful effects in "The Merry Widow" is that which represents the gradual appearance upon the ball-room scene of a score of belles, with their attendant squires, while Popoff and Danilo, at one side, hold a financial-matrimonial wrangle concerning the latter's chances with the richly dowered widow.

I fear we did not pay much attention to the conversation. We were watching the show-girls, gorgeously caparisoned, slowly, consciously descending the staircase. We were saying to ourselves, "She is very pretty," "not at all." And I know that I was speculating over the feelings of those who were not pretty and who were supposed to be, and who were also supposed to show in their air that consciousness of beauty which only pretty women have the right to assume. Funny business, this, of the stage. How interested we always are in the real feelings of the puppets under their assumed ones. Perhaps the gorgeous show-girls were longing for bed, perhaps they were thinking of supper, and not of their own appearance at all. They say that Pavlowa, after one of her meteoric whirls, during which she seems scarcely human, when she is behind the scenes fairly crawls, leaden-footed, an image of heavy fatigue, and drops all pretense of being or seeming anything else.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Reinhold von Warlich, the young Russian singer whom Greenbaum will shortly introduce here, sings the songs of seven countries in the original languages. He is said to be one of the most interesting singers on the concert platform. Uda Waldrop, a Californian, is his assisting pianist. The Von Warlich concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium Thursday night, April 6, and Sunday afternoon, April 9.

Indigestion is unknown to those who drink a glass of the Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white) with their meals. For sale by all grocers and family wine and liquor stores.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

One of the most important members of Francis Wilson's supporting company in his wonderfully successful comedy-farce, "The Bachelor's Baby," which the comedian is to bring to the New Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement, commencing Monday night next, is Baby Davis. Although of very tender years, this little actor plays with a verve and technique that would do credit to a much older thespian; too, the little one is full of magnetism, and her scenes with Mr. Wilson are particularly well played. Francis Wilson wrote "The Bachelor's Baby" primarily as a comedy-farce. There are moments when the play borders the farce very closely, but there are others when it is comedy in its true sense—comedy that is full of humanity, laughter, and tears. It is Baby Davis, who plays the part of the hero's orphaned niece, of whom he has been left guardian, and the hero hates children, his idea being that they were invented purely for the purpose of destroying the happiness of man. But the little one brings him to the realization that he is wrong and that children are, after all, most delightful. The scenes between the two are usually extremely humorous, but at times full of pathos. During Mr. Wilson's engagement, matinées will be given on Saturdays only.

That the playgoing public is still enthusiastically interested in Henry W. Savage's delightful production of "The Merry Widow" is evidenced by the fact that the Savoy Theatre has been crowded to the doors all week, while the demand for seats for the second and last week of the engagement, beginning Monday evening, is the largest in the history of the house. The continued success of "The Merry Widow" is largely due to the operetta's artistic maintenance. Mr. Savage seems to be the exception proving the rule that playgoers are interested in theatrical wares without regard to the theatrical manager. This season he has on tour "The Merry Widow," "Madame X," "The Little Damsel," and "The Prince of Pilsen," each of which is a solid success. The Lehar masterpiece itself is no less delightful and inspiring than it was upon the day it first saw the glare of the footlights. One thing is certain, the delicious melodies, intoxicating rhythms, and brilliant gaiety of "The Merry Widow" do not lose by repetition. Indeed, it is not until the third or fourth hearing that one begins to realize the manifold charms of the operetta. The last performance of "The Merry Widow" will be given Sunday evening, March 26, and on the following Monday that long-looked-for comedienne, Marie Dressler, will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy in her great musical-comedy success, "Tillie's Nightmare."

C. William Kolb, who but recently was the principal member of the team of German comedians, Kolb and Dill, will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday matinée. Kolb has been meeting with great success as a single star in the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit, and his vehicle, "The Delicatessen Shop," is said to afford him the funniest opportunity of his career. He has been selected for his support a company which includes Bud Duncan, Bruce Elmore, William Singer, Henry Dettloff, Charlotte Vidot, and Martha Marshall. The Frey Twins will demonstrate their method of physical culture. For perfect symmetrical development they stand as specimens, and in their work on the stage as statuesque athletes one can not but admire the swiftly moving muscles that are so thoroughly trained. The wrestling exhibition given by the twins is a clever feature. Miss Hamid Alexander, a great favorite in the English music halls who is playing her first engagement in this country, will sing to her own piano accompaniment catchy numbers. Stuart Barnes, frequently styled the prince of monologists, will amuse with a new stock of songs and stories. He is always a bright spot in any programme he contributes to. Next week closes the engagement of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto, the Six Flying Banvards, Jarro, the Lemon Trickster, and the musical act, "The Rolfontians."

Flora Wilson.

Europe still inquires, "Who listens to American singers?" although she has been driven from intrenchment after intrenchment. Her first query on that score, "Which of them has the finish?" having been answered by Emma Eames, "Which has the intelligence?" was effectively replied to by Geraldine Farrer. Then, "Who is the dramatic singer?" Mary Garden's Salomé ended all argument. That left them only the stock question of the jealous rival, "Where is the voice and temperament?" Well, Flora Wilson is the answer. The most exacting critics of Europe and America have exhausted their descriptive powers in describing the voice, art, and temperament of this singer. Society people heard her at the Hotel St. Francis February 17, but the general public requested opportunity to hear her also, hence a second concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Van Ness

Avenue and Sutter Street, March 23, at 8:30 p. m., with this programme:

Villanelle, *Chaminade*; *Obstinatio*, *Fontenailles*; Ah, Nella Calma (Romeo and Juliet), *Gounod*; *Matinata*, *Tosti*; In Quella trini morbide (Manon), *Puccini*; The Captive Maid (Omaha Trihal Melody), *Cadman*; A Blue Gray Dove, *Louis Saar*; Lullaby, *Lisa Lehmann*; Boat Song, *Harriet Ware*; Le Fardon de Pierrel (Dinorah), *Meyerbeer*; Als die Alte Mater, *Doerak*; Nienrand hat's gesch'n, *Loewe*; Still wie die Nacht, *Carl Bohm*; Un bel di vedremo (Madame Butterfly), *Puccini*; Annie Laurie, *Spottiswood*; The Lass with the Delicate Air, *Arne*; Ye Banks and Braes, *Anon*; Grand Aria, "Ah fors e lui" (Traviata), *Verdi*.

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Baldwin Piano
Coming—VDN WARLICH, Russian Basso-Cantante.

VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Chesterton somewhere remarks that it is always well to personify our ideals. Probably he says it more gracefully, but that is what he meant. Instead of generalizing about the various groups of the human family let us select some typical individual known to us and use that individual's name instead of the group name. In this way we get a clear new view of the question otherwise impossible to us, and we shall be saved from many of the sillinesses into which we now fall. For example, instead of saying that "the American schoolboy is distinguished for his filial obedience and the ardor of his educational pursuits"—which is the kind of thing we do say—suppose we allow our minds to revert to the young hopeful next door who is just about to have a coercive bath and change the formula to "little Johnnie Smith is distinguished for his filial obedience and the ardor of his educational pursuits." We see in a moment that we can not talk in this way and preserve our hopes of salvation, already slim enough, and so we are saved from a definite silliness. If we were to adopt this method whenever we feel inclined to generalize about "the workman," or "the capitalist," or "the American woman," or any of the other things that we are in the habit of talking about, if we were to substitute the name of an individual for the name of a class, we should usually stand aghast at the folly of what we are saying and so perhaps reduce ourselves to silence, and what a blessing that would be.

Take, for example, Olive Schreiner's new book about women. Pick out a few of its vibrating and palpitating passages about what "the sex" is going to do when it gets good and ready and apply the new formula to them. We all of us know a lot of women and there is no difficulty in choosing a representative. There is Mrs. Jones around the corner, whose appalling knowledge of the human body and of its diseases is only equaled by her blood-curdling and unsleeping readiness to impart the same. There is Mrs. Simpson around the other corner, who bedecks herself with diamonds at nine o'clock in the morning, consumes four ice-cream lunches down-town, causes a dozen shop assistants to curse their creator, and gets home just in time to give her husband a delicatessen dinner. And there is Mrs. Robinson, who glories in being a slave to her daughter's baby, does the unpaid work of four chorewomen, and is quite contented to be called "say." Now let us see how one of Olive Schreiner's paragraphs will look with no other change than the insertion of these ladies' names. Here it is in its new guise: "From the judge's seat to the legislator's chair; from the statesman's closet to the merchant's office; from the chemist's laboratory to the astronomer's tower, there is no post or form of toil for which it is not Mrs. Jones's, Mrs. Simpson's, and Mrs. Robinson's intention to attempt to fit themselves; there is no closed door that Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Simpson, and Mrs. Robinson do not intend to force open." Brings the idea home to one, doesn't it? Helps us to visualize it and realize it. In our mind's eye, Horatio, we can see them doing it. We can see the struggling and perspiring horde around the bargain counter "fitting themselves" to be judges, chemists, and astronomers. We can see them fired by a holy enthusiasm for the arts and sciences. What Olive Schreiner means is that she knows of a woman here and there who would like to do these things, but when she speaks of "women" as a class, as a half of the human family, we must be pardoned if we try to get the hang of the thing by recalling a few familiar illustrations.

Mr. W. B. Yeats is to be numbered among the growing army of critics of the evening party and its entertainments. The trouble is that the entertainments do not entertain. They only bore us. We don't want to go to them, and we never would go but for the feeling that we are celebrating a sort of rite like baptism or voting. Hosts and hostesses no longer consider it their duty to make their guests happy, for happiness itself is a sort of vulgarity, to be experienced perhaps, but not to be confessed, like the eating of tripe, or sausages and mashed. Entertainments follow the fashion, and are usually just as idiotic as other fashions. The tragic recitation is among Mr. Yeats's pet abominations, and in a way all recitations are tragic. Even Mark Anthony's oration may become absurd when deprived of its setting, and it becomes a crime when it is fired at the heads of a number of people in evening dress in a modern drawing-room who have suddenly hushed their inconsequent chatter in order to hear it. And the songs are nearly as bad as the recitations. There is always the repulsive-looking young man whose one desire is to be loved, a desire that can never be gratified. And there are the depressing young women whose emotions can find expression only in Italian. No one wants to hear these songs. There are always concerts if one is musically inclined, and there are theatres for those who want recitations—real ones. Mr. Yeats, as a

poet, naturally detests the modern song, which is the assassin of poetry. The modern song ignores the words altogether. Any words will do, as they can not be heard.

Another atrocity of the modern evening party, and it is the worst of all, is the party by some long-haired and long-eared professor. This is supposed to minister to the growing intellectuality of women. The subject is usually the renaissance of something, and it may all be found just where the professor found it the night before—in the encyclopedia. Every one yawns discreetly and says how delighted they are with such an original presentation, that is to say all except the men who have gone to the refreshment room for a drink. Every one nowadays is trying to cultivate some sort of humanitarianism, trying to do good to some one who doesn't want to be done good to; and the detestable spirit is invading the drawing-room. Mr. Yeats advises us to give up the humanitarian stunt or confine it to our bedrooms and instead to give free play to our emotions. But that would never do at the evening party. We should break the furniture.

They have had trouble at the Woman's Press Club in New York. Women's press clubs are admirable institutions, but they should choose another name or else persuade a few press women to join them, and this is a thing that newspaper and other writers carefully refrain from doing, having reputations to sustain.

They had quite a lively session the other night in New York. Governor Dix was to have been present, but he judiciously forgot. Mr. John Temple Graves was another expected guest, but he also forgot. By the way, Mr. Graves had promised to explain how to write for the press, but it is hard to understand how he came to make such a promise as this. Then Mr. J. V. Cooper was called upon for a song, and as he also failed to materialize there was an awkward pause, which gave a chance to Mme. Powell to arise in her wrath and offer a few remarks. She said that the club should be called the Spongers' Club, since it was notorious for inviting professionals to sing without remuneration. Then Mme. von Klenner, the president, frowned upon Mme. Powell, but that dauntless woman pursued her wild career unchecked. Why did the club call itself a press club, she asked, seeing that there were no newspaper women at all among its members and very few writers of any description? Was it for the purpose of beguiling professional singers who might feel it was to their advantage to sing before newspaper women? There were several thousand dollars in the treasury, but not a cent was ever paid to artists whose living depended upon the sale of their services. Indeed she had often paid these people out of her own pocket for very shame, and now she intended to start a singers' union with a scale of penalties for members who allowed themselves to be victimized by women's clubs that pretended to make a return in the way of publicity, but that actually had no publicity to give. And all the time the president went on frowning and Mme. Powell went on denouncing. It is strange how a woman is positively stimulated by a frown that would fill a man with vague terrors and silence him beneath his own blushes, but it is so.

Reports from Manchuria state that the trade in human hair is particularly flourishing just now, thanks to the plague. Large consignments are arriving in America and Europe and the ladies' hair-dressing establishments are taking advantage of the unprecedented supply. The streets of the Manchurian towns are described as encumbered with dead Chinamen, and in every case the pigtail is missing. At the same time it is gratifying to know that there is no danger of infection and that ladies may wear these sad relics of the dear departed with all their usual unconcern. Medical opinion is unanimous in saying that plague germs die very quickly when they are removed from the living body.

Mme. Anna Pavlova, première ballerina to the Russian court, has a few words to say to her "dear American ladies" through the columns of *Harper's Bazar*. She says them in words as graceful as her own dancing, but it may be doubted if they will have much effect. It is, after all, the mind that governs the bodily carriage, and women who are brusque and domineering, or indolent and languid, can hardly display the graces proper to a femininity that they do not possess. It need hardly be said to any one who has the usual number and quality of eyes that there are thousands of exquisitely graceful women in America, but they are not to be found in the leisurely classes to which the celebrated dancer pointedly addresses herself. To these Mme. Pavlova says:

Dear American ladies, you are not very graceful. You are very beautiful, and you wear marvelous toilettes, but you are not exceedingly graceful. I wonder why? Shall I tell you something I have sometimes thought since I came to your country? Grace, real grace, is founded on natural, normal, perfect health. No, I do not mean the robust; I mean the virile, sinuous, and

supple. The big hips, the fat shoulders, are as unhealthy and unnatural as scrawiness and anamia. Is there anything finer to see, more beautiful, than the absolutely sure grace of any living creature entirely healthy? I think not.

It is not so much gymnastic exercises that the dear ladies need, nor marriage, nor those contortionary movements that the lady writers for the Sunday supplements so industriously invent every week and so startlingly illustrate. No. It is just work, just duties that have to be done and that serve to take the mind from itself:

No, I am not saying all American women are unhealthy and abnormal, but, to tell you the truth, it has sometimes occurred to me that a little more work—I mean by that, definite and healthy occupation—would make the women of your country healthier and happier, more normal and—more graceful. But these things, you will say, are not matters I am competent to discuss, so we will skip to a subject more within my province.

It seems to be a horrible alternative, but it is not so horrible as it sounds, for just as the fashionable woman has no idea of beauty, so also she has no idea of grace. But what kind of work is she to do, supposing her to be willing. Mme. Pavlova has nothing to say about this, but it may be suggested that a baby will supply a surprising amount of labor.

The première goes on to give a few hints on carriage and deportment. "Never stand," she says, "with your weight evenly divided, your heels together, and your shoulders squared." Let the body be always relaxed. But here madame falls into the error of mortal mind. She calls the Greek statuary to bear witness and she points to the "charming broken line on the left side of the Venus de Milo." Of course the line is a charming one. The whole figure is a charming one, but where shall we find the modern woman who wishes to develop a similar line or a similar form. The Venus de Milo is all very well to rhapsodize over, but imitation is quite another matter. Both line and form are sternly forbidden by the corsetière, who decrees hills

where there should be valleys and valleys where there should be hills. The average woman does not think that the Venus de Milo is beautiful. She would die of chagrin if she thought she would ever have such a waist and such feet. Why, then, try to stimulate her ambition by pointing to a model that she detests, whatever she may say to the contrary as she ecstasies in the Louvre.

One more piece of madame's advice, and upon this very point of costume, and we may leave her:


Just one more suggestion upon a subject too intricate to go into at any great length. Dear ladies, I beg of you dress normally. Do not pile false hair and "rats" upon your head until its outline resembles nothing human. A round, well-shaped head is a real beauty.

Never lace nor pad. Unless there is actual deformity, neither cotton nor stays can ever improve upon the work of an all-wise Providence. Diet and exercise, that is the real way, and the only way, to bring your figure to the proportions you desire.

One more word and then I have done. Please do not wear high, French heels. A woman can not possibly stand or walk normally on high heels. It is not a question of the feet alone, although these are cramped and thrown out of their proper position, but it is a question of the entire body. The spine can not hold the correct and healthy position supported upon high, French heels, and as I have said more than once to you here in this article, the abnormal and unhealthy can not be graceful.

It is a pity that so much good counsel should be wasted, for wasted it is. Mme. Pavlova means well, but she does not know her audience.

The famous hill of Tara in Ireland, called by James Bryce "the most interesting and authentic monument of early civilization in Europe," has been sold. At any rate, a portion of it has been sold, and for a good price. The estate which went under the hammer was a rich farm, which is of historical interest because it is the site of the fort under which, according to tradition, the ark of the covenant is buried.




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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A bright little Medford lad heard his parents talking about the salaries of teachers. "I don't see why they should pay the teachers," he said, very seriously, "when we children do all the work."

George Ade, at the New Theatre anniversary dinner, said of a modern tragedian: "The only trouble about his tragedy is that it makes you laugh. His pathos is side-splitting. It is like the pathos of the German poet who made a lover say to his lost love, as he bade her a final good-by at the railway station: 'Farewell. We part forever. But, to make the separation more gradual, I am going by an accommodation train.'"

They were talking at a rehearsal—the greatest "producer," the greatest "character actor," and J. M. Barrie. And the actor averred that anything and everything could be expressed facially. "I can tell it to the audience without speaking," he said. "Then will you kindly go to the back of the stage," said Mr. Barrie quietly, "and express in your face that you have a younger brother who was born in Shropshire, but is now staying in a boarding-house on the south coast?"

As the hospital ambulance dashed up to the curb and its surgeon sprang off into the curious crowd the patient on the sidewalk partially recovered from her fainting fit. "I don't want to go to a hospital," she declared, when she observed the approach of the uniformed doctor. "I'll be all right in a few moments; I'm not going in the ambulance." "I don't want to go back without you if I can help it, madam," rejoined the physician earnestly. "We ran down three persons to get here without delay."

Gresham College, in 1719, was the scene of a famous serio-comic duel between two celebrated doctors, Dr. Mead and Dr. Woodward, both of whom were lecturers at the college. While walking down Bishopsgate Street one morning they quarreled over some medical question, and adjourned to the square of the college to fight it out with swords. Woodward fell, wounded in several places, whereupon Mead magnanimously said: "Take thy life." "Anything but your physic," hissed back the chagrined Woodward ere he swooned away.

He is known as laconic in addition to being a mute, as he never writes on his little pad more than enough to convey his meaning. He is a good cribbage player, and one night he won a watch and chain from a young man. The latter's father met the mute. The deaf and dumb man produced his little pad. On it the irate father wrote: "I understand you won 'Boh's gold watch the other night." He handed it to the deaf and dumb man, and expected to see him offer to give up the spoil. Not so, however. Instead, he took the pad, wrote two words carefully on it, and returned it. Inscribed thereon were the words: "And chain."

When Farmer Fairweight came to London on a flying visit he discovered many things—that 'huses could go without horses, that you could walk for a whole hour without striking a field or an acquaintance, and, finally, that you couldn't hit a policeman simply because he compels you to move out of other people's way. As he was being taken to the station he inquired what the policeman intended doing with him. "You'll find out soon enough," said the policeman grimly. "Seven days, probably." "Seven days! Ah, that's where I have ye, old bluebottle!" chuckled the farmer triumphantly, producing the return half of his tickets. "I've to go back on Monday!"

At Tel-el-Kebir (says E. L. Butcher in his volume on Egypt), the first Highland regiment that had been seen in Egypt was encamped apart from the rest of the English army. The natives took it into their heads that these were the wives of the English soldiers left unguarded. The Oriental imagination determined that the chance was too good to be missed, and hastily arranged an expedition to carry off the women. I have heard that they were very much astonished at the reception they met, and that they changed their minds, and told each other that among these incomprehensible English the short petticoat was a robe of honor, and only given to those who had proved their bravery in fighting.

An Episcopal missionary in Wyoming visited one of the outlying districts in his territory for the purpose of conducting prayer in the home of a large family not conspicuous for its piety. He made known his intentions to the woman of the house, and she murmured vaguely that "she'd go out and see." She was long in returning and after a tiresome wait the missionary went to the door and called with some impatience: "Aren't

you coming in? Don't you care anything about your souls?" "Souls?" yelled the head of the family from the orchard. "We haven't got time to fool with our souls when the bees are swarmin'."

Peter L. Harris, the grain expert, was condemning the reciprocity idea. "The United States promoters of Canadian reciprocity expect too much of it," he said. "They expect to gain practically everything and to give practically nothing. Well, they'll get left—like Hi Billings. Hi went to a horse sale one day and bought a horse for \$18. When he got the horse home he offered it a bucket of water, but it wouldn't drink. After that he gave it a feed of corn, but it wouldn't touch that either. 'By gosh,' he said, 'you're the very horse for me if you'll only work!'"

An old bachelor had somehow strayed into a young people's party, and realizing that he could not hope, among so many handsome youths, to make the heart of a single maiden throb, he said to the nearest girl, whose conversation had shown somewhat more good sense than he had expected: "Look about the hall-room. Notice that the girls who have removed their gloves have well-shaped arms. And—ahem!—some have not removed them." "But neither generalization fits me," answered the girl, "for, you see, I have one arm here and one gloved—what would you say about me?" "Walk out and let me look at them," said the old bachelor unfeelingly. The girl took a few steps out, paused, and returned. "Take the other glove off," said the old bachelor.

A certain well-known composer, now in the full vigor of his established reputation, was at one time, when he was comparatively unknown, engaged in writing the music for a production fathered by two managers who knew exactly what they wanted, in addition to knowing next to nothing of the musical classics. After having burned much midnight oil and worked himself into a state of semi-collapse in a vain endeavor to produce a finale which would please them, the composer tore up page after page of rejected manuscript, and in despair took to the theatre an entire section of "Faust" to which he had somehow managed to fit the words assigned to him. He played the classic music over and one of the managers said quite unfeelingly: "Well, Gus, the others were pretty bad, but this one is the rottenest of them all."

There is a quaint flavor in this British story, just recalled by the London Graphic, though it is distinctly funny, if not in the way of more modern inventions: One of the most elaborate and sustained practical jokes on record was that played on J. M. Langford—commonly known as "Joe"—some fifty years ago. According to the version given in the "Life of Sir William Russell," Langford was in the Garrick when Albert Smith accosted him, "Hullo, Joe! Who has cut your hair?" Joe was in a dignified mood, and resented the query. "I really don't see," he replied, "how it can interest you who cut my hair." Smith went downstairs and stood in the hall. The next member who came up to the morning-room sauntered up to Langford with: "I see you've been having your hair cut. Who did it?" Joe very sternly replied: "I can't imagine why you ask me?" Then he ordered a glass of sherry and hitters. The waiter brought it and gave a little start of surprise as he protested with a "Beg pardon, sir! It's along of your 'air, sir; it looks unusual." Joe went to the glass and saw nothing remarkable, but as he was considering his face Charles burst upon him with "Where on earth did you get your hair cut, my dear Joe?" Joe could stand it no longer. He went off to his chambers in Raymond's Buildings, Gray's Inn. Next day he saw an advertisement in the Times: "J. M. L.—Say who cut it. Was it your own hand or the deed of another? Confess ere it be too late." It was only the first of a series of familiar announcements, and the ingenuity of his tormentors devised continual surprises for him. On the day he went down to Chertsey races he saw the walls placarded with enormous posters, yellow and black: "J. M. L.—Once more, who cut it? You must speak!" A band of Ethiopian minstrels was furnished with a melody to sing outside Raymond's Buildings to the air of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" then very popular. And the refrain was:

What are de wild waves saying, as dey lap de Waterloo stair?
What are dem wild waves saying? Dey say, "Who cut Joe's hair?"

In despair Langford went abroad, and when, at Chamonix, he climbed to the Cascade des Pelerins, he found plastered in front of him a huge yellow poster bearing the words: "J. M. L.—Confess! Reveal! Or he forever lost! Who cut it?" Joe's heart was broken. He sat down and wrote a humble letter to Albert Smith: "I yield. Spare me! My hair was cut in St. Martin's Court at the barber's on the left-hand side. His charge was three-pence. I am quite heaten."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Reception Room.
She sat on the steps at a party
Enwrapped in an absent air.
Came her lover with greetings hearty;
She gave him a vacant stare.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Making the World Brighter.
"I'll make the world a brighter place,"
We used to hear him say;
He had a rather gloomy face,
His heart was seldom gay,
But resolutely he declined,
However he was pressed,
To let his purpose flee his mind
Or hope desert his breast.

He makes the world a brighter sphere
Than e'er it was before;
His worldly profits year by year
Are growing more and more;
Though often filled with discontent,
He helps to make things bright;
It was his good luck to invent
A new electric light.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Lovely Woman.
Oh, woman! If we fail to please,
Think how we work to buy you cheese
And bread and cake and soup and pie.
We have to put soft graces by;
Our everlasting daily task
Is still to purchase what you ask.
Thus we forget sunshine and youth
And overlook your charms, in truth.

But yet we love you! Yes, we do!
The work we do is all for you.
For you we delve deep in the mines,
For you we buy the valentines,
For you the cowboy chases steers,
For you the actor sheds his tears,
For you we rise at early morn
And turn the wheels and plow the corn.

For you we sail the raging main,
For you we hustle home again,
For you we rush from place to place
And care graves wrinkles in our face,
And we grow stooped. Till, seeing you,
The crowds we sometimes lead you through
Say—sizing up your gown and hat—
"How could she ever marry that!"
—Chicago Daily News.

A Slight Obstacle.
He took a course by mail in story-writing.
"Twas meant to teach just how to weave a tale.
The outline of the plan appeared inviting,
Its sponsors guaranteed it couldn't fail.

He started in with confidence unbounded,
And every phase and aspect studied well.
The lesson finished, he was quite astonished
To find he had no tale at all to tell.
—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.

Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor.
This morning on my after breakfast run
I had the fairest fare that ever yet
Rode on my car, and oh, I can't forget
The smile she put up to my mother's son.
She was a peach if ever there was one,
With face and figure, like a Broadway pet,
And when she handed out that smile, you bet
I saw at once my finish had begun.
One gladsome gaze from out them big blue eyes
And I was faithful Fido on the spot:
In fact, it hit me so much by surprise
I dunno if she paid her fare or not—
But what's the odds? I don't care if you did
Or didn't, oh, you peacherino kid!

She rode upon my car again today,
And as I grabbed her gently by the wing
To hoist her 't the boardin' step, something
Shot up my arm and sizzled through me—say!
I thought I'd gripped the trolley wire the way
It froze my blood and made my thought piece
sing.
And as I gave the bell a tingaling
The smile she passed was sure all to the gay.
I touched my lid and fixed it so's to hide
The silver pay streak in my auburn hair,
And softly murmured, "Step along inside;
It's all right, miss; you needn't pay no fare."
She handed out a grin would shame a queen
And passed inside, my peerless peacherine!
—Chicago Daily News.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The concert of the University of California Glee Club at the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday evening served to assemble a large audience, and the musicale given by Mrs. Phebe Hearst at Century Hall on Friday night was an event at which the representative members of society were also present. The Presidio contributed an unusually large share to the general gaiety of the week, at least half a dozen hostesses entertaining. The Salladay-Simons wedding at Mare Island on Saturday was important among the events of the week, and the guests included not only those prominent in the service set about the bay, but a large number from the city.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen Hewlett Hough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hough of Stockton, and Mr. Percy T. Clegborn of Honolulu. The wedding will take place in June.

The engagement was announced in Riverside last week of Miss Mary A. Baldwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Baldwin, and Mr. Clarence Walt Hobbs. No date has been set for the wedding.

The engagement of Mrs. Irma Green Garnett and Mr. Douglas McBryde has been announced, and the wedding will take place in a few months.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Simons and Captain J. McClay Salladay, U. S. A., took place Saturday afternoon at St. Peter's Chapel at Mare Island. The bride was given away by her father, Dr. Manly Simons, medical inspector at the navy yard. The bridal party included Miss Emily Simons as maid of honor, Miss Virginia Dickens and Miss Marie English as bridesmaids; Lieutenant Harold Bowen, U. S. A., was best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant Martin, U. S. M. C., and Dr. Robert E. Hoyt. On their return from their honeymoon trip Captain Salladay and his bride will reside at Mare Island.

The wedding of Miss Marta McKim and Signor Giuseppe Fulloni took place last Monday. The wedding attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Powell and the ceremony was performed in the presence of only a few intimate friends and relatives. The home of the couple will be in this city.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst entertained several hundred of her friends at a musicale and reception on Friday evening, at which Sigmund Beel furnished the programme. The affair took place at Century Hall, and Mrs. Hearst was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Lane Leonard and Mrs. White.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair presided at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Morton Mitchell of Paris. Those invited to meet her were Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Belle Smith.

Mrs. J. W. Brooks entertained at a tea at the Presidio on Thursday in honor of Mrs. John Wisser. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. R. E. Slater, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Brooks, Mrs. F. Stafford, and Miss Prince.

Mrs. Howard Holmes and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore were the guests of honor at a tea given on Monday by Mrs. E. H. Allison and Miss Jane McMillan. Among those present were Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chapman, Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mrs. John W. McFee, Mrs. Wayland Lucas, Mrs. Kenneth McDonald, Mrs. J. G. Sutton, Mrs. George Toy, Mrs. George B. Willcutt, Mrs. William Henry Hay, Mrs. Frank Dudley Bates, Mrs. Alice Welton Dimond, Mrs. John Herbert Wallace, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Anna Weller, and Miss Amalia Simpson.

Mr. Bradley Wallace entertained at a theatre party on Monday night, which was followed by a supper at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was chaperoned by his mother, Mrs. Ryland Wallace.

Miss Amalia Simpson was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, which she gave in honor of Miss Lurline Matson. Among those

present were Mrs. Frederick Stott, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Edith Metcalfe, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Jane Hotelling, and Miss Lurline Matson.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained at a fancy dress children's party at her home on Saturday, which was enjoyed by the small sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Washington Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Folliis, and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames.

Mrs. Blanche L. Boardman entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel, followed by a theatre party, on Saturday. Her guests included Mrs. William H. High, Mrs. Frederick B. Dalam, Mrs. William Harris, Mrs. Harry Bishop, and Mrs. John F. Connors.

Mrs. James C. Fletcher presided at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel, prior to sailing for Japan on Wednesday, at which she entertained Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Pierre Moore, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Josephine Hannigan, and Miss Edith Treanor.

Mrs. Charles Gibson entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Miss Lurline Matson, who is going abroad this month. Those present were Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Harry Levinson, Mrs. P. C. Rossi, Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. John McKee, Mrs. George Ross, Mrs. W. H. Ohear, Mrs. J. C. Campbell, Mrs. A. Hammersmith, and Miss Caroline Van Vorst.

Mrs. John Alden Crane was hostess at a bridge party Monday afternoon at her home at the Presidio, at which she entertained Mrs. John Wisser, Mrs. Louis Chappalear, Mrs. T. E. Steele, Mrs. Caziare, Mrs. Wurtenhaker, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. Myron Crissy, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Richard Furnival, Mrs. St. John Chubb, Mrs. William Carleton, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. William Billingsley, Mrs. Frick, Mrs. George Apple, Mrs. Deregisch, Mrs. John Corey, Mrs. John Prince, Mrs. Haskell, Mrs. John Brooks, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Wright, Miss Seeley, Miss Troupe, Miss Wheeler, and Miss Billingsley.

Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., entertained at a tea on Thursday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Dennis Seales.

Miss Gladys Platt entertained at a tea at her home on Washington Street on Friday in honor of Mrs. Nelson Lansing (formerly Miss Florence McLean) and Mrs. Willis Clark (formerly Miss Stella Whitman). Those who assisted the hostess in receiving the one hundred and fifty guests were Mrs. Howard Platt, Miss Marie Payne, Miss Hazel Schillingmann, Miss Mary Kruse, and Miss Helen St. Clair.

Mrs. George Murphy was hostess at a tea Thursday afternoon at her home in honor of Mrs. George Murphy, Sr., of New York, who is spending several weeks here. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Walter Turnhill, and about one hundred called during the hours of the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee entertained at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Monday, at which the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, and Mr. Alexander Lilley.

Miss Helen Carlisle presided at a tea at the Town and Country Club on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Rosalie Keefe of London. Among her guests were Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Miss Marion Huntington, Mrs. R. H. Chapman, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Will Tevis, and Mrs. James Tucker.

Mrs. George Russell Lukens entertained at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Francis L. Payson, wife of Captain Payson, U. S. A.

Miss Mona Crellin was a luncheon hostess on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. E. M. Tellen of New York.

Miss Frances Stewart was hostess at a tea last Thursday, at which she entertained for Mrs. Charles Huse, who is visiting here from her home in Chicago.

A long list might be compiled of men who refused titles. Gladstone, of course, is the best-known instance, but there are many others. Carlyle refused the Grand Cross of the Bath. In 1857 Palmerston wanted to make the Marquis of Lansdown a duke, but "the Nestor of the Whigs" declined the honor on the ground that he was too old to change his rank. According to Henry Greville, the same plea of old age was advanced by the Duke of Grafton when offered a vacant garter in 1834. "It was an honor he had long coveted, but it would be a waste of money for a man to pay fees amounting to nearly £1000 for a decoration which he could not live long to enjoy." Two distinguished historians, Grote and Hallam, refused baronetcies, and the same honor was declined by Watts, the painter, in 1885.

Ruth St. Denis will make her first tour of the Pacific Coast and the territory west of the Mississippi this season. Her services have been in so general demand in the East that this is the first opportunity her manager, Henry B. Harris, has had to send her to the far West. Miss St. Denis, contrary to general belief, is an American girl. She was born in Newark, New Jersey, and received her education in the public schools there.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has still further assisted the Red Cross Guild Hospital at San Mateo, which she built six years ago in memory of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills. The work of the institution has grown so as to make the construction of an annex most desirable, and for this purpose Mrs. Reid has now given \$60,000.

The Busoni Concerts.

The first concert of Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian piano virtuoso and eminent composer, will be given this Sunday afternoon, March 19, at the new Scottish Rite Auditorium, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, and if but half of what the Eastern critics say is true music lovers will soon be in the throes of a Paderewski sensation. The Busoni programmes are stupendous; the small, pretty things with which so many artists make their "hits" find no place in Busoni's scheme; everything is big, broad, and important.

At the Sunday concert the list includes two Chopin "Ballades," Op. 23 and 47, Busoni's transcription of the Bach "Organ Prelude and Fugue" in D minor, three Liszt "Etudes," two "Legends," and the same composer's transcription of airs from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," probably the most difficult piano work ever published, but which sounds comparatively easy under the magic fingers of this master.

The second and positively last concert will be given Tuesday night, March 21, when the player's arrangement of the Bach "Chaconne," Beethoven's "Fifteen Variations and Fugue" on the theme of the "Eroica," Liszt's "Sonata" in B minor, and four important Chopin works will be the attractions.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

In Oakland Busoni will play an entirely different programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Wednesday afternoon, March 22, at 3:30. Chopin's "Sonata" in B flat minor, with its beautiful funeral march, and groups by Schumann and Liszt, will be given and among the numbers will be the transcription of "The Erlking," in which Busoni is said to bring forth the beauties as Schumann-Heink does with her marvelous voice.

For this concert seats will be ready Monday at Ye Liberty box-office.

The Mischa Elman Violin Concerts.

Next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s the sale of seats will open for the three concerts of Mischa Elman, the Russian violin virtuoso, whose playing of two years ago has ever since been discussed by our local violinists, for no artist has ever visited us and left a deeper or more vivid impression than this "mastersinger of the violin." Elman's virtuosity can not be excelled, his tone could not be more beautiful, but it is his almost unbelievable emotional qualities that grip one; he reaches the heart by means of his instrument, and he is therefore more than a great artist, more than a wonderful virtuoso—he is a "genius."

The first concert will be given a week from Sunday (March 26) at the new home of music, Scottish Rite Auditorium, corner of Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue, when the programme will include the Concerto in B minor by Saint-Saëns, Tartini's "Trill of the Devil" with an original cadenza by Elman, a Bach "Aria," Sarasate's "Caprice Basque," works by Vivaldi and Haydn, one of Fritz Kreisler's irresistible "Old Vienna Waltzes," and Elman's own transcription of Tchaikowsky's beautiful song, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt."

The second concert, with an equally interesting programme, will be given Thursday night, March 30. The Paganini Concerto in D major, the "Faust" Fantasia by Wieniawski, a group of works by Schubert-Wilhelm, Franck-Kreisler, Mendelssohn-Burmeister, and Sarasate, will be some of the offerings.

The farewell will be on Sunday afternoon, April 2, with Lalo's Symphonie "Espagnole" and other important works on the list.

Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Elman will repeat the brilliant opening programme in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, March 31, at 3:30.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will listen to a special Elman programme on Tuesday night, March 28.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Oscar Beatty is en route home from Manila, after an absence of several months. During this time Mrs. Beatty has been at the home of her father, Mr. John Hooper, on Laguna Street. They will reopen their country home at Woodside this month.

Mrs. Augustus Bray and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long returned from their Oriental trip this week. Miss Marguerite Butters, who accompanied them to the Far East, continued on to Manila, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lincoln Karmany.

Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Jr. (formerly Miss Marie Butters), who has been the guest of Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade at Byron Springs, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmer Fuller (formerly Miss Adelaide Wright) have returned from their honeymoon trip and have an apartment at the Kiteora. Later they will go East to spend the summer with Mrs. George Barr Baker at her home in Connecticut.

Miss Dora Winn will return next week from Fort Leavenworth, where she went last month to visit her father. Major Winn was sent to the Mexican frontier with his regiment and Miss Winn's visit at the army post was terminated earlier than she had planned.

Mr. Temple Bridgman, the fiancé of Miss Anita Maillard, arrived from Manila on Friday and will be a guest at the Maillard home for several weeks. The wedding will take place after Easter.

Mr. George B. Farrish of Denver is spending some weeks in San Francisco at the Hotel St. Francis. His mother, Mrs. John B. Farrish, has sailed for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Colbran in Korea.

Miss Eliza McMullen has returned from the East, where she spent the winter in New York and Washington with her aunt, Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Miss Marie Louise Elkins has returned to the Fairmont Hotel from a visit with Miss Lee Girvin at Del Monte.

Baron and Baroness von Turcke sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where they will be joined by Mrs. Henry St. Goar and Miss Erna St. Goar and the party will make a tour of the world together.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule of New York City will be the guests of Mrs. Veronica Baird at the Palace Hotel during their stay in the city.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Mr. Everett Bee, who have been abroad all summer, are now in Cairo.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hooker, and Miss Jennie Hooker are now traveling in the Holy Land, after a visit of some duration at Cairo.

Mr. William Mintzer, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mercia Mintzer, and his son, Lucio, has returned from New York and is at his home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles will leave March 20 for New York and will sail later for Europe.

Mrs. Julius Reis and her granddaughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, are preparing to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Francis M. Shook, wife of Assistant Surgeon Shook, U. S. N., has come to San Francisco from Washington, D. C., and is at the Victoria. She was called west by the illness of her mother, Mrs. D. S. Gordon.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Popham Young and Mrs. Young sailed on Wednesday for their future home in India.

Mrs. Thomas Crellin and her daughters, accompanied by Miss Alice Knowles, will sail next month for Europe.

Mrs. James Moffitt has gone south to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. John Hampton Lynch of New York, who has taken a cottage at Miramar for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto are now in New York, where they plan to remain for some time.

Judge and Mrs. Erskine Ross have returned to Los Angeles, after a visit of several weeks here.

Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt are expected in San Francisco on March 23, and will be guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and their daughters are still in Egypt, but will return next month to Paris.

Miss Agnes Tobin, who went abroad some months ago, will spend the summer in London.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin will leave for New York, en route to Europe, April 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Woodward have spent several weeks in Florence and are planning to remain there a month longer.

Miss Janet von Schroeder, who is now the guest of Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Isabel Sprague in New Orleans, will accompany them abroad next month.

Miss Edith Livermore is the guest of Mrs. Bothin at Montecito.

Miss Louise McCormick will be the guest of friends at Riverside during part of the Lenten season.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook of Portland, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, have gone to Santa Barbara for the month of March.

Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann will return next week from Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton are at Coronado.

Mrs. John McMullen has been the guest of Mrs. William T. Wallace prior to her departure for her ranch in San Joaquin County.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Crosby of New York, who have been visiting her here, are now at Santa Barbara, where they will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst is spending a week or more at her mother's country home at Watonsville.

Miss Elsie Consimiller of New York is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Jr., at Coro-

nado and will visit with other members of the Spreckels family in San Francisco later.

Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean are visiting in Portland.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and Miss Enid Gregg have returned from the East, where they spent several weeks.

Miss Alice Hastings, who has made her home in Venice for a number of years, is now visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne have returned from Europe, where they have spent the last six months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hill Stoddard have returned from a visit to the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Richard D. Girvin spent the week end at Del Monte, where his family is spending the winter.

Miss Hortense Courlaender, niece of Professor Courlaender, of Baltimore, is visiting in San Francisco, and during her stay is at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss E. Baillie and her mother, of Portland, have as their guests at Del Monte Miss Berta Potter and Miss M'Lisa Potter of Tacoma.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, during the past week included Mrs. Charles Hartigan, Mrs. W. D. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Barron, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Altschuler, Mr. H. M. Hayward.

Joy that Shall Be Turned into Sorrow.

This hymn of foreboding is from the editorial columns of the Boston *Transcript*:

Unthinking San Franciscans, little reck ye what is coming on the wings of time! Vainglorious now over the winning of the great Canal Fair for 1915, ye dream of civic blossoming such as no American city has yet put forth. Think not to have the garden without the weeds. The weeds have not forgotten. They are coming. Already every faker and "streetman" in the country has put down, "San Francisco, 1915," in his dingy engagement book. Swindlers and confidence men are taking notice, and so, too, are those feminine sneak-thieves who find their golden opportunity when housewives are offering rooms to out-of-town guests. Already such are chuckling to think how much small property they can make off with while the mistress of the house is crying up her rooms.

O ye San Franciscans, the cot-bed is coming! The rooming-sign is coming! Like an eruption upon the face of your streets shall break out the rash of cheap signs. Decent, respectable old family homes shall sport labels, "The Bridal," "Exposition View," "The Ballyhoo." The rooming-house solicitor is coming, too. You shall not hear the sound of incoming trains for the noise of his insistent, never-ceasing clack. And there shall be feuds between housewives, the friends of a lifetime quarreling over who shall snatch the most roomers.

The souvenir is coming; and the stands of them that sell souvenirs shall invade your principal streets that they look unutterably cheap. And if your laws will not allow stands on the sidewalks, then breaches will be made in the walls of your business buildings and souvenir-stands let in. But the stands will come. And pink lemonade will be sold upon your boulevards and also peanuts-popcorn - and - corn - fritters - a-meal-in-every-package-a-nickel-a-half-a-dime.

And there shall be shows. Penny-vaudeville shall be choice compared to those shows—Paris by Gaslight, Dante's Inferno, Cripple Creek Gambling Den, and things like that. These shall be out on your main thoroughfares and keep just out of reach of the police. And out near the exposition grounds all the unsavory shows which fail to get into the true and holy Midway, they shall camp round about the walls. And there shall be murders and riots among the dubious showfolk, and the odium thereof shall attach to the true and holy Midway within the walls. And there shall be quick-lunch kiosks and Bohemian beer gardens, and night lunch wagons prowling by day.

And there shall be ten-cent soda and all prices according. And every man's maid-servant shall threaten to go away and get a job at the fair.

And there shall be exposition slang. And every true San Franciscan shall be bled for stock and gate tickets and second-mortgage bonds and then more gate tickets and the deficit.

And there will be guests. The son of your great-uncle's step-brother from Jamaica will come to visit you, and the grandniece of your brother-in-law's most cordially detested aunt.

And there shall be conventions. And ye shall not find room upon your own street-cars. And strangers shall dig you in the ribs with their umbrellas and say: "What's that?" And when you tell them what it is, they shall say: "Do you suppose he knows?" And you shall cry unto yourselves, "Lawd-a-mercy on us, this is none of San Francisco!"

"Madame Sherry" is in its last nights at the Columbia Theatre, and big audiences still find great pleasure in "Every little movement" of the company.

Henry Miller and company, with the new play, "The Havoc," will be in San Francisco early in July.

Science History Lectures.

Six lectures on the science history of the universe, illustrated with lantern slides from photographs and drawings, will be delivered by Professor William E. Clark, the Chicago lecturer, at the Fairmont Hotel beginning Monday evening, April 3, 1911, as follows: Monkeys and Man, Are They Related? (authorities on man's origin and evolution), Monday, April 3; The Birth of Worlds from Nebula, Friday, April 7; Digging into the Bowels of the Earth, Monday, April 10; From

Vegetable to Animal Life, Wednesday, April 12; Animal and Human Embryo, Friday, April 14; The Pedigree of Man, Monday, April 17. Also Wednesday, April 19, a seventh lecture on Woman in the Past, Present and Future.

Richard Strauss's "Rosencavalier" had a very mixed reception at the Scala Theatre in Milan, where it was produced March 3. The composer was present and was called before the curtain, but whistling almost drowned out the applause.

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Hostess—Will you have some bread and butter, darling? *Smoll Boy*—Bread and butter? I thought this was a party!—*Punch*.

Poet—Do you mean to say that you won't read my new poem? *Editor*—That's what I mean. What have you ever done for me?—*Toledo Blade*.

"Your wife is rather dogmatic, isn't she?" "She was, when Pomeranian pups were the fashion, but now she's auto-matic."—*Baltimore American*.

Lady—I think you are the worst looking tramp I have ever seen. *Tromp*—Ma'am, it's only in the presence of such uncommon beauty that I look so had.—*Tit-Bits*.

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"Are you a friend of the groom's family?" asked the usher at the church wedding. "I think not," replied the lady addressed; "I'm the mother of the bride."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Do you enjoy your meals, old man?" "Do I enjoy my meals?" snorted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely guide-posts to take medicine before or after."—*Washington Herald*.

"What do you think of the idea of an extra session of Congress?" "Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "some extra sessions is like some extra newspapers. They aint enough in 'em to justify the hollerin'."—*Washington Star*.

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Jones (roused by noises in his back yard)—Hullo, where are you taking that coal? *Burglar* (judging frankness to be the best policy)—Anywhere yer like, guv'nor—it's your coal!—*Punch*.

Prima Donna—I have here a certificate from a doctor to the effect that I can't sing tonight. *Monoger*—Why go to all that trouble? I'll give you a certificate that you never could sing!—*Tit-Bits*.

Beorit—Bullem has failed for half a million and his creditors will get about fifty thousand. *Lambleigh*—How does he feel about it? *Beorit*—Sore, of course. Fifty thousand is a lot of money to give up.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I do so admire that polonaise by Chopin," said the artistic young woman. "Indeed!" replied Mrs. Cumrox. "Of course, those French dressmakers know what they are about. But I thought polonaises were away out of style."—*Washington Star*.

"Can you tell me something about the game laws around here?" asked the stranger in Crimson Gulch. "Well," replied "Three-finger Sam. "I could, but my advice to you would be, if you don't know the rules of a game, don't try to play it."—*Washington Star*.

Missionary (enthusiastically)—Now, my specialty is work among the young. Do you think there is a good opening here? *The Chief* (doubtfully)—Well, we don't, as a rule, believe in giving meat to the kids, but say an hour's extra stew—there'll be the gravy, you know—there'll be the gravy.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Dr. Aked.

Dr. Aked, who has found New York a field too limited for his talents, and the support of Mr. Rockefeller inadequate to his ambitions, is quite properly coming to San Francisco. Dr. Aked frankly says that he doesn't know much about American affairs. In England, when questions and issues arise, he is able to come promptly to judgments, which, though possibly mistaken, have a foundation in some knowledge of facts and in fixed convictions. But in America, for all his four years' residence here, the whole social and political game is an unfathomable maze.

This has the merit of candor, but we fear that at the same time it is a confession of working incapacity. A man of large intellectual powers, and Dr. Aked is such a man, may do important work even in a community of whose mind and sensibilities he knows nothing if he will limit himself to abstractions and generalizations. But such a man will surely fall into errors, and through errors into confusions and humiliation, if he undertakes to make application of abstract judgments to immediate affairs and conditions.

Since Dr. Aked is, by his own statement, wholly in-

capacitated by temperament, breeding, and experience to deal with American subjects, there is but one safe course for him, and that is, to "keep in the middle of the road."

Our Pacific Islands and Japan.

General Miles says nothing new in the declaration that in case of war between the United States and Japan, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands would immediately fall into the hands of the latter. The condition is plain to every intelligent eye. Not only has Japan more ships of war in the Pacific Ocean than the United States, but also larger and readier means of transporting troops and supplies because of her larger merchant fleet. But in the case of Hawaii these advantages are hardly essential, since Japanese subjects in the islands outnumber all possible forces of immediate resistance many times over. In truth, Japan already has possession of Hawaii if we stop to consider the fact that for every capable American in the Islands she has ten men. And what is more, pretty much all the Japanese in the Islands are trained soldiers, having seen service in the Russian war. All that Japan need do to make herself immediately the master of Hawaii is to call to arms her subjects already in the Islands. Every mother's son of them, no doubt, has a rifle or a snickersnee handy for immediate use.

The Japanese advantage in relation to the Philippine Islands is equally obvious. Even if we had the ships it would take three weeks under forced steam for American forces to reach the Philippines, while for Japan to move against them would be a matter of only four or five days. It is said by military experts that two hundred and fifty thousand men and a fleet of no less than twenty ships would be required to hold the Philippines against an enemy capable of approach from an Asiatic base; and if this be so, our possession of the Philippines is in reality one of sufferance. Japan—or even Siam—could take the Islands in a week if she wanted to. Holding them would, of course, be another matter.

But while General Miles sees clearly the weakness of our position in Hawaii and especially in the Philippines, he does not join in the cry of alarm which has so filled the air during the past three or four years and which has just now been raised afresh. There is, he says, no reason why Japan should make war on us. It would be madness for her to do it. This is common sense and therefore sound military judgment, for despite the swashbucklers, the policies of nations in these modern days are guided by sober judgment rather than warlike impulse. It is of course known to Japan that while she might take possession of our Islands, precisely as any wild incendiary might set fire to a house, she would by such a course bring down upon herself a punishment which in its emphasis and magnitude would annihilate her as a factor in the community of nations.

Perhaps there is nobody in the country who would willingly see the United States give up Hawaii. There is indeed no way to do it, since it has been incorporated under the territorial form in our national scheme. Hawaii is connected with the United States by a thousand ties which it would be sentimentally impossible to break. But there is no such established relation with the Philippines. They stand remote and apart; in truth they form a mere dependency, one alien at every point. Military authorities tell us that possession of the Philippines is an element of weakness in our military situation. The political doctors, including no less an authority than President Taft, tell us that an indefinite time, possibly centuries, must elapse before the Philippine population can be capable of self-government under the American system. Economics tell us that we are paying a tremendous sum for no adequate return or even the prospect of it. Common sense tells us that we have an elephant on our hands.

Why should we continue to carry a present and pros-

pective burden? Why should we hold fast against reason, against military prudence, against every rule of economics, and against common sense, to a possession which is now a burden and which must ever be a burden? These questions or something like them are asked again and again, not indeed on the floors of Congress, but in quiet corners of the capitol and throughout the country as well. Why should we not seek a way to unload a burden which came to us by accident, upon which we have bestowed an over-costly and futile guardianship, which bears heavily upon our resources and which promises nothing better than a heritage of troubles?

It is said that Japan wants the Philippine Islands and that she has a resource in excess population for their legitimate and proper development. If this be so, where would be the harm in such a bargain with her as would give her what she wants and needs and at the same time relieve us of an incubus? Such a bargain, if entered into under proper conditions, would involve no sacrifice of national dignity. It would be nothing more or less than the lopping off of a useless and hopeless possession which we never wanted and which can only be retained through sacrifices for which we may hope for no compensating advantage.

Could we not by such a deal revive and cement the traditional friendship between our own country and Japan? Japan no doubt would be willing to make in return for these Islands, worse than useless to us, commercial concessions of great value. Why would it not be an expedient and entirely proper course to sell or give these islands, which we do not want and can not use, to a country which does want them and which can put them to good use? There may be arguments in protest, but do they not fly in the face of expediency and common sense?

It may be asked, What right have we to turn over twelve millions of Filipinos to Japan? By the same token what right had we to buy twelve millions of Filipinos—we, a people alien to them at any point of blood, morals, and manners?

The Coming Special Session.

President Taft's optimistic hope of finding a non-partisan Congress on his hands next month gains some credit from Speaker-to-be Clark's outspoken declaration for reciprocity with Canada. But if a Congress in one branch Republican and in another Democratic shall in fact prove to be a workable team it will be an entirely new demonstration in American politics. It is to be remembered that while Mr. Taft has been playing golf at Augusta, the new Ways and Means Committee of the Democratic House has been in busy confab at Washington over the tariff schedules and that it is working out a scheme designed to reflect Democratic purposes in this connection, not so much in the hope of getting it enacted as of putting something effective before the country in the form of Democratic policy. And it is further to be remembered that while Mr. Clark's views are not without value, they are not likely to be accepted as law and gospel by a House in which the authority of the Speaker is to be relatively limited.

Probably the President is entirely sincere in his expectations; probably he really hopes that the special session of Congress will limit its activities to the specific matters he has suggested, and that it will proceed in a non-partisan and patriotic spirit. Possibly Speaker-to-be Clark's influence will be exerted to these ends. But the opportunity for political jockeying with reference to the next presidential campaign is certain to prove a temptation, and it will be no great surprise to the country if the session shall quickly abandon the purposes for which it has been called and proceed on a career of wild partisan exploitation. This is the common course of legislative bodies under such circumstances; there is nothing in the character of either branch of Congress to inspire hopes for a more

ment over the experiences of former special sessions.

But whether the coming special session shall fulfill the expectations of the President or degenerate into a welter of partisan confusions, the President has distinctly gained credit by calling it. It took courage to do it, yet in logic and self-respect no other course was open to him. The country sees in it, for all the possible mischiefs to come, an exercise of manly spirit and it thinks better of Mr. Taft for it.

The United States and Mexico.

There is manifest disposition on the part of the Diaz government to make concessions to the demands of insurgency. But what would happen to Mexico if these "reforms" shall be accepted and if their enforcement should be attempted in good faith? Out of fourteen and a half millions of Mexican population, less than fifty thousand are "literate." The great mass is made up of mongrels and half-civilized Indian tribes, all entitled to the franchise under the terms of the constitution. But how can a constitution which prescribes a representative government under popular suffrage be carried out practically under such conditions? And what would the result be under an honest attempt to erect and maintain a government by legitimate election? The plain fact is that Mexico has a constitution wholly unsuited to her people. They could never have devised it; they can not operate it. Where the ratio of intelligence and of political initiative to that of semi-barbarism and incapacity is so small, there is but one workable form of government and that is a dictatorship under one name or another. This is what came about thirty-and-odd years ago when Diaz rose to authority through arbitrary means; this is what will happen again if Mexico shall be left to her own devices.

But Mexico will not be left to herself. Upon assurances supplied by the Diaz presidency—in other words, the Diaz dictatorship—the creditor nations of the world have invested prodigious sums in Mexico. Naturally these countries will insist upon the maintenance of conditions guaranteeing their investments. Somehow, in some way, social and political order must be maintained in Mexico, and since this can not be done under the Mexican constitution, then some other means must be found. In one form or another, by one name or another, Mexico must have a master, as India, Egypt, the North African countries, the Philippine Islands, and Cuba have masters.

If Mexico were not on the American border and if there were no Monroe Doctrine to be considered, the adjustment would not be difficult. For, with the death of Diaz or the collapse of his system, the creditor nations would organize a scheme capable of insuring their investments, and incidentally sufficient to the social and industrial needs of the country. But Mexico is on the American border and the Monroe Doctrine is in the way of an international arrangement. It is a case where, the strong hand of Diaz or some other failing, American authority must step in and in a sense guarantee to the creditor nations—England, Germany, and France—the integrity of their contracts. The United States will have to do this because the alternative is to turn the job over to the European nations in interest, against which we have so long maintained our Monroe Doctrine and against which in the specific case of Mexico it has actually been enforced.

Nobody in the United States wants that we should have any part in the organization or administration of Mexico. What we want is that Mexico shall so govern herself as to maintain social peace with conditions safeguarding not only our own investments, but those of other peoples. What Diaz has done these years past is precisely what we want either him or somebody else to do in times to come. From the American point of view the Diaz régime ought to continue. For that or something like it is the only means, it would seem, by which Mexico can be held to a civilized consistency of policies, and to courses essential to social order and the security of investments. But if these results can not be attained through Mexican initiative, then the United States, under the obligations which it owes under the Monroe Doctrine, must step in and hold toward Mexico a relation approximating that in which it stands toward Cuba. There is no other course unless we shall voluntarily throw over our Monroe Doctrine and yield consent to the other creditor nations to work their will after any fashion that may suit them.

The hope is that if Diaz should pass out, there will come after him a force, either personal or other, strong enough to organize the elements in Mexico capable of

political responsibility and so give to the country that which is essential to its social order and the maintenance of its contracts. Naturally the government of the United States will hope for such a development, and it goes without saying that it will give to any man or group who may assume the responsibilities of government whatever measure of moral support may be consistent with neighborly obligations.

The weakness of the immediate situation is that no successor to Diaz is in sight. Diaz has in all these years practically played a lone hand, for he has not permitted the upgrowth of any man or group of men strong in the capacity for civil government or even strong in military capacity. He has surrounded himself with serviceable but subservient agents, with men created by him, limited in their operations and ambitions by him, liable to be thrust from power at his nod. Now in his age and in the crisis which has come, partly because of his relaxing hand, he finds his system weak, even tottering.

The only name in the present system which affords any assurance to the outside world is that of Limantour, and in him we have merely a man with a respectable reputation as a financier. Whether Limantour is competent to take over larger duties is a matter of speculation. But he is the only Mexican beside Diaz in whom our own and the other creditor nations have any confidence, and to him probably, if Diaz should pass out, their moral aid will be given.

The New French Cabinet.

Aristide Briand, lately prime minister of France, signed his own political death warrant when he summoned the power of the army to prevent the strikers from paralyzing the railroads of France. He knew what he was doing, and he did it unafraid. The railroads, he said, are national property and essential to the defense of France. It shall not be permitted to any section of Frenchmen to endanger the country or to encourage her enemies, and if there are no legal means to restrain them then extra-legal means must be used. Appealing to the Chamber, and for the moment successfully, he said: "From this crisis in which its greatness might have succumbed, the country has emerged still greater, and in this crisis which might have given birth to revolution it is more tranquil than ever. Look at my hands! There is not a drop of blood on them!" It was delightfully French and the Chamber applauded him to the echo.

But none the less the wolves were on his track from that moment, and at last they have pulled him down. The coalition against him was too strong. The General Confederation of Labor Unions decreed his downfall. Socialists and royalists joined hands against the man who had prevented the general collapse for which they yearn. The anti-clericals accused him of lukewarmness in a cause which at first was that of religious equality and which had degenerated into religious persecution. The new combination commanded a majority of the Chamber votes, and so, rather than face a certain defeat, M. Briand stepped into the background and gave place to a new government more pleasing to labor unions, royalists, socialists, and priest-baiters.

The new cabinet of M. Monis is already recognized as a change for the worse. The prime minister himself is something of a nonentity whose chief idea of doing something is to do nothing. The real head of the government is M. Berteaux, who holds the portfolio of the war department and who is a socialist millionaire. Caillaux, the minister of finance, Massé, the minister of commerce, and Steeg, the minister of public instruction, are practical socialists. All of them can be trusted to give blank checks to the labor unions, to harry the religionists, and to encourage turmoil rather than suppress it. M. Cruppi, who has charge of foreign affairs, also belongs to the extreme radical wing, but fortunately French foreign policies are usually continuous and unaffected by a change of ministers. Small wonder that there should be a state of alarm among moderate men everywhere who naturally wonder what will happen on the next occasion when it occurs to some union leader to plunge Paris into darkness, to interrupt the mail service, or to dislocate the railroads on which the frontier garrisons depend and which are the property of the nation as a whole. The Briand cabinet was radical enough in all conscience, but at its head was a man who was a Frenchman first and a radical afterwards. No such things can be hoped from M. Monis or his associates, who are said to consider themselves as representatives of the labor unions first, and

then, if it seems convenient, of France. And that—as our recent domestic history has demonstrated—is precisely the labor-union conception of statesmanship.

Sifting and Coloring the News.

New York daily papers are five days old when they reach San Francisco, yet, strange to say, they bring in every issue world news of importance that is absolutely fresh here. For instance: On the 7th of this month the New York *Globe*, an evening paper, printed a despatch from Berlin, giving a transcript of the German chancellor's speech in the Diet that day. Prussia, the chancellor said, was sincerely desirous of maintaining the present peaceful relations with the Holy See so long as such a course was consistent with its interests and prestige, but that a persistence in the recent tendency to the issuance of decrees affecting Germany, without previous consultation with the government, would lead to retaliation. He concluded with the warning that if the Vatican continued to ignore the representations of the Prussian minister at the Holy See such action might involve the abolition of the legation.

Here is news of moment. Considering the progress of events in France, Spain, and Portugal during the past four years, and the former attitude of Germany toward the Vatican, the chancellor's declaration is one of the most important utterances made in Europe for a long time. It proves a change in sentiment of much more than passing interest. Yet this declaration was given no place in the columns of San Francisco daily newspapers. It had a sting in it for some readers, and it was promptly dropped in the waste-basket.

When, some months ago, in the Middle West, an assault on a prominent society man was made by the injured husband, the account printed here was shortened by the elimination of the fact that the punished violator of a home had a brother who was a bishop. When a despatch stated that a suspect jailed in Los Angeles was a prominent labor-union agitator, the character of the arrested man was not mentioned.

These, and many other details of important recent happenings are not to be found in San Francisco daily papers. Perhaps they did not come over the wires, though that presumption would be unwarranted to any one familiar with the methods of the Associated Press. A much more plausible explanation may be given:

There has grown up in daily newspaper offices during the past few years an institution known as the "copy desk," through which is sifted the mass of matter intended for the news columns of the paper. Industrious and more or less well-informed young men glance over and amend, rewrite, or reject the items or news "stories" brought or sent in. Some special writers are spared this censorship, but they are a small minority on any staff. Time was when all reporters could put in presentable shape the news they had gathered; now, most of them are incapable. General use of the telephone in reporting to the office has had much to do with this deterioration in service. Difficulty in securing and retaining capable men is another cause for the employment of untrained youths. Whatever the reasons, the copy-desk is now the clearing-house not only for city news, but for the wire service as well. Of course, there have been editors of telegraph since the days of Morse, but usually they have been men who were trained in that department. They had learned to distinguish important from unimportant despatches, to separate the actual account from the obvious "fake," to fill out intelligently skeletonized reports, to supply the State name when the despatch was dated merely Saranac, Catlettsburg, or Akron. With such men it was almost a mechanical impulse to disregard the first brief outline received, knowing that a full report would follow; to be assured by some prescience that "foreign" or Southern would be heavy that night, and Northwestern or Atlantic Coast light; to ask by wire for news that was not forthcoming.

But those old-timers have been crowded out by the young men who can "pound" a typewriter merrily, and who are busy this moment with the story of a local tenderloin saloon row and the next with a six-hundred word despatch on governmental relations. If they have a preference it is for a sensation from the "city" department. In this they can prove their ability to "throw in" plenty of "color" and "heart interest." Those serious and stodgy foreign despatches offer no opportunity, except for screaming heads, and there is room for only a few "freak captions" in a single issue. More than this, there are bogies in the despatches.

"Stuff" that will displease the labor unions, or the Catholics, or the Native Sons, or the Companions of the Forest, must be guarded against. Better a reprimand for "losing" something than the danger of disrating or dismissal for printing something dangerous. What wonder that they pad the reports of murders, suicides, and prize-fights! Such stuff is safe. It is not to be understood that these young men work without instructions, but the instructions are indefinite under the conditions. They can refer questionable stories to the "head of the desk," but there is often as little understanding and appreciation there.

So the news is sifted and made—in San Francisco. In New York the "copy" men have an easier road. The metropolis is too big to be swayed by the prejudices of unions, sects, or municipal departments. When San Francisco is made more compact by three or four million inhabitants, perhaps before, it will have papers that print all the news.

The Camorra in Naples.

The trial of the Camorristi of Naples will be something more than a nine days' wonder. The authorities believe that at least a year will be needed for the examination of the seven hundred witnesses that have been summoned for the prosecution and the defense. Indeed, the estimate seems to be a moderate one if the criminal law of Italy is as leaden-footed as our own. Probably it is not, if we may draw any inference from the choice of a jury. The judge, we are told, expressed his disgust at the failure to fill the box on the first day, but the work was done on the second day, and this in a neighborhood saturated with dread of the miscreants on trial and of the unknown number of their comrades not yet caught. Even this slight difficulty was caused, not by suspected bias, but by pleas of illness, for it rarely happens in a European court that a jurymen is challenged for preconceived opinions or for prejudice.

There are thirty-six defendants, the chief among them being Enrico Alfano, who has been at the head of the Naples Camorra since the death of Ciccio Cappuccio in 1893. Alfano is a vulgar ruffian who won his way to the leadership by a combination of cunning and courage, and is very inferior to Cappuccio, who at least had some sentimental brigand ideals and who cultivated a sort of protectorship over the poor somewhat after the fashion of Robin Hood. Under Alfano the Camorra became a band of sordid cutthroats, waging war on rich and poor alike and attracting to its ranks only the most unpicturesque of Italian criminals. The only other prisoner of note is the Rev. Father Ciro Vitozzi, himself a member of the Camorra, and well known to be so, but nevertheless retaining his status in the church. It was this reverend gentleman who saved Alfano and several of his gang when they were under arrest and about to be sentenced. He went to the presiding judge and swore "in my sacerdotal character before the Holy Crucifix" that the crime for which the prisoners had been convicted was actually committed by other men, whose names he could not give, "as they came to me with the seal of the confession." The intervention was successful and the prisoners were freed, but only to be rearrested, and this time the priest with them. But Vitozzi, in full clerical attire, is allowed to sit outside the prisoner's cage, doubtless out of respect for the sacred office that he has so conspicuously ornamented.

There are no unusual features about the crime that has been chosen for investigation. The victims were Gennaro Cuocolo, a debauchee and a rake from his boyhood, and his wife, Maria Cutinelli Cuocolo, otherwise known as "the beautiful Sorrentina" because she had once plied a certain ancient trade in Sorrento. The man was found dead on the slopes of Vesuvius with the characteristic triangular dagger mark on his breast, and the woman was found similarly mutilated on the bed in her finely furnished rooms. An examination of their papers showed the self-evident facts. Both were members of the Camorra and both were in correspondence with the secret police. They had been assassinated *pour encourager les autres*. There are, of course, plenty of other crimes that may be brought home to the accused if the prosecutors are as fortunate as they expect to be. For example, there is the murder of Petrosino of the New York police force and of Miss Estelle Reid, also of New York and cousin of the Princess Rospigliosi. It will be remembered that Miss Reid disappeared from her hotel about a year ago and her body was found floating in the Bay of Naples.

If the Camorra can now be disposed of finally it will remove a grave reproach from Italian life. Italians are not naturally more prone to crime than other peoples. As a matter of fact Naples can now show a better record so far as offenses against property are concerned than that of any European city of its population. This, of course, is due to the blow that has been struck at the one great criminal organization of the Camorra.

It is an old story. The appearance of such organizations has invariably followed a laxity of law and a tacit permission to combine, first for extra legal and then for legal purposes. There was a time when the aims of the Camorra would command a certain romantic admiration. Then came a realization of power, the formation of a government within a government, the ruthless adoption of coercive measures in pursuit of selfish and sordid ends, and at last we have a regular murderbund with no other ideas than those of the thug and the slayer.

We have seen very much the same thing in America. Even now we can see that labor unionism in some of its aspects is traveling down the same steep place to the same end. The outrages in Idaho, the carnival of murder at the Cœur d'Alène mines, the atrocities committed at Los Angeles and at a dozen other places are proofs of what must always happen where extra legal organizations are allowed to snatch at the opportunity to set up the *imperium in imperio*, to usurp the gravest functions of government, to try their enemies in secret and to punish them with bludgeon, fire, and dynamite. Indeed, there is no reason why we should sit in self-righteous judgment upon Naples while the same crimes can be committed almost with impunity among ourselves. So long as it is possible for the governor of a State such as Idaho to be blown to pieces upon his own doorstep and for his murderers to escape we can feel little but envious admiration for the Italian authorities who can thus throw their dragnet around the whole of a criminal organization and take at least the first effective step toward its extirpation.

Editorial Notes.

The *Argonaut* ventures to suggest to Governor Johnson, who appears to have taken over the direct administration of the State penitentiaries in contempt of the Prison Commission, that the public has heard enough, even too much, of Abraham Ruef. That precious scoundrel is now in San Quentin, safely bestowed where he belongs, and the least seen and heard of him the better. No good purpose can be promoted by keeping his name, his doings, his opinions, before the public. Nor is it apparent that any good may come from allowing Ruef special privileges in the matter of receiving his friends. Even the visits of Mr. Older, in the character of official confessor—with or without powers of absolution—seem premature. They will be better timed after Ruef shall have had a little more experience in the jute mill.

Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of the recall as applied to the judiciary of Arizona, while diplomatically tempered, is none the less positive enough to disturb the peace of mind of his ardent partisans in California. It comes hard truly that the apostle of all wisdom and all virtue should have declared himself so directly against a principle in government just at the moment when his disciples in California are preparing to introduce it into our State system.

Lord Dunraven has given out a St. Patrick's Day manifesto in which he intimates that the scheme of home rule for Ireland planned by the present ministry is one calculated to fail at the point of practicability. "I have," he says, "little faith in a home rule bill emanating from the radicals and I dread lest Ireland shall be cozened into acceptance of a measure doomed to failure and home rule be lost forever." Lord Dunraven's want of faith in the situation is apparently colored by his resentment with respect to proposed changes affecting the House of Lords. The elimination or subordination of the Lords he thinks, leaving the British Parliament practically a single-chamber affair, will wreck the British Constitution, give the business of government over to the radicals and destroy all political progress. These are dismal views, and we beg leave to suggest that they proceed from a mind curiously distempered by conflicting interests and prejudices—a mind capable of ultra-radicalism in the case of Irish proposals and of ultra-conservatism in the case of the House of Lords. Most Englishmen hold either furiously to one view or furiously to another. Few

like Lord Dunraven have the capacity to hold furiously to two opposing theories.

The latest victim of the custom-house inquisition at New York is Mrs. Joseph Hull of Savannah, Georgia, and her daughter, who "were required to disrobe in their stateroom aboard the steamship *Lusitania* last week while a woman inspector acting on a 'mystery tip,' made fruitless search for a diamond necklace presumed to have been purchased in Paris." Mrs. Hull's account of the procedure is not edifying. "We were," she said, "made to take off even our stockings. Every stitch of our clothing was searched and even our hair did not escape." This procedure appears to have been based upon the theory that Mrs. Hull and her daughter were guilty of intent to smuggle not only before they were convicted, but without any evidence to sustain the assumption. It will be interesting to observe how long the American people will stand this sort of thing. How long will American men consent that American women shall be subjected to indignity and outrage upon mere suspicion on the part of customs inspectors?

Persons of serious mind will more readily forgive the Johnson administration its multifarious inconsistencies and hypocrisies than its concessions to labor unionism. The laborites have been interested in many things at Sacramento, and they have not failed at any point to bring the administration to support of their plans. At the same time they have opposed every proposition calculated for the promotion of industrial peace; and what is more they have succeeded in defeating all such, including Colonel Weinstock's plan for conciliation and arbitration. It is notable that in relation to any and every plan of unionism Governor Johnson has been found docile and subservient. The secret of all this lies in his desire to bring unionism to the support of his politics. He is building up a political machine, and having secured for it pretty much all the State patronage, including many offices hitherto elective, he now seeks to combine with it the forces of organized labor. Possibly he will succeed, since there appears to be no sacrifices of principles, purposes, or dignity that he is unwilling to make.

A prophecy made at New York last week by Mr. Charles W. Price that within a year the coal bin in the cellar will be replaced by an electrical reservoir which will furnish heat alike to the kitchen range and the living rooms of dwelling houses, and all at moderate cost, opens up a cheering vista of domestic comfort and economy. Speed the day when the coal wagon shall be cast on the junk heap, when the furnace caretaker shall have lost his vocation, and when the ash man shall have become a reminiscence!

A contention of forty-five years' standing between the State of Virginia and the State of West Virginia has been determined to the advantage of the former. The matter in dispute was the old Virginia State debt of \$33,000,000 due at the time West Virginia set up as a State on her own account. The new State disclaimed any obligation in the matter of the State debt and has persistently declined to make any contribution toward it. Now, after forty-five years of litigation, it has been ordered by the Supreme Court that the State of West Virginia pay its share of the old debt—\$7,182,507. It remains to be seen if West Virginia will obey the mandate of court, since there is no way to enforce payment if she shall refuse to make it. The property of a State is held in trust for the people who constitute the State, and there is no property belonging to West Virginia which may be seized by legal process and applied to the discharge of the debt. There is only one way by which this debt may be paid, and that is for West Virginia by her own motion to decide to pay it. Already there are two parties, one declaring for payment in respect of honor and conscience, the other loud for repudiation.

It is not a bad story which comes in the dispatches from the Mexican border. An insurgent meeting an American trooper on Thursday of this week remarked: "If you fellows come a' bothering over on our side you'll get into trouble." "Well," replied the trooper, "maybe we will and maybe we won't. But if Bill Taft says go—we'll go all right!" We may hear this phrase again before the ides of November, 1912.

Canadian opposition to reciprocity is based on sentiment, but it may become serious.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw continues his agitation for a national theatre, conducting his crusade with that exquisite modesty that is among his chief decorations. There are certain agencies of culture, he says, that ought not to be left to fight for their lives among the wolves of commerce. Government aid is given to museums and picture galleries. Churches are endowed and otherwise established by law. Why should the drama alone be dependent on a popular favor that not so long ago was given to a dog fight in preference to all other forms of amusement? By all means, says Mr. Shaw, let us do honor to the memory of Shakespeare. Let us show our homage by a wider production of Mr. Shaw's plays. In the terms of a revered unionism Shakespeare must be regarded as "unfair." He works overtime, he receives no pay at all, and he ousts the honest craftsman from his job. "If a manager wants to produce one of my plays and my terms are too high, he says, 'Very well; I will produce one of Shakespeare's and I will not have to pay anything.'" It is a touching picture and one calculated to bring tears to the eyes of a stone tiger. How long can we endure the spectacle of a public mourning for the sight of Mr. Shaw's plays and yet compelled to accept "Macbeth" or "Hamlet"? Never was there a clearer case for government intervention or for the establishment of a national theatre so well endowed that it can afford "my terms" and that will not be forced to produce Shakespeare because he happens to be cheap.

Very few voices have ever been raised in defense of that Ishmael among animals, the wolf. But now comes the eminent surgeon, Mr. James Cantlie, who tells us that the wolf is a sort of ministering angel in the plague-stricken districts of Manchuria and Siberia, where the marmot does the same fell work as a carrier of disease that is attributed elsewhere to the rat. The marmot, it seems, falls a ready victim to the plague, and after it is infected it is refused admission to its hole. In other words, it is quarantined by its healthy comrades and it is then easily caught by the wolves, who prefer marmot to all other dainties and are immune to the plague. The wolf must therefore take its place among the benefices of nature, and if it will wear its halo with an ill grace it will wear it all the same. In this connection there is an ingenious theory to account for the cat worship in ancient Egypt. It was a case of "this is the cat that caught the rat" that carried the plague-laden fleas. Not long ago the British government was said to be importing cats into India and so proving that it had learned some of the wisdom of Egypt, and yet during a certain hysterical period in San Francisco not so long ago it was gravely proposed by a crazy medicalism to kill all the domestic cats.

While on the subject of rats we have the assurance of Mr. Henry Labouchere that a good fat sewer rat is by no means to be despised as food. Mr. Labouchere went through the siege of Paris, and therefore he speaks as one baving authority. The customs authorities in Australia are exercised in their minds by the discovery that the Chinese residents are importing canned rats as an article of diet, and possibly a similar trade might be work up between America and China. Certainly we have more rats here than we actually need, and who are we that we should be deaf to the call of the East? That rats were once eaten in England is proved by a communication made to "London Labour and London Poor" in 1861 by Mr. Jack Black, who at that time was the royal rat-catcher. Mr. Black said that he himself had often eaten rats, and their flesh was "as moist and nice as young rabbits." He preferred the barn rat, but even the sewer rat was palatable if you "just chase them for two or three days before you kill them." If Mr. Black was willing to chase a rat for two or three days it must be conceded that he had earned his dinner, but the project of feeding the London poor upon rats seems to have been ill received. Perhaps the pampered stomachs of the said poor were to be blamed for that. Some people are never pleased.

Radium has so far established itself in the medical practice of France that a Radium Loan Society has been established in Paris with the expectation of good business. Since the price of radium is still about \$1400 a grain it is not largely stocked by physicians who are willing enough to pay a small price for the loan of an infinitesimal quantity for use in their practice. The choice of carriers has been attended with some difficulty, as the task is a dangerous one. M. Besquerel will carry with him an open wound as long as he lives to remind him of his folly in carrying in his waistcoat pocket an ordinary glass tube containing a grain. The action of radium through yellow glass is much slower, and therefore yellow glass phials will be used by the loan society. The carriers are to be women between thirty and forty years of age, who will receive 250 francs a month as wages. Women are chosen for the startling reason that men can not be found who will remain honest on such small pay and without hope of advancement. Doubtless we shall hear more of this curious fact as soon as the "feministes" of France realize the value of such a testimony to the moral eminence of their sex. The carriers will be known as *portuses de radium*, and probably they will move with some speed when they realize that every moment's delay increases the danger of injury to themselves from their strange burden.

The ukase of the German emperor on the subject of suicide has drawn attention to the fact that suicide occurs more frequently in Germany than in any other country, although we used to be told that France held that sinister position because Fröhenmen are "all atheists." Now Germany is as religious as France is free-thinking, and yet it is Germans that are peculiarly prone to hurry off the mortal coil. Perhaps

their belief in a future life is so strong that they are impatient to experience it. A peculiarly distressing feature of the German situation is the frequency of suicide among young children, due possibly to over-pressure in the public schools. On the other hand, Hungary holds the record for suicide among aged people, a recent instance being that of a man of eighty-four, who tried to kill himself because he was no longer able to support his parents, who were one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and ten. There have been very few cases of legalized suicide. It does not seem to have been an offense in ancient Rome, and Montaigne tells us that the city of Marseilles once supplied poison at the public cost for those who had first satisfied the senate that they were justified in ending their lives. Probably there will never be universal agreement as to the ethics of suicide nor are we ever likely to improve upon the views of Socrates, voiced by the philosopher just before his own death. He could neither assent to, nor deny, "the mystical doctrines that we men are in a kind of prison, and that we ought not to free ourselves from it and escape. . . . This however appears to me to be well said, that the gods take care of us and that we men are one of their possessions. Perhaps, then, in this view, it is not unreasonable to assert that a man ought not to kill himself before the deity lays him under the necessity of doing so, such as that now laid on me."

Both Turkey and Portugal are furnishing daily proof that the possession of political liberty demands a long apprenticeship if it is not to become a curse. In spite of her new constitution Turkey today is governed by a military despotism that is subordinate to the parliament only in name. The army chiefs led by Mahmud Shevket loudly assert their independence of all civil control, and there can be no doubt that if the parliamentary chiefs should stiffen their backs and demand the authority given to them by the constitution there would be a declaration of a military dictatorship within a few days. Parliament is well aware of this and governs itself accordingly, and so we have one more illustration of the fact that civilization and barbarism alike are still dependent on the sword as a last appeal. Turkey needs internal reforms probably more than any country in the world, but no sooner is the possibility of reform within sight than we find the officialism of the whole country bent upon the one task of so strengthening the army that the country shall be able to "assert herself" in the politics of Europe.

The French Academy of Immortals has added four new names to its membership. They are those of M. de Rénier, who writes poems; General Langlois, who wields a pen as well as a sword; Henri Roujon, ex-director of the Beaux Arts, and Denis Cochin, a man of letters. The Academy is now up to its full strength of forty, and for the first time in several years. Until some one dies—and it is something of a shock to realize that even an Immortal must die—we are not likely to hear much about the Academy, which becomes interesting only when there is some one to crown. The fact must be faced that there has been a dearth of Immortals of late years. Even the wives of the four worthy gentlemen who have just been added to the list can hardly believe that their husbands' names will really go thundering down the archways of eternity. In point of fact there is not one among them who can be said to have won immortality. Why not reduce the number of the Immortals to say three, or five? Or else change the name? How would the Forty Respectabilities do? To keep a steady force of forty Immortals is a drain upon any country.

It seems that a part of the British isles is living in open rebellion. When the Gregorian Calendar became law 160 years ago the people of Shetland decided that they had no use for it and that they preferred the old almanac, although there is of course a possibility that the Shetlanders have not yet heard of this among other modern improvements. However that may be, they still consider that January 13 is New Year's Day, and they celebrate the occasion with certain curious cordial waters that are said not only to stimulate, but even to inebriate. A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* says that the most scandalous period in the history of the calendar was in the pre-Julian times at Rome, when months had to be inserted every other year. This business was regulated by the patrician college of pontiffs, and they used to act according to the most approved methods of modern graft. They would lengthen or shorten the year so as to prolong or abbreviate the terms of office of their friends and enemies, and so we find Cicero protesting against a manipulation of the almanac that would keep him out of Rome in Cilicia for an extra month.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

It was in April, 1789, that the crew of the ship *Bounty*, who had been sent by the government to Tahiti to collect bread fruit plants for the West Indies, rose against Captain Bligh, who was in command, and set him adrift with eighteen men in an open boat. In 1790 nine of the mutineers, under their ringleader, Christian, made their home on Pitcairn Island. At present there are 150 inhabitants on the island, women being in the great majority. The men depend for supplies on trading fruit with passing vessels for clothes. Now ninety-one years of age, the oldest inhabitant is a grandson of the original Fletcher Christian, who was the leader of the mutineers of the *Bounty* and first landed on the island with eight other Englishmen and six Polynesian men and twelve Polynesian women.

Few but those who have read the Rev. John O'Brien's "History of the Mass" know that no less than nine languages are used in the liturgy of the Catholic church, all of them as "dead" as Latin; that is, not one of them is now a commonly spoken tongue.

OLD FAVORITES.

Alexander's Feast.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate,
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like an eastern blooming bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.
Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,—
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpet! beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure, after pain!
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen!—
Fallen from his high estate.
And wailing in his blood!
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyous victor sate,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred strain to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee:
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.
Now strike the golden lyre again—
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious, on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.
Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,<—
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

—John Dryden.

NEW YORK'S HIGH TIDE OF DISORDER.

Miss Gilder Describes the Lawlessness That Reigns in the Metropolis.

I have lived in New York for thirty-five years, and I have never seen as much lawlessness, nor have I known as much danger in the streets as there is today. When I first went into journalism in New York I was on the *Herald*, which was then at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; and as I "did the theatres" as well as other things, my hours were late; sometimes I wouldn't get away from the office until two in the morning; but I never had the slightest fear of going home at that late hour, though I lived in Eighteenth Street near Irving Place, and we had nothing but slow-going horse-cars to travel by in those days. Sometimes I traveled by the Fourth Avenue line, at other times by the Third Avenue line, but I never saw anything that I should not have seen and I never had anything disagreeable happen. Sometimes, on my way home, I would drop in at the old Clarendon Hotel, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, and have a late supper with my friend, Clara Louise Kellogg, after she had come from an evening's performance at the old Academy of Music. Then I would walk home alone. Sometimes she would poke her head out the window and watch me as I walked down Eighteenth Street; but I always told her that this attention, while pleasant, was not necessary, as I knew that nothing could happen in that short walk.

Do you think I would do such a thing today? Not for gold or precious stones! I would be afraid. The New York of today is not the New York of the old days, and this year, particularly, is a year of thugism, and I have never in all the years that I have lived in New York seen so many vicious looking men walking in the streets, and even by day as well as by night. During the daytime they slouch along the streets and don't say much, but at night they are as bold as they are bad, and follow you with threats and curses, sometimes worse, if you do not accede to their demands.

The glad word has gone around that New York, as far as disreputable characters go, beggars, yeggmen, and the like, is wide open. Mayor Gaynor, who seems to be bidding for the beggar vote, has given the order that beggars shall not be arrested. "Let them beg," he says, and they are taking him at his word. It is absolutely unsafe to walk through certain neighborhoods in the city after dark, and they are not out-of-the-way neighborhoods either. Around Union Square, Grammercy Park, and even Fifth Avenue, it is disagreeable, if not unsafe, to walk early in the evening, and one takes great risks who walks in them late at night.

Mr. James Forbes, secretary and director of the National Society for the Prevention of Mendicancy, has stated the case briefly and to the point. He says: "In the thieves' saloons all the way from Chicago and San Francisco the word was passed in back-room conferences last fall that New York was an 'open town.' That is, the systematic supervision of beggary by police officers who knew beggars and their records and their games had been withdrawn, and, moreover, that the administration was opposed to having arrests made and magistrates were opposed to making convictions. Every winter the 'Knights of the Road,' the men who in summer follow county fairs, loot country stores, and knock the combinations off the safes in small post-offices, are on the lookout for good winter quarters. Conditions were ideal for an influx of these men to New York. And they have come. They are willing to beg. They are ready for other things. In summer they are yeggmen, ready to turn their hands to either chicken-stealing or safe-blowing as the opportunity offers. There is not the least mystery about this increase of boldness and increasing frequency of their assaults upon citizens."

The wave of crime is here, and it may be that the New York police will be able to cope with it if they make the attempt. But they are not making the attempt now. The boldness of these criminals is beyond belief; they hide in hotel corridors and rob women guests as they enter their rooms; they pinion men in the streets with their own coats; they blindfold them with their own overcoats; they chloroform men, women, and children in their apartments; not only at night, but in broad daylight.

The crooks who made such a success of the "umbrella game" in Chicago are having great success with the same pastime in New York. This is said to be a new invention in crime. To carry it out to perfection requires a rainy night. The way this game is worked, two men are talking together with umbrellas over their heads. An unsuspecting citizen comes along and attempts to get out of their way, but is obliged to push between them; before he knows it he is in their grip. They are hidden behind the umbrellas, so no one but the victim knows what is going on; he knows it to his sorrow. While one man holds a revolver at his head the other goes through his clothes and takes everything that he has in the way of money or valuables.

Only a few days ago an old gentleman was knocked down in broad daylight in the Consolidated Exchange with scores of people about, and robbed of a parcel containing \$100,000 in securities. The men who pushed against him and jostled the parcel from under his arm were exceedingly polite; they picked him up, brushed

his hat, which had fallen off, and handed it to him, were very solicitous of any hurt that he might have received, considering his advanced age, and returned his parcel to him with raised hats and low bows. When the old gentleman got to the safe deposit he locked up his envelope of securities, only to discover a few days later that it contained nothing but folded newspapers. No more has been heard about this crime or the perpetrators, who are undoubtedly enjoying the profits of this very profitable operation. No Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford could do better than this.

There are two reasons why the neighborhood of Grammercy Park offers a pleasant field to the midnight marauder. One is because of the park, which is dark and mysterious-looking at night, and though not accessible to any one without a key, the high iron fence around it offers a shady retreat for the footpad, as there are no houses on that side of the street. On the other side there are clubs and apartment houses. It is said that at certain hours of the night, or rather of the morning, men coming from their clubs are not as fleet of foot as when they enter them. They are more or less under the weather; suffering perhaps from "that tired feeling" which follows a midnight supper. It is for these men that the footpads lie in wait. And unless something is done and soon, we will hear of more tragedies in that neighborhood. It was on the upper side of Grammercy Park, at the very door of the Princeton Club, that David Graham Phillips was shot to death by a misguided crank. Later at night the same thing might have happened to Mr. Phillips or any other man at the hands of one of the yeggmen who have now discovered New York to be an earthly paradise. If something is not done and soon, Chicago will have to look to its laurels as a city of desperadoes.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, March 16, 1911.

Verestchagin's Career.

The recent suicide of Mme. Verestchagin, wife of the Russian artist of that name who won such fame as a painter of battle pictures and warlike scenes, serves to recall one of the most tragic incidents of the recent war between Russia and Japan (says the New Orleans *Picayune*). The artist, Verestchagin, was not one of those painters who depended only on their imaginations for the scenes they depicted. He painted his famous battle scenes from sketches he himself made on the field of battle itself, and for that reason his work was terribly realistic. He followed Skobelev during the entire war with Turkey in 1876-77 and was always in the thick of the fight, having many hairbreadth escapes.

When the war with Japan commenced Verestchagin obtained permission to go to Port Arthur, and he was a guest of Admiral Makaroff on board that officer's flagship during some of the actual sea fighting. On April 13, 1904, the flagship *Petropavlovsk* was blown up by a Japanese mine off the entrance to Port Arthur and nearly her entire crew of about 750 officers and men were lost. Admiral Makaroff and Verestchagin were on the bridge of the ill-fated ship at the moment of the explosion and were instantly killed. The noted artist thus met his death amid the very surroundings that he had spent so many years in transferring to canvas.

Among Verestchagin's best-known paintings were the scenes of the Russo-Turkish War, which he painted from events he had himself witnessed. His "Road After Plevna," "The Pyramid of Skulls," and "Skobelev in Shipka Pass" are among those of his pictures that are calculated to convey the most realistic visions of the horrors of war to the observer. He also painted a picture of the San Juan Hill engagement at the request of Colonel Roosevelt. Had he not met a tragic death at the outset of the Russo-Japanese war the world would probably have had some terrible pictures of the battles of that fierce struggle.

Although Verestchagin was rather an eccentric personage, he was not only tolerated, but encouraged by official Russia on account of his art. Although not a soldier in the strict sense of the word, he was as brave as a lion and had seen more actual campaigning and real fighting than most of the noted soldiers of his day. He was an intimate friend of the celebrated General Skobelev, as well as of General Kuropatkin and Admiral Makaroff, with whom he was finally killed at Port Arthur.

The carat, the unit of weight for diamonds and other gems, has various values in different countries and a legal value in none. In all, twenty-one different values of the carat are recognized. In consequence of this confusion purchasers and even vendors are often deceived and only dishonest vendors are benefited. In 1905 the international bureau of weights and measures proposed the adoption of an international carat of 200 milligrams. This value became legal in France on January 1, 1911.

John B. McDonald, the engineer, who undertook and carried out the task of building the first underground railway in New York, died recently at his home in that city. He also had charge of tunneling under the city of Baltimore for the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He rose to his success in the engineering world through his own efforts, having begun life as a poor boy. For many years he worked as a railroad laborer. He was born in Ireland in 1844.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles A. Cottrill, who succeeds W. F. Drake as collector of internal revenue for the Territory of Hawaii, is a negro. He entered the government revenue service in 1881, in Toledo, Ohio.

Harry W. Smith, inveterate foxhunter, of Worcester, Massachusetts, plans to visit Ireland again in November to pursue his favorite sport, and will take along his two packs of hounds. He prefers the Irish fox-hounds to the English breed, and in contests the results have been pleasing to him.

Count Conrad de Buissert, minister from Belgium to the United States, has been appointed Belgian minister to Russia. He will be replaced in Washington by F. Havenith, now minister to Persia and formerly counselor of the Belgium legation at Washington. Count de Buissert is a playwright as well as a diplomat.

George Gibbs, born in New Orleans, educated in Switzerland and Washington, graduate of the United States Naval Academy, is an author and illustrator. After going through the academy he turned his attention to art. Twelve years ago he began writing books. "In Search of Mademoiselle" is in his best vein. His "American Sea Fights" is a portfolio of drawings in color.

James Wickersham, delegate from Alaska, issued the first newspaper at Fairbanks, using a typewriter for the purpose, and so great was the demand for copies of the unique publication that they sold for \$5 apiece. He received a number of letters one day containing various items of important news from the United States, and the idea of publishing a paper was suggested. Wickersham acted as editor, publisher, and compositor.

William Huble Ward, Earl of Dudley, plans to leave Australia in July and return to England. He has traveled extensively, having visited every country of note in the world. He was in South Africa in 1899, serving in the Imperial Yeomen. From 1902 until 1906 he served as lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Earl Dudley owns 30,000 acres in Staffordshire and Worcestershire, is at the head of large iron works in England, and has estates in Jamaica.

Miss Leila Holterhoff, a native of Los Angeles, California, though blind from infancy, has within the past two years appeared successfully in concert in Berlin, London, Paris, Florence, St. Petersburg, and Munich, and will next winter tour America. At present she is giving in Weimar a series of lectures on Wagner's operas, which she illustrates and interprets. She dances, swims, rows, rides horseback and a bicycle. She has a teacher's diploma in Latin, speaks fluently and writes French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and has a working knowledge of Finnish, Hungarian, and Dutch. Miss Holterhoff has never been allowed to mingle with the blind, and spent but a few weeks in the Berkeley institution for the sightless. She early learned to use a typewriter, and after help from her mother and father in her studies, entered a large private school. She chose Berlin for her debut, challenging the cold, calculating musical critics, and won.

Vincenzo Gemito, twenty-five years ago one of the most popular and successful sculptors in Europe, has emerged from his long, voluntary exile, after having been nearly forgotten, and again has grasped the tools of his art. Europe awaits once more masterpieces like the "Little Fisherman" and the "Water Vender." After his first statues won him fame, King Humbert and Queen Margherita, desirous of encouraging the young Italian genius, ordered from him a group on an allegorical subject, similar to those of Benvenuto Cellini. In vain he toiled night and day. He decided his work as a sculptor was at an end almost before it had begun. Then his "madness" developed. Despondent, he turned over the group in an incomplete state and hurried to his villa near Naples, where he buried himself completely. The new king has taken a deep interest in his return, and, like his father before him, has commissioned Gemito to execute a statue.

John A. Brashear, astronomer, and foremost maker of astronomical instruments in America, never saw the inside of a college when a boy. He spent twenty-one years of his life working in a rolling-mill in Pittsburg, but his spare hours were devoted to the study which has made him world-famed and wealthy. He was a boy in Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and attended the common schools. He now holds honorary degrees in many universities. His first lens was perfected after three years' work, in which his young wife joined with enthusiasm. Indeed, she was of great assistance to him in all his undertakings. He took his hooks to the mills and studied on the street-cars. His wife kept up with him in her duties at home. In their tiny home shop with engine and lathe they made the first tubes and ground their lenses, working until late in the night. His work attracted the attention of Professor Langley, of the Alleghany Observatory, and his astronomical articles, appearing in local papers, appealed strongly to William Thaw, who had given his wealth freely toward furthering Langley's work. He saw the advantage of having a competent instrument maker near the institution, and advanced Brashear the money to move to Alleghany and set up a shop. It is still there, but greatly enlarged. The great Mills spectroscopic at the Lick Observatory was designed and constructed in Brashear's shop.

MALAMUTE'S STAMPEDE.

Demonstrating the Uncertainties of the Golden Quest.

No article possible of identification was found near the body, and what remained of the clothing, after wild animals had done, was of the nondescript blue-overall variety such as is worn by almost every Alaskan prospector in summer time. Yet the grewsome discovery made by two travelers musing in from the head waters of the Ditna River was accounted sufficient explanation of the mysterious disappearance of a prospector known as Malamute Jack. Even his partner, Caribou Jack, after reading a note of farewell the missing prospector had left for him, granted that the remains must be those of the erratic wanderer he had come to love as a brother.

But Twinkletown was not by any means of one opinion as to how Malamute had met his death. The theory that he had run afoul of a she bear with cubs was accepted by a few. Others, they that had attended the inquest, correctly surmised that Caribou had withheld facts concerning the affairs of himself and partner, and they maintained that the commissioner had erred, had "made a travesty of justice," in not binding the big fellow over for trial. They were denouncing the official bitterly, though surreptitiously, where they had foregathered for the purpose of diminishing the local supply of "houch."

"Anyhow, we'd known the real truth 'bout Caribou and his pardner," one argued.

"That's right, and now we don't know nothing!" another responded, banging his clenched fist down on the bar.

The slight sound of the quivering glasses yet lingered in the ears of the bar-room group when Caribou Jack, seemingly more stooped, more gaunt, and swarthier than ever, stepped into the Miners' Rest. His coming was a surprise, for it was well known that he seldom touched liquor. It had been said more than once that Malamute did the drinking for the team. Caribou's unexpected appearance put a damper on the indignation meeting. To his forlorn "Howdy, gentlemen," they grudgingly nodded responses, but conversation waned, the group melted like lard in a frying-pan as one by one the members feigned to recall important business elsewhere. Even the bartender, professionally a friend to everybody, was not cordial to Caribou. Whatever private opinions he may have held concerning the death of Malamute Jack mattered not; Caribou Jack was bad for business. It was only a wholesome regard for his strength and temper that prevented the bartender from suggesting that he quench his thirst in the river.

Only the commissioner and Caribou believed that Malamute had taken his own life, and neither for an instant contemplated divulging the context of the farewell note which brought them to that conclusion.

"Judge," Caribou had pleaded, "if a man is going to quit and dog it Outside, it aint nobody's business. Little Jack was a good prospector; if, after near thirteen years, he peters out like, and turns yellow—and don't trouble to go Outside, it aint for others to know. I hope you can see it that way, judge?"

The commissioner could, and did, and out of respect to the wishes of the one and the memory of the other his lips were sealed in so far as the secret of the two Jacks was concerned.

Had Caribou deigned to ask a favor of his fellows in the new camp, and had that favor been granted, his treatment by most of the population of Twinkletown would not have been altered. Business necessitated his presence there, and during the remainder of his enforced stay he most earnestly desired only to be left alone—ignored, yes even shunned, if they choose to do so. By nature unsociable, more than a dozen years of wandering in the wilderness had not made him less so. Nor had the loss of his partner developed in him sudden longing for the close companionship of men. Now, more than ever, he wanted to be unnoticed. His view of life was not large. As Malamute had differently expressed it, his perspective was indeed limited: he saw only a narrow, twisted path, over mountains, up and across rivers, through mosquito summers and Arctic winters—but somewhere was an end, and when he reached it there was pay-dirt. That was the road before him—had been before them, for he and Malamute had so decided it one day now more than twelve years gone by. And they had followed it, unceasingly, halting or turning aside only when stern necessity demanded. Then they trapped, logged, hunted for the market, or did such work as opportunity offered, until financially able to take up the golden quest again.

But it was all different now: times had been before when the long trail forked and separate ways were for each, but always then was there knowledge that sooner or later they would come together and again be musing on side by side. Usually it had been the big fellow's part to show the way. Malamute was gone now and there was none to show. Caribou must mull on alone. Now, as always, he saw but the one objective; his mental apparatus would admit of no other. And when he struck it? He did not know. To be sure, with Malamute he had planned it often enough, but now Malamute was out of those plans. Yet he must not turn aside. It was for him to do what they had started to do.

On a day they of Twinkletown's suburb on the island gravel bar rose to find Caribou Jack's tent gone. Its place was bare save for camp litter and abandoned saplings he had used for tent poles. He had finally been

paid for a log raft, his enforced stay was at an end, and he had pulled out while they slept. To his simple mind understanding came not quickly, but when on the moment of his departure he suddenly comprehended the significance of the interest and activity that had attended his partner's disappearance, his heart filled with bitterness for his kind. Now, coupled with his unwavering determination to make his "strike," was a resolve to shun mankind for long, and Twinkletown forever.

Some attempt was made to make a mystery of his leave-taking, but without success. Three days later a Fairbanks merchant reaching the new diggings in a launch mentioned having seen Caribou camped about a hundred miles down the river. He had two dogs and a full winter's outfit with him.

By now news of the first clean-ups on the creeks, where they were sluicing the winter prospect dumps, was coming in, and Twinkletown did not lack for excitement nor carefully guarded facts affording a basis for conjectures. Yet in the minds of many the affair of the two Jacks was still the paramount mystery, and they clung to old theories and builded new ones. However, mental effort so exerted was wholly wasted. Caribou had been gone just a week when a small raft drifted into shallow water near the island gravel bar and a man of slight figure, bowwhiskered and very dirty, waded ashore. Unnoticed, he gazed speculatively for a moment at a certain altered spot in the tent row. Then he waded out to his raft and pulled across the river to Twinkletown, heading straight for the camp's most reliable information bureau.

It was broad daylight and belief in spirits around Twinkletown had limitations, yet had a ghost stalked into their midst it could not have caused greater excitement than did Malamute Jack when he shuffled into the Miners' Rest. They broke into whoops and cheers and then surged around him clamoring for answers to questions put much too fast to be answered had poor, bewildered Malamute answers to give.

"Caribou thinks I'm dead!" he ejaculated, running his fingers slowly through his tangled mat of dirty, white hair. "No, I just been up at the head of the creeks looking around a bit, that's all. Why, gentlemen!" he continued, in that same apologetic, protesting manner so familiar to all who knew him, "you should a-told him I aint dead. Do anybody know which way he set out?"

They told him, and they bought him drinks—in honor of his return, they said. Which was in part true, but back of their generosity and fellowship was another motive: "When he gets a little houch in him he'll talk," one had suggested, and all agreed that the plan was good, for a prospector who has been Siwashing for a couple of weeks might have important information. But Malamute did not become loquacious; instead the liquor seemed to rob him of power to articulate, and soon he was answering in nods and grunts nearly as lucid as the English attempts of an Innoko River native. Then, while a round of drinks was being ordered, the returned prospector made an opportunity for himself and stole out of the saloon, going to the store, where, unrecognized by the clerk—a recent arrival in the camp—he purchased a small outfit, and then hastened across the river to the gravel bar camping ground.

While Malamute's unlooked-for return cleared his partner of suspicion and stilled all talk of foul play in so far as he himself was concerned, it did not account for the mangled remains that once had been accepted as all that was mortal of Malamute Jack. Twinkletown still had a mystery—a mystery that never was solved. Perhaps, had there been one to read between the lines, its explanation might have been found in one of the numerous letters that later came to the commissioner and postmaster—letters from mothers, wives, sweethearts, and police chiefs in various parts of the United States and Canada. Alaska is something of a haven for misanthropes and renegades.

Again Malamute Jack seemed to have taken to the old life of waiting and dreaming on the island gravel bar. Much of the time he spent around his reestablished camp, though he sometimes strayed up or down the river fishing for grayling. Again, he would vary his fare and recreation by strolling out to the blueberry patches in the low hills back of Twinkletown. It did not excite his curiosity when he realized that invariably he was followed. He surmised that his movements would be watched, and these excursions were in part to learn how close the espionage would be. Because he hoped to appear oblivious to it all he did not give in to his usual timidity and deny others his company. He accepted their advances with good grace, and invariably he asked that the fact of his return be carried down river whenever possible. "I want Caribou to know I'm still here," he explained. He even hunted out a stranger and made the request. That act excited suspicion among those knowing him well, but he capped the climax when, in a moment of weakness, he told a halfbreed of his fear that death would claim him before he could join his partner. Every man who has been "in the pay," or thought himself to be, has had the feeling that worried Malamute, and to the prospectors so deeply interested in his movements his confession to the halfbreed was a shout from the housetops. His chances of leaving the camp unobserved now seemed out of the question. But luck came to him in the way of a slight misfortune to the city of tents. A barrel of alcohol exploded and for a short time the resulting fire threatened to destroy every tent in the canvas city. It was then that Malamute found himself without a consort. He hurried to where he had cached a few

pounds of rice and some tea. His little pack was ready and in six hours he had placed twenty miles between himself and Twinkletown.

When Malamute's partner, Caribou Jack, had deserted the new mining camp his plans were definite enough as prospector's plans go: he was going back into an unknown wilderness, an untrammelled region the very existence of which was unthought of by white man other than himself. His cue he took only from the word of a native who had related a legend of his people. It concerned a granite, dome-shaped mountain from the base of which bubbled a creek spewing a mixture of milk-white sand and fine gold, the latter in sufficient quantities to bank a foot deep along the bedrock confines of the stream. Some would have laughed at the tale, but it was of the sort Caribou most fancied. According to the Indian's narrative the entrance to this eldorado lay back of the country of flats and sloughs generally regarded as back-water from the Yukon and Innoko rivers. This vast area of unmoving water and swamp-land jungle promised nothing to the gold-seeker. It was visited only by prospectors who accidentally wandered from their course during the season of high water. Always they worked back to the channel with no more delay than was necessary. But this was not all back-water, according to Caribou's informant: miles back, on the east into the very thickest of the jungle, flowed a river of no mean proportions. Caribou's real trip began if he could reach its mouth.

The first part of his journey was accomplished without great difficulty, for though the high water rendered his pike-pole useless, he rowed easily through the tops of willows and alders that seemed but brush on the water's surface. The air seemed heavy and thick with the millions of mosquitoes that clouded around his craft. Smoke drifting back from the smudge fire burning in a can in the boat's bow afforded him some relief, yet his neck and face was soon bleeding and blistered, and he cursed with deep sincerity when he tore off his veil and cast it aside as a useless thing. The dogs, too, suffered terribly from the insects' attacks. Rubbing paws over raw muzzles and around their eyes where the outer skin was gone, they whined piteously, and from time to time took to the water for relief. Never so much in all his years in Alaska's wilderness did Caribou wish more heartily for the first frosts of early fall.

The end of the second day found Caribou well into the heart of the slough. Though he could not reach bottom he discarded oars and used a pike-pole, shoving from submerged stumps and the trees which now rose high out of the water. Progress was slow, and many times he was forced to retrace his course because of barriers formed by drift and logs. But he maintained a general direction, and on the fourth day he saw from the top branches of a tree he had climbed to take bearings what appeared to be an opening in the low hills that skirted the slough directly ahead of him. He chuckled as he swung down into the boat and with renewed energy shoved off from the tree. But his satisfaction was short-lived: he had gone ahead less than fifty yards when his craft grounded on mud bottom. The rest of the day he floundered around in shallow water. After five hours' sleep he resumed his efforts, but it was to turn back. By a circuitous route he again approached the hills and was working up what he feared was an arm of the slough when he suddenly ceased poling and gave a whoop for joy. He was in a current, slight, yet it was running water. A dense growth of willows and alders blocked his way, but he found an opening and wormed through. That proved to be the last barrier, and an hour later Caribou made camp on the bank of a large creek, just above its delta. Both the prospector and his dogs gorged themselves that evening on broiled goslings and two three-foot pickerel that went into his gill net almost as soon as it was set.

Caribou worked up this creek for sixty miles, he believed, during the next four days, but the distance to the hills was not lessened more than eighteen or twenty, for it was a winding, crooked stream, and its various turns headed him to all points of the compass. He now utilized his dogs on a towline, and used his pike-pole to great advantage on the hard gravel bottom. With delight he saw the tree growth change from willow to birch, from birch to dwarf spruce which grew in scattered clumps on the low hills sloping up from the banks of the stream. The silvery flash of leaping grayling now constantly gladdened his eye, and his heart thumped violently when, on rounding a densely wooded point, he saw the dim outline of a great mountain many miles away. Another day's travel brought doubts with it, and Caribou realized that, following the river, he would never reach the mountain. Its course swerved until finally he was traveling in the opposite direction. But it was to the hills, up a creek that nowhere bore the mark of white man. Once his fears rose when he saw a cut tree. Closer inspection revealed that it had been done with the double down ax-stroke of the native, and was a quarter of a century old.

Taking a place on the towline along with the dogs, Caribou continued to advance up the rapidly narrowing creek, until stalled by a beaver dam. He concluded to cache his outfit and mush on to the ridge above, for his panning on the bars had brought no colors. He got out his ax and soon had a scaffold built of saplings placed in the forks of a clump of birches, and there, ten feet above the ground, he stored his supplies. Then with a pack on himself and dogs, he set out to climb to the ridge.

Noon found Caribou nearing the top of the ridge. His way up had been along winding game trails cut deep through the spongy reindeer moss that covered the hills with a carpet of creamy yellow. Mosquitoes no longer bothered him. Flocks of brown and white ptarmigan—for they were already half way into the change to winter plumage—rose out of the blueberry patches and with startled cries whirled away. The sky was turquoise blue and in places the tundra was marked with wide stretches of variegated colors where myriads of hardy wildflowers were making a final stand.

"Poor little Malamute," thought Caribou, "he would just 'a' liked this." He gulped once or twice, drew a deeper breath than usual, and stepped forward a little faster than before. When he reached what he had thought was the summit he found himself confronted with a high valley and a still higher ridge. He hesitated only long enough to adjust the dogs' packs, and set out again.

He made the next ridge after a mush of two hours. It seemed to be the main divide and below him, stretching out as far as he could see, was a great valley, a vast area of green everywhere traced with a network of streams that gleamed in the sunlight like lines of shimmering silver. Gradually his attention worked back to the hills and draws immediately below him, and his eye focused on a hogback where a white object glistened in the sun. Then he saw another, and another, extending at regular intervals down into the trees at the bottom of the creek.

"Staked, by thunderation!" he gasped. He looked about to other smaller draws. Stakes and blazed trees seemed to rise everywhere before his eyes.

"The whole damn country staked!" he growled aloud, and in his voice was also something akin to a sob. Dejectedly, he slipped his shoulder-straps and placed his pack on a rock that jutted through the tundra. He had crooked his knees preparatory to seating himself when he straightened up like a jack-in-a-box. Rising out of a clump of spruce trees less than two hundred yards below him he saw a thin column of smoke. Looking more closely he saw the flashes of an ax through the foliage, then a small, bent figure that, because of long and close association, he could not mistake.

With a whoop that would have shamed a cattle-driver or an Apache, Caribou leaped forward. He fell four times before he reached the clump of spruce trees. The ax-wielder, meanwhile, had swung around on hearing Caribou's shout, and when the latter reached him he was executing movements identical with those that may be seen at a Siwash potlatch.

"You little son-of-a-gun!" Caribou yelled again and again. Mastered by his joyous delirium, he wrapped his long arms around his dancing partner in a bear-like hug.

"We're in the pay—we're in the pay, Caribou!" Malamute cried, struggling to free himself. "It runs six-bits and a dollar to the pan anywhere on the bars! I got the whole dog-goned country staked. Whoopee! whoopee!"

Little Malamute's cries of triumph were echoed by faint yells, then a chorus. The two prospectors turned and saw far up on the ridge to the north, like so many ants, what to them seemed the entire population of Twinkleton rushing pell-mell down the hill.

"What I want to know, Malamute," said Caribou—when they had calmed sufficiently to engage in conversation—"what I want to know is how you got here? I didn't see none of your camps."

"I didn't make no camps," Malamute responded; "I come right along in one jump."

Caribou shook his head. "Bygones is bygones, Malamute, but now talk sense."

"I am, Caribou, honest—it's only a thirty-hour mush."

Caribou's mouth dropped open and his eyes grew large. "Thirty hours from where?" he asked.

"From Twinkletown," responded Malamute. "How did you come?" Now Malamute was beginning to wonder.

"I come by way of Indian Village down on the Innoko," moaned Caribou. "Twenty-nine days up a river that aint mapped and aint named yet—and apparently runs back to where I started from. I suppose if I keep on going I'll get back to Twinkle?"

Malamute waved his arm. "Right over the big dome there, Caribou," he answered, "across from where I first see you," and then he burst into laughter in which Caribou grudgingly joined.

"Never mind," said the smaller man with mock condolence, "just grab a pan and come down to this little creek with me; I'll show you what we've got."

Caribou saw, and his eyes and plans grew big—a great deal bigger than they were the following spring. For though the stampede started by Malamute Jack is still discussed wherever prospectors meet in Alaska it did not greatly enrich either of the two Jacks nor any of the laymen who contracted to work a part of their ground on shares. However, only one season has elapsed as yet, and some are still putting down holes, so there is yet hope that somewhere the ground may prove to be as rich as it seemed it was going to be when the two Jacks rescued two thousand dollars from a bar the first fall before the freeze-up.

JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1911.

Emperor William has just bought four new automobiles and now owns thirty of the horseless carriages.

HENRY BERNSTEIN'S FIRST FAILURE.

Why "Apres Moi" Has Been Withdrawn from the Theatre Francais.

Henry Bernstein has failed at last. With each of his new plays he has had to fight his way to victory in a manner foreign to the experience of any of his colleagues. For some unexplained reason Parisian first-nighters have always tried to steel themselves against Bernstein's plays. Again and again have they mustered for a *repetition generale* with the determination not to be won; they have armed themselves, as they have thought, against the subtlest tricks, and taken their seats with a resolve to hold out to the bitter end. It was so when they saw "La Rafale," and "Le Voluer," and "Samson," but with each of those plays, as with the other seven by Bernstein, every guard of the first-nighter was eventually broken down, and the audience which came to condemn remained to applaud. There has been no resisting this tempestuous playwright; somehow, in some way, he has carried his day by sheer force, by a sweeping crisis which is ever won at the expense of character, ideas, surroundings, or atmosphere.

But the spell has been broken. Henry Bernstein has had to admit defeat.

Yet how many dramatists there are who would welcome such a reverse. For Bernstein's first failure has nothing to do with stagecraft. In his momentary overthrow there have rallied to his side such formidable rivals as Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prevost, Jean Richepin, and Edmond Rostand, all of whom have associated themselves in one of those literary manifestoes which French authors are in the habit of issuing when their craft is in danger. They protest, "in the name of art, as such, against the violation of the rights to public performance of which a dramatic work is the object, and which assails no particular persons or convictions." Nor does that manifesto stand alone. Henry Bataille has joined the fray with this deliverance: "Art knows no political, racial, or religious parties. It is the only realm that has no frontiers. I do not permit myself in any way to pass judgment in the present case. The private life of an artist has nothing whatever to do with his work. Benvenuto Cellini committed many crimes against society. Has any one ever been absurd enough to stand in front of his Perseus in the Piazza della Signoria in Florence and hiss? In art the only real crime is not to be Benvenuto Cellini."

Hervieu, Prevost, Richepin, and Rostand make reference to "a grave youthful error," and that expression, with Bataille's allusion to the "private life of an artist," gives the key to the situation. Outside the Theatre Francais as the audience was assembling for the performance of Bernstein's new play, "Apres Moi," industrious hawkers were pushing the sale of a pamphlet with a lurid red cover in which the playwright was denounced as a deserter; on the boulevards and from scattered playgoers all over the theatre was heard the cry, "Down with the deserter," varied by shouts of the old "A bas les Juifs!" Evidently the enemies of Bernstein were determined there should be no mistake about his failure this time—the bitterness of which was to be accentuated by that result being achieved in connection with his first play at the Francais. By his dynamic handling of the great forces of love and money he had hitherto borne down all opposition; this time, however, he was to be thwarted at any cost. So the "Camelots du Roi" made sure of their plan of attack; they delved into the past history of the playwright, into that "private life" domain deprecated by M. Bataille, and resurrected the "grave youthful error" which in the opinion of MM. Hervieu, Prevost, Richepin, and Rostand had been condoned by "regret publicly expressed." All this belongs to thirteen years ago, when Bernstein deserted the army for infatuation of another man's wife. In 1900, however, when an amnesty was proclaimed, he returned to France and gave himself up to the authorities. In obedience to orders, he rejoined the army, but was soon excused from further service on the ground of ill-health. These are the facts which he fully admits, which he does not try to palliate; but he claims that he has "cruelly expiated" his fault. Such a confession and such a plea have no force with the camelots; they rejoice that the private life of the dramatist has furnished them with such a powerful weapon with which to fight his growing fame.

Hence the raging crowds outside the Francais and the frequent charges of the Garde Republicaine with drawn swords; hence the white flag inscribed "Death to the Jews!" hoisted on a statue near the theatre; hence the catcalls, tin whistles, motor horns, anti-Semitic songs inside the building itself, the throwing of stones through the windows, the setting off of magnesium cartridges, and a state of general pandemonium against which actors and actresses fought in vain. One party of camelots barricaded themselves in a box, whence they howled to their hearts' content. To the exclamation from the stage of "Vive l'Amour" there were answering cries of "Vive la France! Vive la Republique!" In the most dramatic scene of the play, when the principal character seems on the eve of self-destruction, the tense moment was ruined by the shout, "He won't commit suicide, for Jews never kill themselves!"

For several nights the unequal conflict was continued, excitement outside and inside the Francais waxing ever more intense. An interregnum of a couple of nights

was called, for the strain of the play is heavy enough without the added burden of a hostile audience; but when the run was resumed the camelots and their followers were still unwearied, so M. Jules Claretie interviewed the new premier, M. Monis, and Bernstein consulted with Paul Hervieu, and the prefect of police was taken into counsel, and as a result Bernstein last night decided to withdraw "Apres Moi" at least for the present.

But "Apres Moi" has not gone to the lumber-room. For in the play itself there is nothing to account for its defeat. As is the Bernstein way, it is a drama of situation, not of character. Who that has seen "The Thief" or "Samson," to take the most recent examples, will credit this masterful playwright with caring five cents about any of his characters? They are puppets to whom he is as indifferent as though they were rag dolls stuffed with sawdust. Who cares for either husband or wife in "The Thief," or for the hercules of money in "Samson," or for the surroundings in which they are found? It is what they are made to do, not what they are, which grips. And so it is with the figures in "Apres Moi." Thus it is Bernstein's chief merit that in appealing to an age which, if it has any preference in drama, would vote for the play of character, he makes it accept the play of situation. The climaxes of "Apres Moi" will win in any theatre where camelots are unknown. Its theme is once more the rivalry of love and money, adroitly set forth in violent contrast. There is a Napoleon of finance in the person of M. Bourgade, who has failed in a huge speculation—a speculation in which he has adventured not only his own all, but his wife's dot, and the entire fortune of a youth, James Aloy, of whom he is the guardian. Bourgade is feverishly anxious that Aloy shall marry at once the rich heiress to whom he is half-engaged, but Aloy hangs back and refuses to be bullied. Such is the first arresting situation. The next is where Aloy keeps an assignation with Bourgade's wife. She comes to the appointment with seeming reluctance; tells her young admirer that she has never known what real love is, and is glad she doesn't; bids him not be "silly"; and is on the eve of dismissing him when her stoicism breaks down in an impassioned cry of "I love you, too!" Then the stage is held by Bourgade. His catastrophe is but forty-eight hours' off. Aloy's determination not to marry the heiress has ruined his last hope. So there is no resort save suicide. But as he handles his revolver, his wife enters. What is she doing wandering round the house at three in the morning, and in her *peignoir* and disheveled, too? She will not explain. And so a new situation intervenes, and suicide is forgotten. The revelation of the man in the case is not long delayed; all thoughts of reparation by death vanish; how absurd to take his life for a woman who is unfaithful! Yet, such again is the Bernstein manner, Bourgade comes to the conclusion that after all his wife is the only thing that links him with life. And now it is for her to choose, and how can she take her first step in flight with her lover over her husband's corpse? Is it not clear that we have not heard the last of "Apres Moi"? HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, March 4, 1911.

March 24, 1811, which saw John Jacob Astor's brigantine *Tonquin* enter the Columbia River, was a great date-mark in American history (says *Leslie's Weekly*). Around the fur trading post which his men established near the mouth of that stream, close to the present Astoria, was built the first American settlement seen on the Pacific. Reënforcing our title gained in 1792 by discovery of the river and in 1805 by exploration of it from its southern sources to its mouth, the Astor and subsequent settlements gave us our claim to all the territory between the northern line of California and the southern boundary of British Columbia. All of this region came to us through the treaty of 1846 with England, that country having fur trading posts at many points in it previous to the latter date.

Not long ago one could get land for the asking in the Argentine. Now agricultural property within 300 miles of Buenos Ayres brings from \$25 to \$150 an acre. A North American resident recently sold a tract for ten times what it cost ten years before, and gave it as his opinion that land from 200 to 300 miles of Buenos Ayres had tripled in value within so short a time as five years. The important factor in fixing the price of Argentine "Camp" lands is nearness of subterranean water to the surface, because on this depends the pumping supply for stock; and, still more, the possibility of growing alfalfa. It is on alfalfa that the beef industry is based.

A child's drinking cup, plate, spoon, knife, and fork, worth perhaps 15 francs, were left in a Paris municipal pawnshop fifty-one years ago. The interest on the loan was paid regularly up to two years ago. The department then waited more than a year before selling the articles. The family which had deposited the articles had kept up the payment of interest for forty-nine years, but had apparently never got enough together to redeem the pledge.

The government tobacco monopoly in France was established by Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte in a decree issued December 29, 1810. This decree reserved to the government a monopoly of the importation, manufacture and sale of tobacco in all its forms.

ROMAN ROMANCES.

Elizabeth W. Champney Writes a New Volume of Stories of Ancient Rome.

To say that Elizabeth W. Champney has done more to popularize the story of mediæval and ancient days than any other living author is in no way to undervalue the work of the many able historians who have added to current knowledge. We have now seven sumptuous volumes from her pen, and the "Romance of Imperial Rome" is the third that she devotes to Italy and to Rome. Perhaps it is the best of all the seven, although judgment upon this point may well be influenced by historical preferences. Certain it is that her method of presentation helps to visualize the life of Rome and to realize our Roman kinship more than any other. Using contemporary records wherever they exist, rigorously avoiding a violation of fact, the author calls upon her imagination only where it is necessary to secure continuity of narrative and to decorate her story. The result is eminently pleasing, and if the success of a history is to be judged by the vividness of the mental picture that it leaves then this particular history deserves the highest rank. There is a sort of historical imagination that deserves the name of clairvoyance and this rare gift belongs to the author of the present volume.

There are in all eight of these sketches apportioned among over four hundred large pages. The first and the most pathetic is devoted to the love story of the poet-knight Albius Tibullus and of Sulpicia. Albius Tibullus was the son of the elder Tibullus, who was ruined in the conspiracy of Brutus, and now we see the young man returning from the Gallic wars to devote himself to poetry on the small farm preserved to him from the wreck of his fortunes. Sulpicia was the only Roman poetess whose works have come down to us, and she is assumed to be, and probably was, the Delia of the verse of Tibullus. At the opening of the story we see the young soldier reading a letter from his general, Messala. The emperor had decreed a triumph and Tibullus was to be the ceremonial poet. And in another letter he reads, "My uncle bids you come, and, if she has any influence with you, so would—Sulpicia."

The triumph is finely described. Along the mighty Roman road come the Senate and the Conscript Fathers, followed by colossal models of the conquered cities, Narbonne, Carcassone, Tarbes, Toulouse, and the vast mass of the spoils, treasure, weapons, and camp equipment:

Again the surge of human voices rose as the wild heasts peculiar to the conquered country were exhibited as in the parade of a modern circus. This feature of the spectacle had always been popular. Julius Caesar had shown the people of Rome a herd of forty elephants, and Augustus, following his Egyptian campaign, had exhibited rhinoceroses and hippopotami. The fauna of Gaul furnished huge bears from the Pyrenees, stags and deer from Aquitania, and wolves and hoars in cages from the vicinity of the Loire with equally powerful hunting dogs led in leash. After the wild animals were led the horses of the defeated foes, and litters followed heaped with their personal treasures: silver vessels filled with coins, necklaces of gems, crowns, chains, armlets, and collars of gold, with helms and haldrics, carved hunting horns, and robes of costly fur.

And now the cries of "Io Triumpe!" were a veritable explosion as the captives, blond, long-tressed men of giant frame, whose golden collars testified to their high rank, marched past with manacled arms, but with heads scornfully thrown back and eyes flashing defiance upon their captors. There were aged hards among them carrying their harps, white-headed Druid priests, their hoary locks bound with holly and mistletoe, and even noble women whose hearts were furnaces of hate, but who walked as haughtily as Thunelda in the Triumph of Germanicus or Zenobia in that of Aurelian, and as Cleopatra would not walk, preferring death to such indignity.

Sulpicia is among the spectators, and she flushes with pleasure as Tibullus leaves the side of his general that he may read to the emperor the Triumphal Ode that it was his duty to compose for the occasion:

With the force of the snow-swollen torrent
Leaping down from the high Pyrenees,
Where Garonne's irresistible current
Sweeps the plain on its way to the seas,
So our cohorts rushed down from the mountains
That form the strong bulwarks of Spain.
And forded Dordogne, whose fair fountains
Bedew Aquitaine.
But it was not for conquest or glory
That we hattered and breached the huge walls.
For our loved ones, for ancestors hoary,
We clove those barbarian Gauls.
So we swept as did Cæsar's brave legions
Like a tempest of hail and of rain.
They remembered our swords in those regions,
And fled once again.

The emperor offers him the reward of the laureate, but the poet is gazing with such rapture upon Sulpicia that he hears nothing, and Messala apologizes for him, saying, "Sir, let the poet find his prize at my house."

But the course of true love ran no smoother in ancient Rome than it does today. Sulpicia hears a vile slander to the effect that Tibullus has purchased a beautiful slave, a courtesan, and that when he had been asked at a banquet to pledge his mistress and to disclose the true name of Delia he had shamelessly drunk to the health of the slave and "by this time Rome rings with the news." An additional sting is given to the story by the assertion that he had sold a gift from the emperor in order to pay for the courtesan:

Sulpicia, who had listened with a malignant expression upon her face, interposed. "Let me know all," she said, "plain this arraignment if you can, and I will see that

Sulpicia gives you justice. You admit that you sold the emperor's gift, an act so base that no man with knightly instincts could have performed it. You admit also that you purchased this creature with the money so realized. What explanation do you offer for these transactions?"

The blood mounted to the roots of the young man's hair, but he answered with forced calmness.

"On the evening of your brother's triumph, Pomponius offered me a thousand sesterces for my vase and I refused them."

"I desire," I told him, "to hand down this trophy to my descendants, if so be the gods grant me the joys of marriage and fatherhood. Therefore nothing but the direst distress shall deprive me of this prized possession." But two days later I saw in the shop of a vendor of precious objects a beautiful Greek slave, whom the dealer, a Babylonish Jew, was showing to Pomponius Crassus. As he regarded her with covetous, lustful eyes a shudder ran through her frame and her glance fell upon me. "Buy me," she whispered, when the attention of Pomponius was averted, "buy me, save me from him, or I shall kill myself." Pomponius turned at that instant. "Ah! it is you, Tithullus," he cried. "You would not gratify my desire to possess your vase the other evening, though I offered you all the money which I can spare just at this time for such luxuries. Here is something for the same price, a statue of the Lady of Cyprus, is she not? I shall strive to console myself with her, and yet if I could at this moment have your vase of Oriental murra, I would gladly choose it instead."

"Then wait," I cried, "and you shall have your wish," and in a few moments the vase was in his hands. Long he sat deliberating, while the girl covered her face with her arm and trembled. At last he sighed, "I would that I could afford both," and counted me out the coins. "I take it you will buy the girl—but how and where can you keep her?"

"I buy her," I replied, "but I desire you to witness her legal manumission. From this moment she is free—and I gave her money also to return to her own country. I challenge Pomponius to deny what I have said."

But Sulpicia is unconvinced, as is evident from the poem that she writes "whose presence among the papers of Tibullus have puzzled the critics for nearly two thousand years":

Your trust in my love is strangely secure,
You believe that I'm credulous, know that I'm pure,
But when you deem I can only be true,
That nothing can weaken my firm faith in you,—
You're too sure, far too sure.

Love comes and love goes, for this he has wings,
Ours has flown, and this is the sole thought that stings,
That I who forgot your low station and place,
Who come from an ancient and honorable race,

A race of old kings,
Must smother my pride and meekly endure
A shameful, degrading, yet hoisted amour.
When you think (though he sought by the noble) that I
Will go halves with your love with this wretch from the sty,—
You're too sure, far too sure.

The section entitled "The Loves of Horace," although not a continuous narrative, has much charm. Horace's fair ones, says Martin, were "doubtful ladies," although some of them were irreproachable, such as Phyllis, who was bought as a slave by Horace's friend Nanthias, who fell in love with her and wished to marry her. But marriage with a slave was a serious matter, and so Nanthias wrote to Horace for advice and received a reply in rhyme:

Blush not my friend Nanthias of true-love ashamed
That 'tis but a handmaid who makes thee so blest.
The captive Briseis Achilles inflamed.
And found him a slave to her marble-white breast.

And could we discover her family-tree,
I doubt not Greek heroes and kings we should find,
While the mother of Phyllis must certainly be
As fair as her daughter, and just as refined.

Her form like a statue, her ankles so trim
A connoisseur's eyes can not choose but admire.
Don't be jealous, dear fellow, my sight's growing dim,
Though my taste's still correct, age protects from love's fire.

Another striking story is "The Villa of Unhappy Love." Here we have a glimpse of the *ignis fatuus* Berenice, who followed Titus from Jerusalem and vanished like a falling star. A single excerpt describing the gladiatorial fight between the husband of Domitia and the Amazon may be allowed:

Domitia, who had until now affected the utmost indifference as to the spectacle, suddenly uttered a low cry and watched the final duel with intense interest, for she had recognized her husband in the mysterious gladiator personating Alexander, who now advanced to attack the beautiful Amazon. Incontestably beautiful even Domitia conceded her to be, as, hared to the waist, she flung her net in graceful circles over the head of the alert gladiator, who dodged it adroitly, rushing forward after each cast only to lunge savagely at empty air, as the agile woman eluded his thrusts.

So the manœuvres continued; the net hovering continually like some winged hind of prey above its victim, the retaria circling swiftly, advancing, retreating, as in some sinister dance, and singing tauntingly:

"I am fishing, little brother,
But I'm wishing for another.
Though I snare you in my net
Not on you my heart is set.
You may flee me if you wish
For I seek a nobler fish!"

Domitian, apparently wearied by the weight of his ponderous cuirass and helmet and the long-continued play, was evidently on the defensive. His attacks were less frequent, and he backed by degrees nearer to the imperial party, while his antagonist, as fresh as at the beginning, her eyes sparkling and cheeks glowing with the violent exercise, tempted him to useless effort by hazardous feints from which she sprang aside to fling the net at shorter distance and with more assured aim.

Suddenly the Princess Flavia Domitilla uttered a stifled shriek as the net descended accurately, so entangling the gladiator that, stumbling forward, he fell helpless at the feet of his antagonist.

The victorious Amazon, her foot upon the prostrate form, poised her trident above her victim's throat, waiting the permission of the audience to drive it home.

But Titus lifted his hand in repetition of the gesture given by the sculptor to the statue of Augustus, beneath which he stood, and the merciful signal of the upturned thumb was imitated by the Vestals and by the other guests.

A story of unusual dramatic power is that of "The Nameless Pedestal," Cornelia, abbess of the Vestals,

has been arraigned on a charge of having violated her vows of purity and is tried for her life in the villa of the Emperor Domitian. No one believes her guilty or can credit the news that she is to be walled up alive and that the crypt is even now being dug. Nevertheless the abominable sentence is a fact and the indignant crowd is just in time to see the sentence carried out:

A hearse covered by a black pall had been borne into the centre of the field, where around a yawning pit stood the officers whose duty it was to carry out the sentence. The pall was lifted, the public executioners cut the leather thongs which bound the victim, and the high priest assisted Cornelia to rise. She was seen by all to lift her arms toward the sky as though protesting her innocence before the high gods. Then calmly she descended the ladder to her living tomb.

Her veil caught, but as the executioner endeavored to loosen it she waved him back with dignity, disengaging it herself. So overwhelming, so awful, and above all so sudden had been this deed that the deathlike stillness which betokened a paralysis of thought continued until the keystone was lowered to its place in the dome of the tomb, and the dull thud of the falling clods was heard upon its roof.

The gist of the story is the determined effort made to save the woman who had thus fallen victim to imperial vengeance. Life might be expected to continue for several days, and it is a race between death and the excavators, who with feverish haste try to dig their way into the tomb. At one time their efforts seem foredoomed to failure, for an over-zealous friend of the Vestal has given her a lily concealing a fatal poison, so that she shall frustrate the cruelty of her judges:

An expression of unspeakable delight irradiated the face of Valerius for a moment, and then changed to one of despair. "Miserable wretch that I am!" he cried. "I have defeated all your plans. I have killed her."

"How killed her?"
"Did not Euphrosyne give her a lily? She did, she did. I saw it in her hand. That lily, like this one, contained a poison so powerful that he who swallows it dies instantly, and there is no remedy."

Askletion uttered a cry of rage, and seizing Valerius by the shoulders flung him upon the floor.

"Yes, kill me," replied Valerius; "I do not wish to live, but first hear me. When I learned that our plot had failed, that my faithful soldiers had been sent to Tusculum, that the execution had been hastened, and there seemed no possibility of rescue—rather than that the woman I idolized should suffer lingering agony, I provided her with the means of painless death. I wrapped the phial in a tiny scroll of parchment on which I explained all, and promised also to take the poison and meet her on the other side of the door of death. She is not the woman to hesitate. Without doubt her gentle ghost is now wondering that I have not kept my trust."

"It may be," suggested the other, "that she has not discovered either the phial or the letter."
"Euphrosyne promised to tell her mistress that there was a message within the lily. She saw me and she lifted the flower in token that she comprehended."

Askletion felt that this was probably the case, but he had no intention of aching any effort.

"If you reproach yourself for one blunder," he said, "let her not die because of another. There will be time enough for despair when we find your fears verified. A hundred things may have happened to foil your insane project. The lily may have been examined, and the phial removed. I have paced the distance, determined the direction, and have calculated that six days and nights will be ample time. The Lady Cornelia has food and water sufficient to sustain life. The lamp will go out, it is true—"

Nevertheless the efforts of the rescuers are crowned with success, thanks to the unsuspected coöperation of an officer who had communicated with the entombed woman through a ventilating pipe and sustained her with broth and wine:

As Valerius stumpled into the glare of the torch, he greeted Florus with incoherent thanks, but added, "It is too good to be true: something tells me that in spite of all your kindness we shall not find her alive."

For answer, Florus held him place his ear to the pipe. Faint but clear fluttered the answer to his agonized call.

"Valerius, is it thou? I thank the gods that thou hast come in-time, for I am nearly spent."

With trembling hands they tore away the stones and found her lying with a smile upon her lips—but with closed eyes—unconscious of their presence.

"She is dying," cried Valerius. "She has gone. Oh, my love, am I then too late?"

"No," answered Florus, "lift her out into the open air. Here is water. There, she is reviving. Carry her quickly through the tunnel to the house, but do not leave it until I replace the guard on the Via Nomentana."

A half-hour later Florus entered the wine-shop. "How is the Lady Cornelia?" he asked eagerly.

"Still too weak to walk," Valerius replied. "My yacht is waiting at Porto to take us to Sicily, but how can I remove her until she is stronger?—and every moment is precious."

Space does not permit of quotations from the other sketches, but the level of excellence is maintained from the first page to the last. The author has performed a service both to literature and to history, and she has done it with unfailing grace and without deviation from the high ideal of historical fidelity and accuracy. The illustrations, sixty in number, in color and tint, are of a high order.

ROMANCE OF IMPERIAL ROME. —By Elizabeth W. Champney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50.

It was at a point near the ancient city of Surat that the Parsees first landed in India when driven out of Persia by their Mahomedan conquerors eleven centuries ago. Few things are more remarkable than the manner in which this small community has retained its religion and racial characteristics unchanged during that long period. The peculiar style of head-dress worn by the Parsees is said to have been made compulsory by the Hindu Kings of India when the Parsees first obtained refuge in that country, and they have used it ever since. Today the Parsees are the leading commercial nation of India.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

War or Peace.

The subject of international peace is receiving so much attention nowadays that we may well be apprehensive of war. But General Chittenden is one of the few writers who are able to make a plea for peace from the standpoint of a frank admission that man is a fighting animal and fights because he wishes to. Moreover, he refrains from laborious proof of contentions that are nowhere in dispute, such as the wastefulness of war, its cruelty, and its needlessness. In other words, he writes with sanity, with a knowledge of human nature and its weaknesses, and with a recognition that progress must be made step by step and that the end is a long way off.

Contrary to the views of what may be called the rabid school, General Chittenden admits that war, even modern war, has played a useful part in the process of civilization. The question is if we have not now reached the time when war has outlived its usefulness and should give way to other methods, if it is not now possible to bring certain kinds of quarrels within a sphere of beneficent settlement. War is still the only remedy against tyrants, as witness the revolution in Turkey. Nations that know themselves to be in the wrong will not submit to arbitration, and it is evident that savages are beyond the reach of international courts. But international courts can do more than they have done. If the far-off ideal is kept steadily in view we shall find that we are gaining ground inch by inch, and in the meantime we shall do well to keep our powder dry, but not enough of it to be provocative. Armaments there must still be, but we need not prostrate our judgment before that of the military expert who gets his living by them. Moreover, we can look heedfully into the primary causes of war and the war spirit, such, for instance, as import tariffs, which teach us to look upon the foreigner not as a probable customer, but as an enemy who must be fenced off and shooed away.

The author says that wars have been an accelerating rather than an indispensable force in political and social progress. It was war that gave Louisiana to the United States, it was war that carried United States territory through to the Pacific Coast. War overthrew the feudal system in Europe and crippled the tyranny of Rome. Italy and Germany were unified by war and America became independent by war. To deny a place to war among the forces of progress is to be blind to history, but if there is now a "more excellent way" it is time that we sought it. We have indeed sought and found it, but our pace is slow and should be hastened.

WAR OR PEACE. By Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.

Maradick at Fort.

No doubt Mr. Hugh Walpole had the mental conventions of the Anglo-Saxon public heedfully in view when he made Mr. Maradick, at forty years of age, fall once more in love with his own wife and repent himself of his momentary deviation from the paths of an artificial virtue. For really there was no reason why Maradick should thus blow on the embers of his early passion. Like many of his sex, he had reached middle life only to recognize that he had never lived at all since his honeymoon and that there was nothing ahead of him except an atmosphere of potentiality without realization. Finding himself one of a party at a Cornish summer resort he awakes to the fact that he is still a man, that he is capable both of entertaining and arousing the ordinary passions of humanity, and so for a moment he clutches at the opportunity afforded by Mrs. Lester and becomes young again in her ardent pursuit. Of course his transgression is as shocking as his repentance is edifying, but we feel that Maradick came close to a natural action and we watch him almost regretfully as he slips backward into the "sanctities of the marital tie." Mrs. Maradick is not worth it.

It is a thoroughly good novel that Mr. Walpole has given us, even though he disappoints our expectation that he will presently do something audacious. We feel that he would have liked to. The couples that assemble at Treliss are so unconscious of their marital discontent that we feel instinctively, that

nothing but association and change of air are needed to produce new gravitations and rearrangements, and all the more inevitably because such temptations have never been a part of their conventional lives, and are therefore unforeseen. The forty-year-old Maradick is a type of the men who suddenly feel that life is passing away from them un-lived and who clutch frantically at its flying skirts. They are more numerous than is usually supposed.

The character of Morelli gives to the story an artistic touch of the weird. He plays the flute so strangely that the rabbits creep from their holes and the birds perch on his shoulders, and yet he can torture an animal to death and laugh at its screams. He reminds us of the soulless man in Lytton's "Strange Story."

MARADICK AT FORT. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Duffield & Co.

Cathedrals of Spain.

The impressive volume just given to us by Mr. John A. Gade on the cathedrals of Spain seems likely to meet the demands of the most exacting. Mr. Gade is a New York architect, and as such he must have been tempted to emphasize unduly the technical features of his task. If so the temptation has been admirably resisted. His is a book that may be read with almost equal pleasure by the casual tourist of intelligence and by the instructed student who visits Spain with the definite object of familiarizing himself with the greatest architectural masterpieces now existing. Indeed, we may almost doubt if he himself found the greatest attraction in the strictly professional aspects of his work. For him the cathedrals of Spain seem to represent the life of the nation and instead of buildings he sees aspirations, ambitions, hopes, and the creeds that stimulate to material achievement. We may not believe with him that Spain needs no more than education and the regulation of religious power to assume once more her ancient dominance, and that her architecture represents not only her past but also her present potentialities. Egypt, too, had her mighty architecture, but nations seem to die as utterly as do individuals. It is to be feared that Spain can never again be worthy of her cathedrals.

The author is well advised to confine his work to some few cathedrals and to give them thorough consideration rather than to be led into inadequacy by a desire to be inclusive. He has selected Avila, Burgos, Salamanca, Leon, Toledo, Segovia, Seville, and Granada because they cover nearly all periods of Gothic art as interpreted in Spain, as well as the earlier Romanesque and succeeding Renaissance, with which the Gothic was mingled.

Robert Louis Stevenson said once that he could never understand how any man should dare to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral, so great must be the inevitable anticlimax. It seems equally strange that monarchs with such narrow minds as, for example, Ferdinand and Isabella, with such natural predilections toward cruelty and tyranny, should be able to inspire the building of edifices so eloquent of vast spiritual thought and of a rebuke to bigotry. Perhaps the architects were greater than their kings and more fitted to sublime concepts. We read that the architects summoned to decide on the Salamanca cathedral had to take a solemn oath by God and Saint Mary and upon the sign of the cross that they would speak their true opinions, and we may well believe that the sanctity of the work was dominant in the minds of all concerned, from the chief designers to the "Maestro Mayor" and his apprentice.

The author is to be congratulated as much upon his illustrations as upon his descriptive matter. Of these illustrations there are thirty-eight, wisely selected and finely executed. Mr. Gade's volume will probably hold the field for many years to come, and it should certainly give a new delight to travel in the most interesting country of the old world.

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN. By John A. Gade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

The Dweller on the Threshold.

Mr. Hichens is not to be congratulated on his invasion of the occult. Indeed he seems momentarily to have forgotten that romance and imagination are among the essentials of the novel and that a record of disease, however unusual, is not welcome outside the pages of a scientific treatise. He tells us of two clergymen who engage in the usual practices of mediumship with the result that the personality of one of them is merged in that of the other and a hideous psychological condition produced. The reports of the Society for Psychical Research and of a dozen independent investigators are full of just such stories as this and they are not convertible into novels by an easy process of giving names to the subjects and expanding their experiences by colloquial and scenic additions. Bulwer Lytton and Marion Crawford wrote occult novels, but they do not bear the faintest resemblance to scientific reports of psychological abnormalities nor to the insanities produced by mediumship. "The Dweller on the Threshold" gives the idea of a cursory dive

into the literature of the psychical researcher, a hurried and a blundering snatch at some of his terminology and a recital of experiences wholly unrelieved either by romance or imagination.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company; \$1.10.

A Thackeray Dictionary.

The authors of this substantial volume describe it as a dictionary of the novels and of such of the short stories as are to be found in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works published by Smith, Elder & Co. The aim has been to include the names of all characters, either fictitious or historical, that take a definite part, however small, in the action of a novel or short story. Allusions are omitted, but fictitious place names are included. Real names of towns, river, streets, etc., are usually omitted, as their inclusion would have made the list too cumbersome. As it is the volume runs over three hundred large pages. The subject-matter proper is preceded by a chronological list of the novels and short stories included in the dictionary, as well as synopses of their plots.

A THACKERAY DICTIONARY. By Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

The Siege of Boston.

Allen French tells the story of a great event in a way that is satisfactory alike at the points of brevity, accuracy, and restraint. The actual events of the siege occupy, of course, the main part of the book, but they are properly placed in their historical setting by the earlier chapters. Richard Frothingham wrote a history of the siege in 1849, but the collection of new material justifies the present work, which is all that it should be as a clear and concise narrative.

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON. By Alice French. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York, has published a volume of "Sonnets," by Ferdinand Earle. Price, \$1.25.

"Beekie's Book of Bastings," by Mrs. William Beckman (Joseph M. Anderson, Sacramento), is a little volume of disconnected ruminations, some of them original and almost worth while.

The "Diary of a Refugee," edited by Frances Fearn and illustrated by Rosalie Urquhart (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25), is the reproduction of a diary kept by a Louisiana woman in 1862. The writer was a worker for the good of the slaves on her husband's plantation, and the book is full of intimate glimpses of the homely every-day life in the extreme South during war days.

"The Coming Creed," by Parley Paul Womer (Sherman, French & Co.; 80 cents), is a thoughtful attempt to determine the direction of the movements in modern religious thought. Christianity, he believes, is primarily a way of life and not a system of doctrine, the dogmatic ideal having been a source of hurt to the church and the chief cause of division and inefficacy.

In "The Wireless Station at Silver Fox Farm" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50) the author, James Otis, tells a story of the Maine coast where Paul Simpson's father is carrying out certain plans for raising Russian or silver foxes for their pelts. The boy installs a system of wireless telegraphy, and this eventually saves the situation in the adventurous way dear to the heart of youth.

Dr. Flinders Petrie in "The Growth of the Gospels" (Baker & Taylor Company; 90 cents) divides the material of the gospels into a nucleus of episodes that are in the same order in the three gospels, the additions in the same order common to two gospels; the additions irregularly inserted in two; and the additions only in one gospel. His analysis is condensed, but comprehensive, and is to be recommended by its scholarship and the clarity of its presentation.

"The Old Testament Narrative," by Alfred Dwight Sheffield (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50) is a volume of some interest to Biblical students. Its aim is to set forth the narratives of the Old Testament as a connected whole, in orderly sequence, and in the light of their times. Both Bible student and general reader, therefore, will be served by a text which gives in its order and without repetitions the whole story from the earliest times to the rededication of the temple by the Maccabees.

Frank Warren Hackett, author of "Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal of Arbitration, 1872, the Alabama Claims" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2) was secretary to Caleb Cushing, senior American consul. He was engaged in the preparation of the counter case and argument and was present in Geneva at the sessions of the Tribunal. He is therefore eminently qualified to tell the story of a great international drama, and he does so with much detail and in a clear and consecutive form.

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—New York Sun.

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Trevor Lordship.

Mrs. Hubert Barclay has chosen an admirable theme and has handled it with illumination and restraint. She shows us two young people who become engaged and are then separated for many years. When they are ultimately married the early fires have burned very low. Sir Henry Trevor has become a bookworm and something of a pedant, and Eleanor is mentally an old maid. They have abundance of money, deep mutual respect, congenial tastes, and devoted friends, and yet the lack of lovers' lore, which at first seems wholly superfluous, makes itself felt at the last like a lost sense. It is a legitimate problem, and Mrs. Barclay presents it with a fine delicacy and with appropriate feminine insight.

But her treatment of young Jim Lucas is questionable. We are asked to suppose that a young man in the heyday of health and fortune can suddenly be thrown into the depths of misery and despair by the discovery that his supposed parents saved him as a baby from a burning house and that his true parentage is lost. Nothing depends upon this fact. It is a matter of sentiment only, and an ordinary acquaintance with young manhood would lead us to believe that such a revelation would have practically no weight with wholesome youth and that only a morbid temperament would magnify such an incident into a catastrophe.

TREVOR LORDSHIP. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20.

The Honor of the Big Snows.

There is a peculiar fascination about these stories of the far north where white men, half-breeds, and Indians develop a community of virtues and of vices in their struggle to wrest a living from the heart of the frozen forests. Mr. Curwood knows well how to paint a picture of grim realism and to illuminate it with a touch of imaginative romance. When Jan Thoreau, stumbling from starvation and weariness, reaches the Hudson Bay post on the edge of the Barren Lands it is the sound of his violin that seems like a celestial music. Melisse, and her lover, and her nurse and her mother, who inherits her mother's fate, are all part of the same story. "The Honor of the Big Snows" is the story of Melisse and of the strangely beautiful character to whom music is a second nature, who has the heart of a child and that strange elemental heroism that is the peculiar gift of desolate places.

THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Beware of the Dog.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds gives us a sensational story with a clever and intricate plot revolving around a beautiful nurse and an English army officer who is supposed to have been killed in the Boer War, but who reaches home just in time to foil a daring attempt at personation.

BWARE OF THE DOG. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's; \$1.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A new quarterly review, called *The Drama*, has been started in Chicago, with William Norman Guthrie and Charles Hubbard Sergel as editors. The first number, issued this month, contains among other contributions articles on "The California Grove Play" and "Hans Sachs in the Greek Theatre of the University of California." Half the 200 pages of the review are given up to a translation of Giuseppe Giacosa's comedy, "Come le foglie."

Harper & Brothers have published another story of homely life by Irving Bacheller, entitled "Keeping Up with Lizzie."

Mitchell Kennerley has published Upton Sinclair's latest work, "The Fasting Cure." It seems probable that the author found in this subject the same opportunity for disturbing detail that marks his earlier fiction.

Some one recently asked a friend of Gertrude Atherton's where Mrs. Atherton's permanent home was and the inquiry was met with the reply, "I do not know and I doubt if Mrs. Atherton herself does." The author of "Tower of Ivory" is an inveterate traveler, as a record of her movements this season would indicate. Last autumn she was in California. Then she went to New York, left shortly for the South, where she spent a part of the winter, returning to New York again, and she is now in England. Doubtless she will visit Munich, the scene of her latest hook, before returning to America in the fall to see the rehearsals of the play which she has written for Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Atherton is probably as much at home in London and Munich as she is in New York and San Francisco.

Kate Douglas Wiggin is said to have two rival names—one that her literary name is spelled correctly; and the other, that she

is persistently mentioned as the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Even the managing editors and proofreaders of pretentious publications are not superior to error on these lines. One paragraph in a recent review mentioned Hitchens and Wiggins, as authors.

Montague Glass, the creator of "Potash & Perlmutter" is writing a novel.

E. F. Benson has received much good-natured chaff over the commercial note of his latest title, "Account Rendered," a hook which Doubleday, Page & Co. publish this month. It has been suggested to him that he give subsequent novels such titles as "Received With Thanks," or "Paid by Check"; while a long story, the action of which is confined to a single day, should, of course, receive the title "Yours of Even Date."

Walter Prichard Eaton, one of the most thoughtful of present writers on topics of the theatre, has an article on "Mrs. Fiske and Her Influence on the American Stage" in the April number of the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Eaton says Mrs. Fiske is the "leader of the American stage today."

Joseph A. Altsheler's early historical stories, "The Sun of Saratoga" and "A Soldier of Manhattan," are still in demand, though the first was published fourteen years ago. D. Appleton & Co., the publishers, are bringing out new editions of these novels.

Walter Pulitzer's "Memoirs of Albrecht Pulitzer and American Journalism" will be published at once in England.

Oliver Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," has written a book on women in modern times, with the title, "Woman and Labor." It will be brought out in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Henri Bergson's "Creative Evolution" is at last definitely announced for general issue this month by Henry Holt & Co. in a translation by Dr. Arthur Mitchell of Harvard, in which he gratefully acknowledges the assistance of the late Professor William James.

New Books Received.

THE BRASSBOUNDER. By David W. Bone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.
The story of a ship, with illustrations by the author.

THE FACE OF THE FIELDS. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.
A collection of papers by one of the leading nature writers of the day.

WELLS BROTHERS, THE YOUNG CATTLE KINGS. By Andy Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20.

THE END OF A SONG. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.15.

A new novel by the author of "Through Welsh Doorways."

A SPIRIT OF MIRTH. By Peggy Wehling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Story of Virginia Perfect."

FOR CHARLES THE ROVER. By May Wynne. New York: R. F. Fennell & Co.; \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "Henry of Navarre," etc.

ROBERT KIMBERLY. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.30.

YOSEMITE TRAILS. By J. Smeaton Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

Camp and pack train in the Yosemite region of the Sierra Nevada.

COLONEL THOMAS BLOOD, CROWN STEALER. By Wilbur Cortez Abbott. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.

UNDER THE ROOF OF THE JUNGLE. By Charles Livingston Bull. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A book of animal life in the Guiana wilds, with sixty full-page plates and many minor decorations.

A ROMAN WIT. Epigrams of Martial. Rendered into English by Paul Nixon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

LOVE BESIEGED. By Charles E. Pearce. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.20.

A romance of the defense of Lucknow.

HYLLUS. A drama. By Ralph Cheever Dunne. New York: John Lane Company.

TWO IMPOSTORS AND TINKER. By Dorothea Conyers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Three Girls and a Hermit," etc.

THE FEELING OF CROPS AND STOCK. By A. D. Hall, M. A., F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

An introduction to the science of the nutrition of plants and animals.

RESONANCE IN SINGING AND SPEAKING. By Thomas Fillebrown. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

A STUDY OF GREATNESS IN MEN. By J. N. Larned. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF PRUE. By Sophie Fisher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY. By Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

A FAIR HOUSE. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A story of love and confidence between father and daughter.

ADVENTURE. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Song of the Vagrant Singer.

In stately halls I share the feast,
By campfire help prepare it;
When soldiers flay the ravished heast,
At board of lordliest or least,
I'm straightway bid to share it.

I sing the lover serenades,
The free lance song of glory;
And rustics leave their crusted spades,
Their churn and spinning wheel the maids,
To hear me rhyme a story.

For workaday I rhyme away
To hero days, to olden
And bolder times, ere life was gray,
But red with blood, with favors gay,
I sing the gray world golden!

I outface bravos with my verse;
With measures sad or saucy
Lure smiles from lips that frame a curse,
Rhyme silver from the peddler's purse,
Rhyme heart from out the lassie.

I filch the lilt from throat o' lark;
From seamen's chanty dippy
I steal the swing—but in the dark
Come words like winged anvil spark—
Thieve tunes from thieving gypsy.

His hookah with the Turk I try;
With Poles I wear the dolman;
With king and cutpurse verify
"All things to all men"—that am I,
For I am one with all men!

—Charlton Lawrence Edholm, in *Smart Set*.

Across the Years.

It came—a slender, laughing rill of song,
From some old spring of melody set free
By happy chance; and as it danced along,
With reedy, silver note it called to me.

And I was drawn to follow, like a child
Who hears a playmate's challenge o'er the way—
As truth, I was—my tangled hair blown wild,
My brown feet plunged in the flower mist of May.

To follow back across the years that shone
With darting lights and broken agate gleams
From seam and vein—each year a stepping-stone.
Unto a shore whose name was Youthful Dreams.
—Harriet Whitney Durbin, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

The Little Roads.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining
to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and
cart;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far
to me
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling
through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er
the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the
wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange
and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to
my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming
on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring
shoal;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched
my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go tumbling
through my soul.

—Eva Gore-Booth.

The Failures.

The hills are bare of verdure, the valleys clogged
with snow,
The winds of bitter winter sweep howling to and
fro;
The roads that lured us strongly are drifted, deep
and white,
And peaks that seemed to beckon are hidden from
our sight;
The sun, who used to call us, in merry comrade-
wise,
Now glowers, dull and sullen, from gray and sod-
den skies;
The sea is black and angry, and flecked with cruel
foam,
Too long, too long we tarried, and now—we stay
at home.

We talked of wondrous ventures, our tongues
would never tire,
Yet we of scanty courage sit close before the fire;
We cringe to hear the shrieking of blasts that
stab and flatter,
We stir the coals and whisper: "Thank God that
we are here!"
Somewhere the vagrant pilgrims are on the open
way,
Unmindful of tomorrow, and careless of today;
And though we drudge or dawdle and seek to sink
our shame,
We know our souls are little—we feared to risk
the Game.

We talked of "joyous freedom"—but thought,
with quaking knees,
Of hardships and of perils on distant roads and
seas;
We babbled light of hunger—and gripped, with
clutching hands,
The gold great-hearted rovers had wrested from
the sands.

What need is there to mumble of "reasons," you
and I?
We lingered, lingered, lingered, because we feared
to try;
And though our fortunes flourish, and fame shall
heed our call,
We'll know ourselves for failures and cowards,
after all!

—Berton Braley, in *Popular Magazine*.

New P-A-Y-E Cars Running

"Have you ridden in one of the new cars yet?"

Everybody is asking everybody else this question, and people are going out of their way just for the novelty of a trip aboard one of the pay-as-you-enter cars on the Sutter and Jackson Street lines.

They mark a new era in passenger transportation in San Francisco, and, interesting to relate, people are not slow to express their appreciation of the greatly improved service.

San Franciscans, always keenly alive to innovations, have, through the press and otherwise, been made aware that the United Railroads has ordered eighty of these cars from the East, and many were fully conversant with the mode of operation; others in their travels had ridden in the same kind of cars in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and were fully aware of their advantages over the old styles. But thousands had never seen a P-A-Y-E until one was put on exhibition Friday of last week.

It was an object of curiosity and interest all day long. Several thousand people passed through it, examined it, and expressed their admiration for its arrangement. An expert with never-failing good nature took the crowd in hand and carefully explained and answered all questions. For a time the car stood at Post and Market Streets; later it was moved up to Fifth and Market, and at the end of the day went down to the Ferry for further demonstrations.

Sunday morning ten of these cars went into operation on the Sutter and Jackson run, covering Presidio Avenue, Jackson, Fillmore, and Sutter Streets, the downtown terminal point being Sansome and Market Streets. From the first they made a hit. Little confusion resulted, as nearly everybody seemed to know just what to do. Polite conductors gave every assistance, and it was interesting to observe the rapidity with which the cars took on and let off their precious freight.

Within a short time the number of P-A-Y-E cars in operation will be considerably increased, as they are being assembled out at Geneva under a force of experts as fast as they arrive from the shops in the East. Soon they will be put on the Market Street run, and gradually the entire eighty will be in commission.

The pay-as-you-enter car is the latest type built, each costing \$7000, a total outlay to the United Railroads of \$756,000. It is somewhat larger than any of the other cars in use here and has a seating capacity of fifty, with twenty straps on each side. The seats, of sanitary fibre, are built lengthwise with the car, with plenty of room beneath for suit cases and packages. Each being eight feet wide, there is small chance for uncomfortable crowding and a passageway through the aisle is assured.

The conductor stands on the rear platform, collecting fares and transfers as passengers enter. He has no occasion to enter the car, and passengers can facilitate matters by having the exact change ready. All packages and bundles are carried inside the car. To stop the car, press the electric push button when half a block from the corner and leave by the front exit. Always ask for transfers when paying fare.

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"THE BACHELORS BABY."

Francis Wilson has always been so successful as to be able to afford to cut frequent visits to San Francisco out of his itinerary. Evidently he is not partial to the westward course followed by empire. But we can remember many a grateful laugh that we can credit to him during the few visits he has paid us. Never shall I forget him, sitting on his throne, as the "Merry Monarch," and searching frantically among his kingly draperies for his lost foot.

He has been gone so long that his features have become strange, and so, also, with his methods as a comedian. Seeing him in a play, even if it is farce, in ordinary costume, brought home to us the realization that his acting is laid out on broad, purely burlesque, or farcical lines. There are no fine points about it at all. The sort of thing we have been accustomed to see him do is, for instance, to rise majestically in his chariot of state, and, clothed in gorgeous trappings, to prepare to descend with suitable dignity a flight of steps placed humbly for his royal convenience by obsequious attendants, when, hey, presto, he is seen sliding down a trick staircase, his kingly dignity all in smithereens, and his arms and legs revolving violently toward the four points of the horizon.

But a new epoch has arisen, in which comedians have taken to writing their own plays. For, though three-fourths of the population have become playwrights, experimental or otherwise, the supply of plays is still far from being equal to the demand.

Francis Wilson has seen enough of the tastes of the theatre-going public to be aware that nothing captures it like a "cute" stage child—for a few minutes. There must be something else beside the engagingness of childhood to attract and hold them, and this the comedian has provided in his own person. The rest of the company doesn't count, the characters in the piece being mere filling, and rather poor filling at that.

"The Bachelor's Baby" has an ethical purpose; at least Mr. Wilson said so in his curtain speech. It is meant to point out the folly and disagreeableness of selfishness; applying, in this particular case, to the bachelor childphobe, Tom Leach, who thinks that the presence of childhood in a home is destructive to the peace and comfort thereof. So fate plays Tom a scurvy trick, as he thinks, and lands, as his ward, a five-year-old youngster of the female persuasion, right into his stronghold of comfort, his bachelor hower.

I think that Mr. Wilson has hit on quite an idea, and he unquestionably succeeds in raising quite a crop of laughs in carrying it out.

Nevertheless, "The Bachelor's Baby" is plainly the work of a tyro. There not being enough of a story in connection with the child-ward, Mr. Wilson has constructed a lame and ineffective mixture of love interest and absurdity that can not but arouse, even in spite of the medium of farce in which the play has its being, a sense of dissatisfaction and strong criticism. There are naïvetés in the play worthy of a school dialogue, and there are hold breaches of the usual conventionalities of sentiment that leave us slightly aghast. For example, the smiling nonchalance with which Winifred, who is supposed to be a sweet thing, alludes to being jilted; likewise the humorous pugnacity with which Tom refers to his ward-bestowing brother, just dead.

The ordinary principles of technic which govern play writing Mr. Wilson ignores or holdly tweaks by the nose. He has an idea, and he peacefully follows it out in his own way, and, no doubt, is fairly well satisfied, since his audience laughs. But not as of yore. There are moments in which Mr. Wilson's experienced tones seem to lead, from the momentum of long habit, to the loud explosion of laughter which doesn't come. There is no real brilliancy of idea, situation, or dialogue in "The Bachelor's Baby," and so the comedian falls back upon a slight, harmless, domesticated brand of vulgarity, and upon his well-known personality. It does not fail him, if the play sometimes does.

Mr. Wilson hit upon a very pretty finale for the first act, by making the child believe that her guardian-uncle, who resembles his dead brother, is her father, come back to her. And then he spoils it, and rather outrages our feelings, attuned to mirth though

they should be, by causing the new guardian to rebuff the child. He is trying to follow up the idea, so often and so successfully carried out in American plays, in which it is upon its native heath, of deftly displacing soft-eyed sentiment by a twinkle of mirth and a hurst of laughter. Being new in the domain of play-writing, it is not surprising that the untired author shows considerable *gaucherie* in carrying it out.

One very successful scene in the play he has to his credit, and one which won showers of laughter. We have all of us witnessed the unconscious violence with which improperly restrained children inflict hear-hugs upon their artificially polite friends or relatives—the immediate home circle knows better than to stand these innocent inflictions, and restrains the too hoisterous advances of untutored childhood with prudent asperity. Mr. Wilson, as Tom Leach, placed himself in this position, and the scene was certainly very funny. They have a boy, oddly enough, engaged to fill the rôle of the five-year-old girl, and this scene is the reason, and an ample one. It takes the physical poise, the activity, the agility, and the cat-like sure-footedness of a boy to make so many panther leaps upon the neck, shoulders, and back of the victim, as little Martha did, and to fearlessly rebound after each and make a fresh attack.

"Baby Davis" acts his little rôle very prettily and naturally, when the stony-hearted bachelor finally succumbs to little Martha's affectionate onslaughts, and when the group of gratified relatives, hearing the sound of the long-deferred avuncular kiss, rushes in, the urchin, hastily dropped by the guilty guardian, alights upon his feet like a cat.

The other rôles are so poorly worked out that it is difficult to pass judgment upon the players. Clarence Handsides we know by reputation. A certain comedian-like untutoredness of manner would tell us, anyway, that he is somebody, but he had not the rôle for his abilities. E. Soldene Powell was very good as the old huter, and rose to heights of genius in his clucking rush up and down the stairs when the baby cried. With all the other players the suggestion of rather wooden acting was so pervasive that we couldn't get away from it.

And so we turned with relief to the acrobatic baby, and to Francis Wilson himself, who, with his low-pitched, yet carefully flattened voice, his cultivated finickiness, his absurd grimaces, and his long-trained comicalities of look, speech, manner, and pose, persuaded us, almost against our better judgment, to laugh, frequently and loudly, even to the point of uproariousness.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Coquelin's Acting.

This fine description of an actor's gifts and the use he made of them is from C. E. Montague's volume, "Dramatic Values," published a few days ago in London:

Coquelin's acting was nothing but acting; unfortified by any separable thrill or lure of heauty, sex or intellectual ascendancy, his power was simply the sum of the three strict elements of great acting—a plastic physical medium, a finished technical cunning, and a passion of joy in the thought of the character acted. For the first of these, Coquelin's face was the true comic mask; the voluminous, mobile chin; the long upper lip that at will would let down like a drop curtain or curl back over the teeth in every width of smile or grin from Tartuffe's to a yodel's; the tilted, sensitive nose—it seemed to flick like a terrier's; the eyes, surrounded, as those of some orators are, with concentric folds and radiating spokes of working muscle, every twitch a unit in a code of symbols waiting for the executant purpose to combine and recombine them into rich and curious significances; the voice, not sweet, but ringing, penetrating, supple, and, at need, megaphonic, or rushing and soaring up rocket-wise, as Mr. Henry James has described it, to the hushed dome of the theatre. And then the execution. It was said he would eat his way slowly into a part in the first weeks he played it, working down to the character's soul through his own first tentative expression of it, just as some writers and nainters can think and feel hest through words and paint; they need the quickened apprehension that comes with the intellectual stir of a technical effort. In this exploratory stage he would slowly be perfecting, too, the external mould of the character, working it out, as if in wet clay, in the ductile, malleable flesh. Finished, the cast would dry; after twenty years' disuse it could be taken out and reassumed with not a lineament blurred.

Charles Frohman will produce in his three London theatres this season plays by Pinero, Barrie, Sutro, Chambers, and W. Somerset Maugham. He will also present three American men stars, supported by American actresses, during the coronation season.

Margaret Anglin produces this week at the Tremont Theatre in Boston a play entitled "Hippolytus," which was written by Julia Ward Howe for Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman, but never brought out.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performances of "The Merry Widow" will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and Marie Dressler in Lew Fields's elaborate production of the musical play, "Tillie's Nightmare," will open a short season at the McAllister Street playhouse commencing Sunday evening. This successful entertainment holds the New York record for longevity, it having played at the Herald Square Theatre for 389 performances, and it comes here in its entirety, traveling by a special train of nine cars, carrying ninety-seven persons, including the stage hands and musicians, while the actual playing strength of Miss Dressler's support numbers eighty-seven. Miss Dressler, who undoubtedly is the funniest woman on the American stage, has a rôle peculiarly suited to her varied talents, and as Tillie Blohbs, a poor country boarding-house drudge, she is seen at her best. She is all laughter and homely philosophy, but every now and then there is a touch of pathos, and this, with the consistent story that is told, has stamped "Tillie's Nightmare" as a "classic" wherever it has appeared. Miss Dressler is surrounded not only with a company of exceptional merit, but with a scenic and costuming investiture in keeping. There are seven scenes, all striking, and a dozen musical numbers. Besides the twenty principals there are three-score pretty singing, dancing, and show girls. Among the principals may be mentioned Phyllis Gordon, Angie Norton, Lottie Uart, Ethel Fairbanks, Nellie de Grasse, May Brennan, Lew Fields's Dancing Girls, and Harry MacDonough, Horace Newman, Charles H. Bowers, George and John Gorman, Harry Laughlin, and Sim Pulen. The engagement of Miss Dressler is limited to two weeks, with special matinées on Thursdays.

Francis Wilson opens the second and last week of his engagement at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, continuing his presentation of the three-act comedy, "The Bachelor's Baby." The piece is the effort of Mr. Wilson and he has fitted himself with a rôle that suits him to a nicety. As a comedian Wilson has always been a notable success, and as a playwright he has become a very prominent figure. Baby Davis is next to the star in winning the favor of the audience. The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Ruth St. Denis, who is to bring her much-discussed Hindu and Egyptian dances. Miss St. Denis is the prevailing sensation in the East, where her presentations have won for her many a triumph. She will be accompanied by fifty people who are material in the proper picturing of the dances. A specially enlarged orchestra will interpret the music, which has been prepared for the Ruth St. Denis dances.

C. William Kolb is making good at the Orpheum as a single star. He is greeted at every performance by frequent outbursts of applause and innumerable curtain calls. He will close his engagement with next week's programme, which will contain several popular novelties. Binns, Binns, and Binns, three of vaudeville's unique comedians, will appear in a diverting act entitled "The Musical Vagabonds," in which Binns No. 1 depicts a sort of hoho King Edward, Binns No. 2 a powdered Mercury, and Binns No. 3 a musical genius with a kind of Paderewski make-up. Miss Alcide Capitaine, who has been styled the ideal gymnast and the female Sandow, will walk across the stage head downward on a ladder suspended high in the air. Rowena Stewart and Gladys Murray, two attractive and clever girls whose engagement at the Orpheum is for next week only, will contribute a sketch of stage life entitled "Broadway Love," which is rich in bright dialogue. It depicts the home life of a chorus girl in New York. George Mullen and Ed Corelli, comedy gymnasts, who while performing the most difficult and hazardous gymnastic feats keep up a rapid fire of humorous conversation, will be a feature of the new bill. The holdovers will be Miss Hamid Alexander, the Frey Twins, and Stuart Barnes.

Seats will go on sale at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre next Thursday morning for the engagement of Ruth St. Denis, whom Henry B. Harris will present for two weeks at the Columbia, commencing Monday, April 3.

Following Marie Dressler at the Savoy Theatre will be Lew Dockstader and his Twentieth Century Minstrels.

Sarah Bernhardt's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will open on the night of Monday, May 1. "La Samaritaine" will, in all probability, be the opening play of the limited season.

The founders of the New Theatre, New York, have issued a statement which clears up the future plans of the institution and dispels the rumors which have recently been published concerning it. A new and smaller building will be immediately constructed, and this will be subsidized for a term of years. The present building will be leased during the coming year for dramatic productions of

a character suited to the structure, and may later be employed in connection with the Metropolitan Opera Company for the production of operas requiring a smaller auditorium than the Metropolitan Opera House. The change has been decided upon, as the present New Theatre is too large for the presentation of "intimate" drama, which must form a part of the repertory. The plans are being formulated for keeping the company together as an organization until its new home is built.

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VANITY FAIR.

Dr. Jowett's unwillingness to accept a salary of \$12,000 a year from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York has aroused a discussion that may be described as disgusting. Clergymen of many denominations are rushing to the front to assure the distinguished preacher that if he accepts a cent less than the proposed salary he will certainly have to join the bread line, and that he and his wife will be compelled to solicit contributions of cast-off clothing from the congregation. Dr. Jowett does not wish to be paid more than he received in England. But what is the New York equivalent for an English salary of \$6000? That is the vexed question, and of course it all depends upon the point of view. When the Payne tariff was under discussion we were assured that living in New York was no more expensive than in free-trade England. Now there is a mighty rushing wind of ministerial voices to assure us that it is twice as much.

Of course the clergymen's wives have something to say. Poor creatures, they know the pinch of poverty and what it really means to worry along on \$250 a week. The real burden always falls upon the women who must pinch, and scrape, and contrive to make both ends meet. And these clerical ladies go right to the heart of the question with the precision of an arrow. If a clergyman, they say, is to do good work among the "better classes" he must be able to allow his wife to dress on the same scale as the ladies of his congregation. At last we reach the milk in the cocoanut. At last we know the one essential for a successful preaching of the gospel to the "better classes." Sheath gowns and salvation. Harem skirts and a clean and contrite heart. Peach-basket hats and fruits meet for repentance. How simple it seems. Choose your costumes, ladies, and remember that the kingdom of heaven is to be won by millinery bills.

But how the times have changed. Not so long ago the chief duty of the preacher was to wear his congregation from "the poms and vanities of this wicked world." We know a better way now. We imitate the poms and vanities, and the preacher's wife must plunge into the competitive strife and elbow her way with the best of them. But if the preacher can win his way to the hearts of the "better classes" by imitating their vices, what shall we say to those who are preaching to the classes that are not "better." Must they, too, imitate their audiences? Perhaps they might inspire confidence among the criminal classes by doing a little crime on their own account. The idea is not so very absurd. The besetting sin of the Fifth Avenue congregation is dress. The besetting sin elsewhere is burglary, let us say. If the preacher must imitate the besetting sins of Fifth Avenue, why not also of the Bowery?

Queen Mary has just appointed her four maids of honor, and she is said to have evidenced her "strong practical insight" in their choice. It is hard to see how this can be, as the ladies in question are not in any way remarkable, although no doubt they will perform their not very onerous duties creditably enough. They are Sybil Broderick, Venetia Baring, Mabel Gye, and Katharine Villiers.

It is evident that neither the king nor the queen can perform the simplest of actions without calling down the ecstatic applause of the newspaper scribe who happens to record it. Of course some reason for the applause must be given, and in this instance we are assured that the appointment of Miss Gye is proof of quite a peculiar brand of royal omniscience, inasmuch as Miss Gye knows French and therefore will be useful in entertaining foreign visitors. The idea of a maid of honor, or indeed any other court functionary, who can not speak French is delightfully novel. Probably the other three maids of honor would be gratified by the selection of Miss Gye as the sole possessor of an accomplishment that is so much a matter of course in their particular set as not to be an accomplishment at all. To say that a maid of honor speaks French is about on a par with saying that she has two eyes and one nose. But anything will do just now as a text for a burst of rhapsody about the royal family. Presently we shall be having such paragraphs as this: "The king yesterday proved his profound knowledge of hygienic science by having his dinner. Thanks to an intuitive perception of natural law which is one of his distinguishing features, he is said to entertain the theory that a little food is necessary to the preservation of health. By the way, the king's favorite drink is sarsaparilla." Or, "It is whispered in court circles that Queen Mary sometimes converses with her children, and thus gives evidence of an extraordinary maternal solicitude that she hopes to see introduced into the homes of her people. The fact that Queen Mary is a mother can not be too strongly insisted upon at a period that may be described as transitional."

Maids of honor do not receive much in the way of salary. The regular pay is \$1500 a year, which is rather in the nature of an al-

lowance for increased expenditure necessitated by the position. They are on duty only for a few weeks at a time, and they have nothing more serious to do than to accompany the queen and help to entertain her guests. While Queen Victoria was alive she was in the habit of giving a present of \$5000 and an Indian shawl to every maid of honor who married, but this has been stopped, whether from motives of economy or to discourage matrimony is not apparent. But maids of honor may still call themselves "Honorable" as long as they live.

It is understood that maids of honor must not keep a diary, and it is usual to exact a pledge to this effect. An attendant on the queen necessarily hears and sees very much that is private, and disastrous results might easily follow from a habit of recording such things. Sooner or later a really interesting diary is sure to be published, and so to be on the safe side the maid of honor is asked to promise that she will commit nothing to writing that in any way bears upon her court duties.

When Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLean of Washington, D. C., bought the Hope diamond we were told how absurd it was to suppose that ill-luck could attach to a precious stone. Doubtless the tragedies that lie so thickly along its path were mere coincidences, but however that might be, Mr. and Mrs. McLean would now proceed to show how happiness and good fortune were quite consistent with the possession of the famous gem.

That was about three weeks ago. Now comes a report from Washington that Pierre Cartier, a New York jeweler, has filed suit in the Supreme Court for the collection of \$180,000 from Mr. and Mrs. McLean, that sum representing the amount that they agreed to pay for the diamond. It is said that payment was to be made by installments and that Mrs. McLean was to hand over her other jewelry as a kind of guaranty. Mrs. McLean intended to wear the stone at a White House reception, but now she is not likely to do so. It seems that the McLeans want Cartier to take back the diamond, and Cartier refuses to do this, so all the parties concerned are having just about as much ill-luck as they can get away with. Certainly it would have been a pity if the famous Hope diamond had shown any lack of enthusiasm in living up to its reputation.

It is strange how often the best intentioned women will be guilty of inconsistencies that lay them open to ruinous attack. Take, for example, the "very pretty young society girl" who attended the anti-vivisection meeting in New York in order to beard Dr. Woods Hutchinson in his den. She was full of a sparkling enthusiasm, of undigested facts, and of absolute certainty about things that are not so. Her convictions were an honor to her, and so was her courage, but why in the name of all the little gods of common sense did she wear that particular hat to that particular meeting? On the hat was a sweeping aigrette, and the moment she began to unload her cargo of indignation and inaccuracies it was easy to see that Dr. Hutchinson had marked her for his own and that he would not only defend vivisection, but illustrate its processes. "I do not know anything about the cases you mention," he said, "but would you let me ask you if you have ever suffered any pangs for the pain inflicted on the mother heron from which that aigrette which you wear was taken? Do you know that the aigrette can only be obtained from the female bird when it is mothering its young upon the nest, and that the mother bird is killed and the young birds die slowly of starvation afterward?"

Of course Dr. Hutchinson was guilty of a piece of smartness, but it was an effective piece. The young woman's aigrette had no more to do with vivisection than it had with Sabbath-breaking, but what are we to think of a fashionable humanitarian who will thus lay herself open to a rejoinder so crushing?

Queen Mary is to have a flag all of her very own, and this, by the way, is the first time that a queen consort ever did have a flag of her own. The suffragettes must have been going after Queen Mary. The flag is to be divided into two squares, one for the king and the other for the queen. The descriptions kindly furnished for the public edification are quite extensive, in fact too long to quote in full, but here is the specification of the inescutcheon tierced in pairie reversed. It rather strikes our fancy and we intend to have one for ourselves if they stock such things in the department stores. It is made up of (a) gules, two lions passant guardant in pale or (Brunswick). (h) or, semé of hearts gules, a lion rampant azure (Luncheon), (c) gules, a horse courant argent (Westphalia, colloquially Hanover). How is that for something neat but not gaudy, distinctive but not pretentious? Half a dozen or so of these inescutcheons tierced in pairie reversed ought to look rather well floating over the ancestral flat. There might be a little difficulty in getting the semé of hearts gules, but probably there is something else just as good on the market. Further down the column there is

an heraldic specification for "impaling the queen's side." It doesn't really seem right, but they have some strange old customs in Europe and intervention might be misunderstood. Anyway the army is all down in Mexico just now.

The New York World and the Pictorial Review are worrying their little minds about the cost of courtship. They say that there are thousands of young men who are simply pining to get married, but are deterred from the fatal step by the costly preliminaries. Naturally a young man must take the fair one to a theatre sometimes. At least that is the opinion of the Pictorial Review, although it is obvious that if the young man will but stand aside for a while the girl will take him to the theatre. But let that pass. He will buy her flowers to the tune of about \$4. Seats will cost at least another \$4. Taxicab may run to anything from \$2.50 to \$7, and supper afterwards will be cheap at \$6. If there is any change left from a \$20 bill he can spend it on his own lunch next day, but it won't be a very gaudy one. The consequence is that young men will not face the deadly imminent breach, and discomfited Cupid slinks away into a corner.

Of course the crisis is not so serious as it seems. It goes without saying that the girl will take all she can get, but it is surprising what a discount she will make rather than

lose the market. Try her with a ten-cent bunch of violets before the theatre, a street-car to the theatre and an ice-cream after the theatre and the chances are that she will look upon you with the warm glance of approval that women reserve for the masterful and the unusual.

London business men and transportation companies count upon an influx of nearly 2,000,000 visitors during the coronation season. A considerable portion of these will be foreigners, Americans and colonials probably predominating. Hotels expect to be able to cope with the invasion. There is every indication that the erection of stands for witnessing the procession to the abbey and the progress through London will be on a scale more extensive than for the coronation of King Edward in 1902. Owners and tenants are asking the highest prices ever quoted for building sites and windows.

Paris has a dramatic sensation at the Theatre Antoine, where the Italian actor, Ermete Zacconi, is appearing. Zacconi, who by some is considered a worthy successor of the great Salvini, has methods which remind one of Sicilian Grasso. The actor came to Paris very quietly, and for some time his audiences were composed of his compatriots. Since then he has become popular with the general public.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A parson was reading the Scriptures to an old sailor. "And Solomon," he said, "had 700 wives and 300 concubines." "Dear, dear!" gasped the old salt; "what privileges them early Christians did have, to be sure, sir."

Scientist are curious husbands. Once Mrs. Agassiz screamed on finding a snake in her shoe in the morning. Her husband asked what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot." "Only one? There should have been three." He had put them there to keep warm.

A certain medical specialist was in the habit of using a note-book to assist his memory. In the course of time his aged father died. The worthy doctor attended the funeral as chief mourner with due solemnity. At the close he was observed to draw out a note-book and cross out the words, "Mem.: Bury father."

It is related by the Rev. F. C. Malan that he once had occasion to discharge a gardener for dishonesty. The man made an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his character, and, failing in this, said mournfully to the vicar: "Ah, sir, you will miss me before I be gone half an hour!" "I shan't mind that," answered Mr. Malan cheerfully, "if I don't miss anything else!"

A man who had bumped around from church to church, trying to find a congenial congregation, stopped one Sunday at the Little Church Around the Corner. "Good-morning," said the usher. "Are you a stranger?" "Oh, no," said the man, "not particularly. I just dropped in." Just then the congregation began to read this service with the minister: "We have done the things we ought not to have done, and have left undone the things we should have done." Before they got any further the man said: "Thank heaven, I've found my bunch. Guess I'll stay."

The caddie followed him around the course silently, solemnly, but not unobservant. Their wake behind was marked by scars and gasbes in the turf. At length he ventured on a tentative remark: "Ye'll be a stranger to these parts, maybe?" "Well, not exactly a stranger." Whirr-whirr-swish. And one more gash appeared as a lump of turf soared aloft and came down fifty yards away. "You see," the golfer concluded, "I was born here, but I have been away many years now. All my folks are buried herabouts." "I doot ye'll no' go deep eno' with your driver," remarked the caddie, "ye'd better tak' your iron."

An irate old lady, the wife of a prosperous farmer on the outskirts of Philadelphia, stepped off a train in Broad Street station the other day with a face like a thundercloud. Any one could see in that scowling countenance the smouldering fire that might break forth at any minute. Stamping excitedly on the platform, she gnashed her teeth in a struggle to keep back the tears. Finally she buttonholed the first person who would listen to her tale of woe. "What's all this here talk of educating young men to be civil engineers?" she screeched, indignantly. "What we need in this here country is more civil conductors and less sassy brakemen."

Bishop Bloomfield confesses that, as a country curate, he thought very highly of a sermon he had preached on "atheism," and was so imprudent as to ask a farmer with whom he had walked from church how it struck him. "Well, sir," he replied, "for all you did say, and no doubt it was very clever, I still believe that there is a God." Legge, Bishop of Oxford, who had not youth as his excuse for vanity, asked his friend Canning to come and hear his first episcopal sermon. They dined together afterward, and from the politician's silence the other ought to have known better than to push him; but, being rather nettled, he exclaimed, "Canning, you have said nothing to me about my sermon." "Well, it was short." "Oh," said the bishop, "it is better to be short than tedious." "But," replied Canning, "you were that too."

Mr. Sidener had made his first public speech. His subject was good, "The Iniquities of Industrial Economy," and he hoped his treatment had been adequate. He was not sure. He waited for his wife's verdict, but she was strangely silent. She had listened to him from the gallery of the town hall and he had half expected her to meet him at the door afterward and to say, as soon as they were out of hearing: "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half way home and she had said nothing of the kind. "Well," he began awkwardly, when he could bear it no longer, "what did you think of my speech?" "What you said was all right," she answered with guarded enthusiasm, "but it seemed to me that you didn't make the most of your opportunities." "Opportunities?" re-

peated Mr. Sidener. "What do you mean, Effie?" "Why," Mrs. Sidener replied, "you had ever so many chances to sit down before you did."

Apocryph of Canadian reciprocity, N. C. Goodwin said the other day at the Lambs in New York: "But you can't rely on Senator Blank. Blank is never satisfied. I visited his ranch one day and he had the finest crop I ever saw barvested. I knew, though, that Blank would have something to complain about, and, sure enough, when I remarked, 'This is a record crop, you lucky rascal!' Blank frowned and said: 'Yes, but I'm afraid it's going to be a terrible strain on the land.'"

Two Scotchmen staying at a third-rate hotel in London discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap. After ringing the bell, an attendant appeared and asked their wishes. "Sen' up sape, lad—a wee bit sape, quick!" exclaimed one of the Caledonians. The attendant gazed open-mouthed at the two men, muttering: "They aint French, nor German, nor yet Spanish. What can they want?" The Scot became angry. "Man," he thundered, "can you no' understand plain Scotch?" The attendant promptly withdrew, and returned with a bottle and two glasses.

Sir William Howard Russell's diary for April, 1852, has this glimpse of Thackeray: "The sportsmen among whom I had the honor to be numbered were of the Winkle order: Thackeray, Dickens, John Leech, Jerrold, Lemon, Ibbotson, were invited, and carriages were reserved to Watford. As we were starting a written excuse was brought from Dickens to be conveyed to Mrs. X by Thackeray. The party drove up to the house, and after compliments Thackeray delivered the billet. The effect was unpleasant. Mrs. X fled along the hall and the guests heard her calling to the cook, 'Martin, don't roast the ortolans; Mr. Dickens isn't coming.' Thackeray said he never felt so small. 'There's a test of popularity for you! No ortolans for Penderennis!'"

There was an absent-minded hishop in western Ontario, who was constantly finding himself in awkward situations, on account of his extreme abstraction. On a certain occasion he was traveling from London in a northerly direction and found, when the conductor approached him, that he had forgotten where he was to go. The conductor suggested that he telegraph from the next station and find out his destination. It was before the days of long-distance telephones, and the hishop telegraphed to his wife from the first station: "Where was I going?" to be answered at the following station: "Exeter; be sure to get off there." The hishop then beamed at the anxious conductor and remarked placidly: "These little difficulties always turn out satisfactorily."

Green McCurtain, once chief of the Choctaws, had a very high opinion of the business astuteness of white men. "No Indian can get the better of a paleface," Chief McCurtain said to a Guthrie reporter during the recent Oklahoma investigation. "And when two palefaces get bargaining together, then it is like cutting diamonds with diamonds. Two Oklahoma palefaces once hunted in my camp. They spent the evening with me, and over the fire and the fire-water, they began to barter and traffic, and to make deals and dickers. Finally Bill said: 'Sam, let's trade hosses—my bay for your roan.' 'It's a go, Sam agreed. 'The trade's a go. Shake on it, partner.' They shook hands. Then Bill said with a loud laugh: 'Sam, I've bested ye this time. My hoss is dead. Died yesterday.' 'So's mine dead,' said Sam. 'Died this mornin'. And what's more, I've took his shoes off.'"

He was a man of peace, and, of course, he had on more than one occasion paid the penalty of the peacemaker. He came upon two youths in an Irish back street fighting. Accordingly, he pushed through the crowd and persuaded the combatants to desist. "Let me beg of you, my good fellows," earnestly besought the peacemaker, "to settle your dispute by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate." "Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentlemen see, boys." Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing in the thought of having once again prevailed upon brute force to yield to peaceful argument. Half an hour later he returned that way, and was horrified to find the whole street fighting, while in the distance police whistles could be heard blowing and constables seen rushing to the spot from all quarters. "Good gracious! what is the matter now?" asked the peacemaker. "Sure, sorr," was the reply, "they're arbitrating!"

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His Last Appearance.
A cannibal king met a Thespian
In the wilds of Timbuctoo;
He invited inside that actor man
In the way that cannibals do.
"A capital roast," remarked a guest.
"Don't you think so, your majesty?"
The king's reply was this ghastly jest:
"He was good in parts," said he.
—Boston Transcript.

My Age.

I am old enough to read
My lord of Byron's "Juan" again,
Count Grammont's hahhling chronicle,
Of Charles's fair beauties—Castlemaine,
Mischievous Stewart, Portsmouth, Gwyn,
And all the maids of Honor-ed sin
In Catherine of Braganza's train;
And ancient folios of Avon's Will,
And feel not passion's pulses thrill
With hot blood gushing from the brain!

I am old enough to let
The preachers wrangle and grow hot
O'er dogmas theological,
And damn each other!—to care not
Who's right or wrong, as long as I
Am left to worship in what way
It seemeth best to me—to die
In peace, and go to heaven straight
By my own route . . . if so I may!

I am old enough to see
That men are constant—as the wind
That shifts three times an hour, or more;
That they are Justice's self—as blind
As the handaged nymph with "loaded" scales—
(I think 'tis Shakespeare o'er her rails);
That they are honest—so I think
The world is worth reforming . . . not!
And hence I only smile and wink
Where once I preached and stormed and raved.
By heaven, I thought the reformer's lot
Unpleasant, though the world was saved;

I am old enough to swear
That life's a farce and man's a fool!
I like the play—ring up the curtain,
These forty years I've been to school
And only t' learn this morn of art—
(Oh, Socrates, of this I'm certain)—
That I mistook throughout my part,
That heads ache—up there in the skies,
And men hid youth and happiness
A long good-night 'ere they grow wise!
—From "Forest and Town," by Alexander Nicolas De Menil.

The Terror and the Tenderfoot.

It was out in Oklahoma that I saw Comanche Boh;
He had made himself a terror, having ably done
the job;
When it happened that a stranger set a foot on
Robert's range
Things invariably happened to the person who
was strange;
He had killed three men in Texas, terrified New
Mexico
And amused himself by shooting up a dozen towns
or so.

It was out in Oklahoma that a tenderfoot, one
day,
Innocent of evil motives, chanced to get in Robert's
way;
Oh, I never shall forget it; I was filled with
sudden dread,
And I could not think of telling you the things
the terror said;
With a roar that any lion might have well been
proud to roar
He proposed to leave that stranger not a feature
that he wore.

As I think of it I tremble, even after all these
years;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears;
It was out in Oklahoma, as I've previously said,
That Comanche Boh the terror made himself a
thing to dread,
And I grieve to have to mention that the stranger
ran, because
He was not a college athlete, as you've doubtless
though he was.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

"I never worry or burry." "What department
of the government service are you in?"
—Buffalo Express.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The reception at Berkeley given by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler on Thursday served to assemble a large company of society folk from both sides of the bay, and on the same afternoon the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Mills and Mr. George Crothers attracted a large coterie of their friends and relatives to Century Hall, where the ceremony was performed.

The approaching departure of Mrs. Charles Huse and Mrs. George Fish for the Orient was the incentive for much informal entertaining during the week, and both ladies were the guests of honor at a number of luncheons and teas.

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Jr., from Washington, D. C., has been marked by several dinners during the week, given by their friends here.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marian Barron, daughter of Mrs. William Barron, and Mr. Baldo Ivancovich. The wedding will take place after Easter.

The engagement was announced this week of Miss Blanche Tisdale, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Tisdale of Alameda, and Dr. Edwin P. James.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Mills and Mr. George Crothers took place Thursday (March 23) at four o'clock at Century Hall, in the presence of a limited number of friends. There were no attendants and the ceremony was performed by the Reverend Bradford Leavitt. A reception from 4:30 to 6 was attended by about two hundred guests. Mrs. William H. Mills was assisted in receiving by several of the intimate friends of the bride, including Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Eleanor Davenport, and Mrs. Brockway Metcalf. After the honeymoon trip Mr. Crothers and his bride will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Mrs. Irma Green Garnett and Mr. Douglas McBryde took place on Friday evening at the bride's home on Walnut Street. There were no attendants. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Cecil Marrick. Among those present were Mrs. E. A. McBryde, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Follanshee, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Seales, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacGinnity, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Garnett, Miss Helen Spalding, Dr. Ehrig Frank, Mr. William Hogg, Mr. Harry Connick, Mr. Elliott Pierce, Mr. Arthur Dorsey, Mr. Bert Harris, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Charles Tripler, Mr. Hyland Baggerly, Mr. Albert Dixon, Mr. George Lacey, Mr. Harry Dutton, Mr. Sidney Van Wyck, Mr. Laurence Van Wyck, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. Will Sanborn, and Mr. Peter Blanchard.

The wedding of Miss Nora Brewer and Mr. Edward Cudahy will take place April 25 at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hassey have announced the marriage of their daughter, Marian, to Dr. Norman Stanly Fairweather.

Miss Maud Wilson was the guest of honor at a theatre party given by Mr. Bradley Wallace on Monday evening. The affair was chaperoned by Mrs. Ryland Wallace, and was followed by a café supper. Among those present were Miss Maud Wilson and her fiancé, Mr. Effingham Sutton, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Mr. Walter Hush, Dr. Kearney, Mr. Jack Geary, Mr. Herbert Gould, Mr. Hanson Grubb, and Mr. John McMullen.

Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb entertained at a luncheon at their home on Grubb Street on Tuesday in honor of Miss Louise Hill of Minneapolis and Miss Mary Hill of Seattle. Their guests on this occasion were Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Elva de Pue, and Miss Correnah de Pue.

Mrs. James Shea was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, in honor of Mrs. Charles Huse.

Miss Marian Marvin was hostess at a tea at her home on Monday, at which she entertained Mrs. John Dempsey, Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Elena Brewer,

Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Anna Olney, and Miss Gertrude Thomas.

Mr. J. Cheever Cowden of New York entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening, at which his guests included Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Florence Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Mr. Harry Scott, and Mr. Gordon Armsby.

Mrs. Cowles and Miss Cecil Cowles entertained at a tea on Monday at their apartment at the St. Charles. Their guests were Mrs. Seth Mann, Mrs. Charles Gibson, Mrs. Henry Gray, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Alfred Rosenstirn, Mrs. E. O. Jellinek, Mrs. Harry Hunt, Mrs. George Herman, Mrs. Risdon Mead, Mrs. J. M. Landes, Mrs. Walter Scott, Miss Helen Gray, Miss Claire Kennedy, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Elyse Schultz, Miss Lucile Levy, Miss Gertrude Fries, and Miss Helen Sinclair.

Miss Frances Stewart was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday in honor of Mrs. Charles Huse (formerly Miss Juanita Wells).

Mrs. Arthur Briggs was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Tuesday at the Granada, at which she entertained forty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Shaw of New York entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday evening, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. Charles M. Black, and Mr. Charles de Young.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a theatre party on Saturday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. Lawrence P. Fuller, Miss Marian La Tourette, Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Innes Keeney.

Mrs. A. S. McDonald entertained at a dinner dance at her home at Linda Vista Saturday evening in honor of her niece, Miss Albertine Dietrick, which was attended by a number of the younger set from San Francisco.

Mrs. William Thornton White entertained on Friday in honor of Miss Susan Hall, whose wedding with Mr. Lorraine Langstroth will take place next month. Mrs. White's guests included the young friends of the bride-elect.

Miss Elva de Pue entertained on Tuesday evening at a bridge party in honor of Miss Frances Martin, who has just returned from abroad.

Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., entertained two hundred guests at a reception on Thursday afternoon at her home on Buchanan Street, in honor of Mrs. Alice Huhbard.

Miss Hazel Pierce entertained at a tea Friday in honor of Miss Grace Crocker of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was a classmate of the hostess at Wellesley. Among those who assisted in receiving the guests were Miss Ewing, Miss Jessie Ewing, Miss Mildred Pierce, Miss Josephine Moller, Mrs. J. H. Pierce, Mrs. Charles Pierce, and Mrs. Florence Humphrey.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin entertained a group of her daughter's friends at dinner on Wednesday evening and afterward chaperoned them at the concert at the Hotel St. Francis. The guest of honor was Miss Kate Peterson, and the others present were Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Grace Towne, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Laura Baldwin, Mr. Ernest Maillard, Mr. Ward Maillard, Mr. Horace Chase, Mr. Ferdinand Peterson, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Summers.

Mrs. Norman McLaren chaperoned a party of young people to the University Glee Club concert on Wednesday evening and entertained them at supper afterward. Included in the party were Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Harriett Pomeroy, Miss Arabelle Morrow, Miss Margaret Carrigan, Miss Elizabeth Bull, Miss Kathleen Hooper, Mr. Cyril Wynne, Mr. Loyal MacLaren, Mr. Herbert Fairlee, Mr. Herbert Gould, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. Arthur Wright, Mr. Harold Emmeler, Mr. Herman Grimes, Mr. Edward Bullard, and Mr. Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard entertained at an informal reception on Tuesday evening in honor of their daughter's fiancé, Mr. Temple Bridgman. Among those present were Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. George Page, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Louise Maillard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, Dr. and Mrs. Stanly Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Barkan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wallach, Mr. and Mrs. F. Dickson, and Miss Bridgman.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained the members of the Bi-Monthly Bridge Club at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Ames was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday for Mrs. Joseph Meyerstein. Those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen, Mrs. George Fish, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith, Mrs. W. H. Ohear, Mrs. Frederick McWilliams, and Mrs. H. J. Sartori.

Miss Edna Rooney was hostess at a bridge tea on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Edward Sturgis (formerly Miss Edna Montgomery).

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder entertained at dinner at their home on Van Ness Avenue on Monday, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson gave a dinner in their apartments at the Hillcrest on Saturday evening to a number of young people. The dinner was given in honor of Miss Mildred Baldwin, who sails from New York March 30 for Europe.

The San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children will appeal to the public in a "pencil sale" to be held on three successive days, the 6th, 7th and 8th of April. The ladies of the board of management with their assistants will have stations in the leading hotels, department stores, and office buildings during the three days named and hope to sell many thousands of pencils. The uniform price will be ten cents per pencil, but those who wish, in view of the goodness of the cause, to pay more will find no difficulty in having their offerings accepted. The purpose is most deserving.

The Mischa Elman Concerts.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violin virtuoso who conveys the message of the composer to you as if it were in words, and who makes his instrument sing into one's heart, is to give three concerts at the new Scottish Rite Auditorium, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, March 26, at 2:30, when the artist will play the Concerto in B minor by Saint-Saëns, "The Devil's Trill" by Tartini, with an original cadenza by Elman, a Bach Aria, Sarasate's "Caprice Basque," and a group of transcriptions including one by Elman of Tchaikowsky's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," one of Kreisler's charming old Viennese waltzes, and several other interesting numbers.

The second and only public evening concert is announced for next Thursday night, March 30, when the Paganini Concerto in D major, Wieniawski's "Faust" Fantasia, Sarasate's "Jota Aragonesa," and a group of four interesting old numbers will be the offering.

The third concert is to be on Sunday afternoon, April 2, with the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole," Haendel's Sonata in D major, and five other important works as the programme.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall.

In Oakland, Elman will play next Friday afternoon, March 31, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the opening programme as above. For this concert seats may be secured at Ye Liberty box-office, commencing next Monday morning.

No lover of violin music can afford to miss hearing this superb artist, for such marvelous tonal and interpretive qualities are seldom met with in one's lifetime.

Loring Club Concert.

A feature of the concert of the Loring Club on Tuesday evening next, March 28, at Christian Science Hall, will be the first appearance at these concerts of Miss Fanny M. Bailey, a soprano of charm and distinction of style. Miss Bailey will sing Liza Lehmann's setting of Longfellow's "Endymion" and Richard Strauss's "Zueignung" (Devotion). The list of compositions for men's voices to be presented by the club at this time includes a hunting song, "Rise, Sleep No More," composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart and dedicated by him to the Loring Club. This composition and Alexander Storer's poetically conceived cantata, "The Dream King and His Love," will be heard, on this occasion, for the first time in San Francisco. Other notable numbers are Billeter's "At Sunset," for chorus of men's voices with tenor solo, and Ludwig Liehe's "Chorale of Leuthen," this being a setting of the story of the victory of Frederick the Great's army of heroes. Two Swedish folk songs and W. G. Hammond's choral ballad, "Lochinvar," are also included, making the whole programme an exceptionally attractive one. Wallace A. Sabin will direct the concert, the accompanists being Frederick Maurer, piano, and R. Fletcher Husband, organ.

A new playhouse in New York, the Winter Garden, at Broadway and Fifth Street, opened last week with a new form of entertainment, made up mostly of operettas or musical reviews and vaudeville specialties. The big company contains the names of many singers well known here, including Grace Von Studdiford, Arthur Cunningham, Barney Bernard, and Melvin Stokes.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers was brightened by the advent of a daughter on March 10, 1911.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Frederick Woods, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Sr., and Miss Lottie Woods are guests of Mrs. C. B. Saunders at Redlands.

Mrs. Ellen Ivers, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William G. Irwin, sailed this week for Honolulu, where she will visit her son, Mr. Richard Ivers.

Mrs. George Kelham and Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Jr., are spending a few months at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wiltse, who have spent the winter at Pasadena, are planning to return to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson have arrived in London, where they will make a brief visit before continuing to the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fish and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse sailed on Wednesday for a tour of the Orient.

Mrs. William Matson and Miss Lurline Matson left Monday for New York, en route to Europe. Mr. Matson has gone to Honolulu for a month.

Mrs. George McNear and Miss Miriam McNear have returned from a brief Eastern visit and are at their country home at Petaluma.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague, Miss Isabel Sprague, and Miss Janet von Schroeder will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mullens of London, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. John Rogers Clark, will return next month to their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron and Mrs. Downey Harvey have returned from a motor trip to Southern California and a visit at Coronado.

Mrs. Bessie Paxton is en route to New York, where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Laurence Austin (formerly Miss Roma Paxton).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker (formerly Miss Helene Irwin) have sailed for Europe, where their honeymoon will be spent.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and Miss Harriett Alexander, who have been abroad for a year, are now in Paris, but will return to San Francisco next month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis and Mrs. J. B. Crockett left Monday for the East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green will return to their country home at San Mateo next week.

Mrs. Joseph Stanton (formerly Miss Lena Maynard) is at the Maynard home on Pacific Avenue, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee sailed this week for Europe to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hampton Lynch are spending two months at Miramar, and Mrs. James Moffitt will visit them during their stay there.

Mrs. Eugene Hewlett (formerly Miss Ione Fore) is entertaining her sister, Mrs. James Moffitt, Jr., and Miss Ethel Valentine at her home in Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle are at present in Paris, where they plan to remain for some time longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Baker, accompanied by Miss Alma Perkins, have gone to Washington, D. C., where they are the guests of Senator George C. Perkins.

Mrs. John Rogers Clark has gone to Coronado, where she will spend polo week.

Mrs. Howard Holmes left Tuesday for Europe to spend four months on the Continent.

Captain and Mrs. Lawton, who arrived last week from Manila, are the guests of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Seales left Monday for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Minna Van Bergen will go abroad with Mrs. Charles Foster and Miss Marie Louise Foster. They will leave here April 28 and sail on one of the May steamers for Europe.

Mrs. Frederick King is visiting in New York for several weeks from her home in Annapolis, where she is living during her son's four years at the Naval Academy. Mr. and Mrs. King will spend the summer here, as is their custom.

Mrs. A. R. Merritt and Miss Ariadne Merritt have arrived from Kentucky, and will spend the summer months here.

The R. D. Merrills, at Del Monte had as their week-end guests Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

Mrs. Henry McDonald Spencer is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell at Santa Barbara.

Miss Constance McLaren has gone to Redlands, where she is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Sewell.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford, who spent the summer at Del Monte, have gone to New York, where they will remain until June, when they will go to London for the coronation.

Dr. Robert D. Cohn has left for Europe, intending to be abroad about four months.

Mrs. Etienne Guitard and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Guitard, have returned to their home here, after a visit of three months at Coronado and Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding will leave shortly for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and the Misses Dorothy and Marion Baker, are at Del Monte.

Mr. Richard L. Girvin spent the week-end at Del Monte with his family, who are making an extended stay there.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mrs. E. Denicke, Mr. John H. Baker, Mr. J. J. Kenny, Mrs. Jessie Rice, Mrs. C. J. Lang, Mrs. John Irwin, Mr. M. G. Fox, Mr. R. C. Briggs, Mr. J. W. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Behrend and daughter, Miss Ruth Richards, Mr. F. H. Gaultier, Mr. J. L. Wright.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown was brightened by the advent of a son on March 15, 1911.

Von Warlich, Russian Basso-Cantante.

Reinhold Von Warlich, the young basso-cantante who has won great fame abroad both as an artist with an exceptionally beautiful and well-trained voice and as an interpreter of the great song cycles of Schubert and Schumann, as well as of the song lore of Italy, France, Russia, England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, is to be presented in two superlative programmes by Manager Will Greenbaum. Although Von Warlich comes almost unknown, Greenbaum confidently expects him to be one of the greatest artistic successes of the season, and predicts that after his first concert the music lovers will flock to hear this artist. Uda Waldrop, formerly of this city, and who has a host of friends here, returns as the pianist for Von Warlich, having acted in that capacity for two seasons abroad.

At his first concert, which is announced for Thursday night, April 6, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Von Warlich will sing the complete song cycle "Dichterliche" (A Poet's Love), music by Robert Schumann and words by Heinrich Heine, groups of old English and Scottish ballads, and four of the dramatic songs of Loewe, including "Tom the Rhymer," which was a favorite with David Bispham.

The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 9, with a similar programme, the cycle being Schubert's "Die Schoene Mullerin."

The sale of seats will open Monday, April 3, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Russian Symphony Festival.

Each year Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged a great festival of orchestra music with one of the big Eastern symphony orchestras as the main feature. Last year it was Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra, and this year it is to be the Russian Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Modest Altschuler.

The Russian Symphony is, with the exception of the Boston organization, the finest orchestra in this country, and even the organization in the Hub does not play with the verve and brilliancy of these Russians. No one who heard them with the Ben Greet Players two years ago will forget the wonderful interpretations given the Mendelssohn music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or Sullivan's music to "The Tempest" or the Russian masterpieces played at the joint concert with Mischa Elman. But thirty-two musicians were along on that tour, and this time we are to hear the complete organization of over half a hundred artists and four eminent vocal artists, including Mme. Nina Dimitrieff of the St. Petersburg Royal Opera, who will be brought from New York to assist.

Six or seven concerts will be given in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, and two special programmes will be given at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley under the auspices of the State University. Complete programme hooks will shortly be issued. The week's festival will commence on Sunday afternoon, April 30, and end on Sunday, May 7.

Similarity in Musical Airs.

Hunting for resemblance between tunes is a fascinating but a distracting and perilous sport, but it will get a new filp from this paragraph in the *New Music Review* for March: A friend insists on the close resemblance between Schumann's "Traumerei" and the old Irish melody for which Moore wrote "Believe me if all those endearing young charms"—the melody better known to many in this country as "Fair Harvard." "The notes are certainly there, but Schumann has inserted some notes and changed the rhythm. I have heard 'Traumerei' played, touching these added notes softly, and the loud ones make distinctly 'Fair Harvard.' Schumann may have copied the air intentionally. The title 'Dreaming,' 'Reverie,' perhaps looks that way. It is distinctly different from all his other compositions. Perhaps he did it unconsciously, just as Foster did in making 'Way down upon the Swanee rihher' from

'Annie Laurie,' for they are the same, note for note."

Jade manufactured in Germany so closely represents the genuine Chinese jade that dealers themselves can be deceived. The leading Chinese houses are about to substitute these imitation stones in their mountings, and it behooves Oriental travelers to remember this when purchasing jade ornaments.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lawyer (annoyed)—Better take your case somewhere else. You are too thin-skinned for me. *Client*—Hardly pay to skin me, eh?—*Bastian Transcript*.

"Yes, my daughter eloped." "I suppose you will forgive the young couple?" "Not until they have located a place to board."—*Washington Herald*.

The Man—Look here—once and for all! Are you and I going to get married? *The Woman*—I'm going to. I don't care what you do.—*Toledo Blade*.

"The moonshine distillery has moved ten miles further." "Great snakes!" exclaimed the colonel. "Have you got to change the town-site again?"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Policeman (to clubman returning home late)—Here, you can't open the door with that; it's your cigar. *Clubman*—Great Scott! Then I have smoked my latchkey!—*Le Rire*.

"What's the matter with your nephew that's sick over at Skeedee?" "Oh, he prescribed for himself out of a doctor book," replied the Old Codger, "and nearly killed himself with a misprint."—*Puck*.

"Are you never frightened when you make a flight?" "I had one good scare," replied the businesslike aviator. "Some one told me the money they were putting up for the exhibition was counterfeit."—*Washington Star*.

Tammy de Peyser—My brother made ugly faces at you yesterday and you didn't darst ter fight. You pretended you didn't notice 'im. *Eddie Tuffnut*—I didn't, either. I thought they was natural.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"I suppose you wouldn't believe," said the manager, "that it cost me \$25,000 to raise the curtain on this show." "I do," replied the critic. "I'm surprised that they let you do it even for that price."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Paet—There goes a notorious and confirmed begging-letter writer. *Friend*—What! Why, I thought that chap was an editor? *Paet*—Well, he has written me at least a dozen letters begging me not to send him any more of my stuff.—*Puck*.

"I want to be well-informed," said the ambitious girl. "I want to know what's going on." "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I would suggest that you get one of those telephones that will put you on a line with five

or six other subscribers."—*Baltimore American*.

She—So you are sure that your new play will be a success? *He*—Positive; why, even the manager blushed when he read it.—*New York Globe*.

Prisoner at the Bar—Now, I ask yer, gents of the jury, if I'd got away with all that swag, like they say I did, d' yer s'pose, I'd have hired this here little fifteen-dollar lawyer t' defend me?—*Puck*.

Ethel—Grace asked George whether he would love her any more if her hair were some different color. *Edith*—And what did George say? *Ethel*—Why, he merely asked her what other colors she had.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Why is your friend staying so long in New York?" "I don't know—haven't heard which of the two reasons is keeping him." "Which of the two?" "Yes; whether he is having too good a time to come away, or has spent all his money and can't get away."—*Buffalo Express*.

"There's a hurglar in the house!" whispered Mrs. Skinbone, in an agonized voice. "Go down, James, and see." "Nonsense," replied her hubby, sleepily. "You're dreaming." "But I can hear him, James!" she persisted. "There! He's reached the table with the cigar box—" "Which cigar box?" exclaimed James, sitting up. "The one you gave me last Christmas?" "Yes. I can hear him taking it up and putting it down again. Listen! He's struck a match! James, he must be going to smoke!" "Then in that case, my dear," replied James, "let's go to sleep again. We shall find the poor wretch in the morning."—*Answers*.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt's Western tour, of which this past week California has been the storm centre, has exhibited at many points the characteristic qualities of the man, plus some developments directly connected with new times and events. Now, as ever, an exuberant not to say rambunctious vitality with intense and unremitting energy are manifest in whatever relation Mr. Roosevelt appears. There seems no limit to his capabilities of action in any or all forms; and this no doubt is the vital element in the attraction which he exerts upon vast numbers of minds. Intense energy in action—this invariably wins attention, always and everywhere. A thousand men will gather in five minutes to see a fisticuffs—or a dog-fight. Horse-racing has interested the world always. The automobile, because of its marvelous combination of power and motion, has become a universal engine of sport. The prize-fight, the football match, and every other sport in which action is the chief element win

and hold multitudes of devotees. A classic authority declares action to be the soul of oratory; on the stage we see action stir to exhilaration audiences which sit unmoved before the appeals of art or sentiment. On one of her appearances in San Francisco, Patti won louder plaudits by jumping over a chair than for the most glorious of her songs.

It is perhaps the tremendous vital energy which Mr. Roosevelt infuses into his sayings that gives to those who hear them an immediate impression of their value. He is not an orator in any precise sense; he has neither novelty of matter nor grace of delivery. He shouts, thrusts out, and even hisses in the intensity of his utterances; he seems at times almost demoniac; yet he always attracts and holds attention. One may approve of Mr. Roosevelt or despise him, but one never goes to sleep while he is talking. He brings to the subjects which he discusses neither learning nor even much reflection; he abounds in platitudes and common-places; he says nothing which has not been said a thousand times before and perhaps in more scholarly or more gracious forms, yet in the minds of many he seems a veritable prodigy of learning and a very prophet of wisdom. The secret is in the fact that he speaks without inward reservations. Whatever he says for the moment fills his mind completely and is endowed with the force of immediate even though transient conviction and of a very real dramatic power. If to one audience today Mr. Roosevelt says one thing, he believes it for the moment; if tomorrow to another audience he says quite another thing, he believes that for the moment. He is absolutely lacking in the judicial quality of mind, the basis of all integrity in thinking and saying, which insists upon squaring every thought and every utterance by the standards of fact and judgment. Mr. Roosevelt is essentially an emotional-minded man. He speaks as he thinks, and he thinks free from the control of judgment and singularly unaffected by a sense of the responsibilities which attach to his high prestige. His vagaries are amazing, yet in each he is apparently and no doubt really for the moment entirely honest—honest under the temperamental spell which permits an actor to be for the instant the character he impersonates.

A striking instance of Mr. Roosevelt's want of mental and moral consistency has occurred within the period of his presence in Arizona and California. Arizona, which wishes to enter the Union of States, has, under the requirements of an enabling act passed by Congress, adopted a constitution which upon its ratification by Congress would entitle her to Statehood. Being just now in the throes of a precipitate radicalism, she has included in this constitution a provision for the recall of judicial as well as other officials. In an address at Phoenix on Monday Mr. Roosevelt considered this phase of the proposed constitution. Among other things he said:

I wish it distinctly understood that there are some provisions in your proposed constitution with which I disagree. Notable among these is the provision of the recall, especially affecting the judiciary. * * * I emphatically feel that under the conditions the proposal you have made is against the interests of justice, and therefore against your interests. * * * I feel that it is to our self-interest, to the interests of decent citizens who want nothing excepting justice in its broadest and truest sense, not to adopt any measure that would make changes which would make them fearful, lest deciding rightly in some given case might arise a storm of anger, temporary but fatal. You should shun every measure which would deprive judges of rugged indifference and straightforward courage, which it is to the interest of the community to see that they preserve. * * * Some wiser method than you have devised in your constitution should be adopted; some method free from the vicious effects which the adoption of your constitution, I believe, would tend to cause.

This utterance is curiously round-about and involved, but to the mind which sees things straight, it means just one thing. It meant just that one thing to the

people who heard it and those who read it. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly meant precisely what he said. He was opposed to the recall "especially affecting the judiciary," and he said so in direct and positive terms, clinching his position with a presentment of familiar and absolutely sound reasons. It was followed, after the Rooseveltian method, by a lot of palaver in which he declared that Arizona, in spite of the Constitution of the United States, had a right to come into the Union upon any terms she pleased, etc. This, of course, was just small change thrown in to salve the hurt of his reflections upon the controverted point in the proposed constitution.

On Tuesday, the next day after his Phoenix speech, Mr. Roosevelt crossed the line into California, where he had a conference with certain organizers of the insurgent or reform movement in this State which just now sits in the saddle of authority. Now the insurgents through the legislature at Sacramento are seeking to revolutionize our State system, and among other things they have proposed a constitutional amendment embodying the recall device, applying it to the judiciary as to other officials. Mr. Roosevelt's remarks at Phoenix were calculated to give trouble to his friends in California because they discredited one of the points for which they are hotly contending here. All this was explained to Mr. Roosevelt. In speaking his mind in Arizona he had spoiled the "game" in California. His California partisans were annoyed, even dismayed, for they felt that a weapon of terrible effectiveness had been put into the hands of their opponents. But the situation gave no trouble to Mr. Roosevelt, for speaking on Wednesday at Los Angeles he undertook to efface whatever adverse impression he had made at Phoenix. He said:

Personally, I would have preferred to see you devise some other method than that which your legislature has proposed for adoption by the people, but * * * I feel most strongly that it is in the interest of justice, of honesty of popular government to adopt the proposal [recall of the judiciary] as the legislature has submitted it.

This, too, is plain. It goes back, under pressure of political expediency in the interest of factional friends, upon that which was declared as elemental political truth two days before. In Arizona Mr. Roosevelt was against the recall on principle; in California he is for it in the interest of the politics of his faction. Of course his new pose was sugar-coated with apologetic and explanatory rhetoric, but when sifted to finalities it exhibits Mr. Roosevelt in the position of reversing himself on a fundamental issue for political effect—all within two days. It is not surprising that the *Call*, a newspaper subserviently devoted to insurgency, radicalism, and Rooseveltism, should ask in despair: Who can keep step with the lightning changes of our only living ex-President? Who indeed? Only those who like Mr. Roosevelt himself have no real knowledge of or devotion to essential principles, who have no standards, no faith, no plan, which may not be shifted and juggled under the demands of political or personal expediency or of an overwrought sentimentalism.

This incident, mightily impressive here because of immediate conditions, is in direct accord with what we have observed again and again at longer range. It is only a few months ago that Mr. Roosevelt, thinking to aid Senator Beveridge in Indiana because "he was loyal to my policies," shouted loud and fervently for insurgency to an Indianapolis audience; and the very next week the same Mr. Roosevelt, appearing in Massachusetts in behalf of Mr. Lodge because "he has been my firm friend," gave to one of the most notable stand-patters in the country also loud and fervent championship. Again Mr. Roosevelt had hardly gotten off the ship after his return from Africa when he gave approval in his usual fervent style to direct primary proposals in New York; and when later the plan failed,

he rebuked the friend who had prompted him to a political indiscretion by declaring that he was assured that "the people wanted it."

The truth is that Mr. Roosevelt, while a man of active and adroit mind, while temperamentally always in "dead earnest," is in reality a shallow and irresponsible counselor. He is in earnest in his way, but it is the way of a mere actor whose sphere happens to be the political boards, not the way of one who postpones oracular certitude to study and conviction, who puts principles before expedients. A man who from personal and partisan motives can bring himself to juggle and compromise even the most essential principles and the most necessary reasonings—such a man is not made honest by energies of utterance or unctuousness of declamation. Such a man, whatever his pretensions, however distinguished his career, is not deserving of credit or respect in the sphere of politics, much less in the higher court of moral judgments.

Of Mr. Roosevelt's oracular deliverances respecting California affairs, not much needs to be said. His personal knowledge of California previous to the present visit is based upon the observations of a busy week spent here eight years ago—largely in the Yosemite Valley. More recently he has been in close and co-operative relations with Messrs. Heney, Spreckels, and others who represent an extreme partisanship in relation to certain local affairs. Upon this basis Mr. Roosevelt has assumed to know more about our affairs than we ourselves. He had scarcely passed the State line when he declared that our factional governor was the best ever, that our legislature likewise was the best ever, that our State government was the best ever; and then, quite logically, he declared himself in favor of the recall of the judiciary and other radical proposals justifiable only under the sanctions of revolution. Since then he has publicly designated Messrs. Heney and Spreckels as citizens exemplifying the highest social virtues. Why he did not include Mr. Phelan in this classification we can only guess.

The least that can be said about all this free talk is that it is assumptive and impertinent. It reflects neither individual knowledge nor individual judgment; it is spoken under the inspiration of a few extremists and factionists and for the manifest purpose of aiding a factional political movement. It goes without saying that a distinguished visitor, cordially received and entertained by men of all opinions, ought not to have lent himself to factional and personal causes.

But something more serious must be said with respect to Mr. Roosevelt's assault upon the judiciary of California. He says or implies that the situation is so bad that the fixed principles and rules of representative government ought to be disregarded and that resort should be had to revolutionary procedures even though they may involve California permanently with false principles and a vicious system. It is by this allegation that he seeks to justify his amazing flop with respect to the recall. Now this is a gross affront to the people of California, because it is a calculated insult to one of the established and respected institutions of our State. Every Californian of sober judgment knows that there is no condition here in relation to our State judiciary calling for radical or revolutionary processes. Mr. Roosevelt has inveighed against our higher courts without knowledge and without judgment; he has exhibited in offensive relief the moral inconsistency and recklessness which go so far to nullify the better traits of his character. In reviewing his outgivings about California affairs, it is impossible to suppress the reflection that Mr. Roosevelt would do well to study and apply his own preachments in denunciation of ignorant presumption and heedless mendacity.

Mr. Roosevelt's formal lectures at the State University have been strictly conventional in style, and it is for that reason they have surprised many and, perhaps, have disappointed some who went to hear them. When one goes to see a lion there is a not unnatural wish to hear him roar and gnash his teeth, and it comes a little flat to have him purr and mew after the fashion of a family cat. Therefore Mr. Roosevelt's sermons on the good, the true, and the beautiful, edifying though they may have been from the standpoint of manners and morals, have not been inspiring. Indeed they have been commonplace—sound absolutely, wholesome beyond a doubt, but not novel, certainly neither striking or diverting.

It has been in his informal and semi-private utter-

ances that we have had some glimpse of the later developments in Mr. Roosevelt's personality. He has become a radical of radicals. He is for all the half-cooked proposals which when they were championed by Mr. William Jennings Bryan a few years ago were regarded as extreme and revolutionary. But Mr. Roosevelt's vital interests are less with times present than with times past. In every discussion of affairs, formal or informal, public or private, he harks back to the period of "my presidency." Apparently he can not get himself into the mental attitude of a private citizen. He assumes without blushing that the most important things done in recent times fall within the period of "my administrations." Inferentially he takes to himself the credit not only of having inspired the Isthmian project—this in spite of the fact that Humboldt suggested it in 1809, that Goethe foretold it in 1827, and that De Lesseps partly built it while he (Roosevelt) was still a schoolboy—but of having actually achieved it, although the date of that event is still in time future. He refers again and again to the cruise of our battleship fleet around the world in a time of profound peace, as if it had been a conquering crusade. These things, because they have impressed the melodramatic instinct of the world, have reacted powerfully on Mr. Roosevelt's imagination and he manifestly regards them as elements in his individual fame.

Most of Mr. Roosevelt's informal talk has its inspiration in personality. He speaks continually about himself and his doings, his opinions, his plans. Perhaps it ought not to surprise anybody that a man by nature self-centred should have allowed an innate egotism to grow under the circumstances which have surrounded Mr. Roosevelt during the past fifteen years. But the fact remains that today Mr. Roosevelt apparently can think and talk of nothing that does not in some way relate to himself or which can not be brought into the sphere of his personal interests and achievements. Even at a dinner given by the graduates of his college, an occasion of natural appeal to impersonal and community sentiments, his talk was colored throughout by the personal note. The big stick indeed was dropped, excepting in the way of reminiscence, but the big I was there from start to finish. He appears to have reached a stage in his individual development where comradeship on even terms, without assumption or assertive declamation, is an impossibility. He can not, like Taft, "sit on the old fence" in unrestrained and unassertive equality even with the sharers of his school-day memories or with the intimates of his youth. He can not regard any occasion as one unsuited to the airing of his views, the parade of his triumphs, and even the muttering of his resentments. It goes without saying that the man of whom this must be said in any candid analysis of his mind and manners has lost something which makes for simplicity and sincerity of character. Mr. Roosevelt's individual nature, whatever may be said for or against it, is not a weak one; nevertheless it has suffered under the attentions of the world and the adulation of the multitudes ever eager to prostrate themselves before greatness or distinction, however transitory it may be.

It is notable though not surprising in relation to the present Western tour that Mr. Roosevelt's sayings and doings are less widely heralded than in former times. In last fall's swing around the circle he attracted as much newspaper attention as in the days of his presidency—perhaps even more than President Taft himself in a journey made about the same time. The climax of this sort of interest came with the election of last November. The returns of that election, taken in connection with Mr. Roosevelt's deliverances at Osawatimie, have beyond question damaged his reputation with the sober and responsible elements of the country and therefore robbed him of something of his importance as a political figure. He has become not a man of all the people, not even a man of all the Republican party, but a factionist; and curiously enough he has not become a leader of his faction. Either La Follette or Cummins or even Folk, while less personally typical of the spirit of radicalism, none the less has fixed connections of greater immediate effectiveness. Each of these leaders has his army of followers. Roosevelt is in the position of an eminent general detached from any particular service. There are potentialities in his name, but they are, at least for the immediate time, minus working arrangements. He has practically abandoned the old Republican organization without having been

assigned to any fixed rank other than that of a man of special eminence in the scheme of Republican insurgency. His doings and outgivings therefore lack the impressiveness which connect themselves with effective working force. It is because the newspapers feel all this instinctively that they are not giving to the present tour the attention previously bestowed upon Mr. Roosevelt's journeyings. Wherever he goes, indeed, as with us during the past week, he holds the front page and absorbs the biggest and blackest type in every shop, but outside the immediate geography of his activities it is observable that he is accorded scant and scantier space. It is this perhaps which has led to the reflection, not without its complacent and grateful suggestions, that Mr. Roosevelt has ceased to be an epidemic and has become merely a local irritation.

The Monroe Doctrine.

The presence of an American army on the Mexican border is a practical assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. It implies a recognized and declared responsibility on the part of the United States for social and political conditions in the so-called Mexican republic. And in view of the tacit consent of the other creditor nations, there is implied willingness to leave the situation in our hands. If Mexico can not so order her own affairs as to guarantee the security of foreign investments, then the United States by her own motion and with the assent of the leading European nations will step in and enforce order.

This puts Mexico in her relationship to the United States practically where Cuba has been since the reorganization of that country following the Spanish war. While claiming no special privilege or right in Mexico, so long as Mexico can take care of herself, the United States becomes nevertheless the guarantor of her governmental and financial integrity, in a sense her social and political guardian. The responsibility is serious, yet it can not be evaded without throwing over the Monroe Doctrine. The creditor nations, having invested heavily in Mexico upon presumptions and presentments at the hands of the Diaz government, have a right to insist upon conditions assuring their several interests; and under the practice of modern times they would be justified in enforcing such conditions by arbitrary courses. The United States by her Monroe Doctrine bids them halt, and therefore—since she insists upon hands off—she rests under obligation to assure conditions which otherwise they would themselves enforce.

This is by no means the first practical assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. Forty-six years ago it was asserted in the case of Mexico, and more recently it has been exercised even to the arbitrament of war in the case of Cuba and by threat of war in the case of Venezuela. But there have been many lapses in its enforcement. We have never gone so far as to guarantee the payment of obligations on the part of the minor American republics to European creditors. Again and again without protest we have allowed European nations to collect their debts in their own way—by possessing themselves of custom-houses and turning in the revenues on imports to payments of their own accounts, even by threats of military occupation in extreme cases. Instances of this kind up and down the Central American coast have been many, and while they have always been closely observed from Washington they have never been protested. We have never taken the ground that the Monroe Doctrine obligates us in matters of public or private debt, yet the logic of the Monroe Doctrine points to such guaranty. In truth, we have sought to maintain the Monroe Doctrine upon an indefinite basis, to hold it as a sort of bugaboo against European aggression, without committing ourselves precisely. Perhaps today no two Americans would give the same definition of the Monroe Doctrine; certainly no American President would like to be put to the necessity of stating the principle and the obligations involved in it in set and fixed terms. Broadly speaking this Doctrine covers the whole American continent; yet we would not be likely to apply it in precisely the same measure or spirit to Brazil or the Argentine, which lie far to the south and practically in another world, as to Mexico, which lies immediately on our southern border.

For all its traditional and historic character, for all its frequent enforcements, the Monroe Doctrine is still a nebulous quantity—a thing to be used by American statescraft in cases where it suits our sense of expediency and interest, to be regarded lightly in cases

where it would meet with protest or denial. Certainly we shall regard it as a positive principle in the case of Mexico and probably in the countries which lie between Mexico and the canal zone. But it is extremely doubtful if we should proceed under it in any positive or arbitrary way in the remote and essentially foreign regions of far South America.

Sooner or later we shall be brought by the exigencies of South American politics to the snubbing post of definite declaration of purpose in the matter of the Monroe Doctrine. We shall have to say precisely what we mean by it and precisely what we do not mean by it. And if we shall mean by it the overlordship of the American continent, we shall be up against something very difficult to maintain logically or by force of arms. Without the backing of superior armaments this doctrine, like other sorts of national or international assertion, must fall to the ground. In other words, if we do not intend to sustain the Monroe Doctrine in all its implications by armaments, we will have ultimately to abandon it. There must come a time, and it may come any day, when we shall be compelled with respect to the Monroe Doctrine either to put up or shut up. Ultimately and inevitably, we think, we shall shut up. If, for example, England in the enforcement of political or other demands should occupy or even possess herself of Venezuela, or if Germany should bargain for colonial possessions in Brazil or the Argentine, it is incredible that we should go to war in protest. The practical judgment of the country would hardly support a bloody, costly, and doubtful struggle in a distant land in maintenance of a rather more than less quixotic sentiment.

The authority of the Monroe Doctrine, outside the sphere of moral influence, practically ended with the area of paper interdictions. There was a time when the blockade of a country might after some fashion be enforced by a mere declaration. Then the Monroe Doctrine, even though not backed by military force, might pretend to a certain authority. But in recent times no blockade is recognized unless it shall be physically maintained. And by the same token, the Monroe Doctrine can not be maintained excepting by an adequate military force. Such a force—a force capable of protecting the American continent against any aggressive policy of any European nation—is a practical impossibility in the present posture of our affairs. We could, indeed, in case of foreign assault or, as our own Civil War has shown, in the case of civil disturbance, raise and maintain great armies; but practically we could not do it merely to sustain a principle resting upon questionable logic and doubtful expediency. In the language of the street, the American people would not stand for it. They would neither supply the men nor the money. Their idea would be that we would better save our resources for our own needs rather than expend them in bloody enterprises for doubtful and remote causes.

In logic and common sense we can not insist that Europe shall keep its hands off the American continent while we busy ourselves with possession and government of vast provinces in southeastern Asia. Our possession of the Philippine Islands is a fact out of all harmony with the Monroe Doctrine, for the principle involved in it is a practical denial of the rationale of the Monroe Doctrine. So long as we assert the right to go beyond the limits of America to assume the character of a territorial proprietor in the old world, we make a poor face in maintaining that old world countries shall not interest themselves in American territory. America for Americans was once an effective cry, even though always more or less weak at the point of logic; but the cry of America for Americans lost such sanctions as it had when the American republic extended its dominion into the Asiatic world.

In any event, probably, we shall have to abandon the Monroe Doctrine as a principle which we can be justified in applying south of the Isthmian canal zone. And we must surely do it if we shall continue to hold possession of the Philippines—to assert claims to dominion in Asia. Herein lies one even if not the most effective of the considerations which should lead us to get rid of the Philippines either by sale or other arrangement with Japan or some other Oriental nation at the earliest possible moment. Possession of the Philippines not only costs us a tremendous annual toll of men and money, puts a strain upon our administrative

integrity, makes at once a military problem and a military hazard, but in view of our continental pretensions it makes us ridiculous. Even without the Philippines our Monroe Doctrine strictly and universally applied would be a futility; with them it is a stupendous absurdity.

The Legislature.

It is not yet practicable to summarize the work of the legislative session just ended, because the governor's desk is still piled high with bills duly passed, some of them important, which may or may not become laws. But this may be said, namely, that the things done and proposed by this legislature amount practically to revolution in the affairs of the State. Taken together, the laws enacted will go far to centralize the powers of the State government in the hands of the governor. He has been given the power to appoint a considerable number of the State functionaries hitherto elected and has been given direct authority in the matter of the superintendency of banks, the railroad commission, the San Francisco harbor commission, and other departments of State administration. These measures are more important in a political than in any other sense, because they put in the governor's hands powers which may easily be used for the organization of personal or factional schemes of politics. We have already had some hint of how effective these powers may be, and we shall have further demonstrations in the course of Johnson, Lissner & Company during the next few months.

More revolutionary and therefore more important are certain proposals in the form of constitutional changes which are to be put before the public at a special election announced for October. The scheme of things which used to be styled Bryanism, plus the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, applied to all classes of officials, including judges, is to be put before our people and urged in the name of reform. This scheme will be supported by the powers of the State government and under the system of agitation which Governor Johnson and his side partner Lissner know so well how to manage. Whether or not it will carry depends upon the interest, the intelligence, and the judgment of the people of California. There are many evidences that the spirit of innovation is widespread; nevertheless the *Argonaut* does not believe that our people will accept a principle so radical, so revolutionary, so discredited by every authority worth consideration as that of applying the recall to the State judiciary.

The only chance for these proposals is that of action at a time when the public mind is agitated and confused. It is in knowledge of this fact that Governor Johnson is taking steps to enforce an early election. His idea is to strike while the iron is hot, before there is time for calm and intelligent counsels, and—important item—while he holds in his own hands the powers of the governorship augmented as they have been by a subservient legislature.

The issue drawn by this legislature and presented to the people of California—an issue which has yet in its fullest significance to be worked out through appeal to the people—is this: Shall we abide by the representative scheme of government under which we have lived and prospered now for more than half a century, a scheme of government based upon principles developed by the founders of the republic and in harmony with that of the greater number of our sister States, or shall we under the guidance of Governor Johnson and his faction abandon the old scheme and adopt proposals which embody new and untried principles and which may lead God knows where?

Already we have seen some of the tendencies of the new dispensation, perhaps most important of all the spirit of reckless dishonesty with which the new ideas seem to inspire those who present themselves as their special custodians and champions. The fundamental pretense of these innovators is that of bringing government close to the people. It was upon this cry that two years ago they carried through the legislature the direct primary plan. Under that plan the people of California named Mr. A. G. Spaulding as their choice for United States senator. But the innovators did not respect this verdict, even though it came legally and regularly through their own elective devices. They unceremoniously threw over Mr. Spaulding and gave the senatorship instead to Mr. J. D. Works, who was the candidate of their own faction. Again under the theory of bringing government closer to the people they have suggested additions and corrections to the

law of two years ago; but in contempt alike of their own pretensions and of enactments made under them, they have narrowed the list of elective officials and have, to an extent never before heard of in any American State, given the direction of affairs into the hands of the governor—in the immediate case a governor of their own faction. Where open and shameless dishonesty like this appears as the first fruit of reform, we may well pause before acceptance of newer and even more radical proposals. The *Argonaut* believes that the people of California will pause and reflect, that they will see in the doings of the past three months evidences of insincerity and fanaticism, that they will call a halt upon further advances of the spirit of ruthless destruction of political standards and landmarks, and that they will stay the hand of reckless and revolutionary innovation.

Patriotic and Timely Words.

Seattle gave emphatic testimony to its respect and affection for ex-Secretary Ballinger on Saturday last in the form of a popular reception at the bidding of Mayor Dilling. Citizens in all ranks of life passed in a stream of many thousands through the public hall of the Washington Hotel to give Mr. Ballinger greeting, and to assure him of the consideration in which he is held by the community which best knows him. In reply to the mayor's greeting Mr. Ballinger made a brief speech, from which we excerpt the following:

Let me warn you that the great coming issue of American politics, national in scope and upon which parties must be reconstructed, is the question of whether we are to retain our republican institutions in their comparative purity, or permit our government to be transformed into a socialistic democracy. I plead with my fellow-citizens to be temperate in their consideration of all changes which affect the fundamental law and the established institutions of the land, and to be guided not by a penny-a-liner, the muckraker, the apostle of Socialism, or the man who stands forth proclaiming "I am the issue," but to listen to the experience of the ages, to the experience of the statesmen and patriots of our country who have written our history in the golden light of the new era and baptized it in the blood of our fathers.

Here is matter which of itself goes to explain the fortitude with which Mr. Ballinger has faced persecution in multiplied forms during the past two years. And here, as well, is matter worth the consideration of men in whom patriotism is a vital sentiment. Mr. Ballinger has been in position to see, as perhaps no other man in the country has seen, the demoralizing and iniquitous tendencies of a movement which leads away from the standards fixed by our fathers, which lightly regards the laws of the land when they run counter to individual aims and ambitions, which make little of tradition and much of mere personality. Timely indeed is the plea for caution with respect to movements in contempt of our fundamental law.

In contrast with this utterance, so instinct with reverence for our fixed institutions, so breathing the vitality of conviction and patriotism, how trivial and self-centred appear the presentments of Mr. Gifford Pinchot at Akron, Ohio, only a few days before. "We shall live," says Mr. Pinchot, "if we free ourselves from the gangrene of devotion to things that have gone by." Upon this basis he proceeds to glorify the citizen whose hardihood, recklessness, or vanity leads him from the ranks of coöperative political action to the character of objector and bolter. "In 1912," says Mr. Pinchot, "the nominee himself will be more than half the platform." Thus we see that with Mr. Pinchot and with men of his type personality counts for more than principle, individualism for more than law.

In view of the fact that these ideas are being preached up and down the land, timely indeed is the warning of Mr. Ballinger against any man who goes forth proclaiming "I am the issue!" When American politics shall reach the low level where any one man may truthfully say "I am the issue," then the day of government of the people, by the people, for the people shall indeed have perished from this land "baptized in the blood of our fathers."

The British Navy has just taken a step unprecedented in its history. The two cruisers, *Rainbow* and *Niobe*, are to be teetotal men-of-war, contrary to all marine traditions. Grog has always been a part of the standard ration, being a concoction of one part rum to three parts water, but no such luxury is to be permitted on the two ships above mentioned. In the old days, in fact down to 1830, the daily allowance to each man was a gallon of ale and half a pint of rum. The quantity has been greatly modified, but it certainly never entered any tar's head that the time was coming for total abstinence.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

White men have often wondered what the Chinaman really thinks of them, but the inscrutable Oriental, alone among the nations of the earth, has learned to keep his opinions to himself. But sometimes he is caught napping, and this has happened in the case of his excellency Ho Kuei Fang, who, twelve years ago, was appointed high imperial commissioner and sent to Europe. On his return to China he made a report on European customs for the benefit of the imperial princes, and this report fell into the hands of Commandant Harfeld, who has published it in French. So we are now able to see ourselves as others see us, and so amend our ways in the light of Chinese wisdom. One of our chief mistakes, it seems, is building lofty edifices which are "destructive of the spirits of the wind and the water." Instead of building pagodas to protect themselves from plagues and floods "the barbarians squander their money in drains and dykes. They do not know that a pagoda keeps away pestilence and attracts prosperity and brings success to the candidates of the district at the literary examinations for the civil service." And this is written by a man of education and sentiment who is willing to admit that "their ignorance is their only excuse."

But it is the position of women that fills his excellency with consternation. He knew that the "Devils of the Ocean" had strange customs, but he was not prepared for what awaited him. Thus, "on a narrow pavement the man always gives way to the inferior creature. A husband allows his wife to walk side by side with him and nobody laughs. He may even carry parcels for her without being mocked at." But there is still worse to come. His excellency has even seen a man serve his wife at meals before his own father. This was not hearsay. It was not a mere rumor. He saw it himself.

Not every one knows that Ben Jonson's well-known song, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," is a translation from the ancient Greek, although not a translation from a continuous passage. It is made up from clauses extracted from a series of love letters written by Philostratus the sophist, who lived in the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus. The lines of the song are scattered through four of these letters, sometimes a few words intervening and sometimes whole paragraphs. Calvin Winter, writing in the *Bookman*, says that "any one who has the curiosity and patience to run the matter down may find a pleasant afternoon's amusement by hunting out the lines one by one by help of the *Index Verborum*."

It is hardly surprising that there should be a general reluctance to undertake jury service at the Camorra trial in Italy, seeing that the proceedings may easily last for ten years. The excuses were numerous and some of them were ingenious. One man pleaded an invincible sleepiness, and of course he had the necessary medical certificate. Another complained of uric acid, although why uric acid should stand in the path of justice is not clear. A third, who happened to be a doctor, asked what would happen to his district if cholera should break out while he was in the jury box, and as no one seemed to know just what would happen he was allowed to go. But there was no such luck for another, who said that he was deaf in his right ear. The judge considerably pointed out that he and the witnesses would be speaking into his left ear. He said that it was a "merciful dispensation of Providence" and pressingly urged the reluctant citizen into the jury-box.

The Camorristas evidently have plenty of money. They have engaged the best legal talent in Italy, and it is said that large sums have been subscribed by the Black Hand in America and that a heavy tax has been privately levied on the gambling hells and bagnios of Naples.

A hitherto unpublished novel by Balzac has just made its appearance in Paris. Balzac wrote the story as a compliment to the Duchesse de Dino, and it has been hidden among her papers ever since. The present Duke de Dino recently presented it to M. Lucien Aubanel, who has allowed it to be published. The plot is peculiarly Balzacian. A young officer meets a woman at a masked ball and falls in love with her and she with him. But she always wears her mask and he never sees her face. Then one day he receives a message from her to the effect that he is the father of a daughter, and the rest of the story is the history of the young officer's fatherhood. No doubt it is well told, but what a curious plot to choose as a compliment to a lady.

The new premier of France is said to favor a project for the Bertillon registration of all residents in Paris as well as all visitors. The tourist will have the satisfaction of knowing that if he should be so unlucky as to get fished out of the Seine his identity can be established at once and his heirs notified, while the resident may be dissuaded from a criminal career by the knowledge that no alias can avail him. M. Bertillon already has a vast collection of records. All his friends have contributed, and he makes this a condition of granting an interview. Consequently the records of all the journalists of Paris are on file, each one with a Mr. before the name. "We put that in," says M. Bertillon, "so that we may differentiate the journalists from other criminals at the first glance."

Señor Figueroa Alcorte, once president of the Argentine Republic, is now visiting Paris and is the object of some curiosity because of a strange fatality said to be associated with him. Señor Alcorte succeeded President Quintana, who died in office. On the day of his election as president, General Mitre and MM. Pellegrini and Urihuru, who had all been presidents of the republic, called to congratulate him. Three days later they all died. Within the next two months the president of the senate, two mayors of Buenos Ayres, three

prefects of police, the head of the supreme court, two ministers of marine, and the governor of the province died immediately after visits to the president. He visited the President of Chile and the President of Chile died a week later. The visit was returned by his successor and he died two days after his arrival. Señor Alcorte has not yet called upon President Fallières, and it is hoped that he will plead his unfortunate failing as an excuse for waiving a formality of courtesy.

Professor Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons has recently said something interesting about the pituitary body, a small organ lying at the base of the skull and that is commonly supposed to be a supernumerary like the appendix. Professor Keith believes that the pituitary body is connected with growth and that it may at some time be possible so to regulate its activity as to produce large or small men at will. It was discovered by a French doctor, Pierre Maré, who found that giants had a particularly large pituitary body. It is supposed that this strange organ secretes a liquid and that when this liquid is plentiful it causes unusual stoutness, so that the day may come when we shall be able to regulate our height and weight. Perhaps some enterprising doctor will presently discover that even the despised appendix has its value in the human economy and that it is just as well not to cut it out.

The problem of the Mormon missionary is just now an acute one in England. It seems that there are no less than 322 of these propagandists in the British isles. Young women who are converted by their ministrations are sent to a central home, and when a sufficient number have been collected they are sent to Utah in parties. Women have a vote after five years' residence in Utah, and as they are naturally subservient to their spiritual pastors and masters it is of political importance to get as many converts as possible. The home secretary has been approached on the matter and he has promised to make a rigid inquiry, although there seems to be no law applicable to the case, and nothing can be done without a law.

The relief of the English poor costs about \$500,000,000 a year, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Wehh, lecturing under the chairmanship of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, ask if it would not be better economy to spend one-tenth of this sum in preventing disease, and consequently poverty, instead of trying to cure it after it is once established. Mr. and Mrs. Wehh are well-known economists, and it was their contention that nearly the whole of the existing misery, so far as it was due to disease, could be eradicated by an expenditure insignificant in comparison with the vast sums now expended by incompetent officials in the form of doles and charities.

The prefect of St. Petersburg has forbidden prize-fighting and boxing in every shape and form and not even the mildest of exhibitions are to be tolerated. The law on the subject is very explicit. It rests on a rescript by the Empress Catharine II, who hated it on the simple point of good manners. Exchanging blows, especially in public, was uncivilized and must be prohibited, and so the "noble art of self-defense" is doomed to extinction in the Russian capital.

If Mount Vesuvius persists in blowing her head off at unforeseen intervals she will lose whatever scenic beauties she now possesses. Over one thousand feet of summit disappeared five years ago, and now another two hundred feet has disappeared on the Naples side, leaving a huge and ugly rent dangerously close to the funicular railway station that has just been opened for the convenience of tourists. Indeed, thirty tourists nearly lost their lives on the occasion of the last collapse a few weeks ago and there is likely to be a good deal less enthusiasm among travelers in Italy who were disposed to view the grumling monster at close quarters. The superstitious peasantry say that Vesuvius objects to being made a popular sight and that familiarity breeds not contempt, but catastrophe. The towns of Resina and Portici are almost uninhabitable because of the ashes and smoke, while fresh collapses may occur at any moment.

The color problem has broken out with some violence in South Africa and with a striking similarity to some phases of the question in this country. Assaults upon white women have been numerous, and a native was recently sentenced to death for this offense. The viceroy, newly from England, commuted the sentence, and a storm of protest broke upon his head. Only stern and swift retribution could prevent the spread of a peculiarly abominable crime and the slightest laxity would render the country impossible to white women. Everywhere there was a talk of lynching parties, and the English authorities quickly learned that the South Africans must be left to manage the color problem in the light of experience. Now comes another aspect of the problem. Both the Anglican and the Roman Catholic churches are loud in their advocacy of mixed marriages between the colors. Only in this way, they argue, can racial antipathies be diminished and safety best secured by the creation of a sort of neutral territory that shall be neither white nor black, but a sort of gray. These hasty clergymen might do worse than learn the science as well as the sentiment of the case. The marriage of black and white will accentuate, as it always has accentuated, the existing evil. Racial antagonism is in no way lessened, while each individual among the progeny of such unions becomes a centre of self-conflict and is certain to be relegated to a position physically, morally, and socially inferior to both the black and the white.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Twenty years ago the average life insurance policy was for \$2500; now it is more than \$3000.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Drowned Mariner.

A mariner sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea;
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave, as it towered then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner swayed and rocked on the mast,
But the tumult pleased him well:
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched, as they hurried past,
Or lightly rose and fell—
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed, as they passed, the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
Like an uncurbed steed along:
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water plows;
But the ship is fleet and strong;
The topsails are reefed, and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dipeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
And holds him by the shroud;
And, as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face, looking up at him
With its pallid cheek, and its cold eyes dim?
Did it hearken him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner looked, and he saw, with dread,
A face he knew too well;
And the cold eyes glared, the eyes of the dead,
And its long hair out on the waves was spread—
Was there a tale to tell?
The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed—
And the mariner groaned, as well he need—
For ever down, as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the hriny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past:
A voice calls loud for thee;
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last;
The plunging ship on her beam is cast—
Oh, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths, that were lightly spoken;
Bethink thee of vows, that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea.

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is none to save!
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past;
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white hrow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down, where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell;
Where the amber-drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell its music keep;
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow.
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there;
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair;
As the water moveth they slightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play;
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Between 1870 and 1879 the total output of Portland cement in the United States was 82,000 barrels. American mills turn out 6,000,000 barrels a month today. This represents a total output in 1910 of 74,000,000 barrels. One company shipped a daily average of 5500 barrels to the Panama Canal, or a little more than 2,000,000 barrels in 1910. Portland cement was at first imported into the United States from Germany. Then the discovery was made that this country also contained materials from which the product could be manufactured. With improved methods and appliances today American Portland cements are the acknowledged superiors of any in the world.

There are two broods of periodical cicadas in the United States, the one that remains in the Mississippi Valley, southward from the Missouri north line, making its appearance every thirteenth year, and the one indigenous to the Atlantic Coast States, from the south line of North Carolina northward, coming to sight every seventeenth year. This year both broods appear simultaneously. After so long an existence under ground they will have a season of only about five weeks in the air, but will do great damage to trees during that brief period. The two broods of cicadas will not appear together again until the year 2132. They are found only in this country.

Hamilton Wright, federal opium commissioner, says that the United States uses 500,000 pounds of opium annually, which is several hundred-fold the amount prescribed by physicians. Mr. Wright also charges that one druggist in ten of those established in cities exists by means of profits derived from the sale of habit-forming drugs.

NEW THEATRE LESSONS.

Why New York's Elevation of the Drama Cost Four Hundred Thousand Dollars in Two Seasons.

As I wrote you some few weeks ago, the New Theatre on Central Park West is no longer to be run as heretofore. In other words, when the directors found that there was a deficit of \$400,000 on the two seasons' business, they decided that it was time to call a halt. They are good enough, at least in public, not to blame the management for this state of things, but rather the house itself—it is always pleasanter to blame an inanimate than an animate thing. The house is beautiful, but impracticable for the purpose desired. It was too big for anything but spectacular shows, and too small for grand opera.

If I have been correctly informed, the New Theatre had to earn \$600,000 a year before it made one cent of profit. Apparently it did not earn this by some \$200,000 a season, and hence the deficit. It is pleasant to do things on a lordly scale, but the management of the New Theatre did things on too lordly a scale. It kept too large a company of inefficient people, and it paid salaries that were entirely beyond the value received. Actors and actresses who would be well paid at \$50 or \$75 a week have drawn \$200 and \$250 a week from the exchequer of the New Theatre. As a matter of fact, actors and actresses would rather take less money and stay in New York than to take more and go on the road; and the New Theatre could have paid good, but not extravagant, salaries, and made the members of its company exceedingly happy.

As for Mr. Ames himself, he did not draw an extravagant salary for the position; \$20,000 a year is what he received. When he accepted the position as manager of the New Theatre he cut down the salary list of the big people, including himself, just one-half. As the board of directors had planned it out, he was to get \$40,000 a year as manager; Mr. Corbin, \$20,000 as literary manager; and Mr. Lee Shubert, \$12,000 as business manager. At first Mr. Shubert served without salary, but I think later, when he found that the position of business manager took a good deal of his time, he reconsidered; which was quite proper that he should do, for there is no earthly reason why a man as busy as he, with every moment of his time occupied, day and night, should give a large portion of it for nothing. As a matter of fact, Mr. Shubert was the only practical theatrical man in the New Theatre. Other salaries, such as producing agent, art director, "reader," or in other words the one who "tasted" the manuscripts before they got to Mr. Corbin, received salaries ranging from \$5200 to \$2000.

When it was designed to have in the company only twenty-three principals and ten actors of small parts, and understudies, the salary expense was put down at about \$260,000 per year; rent, counting interest on the money, \$92,500; producing, \$350,000; advertising at about \$40,000. Altogether, a little over \$600,000 per annum, as I said at the beginning of this letter. That is a lot of money; and the theatre did not earn it; as no one but the most sanguine could ever have thought that it would. Fortunately, the directors of the New Theatre, the men who put up their money, can stand the loss of \$400,000 as easily as you or I could stand the loss of four or five hundred cents. When you divide the payment of \$400,000 between a group of the multi-millionaires, you can see that it is a mere bagatelle.

The directors are not discouraged. They have simply learned wisdom. They are going to build a Newer theatre, which will keep the old name, the New Theatre, and it will be much smaller and will not be situated above what James L. Ford calls the "dead line." It will be in the thick of the theatrical district, on West Forty-Third Street, and will be ready for occupancy some time in 1912. It will take much less time to build the new New Theatre than it did that which is now the old New Theatre.

What I said about Liebler & Co., or George C. Tyler, taking over the New Theatre has proved true. This firm of managers, it is said, will pay \$75,000 a year rent for the New Theatre. This is much less than the interest on the money and the taxes, which amount to nearly \$150,000 a year; but no manager of a theatre of this class could stand such a rent. The highest rent paid in New York for a theatre is, I believe, paid for the Old Academy of Music on Irving Place; \$100,000 per annum is the rent of this Temple of the Drama, which is what is called a Ten-Twent'-and-Thirt' House.

Mr. Tyler, who is the active manager of Liebler & Co., has announced that he will open the New Theatre next season with a big scenic production of the "Garden of Allah," made from his novel of that name by Mr. Robert Hichens. This production, it is said, will require every available foot of stage space. The first scene will show the exterior of the hotel in Beni-Mora; the second, the famous garden; the third, the desert; and the last act, in two scenes, will show the exterior of the monastery at Tunis, and the garden again.

Mr. Tyler, who I told you was a man of ideals, is going to give these ideals reign in the New Theatre, the name of which, by the way, will be changed. He is going to give us Mme. Simone, the divorced wife of Le Bargy, who is one of the most popular actresses in France. And more than all, he is again going to give us Eleanora Duse in a repertory of her principal

plays. The Duse season will be short; but better four weeks of Duse than a cycle of Cathay.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1911.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

More Freak Education.

LOS ANGELES, March 22, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Apropos of freak education, which you have discussed from time to time, I have just had an experience.

My very small daughter was very laboriously reading aloud last evening. She made pretty heavy weather of it, and at last was completely stumped by a hard word.

"What's the trouble, Elena?" This from the daddy.

"I des can't speak dis word, daddy—I don't know what it is."

"Spell it out, baby, and let's see."

"It begins wif d Tired Dog's letter, and den dere's de Pig's letter, an' de Cow's letter, an' de Snake's letter, an' de Deaf Girl's letter, an' de Bell's letter, an' de last one is de Kitty's letter. What does it spell, daddy?"

Now the editor is of course possessed of a learning so profound that it sticks out the other side, yet I feel a certain hesitation in assuming that even he could answer that question off-hand.

Yours very truly,
GEO. S. BINKLEY.

P. S.—A careful translation of this riddle into terms of ordinary A, B, and C showed that the word was "himself."

Note from Professor Thacher.

NORDHOFF, CAL., March 25, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: If "literate" means people who can read or write, your statement in this week's *Argonaut* that there are less than fifty thousand such in Mexico indicates a certain carelessness that is hardly considerate of our southern neighbors. Two millions would be a fairer estimate, or forty times your figure.

This discrepancy suggests a corresponding error in the view you seem to have formed of the faculties and general value of the Mexican people, the implication being that all who are not purely of European blood are political negligibles only useful for exploitation.

The study of the effects of various race mixtures is an interesting one, and the mingling of Spanish with Indian blood is certainly a radical experiment; but, in view of the fact that most of the men in Mexico who, in recent times, have been eminent either as "literate" or in public affairs are derived from that experiment, while not a few are, like Juárez, Indians unmixed, it will hardly do to dismiss these elements as "mongrels" or semi-savages.

The hope of Mexico is in the development of these "masses," on whom, as I think, you have put a wholly erroneous valuation, and the future security of the country depends on their reaching the assurance that government exists for them and may be freely modified to meet their changing needs. Another Juárez is the leader that is wanted, and if the United States helps them to another Díaz instead, it will be a move away from all prospect of stable equilibrium.

EDWARD S. THACHER.

Mr. Edison's much-talked-of cast-iron forms for the workman's monolithic cement home have not as yet been found practicable (says the *Scientific American*). There has never been an Edison house built, and in the opinion of most practical concrete men none ever will be built. The problems of handling concrete as proposed by Mr. Edison seem insurmountable. The initial cost of preparing such a set of forms as proposed by Mr. Edison entails all told, including contractor's plant, materials and all other items entering into the financial outlay, about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Mr. Edison says his experiment will be carried through. Ordinary wood forms, in panels to facilitate handling, have so far been accepted as the best moulds for concrete work.

Legislation in the Isle of Man is at a standstill because the House of Keys has gone on strike. Manxmen can afford to mark time, for their laws have long been in advance of the day. Every woman, widow or spinster, in the Isle of Man, whether she be owner, occupier, or lodger, enjoys the parliamentary franchise. Every widow enjoys half of her husband's personal estate, and she can not be deprived of this by will. The sale of cigarettes and intoxicants to children was forbidden in Man for years before such a prohibition was enforced elsewhere. The highest interest that can be charged for a loan in the island is 6 per cent, and that has been the law for over 200 years.

More than one-third of the area of the United States has been surveyed and mapped by topographers of the United States Geological Survey in connection with the preparation of a detailed topographic atlas of the country. The maps are on a scale of about one inch to the mile, and the big atlas, when completed, will contain more than 8000 sheets. Every year during the open field season the government topographers survey, in very accurate detail, from 25,000 to 30,000 square miles. During the winter the topographers prepare the sheets, which are later engraved in the survey's engraving plant.

In explaining the bankruptcy of the largest and best-known fireworks company in America, the directors say that the "safe and sane Fourth" movement has killed the fireworks business. On the other hand, the company faced claimants for more than half a million dollars on account of fireworks fatalities and accidents. In any event, it was time to quit, says the *Springfield Republican*, sententiously.

Last year the Canadian Pacific Railroad laid out and started forty new towns on its recently built branch lines, and this year it will lay out and start fifty more towns along the same lines.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Manuel de Zacamona y Inclan, who has just been appointed Mexican ambassador to the United States, succeeding Francisco de la Barra, has been that government's financial agent in London, where he has been stationed for two years.

Major Bailey K. Ashford, Medical Corps of the United States Army, will be assigned by the Secretary of War to organize and take charge of the sanitary service of Porto Rico. Dr. Ashford is known as a "hookworm expert," and will continue his efforts toward checking the disease on the island.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, poet, historian, and folk-loreist, founder and president of the Gaelic League, is deeply interested in the success of the movement to make the Irish language a compulsory subject for entrance to the Royal University of Ireland in which he is examiner in Celtic. He was educated in Trinity College, coming out as a gold medal man. Dr. Hyde is well known in America, and in 1891 he instructed in modern languages in the University of New Brunswick.

The Hon. Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia, who will take part in the ceremonies attending the coronation of King George V, began life as a coal miner. Thirty-two years ago he was secretary of the Ayrshire Miners' Union. He was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, in 1862. He went to Australia in 1885, and in 1893 entered Queensland Parliament. He has represented Wide Bay in the Commonwealth Parliament ever since its inauguration.

Mrs. Jane McCoy of Oakley, Illinois, is one of the few real Daughters of the Revolution whose fathers served under Washington. James Russell, her father, fought in the battle of Yorktown, and though he died when she was young, Mrs. McCoy recalls his descriptions of General Washington and the battles of the Revolution distinctly. She is ninety years of age, but is active, and her mind is clear and her memory retentive. Since 1857 she has lived on a farm near Oakley.

Lady Evelyn Grey, daughter of Governor-General Grey of Canada, is one of the most accomplished ice skaters among women in the Dominion. She is a member of the Minto "four" of the Minto Skating Club of Ottawa. Recently, during a visit to Boston, she appeared at the Boston Arena, where her skill and grace won much applause from 2000 spectators. The programme included exhibitions by members of the Minto Club of Canada, the Barger-Wallach Club of New York, and the Boston Skating Club.

Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, the head of the new Bureau of Mines, is one of the comparatively few people who really know the United States at first-hand. He has visited every part of the country, investigating and analyzing, adding voluminously to the scientific knowledge of America. He is a great pedestrian, a lover of the outdoor life, and in his travels has gained an intimate knowledge of camps in the mountains and on the plains. For thirteen years he was the State geologist of North Carolina. Dr. Holmes is fifty-one years of age, but still of notable bodily and mental vigor.

Dr. William H. Welch, president of the American Medical Association, has been honored by Emperor William of Germany, who has conferred on him the decoration of Royal Order of the Crown, Second Class, through the German ambassador at Washington. The recognition is in honor of the great work accomplished by Dr. Welch in pathological and bacteriological research. Dr. Welch was born at Norfolk, Connecticut, in 1850. He is a graduate of Yale College, has studied in German medical schools, and has been professor of pathology in Johns Hopkins University since 1884. He is the author of "Bacteriology of Surgical Infection" and other well-known medical text-books.

Dr. Frans Kuhn of Cassel, Germany, who has gained renown in his method of operating, will arrive in the United States next month to demonstrate at the Johns Hopkins Hospital and prominent medical schools a system of anaesthetization known as peroral intubation, which is new in this country. He will also show the use of an instrument of his own invention for administering the anaesthetic which has not been seen or used in America. By means of the instrument an anaesthetic can be introduced directly into the lungs. Dr. Kuhn is not associated with any of the great German universities. He has been doing his work at a comparatively small hospital in Cassel, an important railroad centre in Germany.

William Rufus Day, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, who recently delivered the opinion in the corporation tax case, has followed the career of his father, who was chief justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Chief Justice Day was born at Ravenna, Ohio, in 1849. He graduated from the University of Michigan with the degree of B. S. In 1872 he was admitted to the bar. From 1886 to 1890 he was judge of the court of common pleas at Canton, Ohio. In 1897 he was made Assistant Secretary of State. The following year he succeeded John Sherman as Secretary of State, and was himself succeeded by John Hay. He then became chairman of the United States Peace Commission at Paris, at the close of the Spanish-American War. After serving as United States circuit judge he became associate justice of the Supreme Court.

FOR YOUTH AND HAPPINESS.

The Sacrifice of Father Mathieu.

At the noon hour, in the narrow prison courtyard, Father Mathieu went to seek his own little patch of pale sunshine at a corner of the walls. And, seating himself upon the stone bench, trembling from old age, from cold, and from sorrow, he began to grumble in his wonted way:

"Five years I've been living in this hell, and I have still ten more years to serve here—ten years of agony! I shall never again see the village, nor my thatched cottage, nor my little garden full of flowers. I am too old. I can never go out of this prison alive! And to think that I am innocent, that I am suffering in another man's stead—for I never stole! No! No! It was not I who robbed Flavien, the farmer at Breuil! Good heavens, what misery, and what injustice!"

"Come, come, old fellow! . Don't be always repeating the same old story," counseled the keeper. "It only turns people against you, because nobody believes you! And, besides, this is no time for you to be scolding and complaining; for one of your own people, who goes out today, has asked the warden to let him have a chat with you. He has behaved so well here, and has shown himself so penitent about his drunken assault, that his punishment has been commuted. He is leaving here after only eight months, this lucky chap! Follow his example, instead of nursing your wrath."

"If I am rebellious," muttered the old man, "it is because I don't deserve my misfortune. I have never committed any crime, that is the simple truth! Some day it will be found out, but perhaps it will be too late, for I feel that I am growing weaker and weaker. Still, I'd rather die here, inside of your four walls, than to acknowledge something which would be a lie!"

"Very well, you obstinate old fellow! But turn your eyes towards that door which is just going to open, instead of staring at me so indignantly. And now tell me once more that I'm not kind! In spite of the rule I'm going to let you have a private interview with your friend. Take advantage of it, if you have any commission for your family or friends. I'll be blind and deaf!"

The keeper, who at heart was sorry for the old man, took himself off to the other end of the courtyard, so that he might not interfere with the talk.

Father Mathieu had no commissions, for the very good reason that he had no children, and his wife had died of grief when she saw him led away by the officers. Flavien, the farmer, having furnished evidence which the old man could not disprove, the good people of the village regarded him with contempt. But, all the same, Mathieu's heart began to beat joyfully, and thoughts of his happy past were thronging to his memory, when, the courtyard door suddenly opening, he recognized the young man who came toward him.

"Why, Frederick, is it you? Ah, my lad, how you have grown since I saw you last! True, true, when you left the village to go to the city you were only a little boy! And now you are a man, and a fine young fellow, upon my word! And you are going out—ah, you are in luck!"

"Yes, indeed, I am in great luck!" Frederick answered, all radiant with youth, hope, and joy; "it is also quite true that I'm going out like a man. I dare to say that I'm leaving this prison as an honest man, I who came into it as a rascal."

"I congratulate you, my boy!"

"Oh! You should not congratulate me, Father Mathieu," the young man answered gaily. "for in justice the congratulations upon my reformation are really due to Mam'selle Denise, a little dressmaker, who lives quite near the factory where I worked, in the city."

"Is this Denise a respectable young girl?"

"A little heart of gold, Father Mathieu! She used to watch me all the time, without venturing to speak to me. And I, like a simpleton, turned my eyes in other directions. But as soon as I was locked up here, in my despair at finding myself all alone, lost, forgotten, in the fever of my sleepless nights, whom do you suppose I thought of?"

"Of that little Denise."

"Exactly! I seemed to see her again, so pretty and so sweet, that, all at once, the memory brought hope to me in my disgrace. The warden, through his kind feeling for my youth, through his liking for my frank bearing, was so good as to interest himself in my behalf. He asked me if I did not know some one who had the power to lead, and encourage, and support me in my return to a right way of living. And see what an inspiration came to me, by chance—"

"You told him about that little Denise!"

"You are right! I told the warden what a change had come over me, and I told it so simply that the good man was touched. He wrote to the city to know—"

"And the little one replied?"

"Better than that! She came here, Father Mathieu, she talked with the warden; and he, understanding what good it might do to me, permitted her to come again, and to speak to me. Ah, that first day, when I saw her looking prettier and gentler than when she was in the city, she seemed like a blessed fairy who had sprung from the earth on purpose to save me! And, indeed, she saved me by just owning that she had long loved me in secret, and that, in spite of my crime, she would

love me still, if I would swear to her never to do wrong again."

"She would marry you!"

"Yes, Father Mathieu. I swore to her, and I have kept my word so well that here I am, set free! In ten minutes the door will open, I shall throw myself into Denise's arms, and there is no danger of my ever going back again to bad ways. My little sweetheart, my wife, will save me from all temptations. And the world will have one scoundrel the less, and will have gained a decent fellow!"

Won by the lad's joy, Mathieu murmured, as he squeezed his hand with all his remaining strength: "I am glad of your good fortune, Frederick! And since I no longer have anybody in this world to kiss, kiss your little Denise once more, for me! It will seem to me, shut up in this prison, that I can hear the kiss, and that will warm my heart."

"It shall be done, Father Mathieu! I should have been very glad not to have left you behind me in your trouble. I have better luck than you have. I don't know the cause of your imprisonment, but probably they have been too severe—"

"Say unjust, Frederick, for I am innocent. But as I can not prove it, I shall certainly die here before the end of my term."

"Yes, yes, Father Mathieu, you must be innocent! I can read it in your eyes, I can hear it in your voice! Ah, well, this makes me regret, all the more, that I must leave you!"

"Do not be troubled, my boy, I am not jealous; on the contrary, it comforts me to have you at liberty again. You deserve it: you have suffered enough."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly. I know your offense. It was not such a very serious matter. You can go away lightly—heartedly, without remorse."

"I wish I could believe you," Frederick said, lowering his voice, and, as Mathieu's gentle kindness made him feel a twinge of conscience, a craving to make a fuller confession, he added: "It is quite true that I was sentenced on account of that fight in the tavern; but that is not all that I have done, Father Mathieu. As I told you just now, I was a rascal before my heart was changed by love."

"I am sure you exaggerate."

Overcome by remorse, in the presence of this old man, as indulgent as a father, longing to make an absolutely full confession, Frederick said, in a still lower tone: "Listen, Father Mathieu, I have confidence in you, and it does me good to speak freely. Perhaps I do exaggerate, for I have been guilty of only one other crime; but it is a very serious one: I have stolen!"

The old man trembled, and asked in a broken voice: "Where was it?"

"In our village."

"How can that have been? You went away from the village six or seven years ago, to earn your living in the city."

"Yes; but two years afterwards I came back, secretly, to the country. It was all on account of the strike. I had no money, and felt like a madman. The idea came to me to rob Flavien, the farmer of Breuil, who was so rich and so stingy. No one saw me do it; and as I did not go again to the country, no one suspected me. But you are pale, Father Mathieu, and you bow down your head! No doubt you think that this was very wicked, and you consider that I have not suffered enough punishment to deserve my happiness?"

"No, I do not think that," said Mathieu, almost overwhelmed. "Only I was not expecting such a confession. You have not told this to any one?"

"Yes, to Denise. It would have weighed too heavily upon my heart if I had responded to her confiding tenderness by hiding from her anything whatever in my past life."

"That was a brave thing for you to do," said the old man, trying to steady his quivering voice. "And what was Denise's decision?"

"The poor girl cried! Then she made me promise her that, if by chance some one else had been accused and punished in my place, I would go and give myself up."

"And afterwards?"

"How was I to learn anything about it, here in prison? Besides, as Denise saw that this recollection made me sad, and pained me, she was afraid that I might again take to my bad ways, merely from despair. She did not speak to me about it any more. Besides, I think that she is afraid that it might delay our happiness!"

The old man remained silent, with contracted brows. He was lost in deep thought.

"It was only yesterday," continued the young man, "that I happened to hear your name. I asked leave to shake hands with you. And then I decided to ask you, before I began my new life, if you knew what happened after the robbery of Flavien's house."

For a moment Mathieu saw once more his thatched cottage, his little garden full of flowers. He imagined his triumphant return to the village, Flavien's mortification, his old-time friends all holding out their hands to him. He thought of his old wife's grave, on which he could at last lay flowers gathered by his own hands. But Frederick's voice, so anxious, so impatient, quickly dissipated his lovely dream.

"If there is anything to tell, you ought to tell it to me, Father Mathieu!"

"There is nothing to tell you."

Frederick drew a long sigh of relief: "Ah! Your silence frightened me terribly! If they had accused and punished anybody I should have gone to the warden, according to my promise, and given myself up—but not to go out, after all, not to see my pretty, sweet Denise, who is waiting for me, there, on the other side of the door, it would have broken my heart! I think that it would have killed me!"

The old man now spoke again, more firmly: "Flavien did not accuse anybody. He did not even make any search. Don't waste your time in going back to the village to inquire, for you will learn nothing by going there."

"You had not been put in prison when this happened?"

"No; I came here some time afterwards."

"And why are you kept here, Father Mathieu?"

At this moment the young man, although dreaming of other things, looked attentively at Father Mathieu. The old man felt that, in order not to excite suspicion, he must hide all his own trouble. And he said, with a supreme effort to make his voice simple and natural as he told his falsehood: "It was a matter of poaching and smuggling."

"And you are innocent! There is far too much injustice in this world! It makes me ashamed of my own good fortune!"

"Don't think of that, my boy, but think of the little one who is waiting for you. As for me, my shortest way to rejoin my old wife is to stay here, and to die as soon as possible. There, there—why should you be troubled? I am so old that I could not be of use to anybody in the little space of time left me, while you, Frederick, are young. You have all the future before you in which to do still more good than you have done evil—the little Denise will help you!"

At the sound of that name, Frederick, comforted and joyful, held out his hand to the old man. "Your kind words cheer my heart, Father Mathieu! Let us say farewell. I see the keeper coming back, and making a sign to me to go."

"Farewell, my boy. Don't forget, for my sake, the kiss to your sweetheart."

"I'll give it to her before my own, Father Mathieu; for if I join her again free from remorse, I owe it to you!"

And not dreaming just how truly he had spoken, Frederick went away.

The keeper, standing in front of Father Mathieu, and much surprised to see his expression so entirely changed, asked him, inquisitively and jokingly: "Has your comrade promised you to speak to the warden in your behalf?"

"Oh, no! Rather the contrary!" said the old man.

"Then you have given your friend the means of proving your innocence?"

"Still less! I did have hopes that the guilty man would be discovered, some day, but all that is now at an end. I am quite sure that the truth will never be known."

Mathieu had scarcely finished speaking when there was heard, in the dreary silence of the prison, the double sound of an iron door opening and shutting again. The old man lifted up his eyes as if he hoped to see over the wall. He seemed to be listening intently. And, no doubt, he thought that he could hear a kiss, for he began to laugh, quietly.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished keeper, "after five years of constant scoldings and complaints, have you chosen the very time when you no longer have any hope in which to be so merry?"

And Father Mathieu, his gaze and his thoughts far away, continuing to smile gently, the keeper turned away from him, shrugging his shoulders, and muttering: "The poor old chap's sorrow has affected his mind! He is quite daft!"—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Charles Foley by Edward Tuckerman Mason.*

Chinese are adopting the motor-car. Although the roads adapted to its use are very few, and mostly in the vicinity of the larger cities, wealthy Chinamen are buying cars. Consul-General Samuel S. Knabenshue of Tien-tsin reports that there are perhaps a dozen or more motor-cars in Tien-tsin, two or three of which are owned by Chinese, the others belonging to foreign residents. There are also about half a dozen in Peking. The streets of the Tien-tsin foreign settlement are broad and level, well macadamized, and excellent for motoring. The boulevard encircling the native city is also good for the purpose. It occupies the site of the old city wall and moat, which wall was leveled by the provisional government in 1900. Peking has a number of very wide streets, and an automobile can be used to advantage in that city, which is eighty-nine miles from Tien-tsin by rail. All foreign articles used in Peking come from the establishments in Tien-tsin. The average Chinese street is too narrow to allow wheeled vehicles to pass or, in fact, to be used. But the great obstacle to an enormous trade in motor-cars in China is the absence of roads. A Chinese road is simply a cart track winding across the country. It is always very narrow. The only vehicle used outside the cities is a heavy, wooden, two-wheeled cart drawn by horses or donkeys. In the rainy season the roads are quagmires. Every carriage used by Chinese is closed, not open, following the style of the sedan chairs for carrying persons.

PEERS AND PICTURES.

Lord Lansdowne Develops an Appreciation of American Dollars.

Circumstances do alter cases. Take the American dollar, for example. Three short months ago that elusive coin was anathema in the nostrils and to the touch of British Unionists. The dollar mark was being printed in Conservative newspapers as the omen of England's downfall; it was a "scare heading," a vampire, a bogie, an ogre, intended to frighten voters away from the Liberal polling-booths. It was the outward and visible sign of the ruin of the British empire; the woe of the portend of the sale of England to England's enemies. And all this because a hundred thousand or so of American dollars had been contributed to the support of the Home Rule party.

But what a change now! Henry Charles Keith Fitzmaurice, more familiarly known as the Marquis of Lansdowne, has within his grasp a little pile of five hundred thousand of those pernicious American dollars, and suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the unclean become clean. Had that five hundred thousand dollars been destined for Home Rule coffers, England would have rung with protest and denunciation; because they are destined to swell my lord's banking account not a whisper is heard. No one even mutters *noblesse oblige*, for, truth to tell, no one seems to imagine that rank implies obligation nowadays. For it must be remembered that Lord Lansdowne is a Conservative, the leader, in fact, of the Tory hosts in the House of Lords, and has held many high offices in Unionist governments. He, in view of the tone of the recent political campaign, should have been the last man to flirt with American dollars.

Of course, his lordship may rejoice that he is giving value for the money. But is he? Is Rembrandt's "The Mill" really worth all that money? That is open to question. Had not an American millionaire made so prodigious an offer for the picture, the art experts would have been more chary of their adjectives. To-day they find in the time-stained canvas all kinds of wonderful things, things which would probably have surprised the artist; "solemn poetic emotion," "the first of the great romantic landscapes," "the mystery of all human life," and so on; but had they been caught napping and kept in ignorance of that mammoth American bid they would probably have regarded it as no more than a cracked and dirty transcription of an ordinary scene. It is amazing how "art criticism" can be enthused by dollars.

But, whether the picture be an inspiration or just an ordinary landscape, the point is that Lord Lansdowne should have chosen some other occasion for turning it into cash. Nor can he be congratulated on the manner in which he has attempted to placate the British public. Having been offered a hundred thousand pounds for "The Mill," he stipulated—so the official announcement ran—that the nation should have the option of acquiring it at the same figure, and to start the ball rolling he was willing to contribute five thousand pounds to the fund. That's what the cockney calls "saving one's face." It's an old dodge, once practised by that illustrious person known as George IV. When his father vacated the throne that royal spendthrift cast his eyes on his parent's magnificent library as an asset which could be turned into ready cash. His ministers intervened in the interests of the British Museum, but they had to lay their hands on secret funds to provide the monetary equivalent of the library before George graciously consented to "give" the collection to the nation. No doubt Lord Lansdowne would be willing to "present" "The Mill" to the National Gallery on similar conditions.

Why he is so anxious to realize on the gem of his Bowood collection will probably remain a secret until his life is written; perhaps it's Lord George's budget; perhaps it's the pinch of poverty. He is not the only peer who is turning pictures into cash and taking an almost plebeian advantage of the art cravings of the American millionaire. There is Lord Sackville, for example, who is now the poorer by a Gainsworth and the richer by a check for forty thousand pounds; and hardly a week passes without a canvas being taken from the walls of one of England's ancient homes and started on its journey to a Newport cottage or a Fifth Avenue mansion. And wailing is constant and pathetic, especially the wailing of the *Daily Telegraph*. "Already the deluge is not after us but with us," is the fearful cry of that grandiloquent journal. "Now, if no sufficient bar be placed in the way of the ever-swelling torrent, there will promptly come the *débâcle*—the breaking-up of all things, and the extinction of one of England's greatest glories." *Hinc ille lacrima*.

One voice of protest has been heard, and only one. David Murray, the R. A., has had the courage to say that art is not represented by the enormous expenditure of money so common in the present day; that is not art patronage, but gambling. And as a painter he thinks pictures of the gambling type have reached a "nonsensical value." But even Mr. Murray has not touched upon the saddest aspects of peers and their pictures. No doubt they have a right to do what they like with their own, and so no one save a churl can resent the passing to American soil of some of the world's greatest paintings, for they were not always in England, and when they enriched the art treasures of that country they impoverished the galleries of other

lands; but what is of moment is that the present gambling reveals the sad decay in the code of *noblesse oblige*. The public galleries and museums of England are what they are because in the past rank realized its obligations. Countless and priceless are the pictures and manuscripts and sculptures which were free gifts to the nation's treasures by men who were keenly sensitive of their duties as stewards. That sensitiveness is apparently a thing of the past; in its place has come a selfishness which contrasts sadly with the altruism of England's old-time nobility. But if the picture-selling peers can not attain to the ancient virtue of their order, they might at least strive to be consistent. For the American dollar is the same when it is given for Home Rule or a Rembrandt. If the times are hard for peers as well as for commoners, Lord Lansdowne should take to heart that conviction of his ancestor to the effect that a man of rank who looked after his own affairs might have all he ought to have, and all that can be of any use to him, for five thousand pounds a year.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have seen "The Mill." It is being exhibited in the National Gallery, presumably to induce the British public to part with their shillings and pounds and save the picture for England. One effect will be the enrichment of the National Gallery coffers by many sixpences, the charge on students' days; another will be the wearing out of much good wood flooring by the thousands who have flocked to the canvas on free days. As I visited the gallery when the "admission free" sign was out, I have nothing to complain of. My sixpence is in my pocket, and as a taxpayer I have a right to abrade the polished floor. And certainly I have no intention of contributing even that sixpence to keep "The Mill" this side of the Atlantic. The policeman on guard had come to the same resolve. "Shameful, sir, a wicked waste of money." But then he is not an "art critic," and would probably find more joy in Sunday comics than in a roomful of Rembrandts. Anyway, a dispassionate examination of "The Mill" can result in but one conclusion—that the "art critics" of the London press need to obey Dr. Johnson's exhortation and clear their minds of cant. They've been thinking about the half-million dollars and not about art.

LONDON, March 14, 1911. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

David Halliday Moffat, who was active in the pioneer days of Western railroad building and banking, died March 18 in his apartments at the Hotel Belmont in New York City. He was born in 1839 at Washingtonville, Orange County, New York, and began work as a messenger boy in the New York Exchange Bank at the age of fifteen. He went West after a year, and was a clerk with a Des Moines (Iowa) banking firm. He next went to the Bank of Nebraska, at Omaha, and finally became cashier. In 1860 he got the gold fever, bought a team of mules and a "prairie schooner," and joined a wagon train that arrived in Denver when it was little more than a camp of gold prospectors. Here he opened, with C. C. Woolworth of New York, a book and stationery store. The town built rapidly, and in 1866 he became instrumental in founding the First National Bank of Denver, of which he became cashier. Fifteen years later he was elected its president. He was one of the leading promoters of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and was elected its president in 1884. In 1869, with Governor Evans, he built the Denver Pacific from Cheyenne to Denver, and he also participated in organizing the Denver and South Park Railroad to Leadville, at one time said to be the best-paying road in the world. He furnished a large share of the capital used to build the Denver and New Orleans, which ultimately gave Denver a through line to that city, and he helped construct the Boulder Valley and the Florence and Cripple Creek. Another of his large interests was mining. At one time he owned more mines in Leadville than any other individual or company, and he opened the biggest mines in Creede, Aspen, and Telluride. He bought the first mine in Cripple Creek, the Victor, for \$65,000, of which \$5000 was cash and the rest payable in a year. At the end of a year he had taken \$500,000 out of the mine. Two years later he sold it to a French company for \$3,000,000, after he had taken out nearly that amount himself. In 1861 he married Fannie A. Buckhout of Mechanicsburg, New York. They have one daughter living, Mrs. J. A. McClurg of Denver, who is now abroad.

Strange to say, there is widespread and violent opposition in Massachusetts to the movement for a statue in memory of the late General Benjamin Butler. All kinds of charges against the lawyer-soldier and governor have been raked up, from treachery to labor to admiration for Jefferson Davis.

No less than twelve million dollars is now paid annually by the government for the traveling expenses of its officials in the several branches. The administration covers a big country, but some of its expense for ocean travel might well be avoided.

Vermont proudly asserts that the maple sugar made in that State is a unique product, superior to reciprocity, free trade, protection, or competition.

Economists give figures to show that farm products, on an average, are now fifty per cent higher than they were ten years ago.

THE HEALTH OF NATIONS.

Civilization, as though to compensate mankind for all the troubles inflicted, has added, or, rather, caused to be added, many years to his life in the land. The one country shining in exception is India, which only serves to prove that the greatest progress has been made in the countries where medical science is most esteemed.

Readable as one of the latest novels is that portion of the report of the National Conservation Commission, issued by the United States government, written by Professor Irving Fisher, instructor in political economy in Yale University, which deals with the deep problem of national vitality. As a nation, he finds, with a remarkable array of facts and statistics to interestingly substantiate his findings, that Americans have a stronger grip on life than ever, despite the strain under which they labor. In Massachusetts in four decades, he declares, fourteen years have been added to the lives of Bay State people.

Prussia, home of applied progressive medical science, leads all nations in gained vitality, her people having gained twenty-five years on Father Time—that is, they die that much later in life than did their forefathers.

That vast waste of life, consequently of force and production, occurs, for fifty-two out of every hundred deaths need not have taken place had proper preventive measures been taken in time, is the report of eminent physicians attached to Professor Fisher's article. Another stretch may be added to life when the so-called "incurable" diseases of today are brought under subjugation by medical skill, and the disease of old age itself may be pushed back a number of years. Work is urged, care must be exercised for the human machine, and at the age of eighty a man should still be strong physically and young mentally.

Sweden would appear to be an ideal country in which to be born with a view to obtaining middle age, no matter what arguments be advanced for this happy state of affairs. Prussia follows closely. In India, where the average life numbers twenty years, women live longer than men.

Considering the matter from a cold-blooded basis of dollars and cents, deaths and sickness which experts claim could have been prevented, yearly cause a loss in money to the United States of nearly three billion dollars, and with better medical methods and more careful personal habits an enormous saving not merely in money, but in time and energy, could be effected.

Of course it is not particularly pleasing to the poor man to be told that his chances of longevity are considerably less than those of the rich, but the report shows such to be the case. Quoting Professor Fisher:

That a well-to-do class, properly fed and clothed and with opportunity for leisure, will be less susceptible to disease and death than a poverty-stricken class, ill-fed and overworked, has been repeatedly shown by statistics. Newsholme has stated, for example, that in Glasgow the death rate among tenants of large houses is much lower than among the tenants of smaller dwellings.

Naturally, in view of what has been accomplished, some surprise may be occasioned when it is said though the child born today has a much better chance of reaching the age of sixty than did his great-grandfather, his chances are not much better after that age, largely due to the fact that certain diseases have increased in modern times. Forces which work to this disadvantage are diabetes, heart disease, and Bright's disease, the death rate from which has nearly doubled in the last thirty years. Discovery that most diseases can be prevented has resulted in the largely reduced general death rate. Tuberculosis has been curbed slightly, and the claim is advanced that under ideal conditions ninety per cent of the cases would not occur.

How illness affects economics is best understood by this extract from the report:

It is estimated that there are half a million persons constantly suffering from tuberculosis in this country. It is safe to say that half of these can not work, while the other half can do but half a well person's labor.

Of necessity people must keep well if the national health is to continue at a high standard; hence, the thing to do is to prevent sickness and accidents. Professor Fisher estimates that fifty per cent of the population is impaired to the extent of ten per cent of its real working power. Over-fatigue leads to ailments of many kinds—even to the most deadly. Says Professor Fisher:

The present working day is a striking example of the failure to conserve national vitality. In order to keep power unimpaired, the working day should be physiological, that is, it should be such as would enable the average individual to completely recuperate over night. Otherwise, instead of a simple daily cycle, there is a progressive deterioration. A reduction in the length of the working day would be the chief means of improving the vitality of workmen as well as the worth of life to them.

"What would life be if everybody were always well?" It is too much to expect such a condition soon, but the next generation should see a marvelous improvement in health conditions, with the dangerous diseases of today reduced to the minimum of danger and the minor ailments practically unknown. This is not too much to expect, after reading Professor Fisher's careful report, and the fact that fourteen years have been added to the span of life in Massachusetts in such a short time is only further proof that though Americans may be running at high speed, they are not in any danger of wearing out.

A LIFE OF SUMNER.

Walter G. Shotwell Writes the Story of a Commanding Political Figure.

Perhaps the author of this substantial volume would have secured a more careful reading by a wider audience if he had added the virtues of brevity to those of clear exposition and historical accuracy. Not that a life of Charles Sumner is in any way unworthy of the 723 pages of small type allotted to it, but the industry of the reading public is already somewhat fully taxed, and even the most careful biographer will sometimes lapse into historical redundancy. Then, too, the events of early life exercise a pardonable fascination and tempt to prolixity. Only in the case of supremely great men have they the importance that friendship and admiration are likely to suggest, and while from the psychological point of view it is interesting to watch the development of early influences, this is a pleasure that the busy man must usually deny himself. The real importance of Sumner's public career may be said to begin with his election to the Senate, but over two hundred pages are devoted to youth, early friendships, European tours, diversions, and the dawning of political interests. It is well and vivaciously told, but a shorter book would have been a better one from the viewpoint of the busy man's limitations.

Benton, we are told, deplored Sumner's late entry into political life:

It is a singular fact that, as he entered upon his duties, Mr. Benton said to him: "You have come upon the stage too late, sir; all our great men have passed away. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster are gone. Not only have the great men passed away, but the great issues, too, raised from our form of government, and of deepest interest to its founders and their immediate descendants, have been settled also. The last of these was the national bank, and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive slave laws involving no national interests."

Such a summary of the situation, and from a man not usually accounted short-sighted, is worthy to rank with the assurance of the English prime minister, one week before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, that nowhere was there a cloud upon the political horizon.

Sumner plunged himself with whole-hearted zeal into these "petty strifes about slavery." In every speech he showed that he at least was not blind to the tremendous issues involved, and his stately eloquence was of the kind to command attention even at a time when oratory was more highly considered than it has been since:

The movement against slavery is from the everlasting arm. Even now it is gathering its forces, soon to be confessed everywhere. It may not be felt yet in the high places of office and power, but all who can put their ears humbly to the ground will hear and comprehend its incessant and advancing tread.

The author draws for us a good picture of the acrimonious debates that reflected the tension of outside opinions. After Sumner's great five-hour speech he was assailed with coarse vilification by speaker after speaker. Douglas accused him of "lasciviousness and obscenity." His speech has been "written, printed, committed to memory, practised every night before the glass with a negro boy to hold the candle and watch the gestures, and annoying the boarders in the adjoining rooms until they were forced to quit the house." Mason followed: "I am constrained to hear here depravity, vice in its most odious form, uncoiled in this presence, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come." He deplored that he must recognize as an equal politically "one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise." But Sumner was at least the equal of his opponents in denunciation. As soon as Mason closed he was again on his feet:

"Sir, this is the Senate of the United States, an important body under the Constitution, with great powers. Its members are justly supposed, from years, to be above the intemperance of youth, and from character to be above the gusts of vulgarity. They are supposed to have something of wisdom and something of that candor which is the handmaid of wisdom. Let the senator hear these things in mind and remember hereafter that the Bowie-knife and bludgeon are not proper emblems of senatorial debate. Let him remember that the swagger of Boh Acres and the ferocity of the Malay can not add dignity to this body. The senator infused into his speech the venom sweltering for months—aye for years; and he has alleged matters entirely without foundation, in order to heap upon me some personal obloquy. I will not descend to things which dropped so naturally from his tongue. I will only brand them to his face as false. I say also to that senator, and I wish him to hear it in mind, that no person with the upright form of man can be allowed—" (hesitating)

Douglas—Say it.
Sumner—I will say it—no person with the upright form of man can be allowed, without violation of all decency, to switch out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality. Sir, that is not a proper weapon of debate, at least on this floor. The noisome squat, and the nameless animal to which I now refer is not the proper model for an American senator. Will the senator from Illinois take notice?

Douglas—I will—and therefore will not imitate you, sir.

Sumner—I did not hear the senator.
Douglas—I said if that be the case, I would certainly never imitate you in that capacity—recognizing the form of the illustration.

Sumner—Mr. President, again the senator switches his tongue and again he fills the Senate with its offensive odor. But I drop the senator.

The assault upon Sumner and its after effects occupy a deservedly large part of the memoirs. His assailant, Preston S. Brooks, was a representative of South Carolina, a man of the bumpkin type, of commonplace ability, and one whose only claim to notoriety was the

act that proclaimed him a bravo and a thug. Brooks professed to be incensed by Sumner's references to South Carolina and by his reply to Douglas and Mason, and accordingly he lay in wait for him, but failed to encounter his adversary on the street. He then entered the Senate chamber and tried to send a message to Sumner asking him to come outside, but in this he was unsuccessful, and so he determined to commit his contemplated outrage in the chamber itself:

Brooks passed directly to Sumner's chair. Sumner did not notice his presence till he heard some one call his name, when looking up he caught the words: "I have read your speech over twice carefully; it is a libel on South Carolina and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine"—and while he was still speaking and apparently without finishing the sentence, the tall, powerfully built stranger raised a heavy cane and struck him with all his force over the head. Sumner threw up his arms and endeavored to protect himself, but the first blow blinded him, and Brooks continued to rain blow after blow upon his head as hard and as fast as he could, wounding also Sumner's arms and his hands.

Sumner was pinioned down, with the desk fastened to the floor and his chair holding his legs so that he was completely at the mercy of his assailant. He was entirely unarmed, and besides had no opportunity to use a weapon. But being a powerful man, in the agony of his struggles, he wrenched the desk from its fastenings and staggered forward endeavoring to escape the blows. He could not see his assailant, who had grabbed him by the collar and, standing above him in the descending aisle, continued the blows even after the cane was broken and Sumner had fallen senseless and bleeding at his feet. His arm was stayed at last and he was forced away from Sumner by Representatives Morgan and Murray of New York, who though fifty feet away and standing with their backs turned, upon their attention being attracted, had promptly rushed to Sumner's rescue. Senator Crittenden of Kentucky hurried to his assistance from another direction, openly and emphatically condemning the conduct of Brooks. Keitt ran to the assistance of Brooks and threatened to strike Crittenden, crying to him, "Let them alone, G—d d—n you!" Edmundson rushed in to Brooks's assistance from another direction. And cries were heard: "Don't interfere!" "Go it, Brooks!" "Give the d—n Abolitionist h—l!" etc. Keitt, like Brooks, was armed with a cane, which he flourished as he came forward, threatening those who interfered and he kept his hand upon a pistol ready for use.

Sumner in a measure lost consciousness with the first blow, and when he recovered he was lying in the aisle of the chamber with his head supported on the knee of Mr. Morgan. Brooks had disappeared:

Upon examination it was found that he had received numerous wounds, two principal gashes, one over each ear and a little back, each about two inches long and laying the flesh open to the bone. Others more or less severe to the number of twenty or more were on different parts of the head and arms and hands. Blood flowed copiously from the wounds, especially from those on the head, so that his coat and waistcoat and the collar and bosom of his shirt were, in places, saturated. So much had flowed upon the shoulders of his coat that it soaked through the broadcloth and padding of the shoulders and appeared through the lining. "He was covered with blood," according to General Webb, afterwards minister to Brazil, as he "never saw man covered before." Another witness, William J. Leader, though belonging to a different political party, declared that "it was one of the most cold-blooded, high-handed outrages ever committed, and that had not Mr. Sumner been a very large and powerfully built man it must have resulted in his death." The hands and cuffs of Mr. Morgan, who supported his head, were covered with his blood.

The weapon with which he was assaulted was a walking-stick made of gutta-percha, one inch in diameter at the larger end and tapering to five-eighths at the smaller. It was broken with the weight of the blows. Owing to its weight, when used by a powerful man, it was a murderous weapon. The physical condition of Sumner and the masses of his full head of hair, which he wore long at the time, probably saved his life.

Toombs, Slidell, and Douglas openly expressed their approval of the crime. Wilson described it as "a brutal, murderous, and cowardly assault," to which Butler replied, "You are a liar." There was a debate in the House, and a motion to expel Brooks was lost, failing to secure the necessary two-thirds vote:

As soon as the vote on the resolution of expulsion was taken, Brooks arose and with some difficulty obtained permission to address the House. Giddings opposed it, but finally yielded to the persuasion of friends and withdrew his objection. Brooks then proceeded in a bragart speech in which he insinuated that "a blow struck by him then would be followed by a revolution, which would result in subverting the foundations of the government and in drenching the hall of Congress in blood," admitted that he had committed the assault "very deliberately," and insinuated that if Sumner had resisted he would have killed him. He closed by declaring that he was no longer a member of the House. He had already placed his resignation in the hands of the governor of his State, to take effect when he announced it himself in Congress. By this means he prevented any further action being taken against him by the House.

The criminal proceedings were no less of a farce. Brooks was fined three hundred dollars, after likening himself to husbands who defend their wounded honor. He was surrounded by a coterie of Southern admirers and supported by Mason and Butler:

But Sumner never held Brooks personally responsible. He considered him as the irresponsible agent of slavery, which he regarded as the guilty principal deserving the punishment. During his long years of suffering, no one heard him speak unkindly of Brooks, but as soon as he reached his rooms after the assault, he declared that whenever he was able to return to the Senate he would renew the warfare against slavery. Years after, when one day walking in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, his companion, George William Curtis, called his attention to a cenotaph of Brooks, which Sumner had not before noticed. His only remark was: "Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" To the question then asked by Curtis, "How did you feel about Brooks?" he replied, "Only as to a brick that should fall upon my head from a chimney. He was the unconscious agent of a malign power."

The feeling throughout the South was one of applause for the outrage. The Richmond Examiner said that they "applauded the conduct of Brooks without condition or limitation, that their approbation was entire and unreserved":

It may not be amiss to follow the other parties to this tragedy a step farther. Brooks lived to return to Congress, at

its next session, and to make a speech for slavery. But he did not live to see the close of the session. His manner and appearance changed; his black hair turned gray, he seemed nervous and ill-at-ease, casting furtive glances about him wherever he went, as if fearful of retribution, silent and dissatisfied; men and women of the North, who had mingled with him before, now avoided him; he had no associates except from his own section. The notoriety he had acquired became distasteful to him; he confessed he was tired of appearing as the prince of bullies. Sumner narrowly escaped death at his hands, and his vacant chair in the Senate chamber reminded him while he lived of the suffering he had caused. Remorse for his deed seemed to seize him and affect his health. But it did not last long. Near the close of January, 1857, he contracted a cold, and after a brief illness, so brief that it was not known to the public, it took the form of a violent croup, or inflammation of the throat, and he died suddenly a terrible death, struggling and gasping for breath, gripping his throat and apparently trying to tear it open. No physician was at hand to afford him relief.

Sumner's recovery was painfully slow. Dr. Brown-Séquard, then living in New York, examined him with great care and reported that his distressing symptoms were due neither to disease of the brain nor to paralysis. But there was an irritation to the vaso-motor nerves due to a sprain in the spine:

"What was to be done was to apply counter-irritants to those two sprains. That was done. I told him that the best plan of treatment would consist in the application of moxas, and that they produced the most painful kind of irritation of the skin that we knew. I urged him then to allow me to give him chloroform to diminish the pain, if not take it away altogether. I well remember his impressive accent when he replied: 'If you can say positively that I shall derive as much benefit if I take chloroform as if I do not, then of course I will take it; but if there is to be any degree whatever of amelioration in case I do not take it, then I shall not take it.'

"I did not find courage enough to deceive him. I told him the truth—that there would be more effect, as I thought, if he did not take chloroform. And so I had to submit him to the martyrdom of the greatest suffering that can be inflicted on mortal man. I burned him with the first moxa. I had the hope that after the first application he would submit to the use of chloroform; but for five times after that he was burned in the same way" (Sumner says seven times in all) "and refused to take chloroform. I had never seen a patient who submitted to such treatment in that way."

The operation was followed by a European tour and eventually Sumner returned home and resumed his seat in the Senate and consequently his attacks upon slavery. It was always the humanitarian aspect of the problem that appealed most forcibly to him. He had seen slavery in practical operation, and it was the sufferings of the individual rather than the economic principles involved that gave fire to his speech and stimulated him to his finest oratorical efforts:

Sumner quoted illustrations to show the brutalizing relation of the master to the slave: a description in an advertisement of a runaway slave, "has hole in his ears, a scar on the right side of the forehead, has been shot in the hind part of his legs, is marked on the back with the whip."

"For Sale—An accomplished and handsome lady's maid. She is just sixteen years of age; was raised in a genteel family in Maryland; and is now proposed to be sold, not for any fault, but simply because the owner has no further use for her. A note directed to C. D. Gadsley's Hotel will receive prompt attention."

A slave-master's cure for a runaway slave: "If a nigger ran away when he caught him, he would bind his knee over a log, and fasten him so he could not stir; then he'd take a pair of pincers and pull out one of his toe-nails by the roots, and tell him if he ever ran away again, he would pull out two of them, and if he ran away again after that, he told him he'd pull out four of them, and so on, doubling each time. He never had to do it more than twice; it always cured them."

Another instance was given, where a master, enraged at his slave for an attempt to run away, had deliberately cut the tendon of his heel, illustrating the language of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, that "The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect."

It was this difference in viewpoint that produced such disagreement as there was between Sumner and Lincoln. Lincoln's humanitarianism was of course as deep and practical as Sumner's, but he looked beyond slavery to the national issues that were even greater. Lincoln's supreme object was to save the Union; Sumner's to destroy slavery. Sumner's impatience sometimes brought him into momentary conflict with the President. He appealed to Lincoln to prevent the enforcement of a law which would have the effect of closing the colored schools of the South, a law passed before the rebellion:

With like ease, by a visit to the President, and a call for documents, by resolution, in the Senate, Sumner stopped the provisional governor of North Carolina from closing up the colored schools of that State, under laws in force prior to rebellion. The sweeping order of the War Department to the governor directed the enforcement of these laws. The teacher of one of the schools thus closed came on to Washington and presented the matter to Sumner and asked his interference to stop such proceedings. Sumner at once sought the President, at the White House, and, not finding him there, followed him to the War Department. Upon Sumner making known to him the purpose of his visit, the President asked him, with some impatience, "Do you take me for a school committeeman?" "Not at all," answered Sumner, "I take you for the President, and I come to you with a grievance that George Washington would have added to his renown in correcting." The President stopped and heard him patiently and the matter was corrected. Sumner, in relating it afterwards, said this was the only time he was ever treated impatiently by Lincoln.

Here it is necessary to leave a well-done biography and one that tempts to inordinate quotation. Sumner was easily preëminent on the slavery question, and his services to the cause of emancipation were inestimable. It is fortunate that Mr. Shotwell has devoted himself to so able a presentation of a man whom it would be ill to forget.

LIFE OF CHARLES SUMNER. By Walter G. Shotwell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.50.

The \$750,000 inheritance tax paid to the State of Utah by the Harriman estate will be used in building a new State capitol at Salt Lake City.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Adventure.

The modern woman is responsible for so many revolutionary ideas as to herself that we are a little in doubt whether the heroine of fiction is to be admired for her similarity to man or her dissimilarity. The heroine of Mr. Jack London's latest story is a young American girl who starts out by herself to trade in the Solomon Islands among as fierce a crew of cannibal negroes as are to be found on earth. Joining forces with a young Englishman who is making more or less of a mess of his plantation on Berande Island, she becomes his partner on a strictly unsentimental basis. She can cow the blood-thirsty contract laborers just as effectively as he can, she carries revolver and rifle, she swims fearlessly among sharks, and upon provocation she can throw a stick of dynamite among a crowd of rebellious blacks. She can also take command of a ship and recruit natives at places where a white man hardly dares to show his face. And all the way through the story we are tacitly asked to admire the modern American girl who can "hustle" like this and who is so exactly like a man that no one can tell the difference. It is true that Miss Joan Lackland does eventually relent so far as to allow a flash of femininity to show itself, but even then we hardly know whether to congratulate ourselves on the change or to lament a moment's inconsistency in an otherwise well-sustained male characterization.

Mr. London is rarely fortunate with his women characters. They are either Amazons or they are silly. Miss Lackland is so much of an Amazon that if she were only fat and forty, instead of pretty and young, she would be positively repulsive.

None the less "Adventure" is a fascinating story in spite of its heroine. It gives us a moving picture of plantation life in the Solomon Islands and of the white man's burden in bolder his own against human wolves who will destroy him in a moment if he allow his foot to slip or his eye to waver. It is a book to be read if only for its ethnological value.

ADVENTURE. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The Professor's Mystery.

This novel may be described as belonging to the "rush" order of modern fiction which begins with a mysterious situation and gallops to its solution in the last chapter through a series of bewildering and sensational happenings. In this case we have a holiday-making professor who finds himself as traveling companion with a girl whom he knows slightly. He accompanies her home and is invited by her parents to stay until the morning. He hears a noise in the night, finds that he has been locked in his room, and is then released with a curt and insulting request to leave the house instantly. It is of course impossible to lay down the book until we have learned the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings, and it must be confessed that when we do learn the meaning it seems inadequate enough.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY. By Wells Hastings and Brian Hooker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

The New Machiavelli.

No novelist ever yet described his hero so exhaustively as Mr. Wells describes Remington. It is the picture of the whole of a human mind. Nowhere is there a single reservation, and even when obscuring shadows would be most welcome the curtain never falls an inch and the footlights are unlowered. No man ever knew himself half so well as the reader knows Remington.

Necessarily "The New Machiavelli" is a large novel. Its five hundred pages and over are divided into parts, and the parts into chapters. We see Remington as the child of his narrow, conventional mother and of his ineffective, futile, kindly father, who teaches science but never performs experiments because they are expensive, dangerous, and necessitate cleaning up afterwards. Then come school, and university, and the comradeship of kindred spirits. They are all socialists, they are everything that is new and bizarre and emancipated. All conventions must be put aside, including those of reverence and reticence. Nothing must be too sacred for speculation and for challenge, and so at last the problem of sex is dragged from its corner for open analysis and debate. A hundred generations of young men have done the same things, but no other novelist of modern times has allowed himself such frankness of description, such distressing candor in sex experiences. There are few men who would reveal themselves so fully in a private diary to be kept under lock and key.

And yet the author must be acquitted of effrontery and even of indifference to a salutary sentiment that demands a subtler indication of the functions of sex. It is his design to display the two threads of Remington's life and to show the ruin that results from their conflict. No man can carry to success a great altruistic work such as the founding of a new state while his own inner life is disordered by sex passions. No man can suc-

ceed in the conquest of the world until he has first conquered himself. There can be no external Utopia until the kingdom of heaven has been found within. For this reason we are allowed so clearly to see the turmoil of inner passions and the grossness of their gratification that we may more readily understand the inexorable calamity that they bring upon noble ambitions for the race and upon a public life that should have been crowned with honor. His own unconquered passion is the Nemesis that drags Remington downward to ruin, failure, and exile.

"The New Machiavelli" must therefore be counted among the important novels because of its profound ethical meaning. Its form is by no means perfect, and it might have been well for the author had he rigorously restrained himself to a lesser length. He develops the faults of his copiousness. He always has time to write everything that occurs to him, and no digression, no elaboration, frightens him. As a result we seem to hear Mr. Wells talking when it should be Remington. Indeed, we may even suspect that the story is not wholly fiction and that more than one prominent figure in English society and politics may trace his own portrait in the best novel that Mr. Wells has yet written.

THE NEW MACHIAVELLI. By H. G. Wells. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35.

The Soul of the Indian.

Charles Alexander Eastman, or, to call him by his Sioux name, Ohiyesa, is well qualified to write of the Indian religion. "Since there is nothing left us but remembrance," he says, "let that remembrance be just," and to that end he gives us six chapters of much interest on "The Great Mystery," "The Family Altar," "Ceremonial and Symbolic Worship," "Barbarism and the Moral Code," "The Unwritten Scriptures," and "On the Borderland of Spirits."

The author believes strongly in the reality of the abnormal psychic powers claimed by certain of the medicine men, and after full allowance has been made for fraud and credulity. He tells us, too, that many Indians believe in reincarnation and even profess to remember their past births.

Dr. Eastman was government physician at the Pine Ridge Indian Agency, where he met and married Elaine Goodale, herself a writer of distinction. His book is a small one, but had it been much longer it would not have exhausted the reader's patience.

THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN. By Charles Alexander Eastman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

A Prince of Romance.

Mr. Stephen Chalmers has written a very pleasing story of Jacobite Scotland. Charles Edward Casimir is the sole survivor of a ship wrecked off Inverlachie. The identity of the name with that of the Stuart pretender, combined with a startling resemblance to the prince, produces a sensation in the village, and when the stranger states that he is indeed the Stuart heir there are the beginnings of a very pretty uprising. Casimir has, indeed, been sent to Scotland by Napoleon for this very purpose and in order that domestic trouble in England combined with the American war might serve to safeguard his own assault upon Russia. But when Casimir finds that he has won the heart of a young girl who would willingly be a second Flora MacDonald his conscience compels him to confess the fraud, and he leaves the country with the redcoats hot upon his heels. There are some other love affairs in the story that are just as engrossing as that of Margaret Dalglish and "Bonnie Prince Charley," and the author tells them admirably.

A PRINCE OF ROMANCE. By Stephen Chalmers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Me-Smith.

This is one of the typically "Wild West" stories that are intended to picture early days on the cattle ranch. There is the desperado, who is not aware that even the most rigid

moralist can censure the needless killing of Indians. There is the handsome sheriff, and there is the pretty schoolmarm who is so anxious to practice her uplift theories upon the desperado. Nor must we forget the scientist McArthur, although we may doubt if real life ever produced that character so popular among novelists, the savant who persists in using to cowboys a terminology usually associated with learned scientists. The story is capably told with an appropriate swing, and even the villain gets his deserts with a liberal percentage added as a makeweight.

"ME-SMITH." By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.20.

The Adventures of a Modest Man.

This can hardly be described as a new novel. Mr. Chambers selects a few of his short stories that have been published already, strings them together with an almost imperceptible thread of new and trivial narrative and presents them as a complete work. The father of two pretty daughters takes them on a trip to Paris, and while they are amusing themselves in pretty daughter ways, aided by the military forces of the republic, he himself renews an old acquaintance with the students' quarter. There he meets a crony who tells him the aforesaid short stories, and in between the short stories we are reminded of the pretty daughters. But we never get to know them, and we see them vanish, under competent military escort, without a pang.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MODEST MAN. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Young Pitcher," by Zane Grey, is a good story of school life and athleticism by a writer with unusual descriptive powers and vigor of style. It is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

In Maurice Baring's new book, "Diminutive Dramas" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25) he gives a series of brief dialogues between such historical characters as Henry VIII and Catherine Parr, Calpurnia and her guests, Jason and Medea, Socrates and Zantippe, etc.

Those who are interested in John the Baptist would do well to secure a copy of "John the Loyal," by A. T. Robertson, M. A., D. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25). No book since 1874, we are told, "has done so much for John" as is here done, and it is certainly something of a feat to expand into over three hundred pages of history and criticism the few pages which tell us all we know of a remarkable character.

Those who are interested in the mechanism of the suffrage movement in England should read "Rebel Women," by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane Company). The little volume is made up of sketches that have appeared in various English newspapers, and they describe the actual experiences of the author in her propaganda work. It may be said that she knows how to write with vivacity and that she has the saving grace of humor.

Among the best of all books for children is "Half a Hundred Hero Tales of Ulysses and the Men of Old," edited by Francis Storr with illustrations by Frank C. Papé (Henry Holt & Co.). The stories are by various authors, notable among them being H. P. Maskell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Guy G. Lloyd, and F. Storr. Some have followed closely to the original text, while others have given free play to their fancy, but they are all admirably done and well calculated to impress the young mind.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Married Miss Worth.

Louise Closser Hale proved her competence to tell a story when she wrote "The Actress." To say that "The Married Miss Worth" is even better is to say that it is a very good story indeed, a story that not only portrays an interesting profession with great accuracy, but that is full of wholesome sentiment, good characterization, and built around a plot that never does violence to the probabilities.

The modern stage could probably furnish a hundred stories of marital catastrophes caused by professional jealousies, and catastrophes from which there is no such happy issue as is provided here. Hilda Worth and Tom Lane become lovers while they are stars in the same company. When they are married it is on the understanding that they will always play together, even though one of them must take a secondary part. But the resolution fails at the test. Hilda has the chance to become leading lady in a play that contains no corresponding male part, and while she is unwilling to lose a valuable engagement her husband is just as disinclined to play second fiddle or to take a rôle unworthy his abilities. Moreover, Tom aspires to be a dramatist and would like more leisure than can be obtained on the road. And so the separation comes. Hilda accepts the star part, and the rôle that should have been Tom's is given to another actor, who sees that Hilda is wounded and takes the dangerous responsibilities of the comforter. Tom also feels a sense of desertion, and so the breach gradually widens until only the skill of the novelist can bridge it.

It needs no power of divination to see that Mrs. Hale draws her characters from life. Moreover, she knows unerringly just those characteristics that belong distinctively to player folk. When Josephine Farish visits the Lanes she talks triumphantly of the two crêpe shirtwaists that she bought because she could wash them in a basin. She did not actually need them, and she had paid twenty-five dollars each for them from her total capital of fifty dollars, but "the Lanes laughed; they were not shocked. They went among a class of people who would do this, although ruin stared them in the face."

THE MARRIED MISS WORTH. By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20.

Captivating Mary Carstairs.

Mr. Carstairs, longing for a sight of his young daughter who lives with his divorced wife, commissions two wealthy young men of leisure to kidnap her. On reaching the scene of operations, which is some few miles from New York, they find that Miss Carstairs is nineteen years of age instead of twelve, as they had been told, and this somewhat complicates the situation. It becomes more complicated when they get involved in a political struggle then in progress. There is plenty of good dialogue and some interesting situations, but the story is seriously handicapped by the hopeless improbabilities of the plot.

CAPTIVATING MARY CARSTAIRS. By Henry Second. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.30.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Arthur Stringer has gone to Italy for the summer, but Mitchell Kennerley is under contract to publish a volume of his Irish poems this spring.

Maurice Hewlett has written three poetical dramas, so connected in idea and plan that they are to be published in one volume called "The Agonists: A Trilogy of God and Man." The book will be brought out late in the spring in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. The plays are "Minos, King of Crete," "Ariadne in Naxos," and "The Death of Hippolytus." Mr. Hewlett has in these plays not merely presented the old legends, but he has endeavored to find in them, taken seriatim and then together, a framework for philosophy. He has tried to express in these three plays the fallacy in the ancient conceptions of Godkind and mankind and in the ancient views of their relationships. They are written in varied metres and he declares that Wagner's method in opera has largely been his inspiration in this respect.

Ten years ago Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull's historical novel, "The Golden Book of Venice," won high praise from discerning critics, and it has remained one of the most fascinating as it is one of the most scholarly works of that period. Mrs. Turnbull has now returned to the field which her studies had made familiar, and in a new work, "The Royal Pawn of Venice," makes the beautiful Caterina of the Ca' Cornaro her heroine. The novel will be published this spring by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Some time this month the Houghton Mifflin Company will bring out a new historical work entitled "California under Spain and Mexico," written by Irving B. Richman.

Daniel Beard wrote boys' stories for the generation that now has boys of its own, and he is writing books for the boys of the present day. Few authors who have appealed to young folks for an audience have described

more practical things of interest than has Mr. Beard. From the making of kites to the building of birch-bark canoes, from toboggan slides to dog packs, he has written clearly and understandingly of almost everything in outdoor sport and camp craft, and many of the novel things he has told about have been his own inventions.

In his recent work on "Class Teaching and Management," William Estabrook Chancellor says that one in one hundred American women is now teaching school, and that one in thirty has taught school.

A. C. Benson, who has to his credit a long list of works representative of his literary activity for more than a quarter of a century, has just been appointed to the chair of English Literature at Cambridge, founded by Sir Harold Harmsworth, of which the king is patron. Mr. Benson is the first occupant of the chair. Though the author of "The Upton Letters" and "The Silent Isle" is best known by his reflective essays, he has at various times turned his literary power to account in poetry, criticism, and biography.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, who is eighty-one, wrote her novel, "The Colonel's Story," just published by the Macmillan Company, with her own hand, and the manuscript was so clear and legible that it was not typewritten for the printers.

Professor William M. Sloane, in the chair of history at Columbia University, has been elected president of the American Historical Association. Professor Sloane was secretary to George Bancroft in Berlin, and from 1876 to 1896 was professor of history at Princeton University. A revised edition of Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," was recently brought out by the Century Company.

Some time ago the *Atlantic Monthly* printed an essay by Molly Elliot Seawell, which gave that piquant and forceful writer's view of the forbidding side of woman suffrage, and the article naturally stimulated discussion. Miss Seawell, however, has not been daunted by adverse criticism, but has again taken up her pen for another summing-up. Her work will soon be published by the Macmillan Company under the title "The Ladies' Battle."

A new novel by Will Levington Comfort, author of "Routledge Rides Alone," is to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company this spring. Mr. Comfort's book of last season still increases in favor with the reading public.

General Francis Vinton Greene's work, "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States," will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in May. This book is the first of three in which General Greene purposes to follow the history of the army.

William Winter's "Gray Days and Gold," describing his wanderings in the haunts of Dr. Johnson, Thomas Moore, and Lord Byron, has been brought out by Moffat, Yard & Co. The contents of the book have been rewritten for this edition.

Four volumes of the works of J. M. Synge, the Irish poet and dramatist, will be brought out this month by John W. Luce & Co. These will include "The Aran Islands," with twelve illustrations by Jack Yeats, and "Kerry and Wicklow."

G. P. Putnam's Sons now occupy for their publishing and manufacturing business, and for the extension of their retail department, the premises at Forty-Fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, in New York. The late George Palmer Putnam, the founder of the house, began his career as a publisher, in partnership with John Wiley, in 1836. The operations of the publishing concern of Putnam may, however, be said to date from 1841, when Mr. George P. Putnam opened in London the first American Book House established in Great Britain. The house now occupies quarters in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Since its institution in New York, the Putnam house has occupied the following premises: 1841, 155 Broadway; 1850, 10 Park Place; 1853, 321 Broadway; 1866, 661 Broadway; 1871, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street; 1876, 182 Fifth Avenue; 1881, 27-29 West Twenty-Third Street; 1911, 2-4-6 West Forty-Fifth Street. In 1889, the manufacturing department was incorporated under the name of The Knickerbocker Press, and in 1892 the Press took possession of its new plant at New Rochelle. In 1847, Mr. Putnam returning from London and beginning business at 155 Broadway, brought into publication Taylor's "Views Afoot," a book which is still, sixty-four years later, in steady demand. In 1848, he began the publication of the works of Washington Irving, and sixty-three years later the house of Putnam is still busily engaged in the printing and sale of the works of Irving, that have been accepted as belonging to the classics not only of America, but of the world. In 1872, occurred the death of George Palmer Putnam, the founder of the house. Since this date, the firm has borne the name of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New Books Received.

LOVE UNDER FIRE. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.
A new novel by the author of "My Lady of the South."

PRINCE OR CHAUFFEUR. By Lawrence Perry. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.
A story of Newport.

BAR-20 DAYS. By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.
More ranching yarns by the author of "Hop-along Cassidy."

STORIES OF THE STATES—CALIFORNIA. THE GOLDEN. By Rockwell D. Hunt, A. M., Ph. D. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

THE DILEMMA OF THE MODERN CHRISTIAN. By Edward H. Eppens. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20.

"How much can he accept of traditional Christianity?"

FLOWERS FROM THE WAYSIDE. By Warren R. Fitch. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.
A book of verse.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS. By W. J. Baltzell. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

SIXTINE ROME. By J. A. F. Orhaan, D. Ph. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$2.50.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES. By Joseph Edward Harry. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company.

An acting version of the tragedy which Hegel considered the most perfect of all dramas.

THE PASSIONATE ELOPEMENT. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

An attempt to reproduce the life of an inland spa in the days of hoops, sedan chairs, powder, patches, and quadrilles.

THE LAME ENGLISHMAN. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.; \$1.20.

THE BOOK OF ROSES. By Louis Durand. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.

Issued in the Handbooks of Practical Gardening series. Edited by Harry Roberts.

THE WASTREL. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

HALF LOAVES. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

Translated from the French by Louise Seymour Houghton.

ART IN NORTHERN ITALY. By Corrado Ricci. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PROTESTANT THOUGHT BEFORE KANT. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents.

Issued in the Studies in Theology series of handbooks.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF MENTAL HEALING. By George Barton Cullen, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.20.
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WHAT IS THIS UNIVERSE? By S. Ph. Marcus, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents.

An answer to Professor Haeckel's hook, "The Riddle of the Universe." With introduction by Rev. William Durhan, B. A.

A QUESTION OF MARRIAGE. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

BAWBERE JOCK. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.
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THE PURCHASING POWER OF MONEY. By Irving Fisher, assisted by Harry G. Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

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THE SOCIAL BASIS OF RELIGION. By Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Issued in the American Social Science series.

THE BIBLE FOR HOME AND SCHOOL—DEUTERONOMY. By W. G. Jordan. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents.

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GLAMOURIE. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.40.

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THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY. Vol. I, No. 1. The Tracy Dows Collection. Haden Whistler, Mervyn Cameron. New York: Frederick Keppel & Co.; 10 cents.

EAST AND WEST. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The pay-as-you-enter cars are no longer a novelty. They are now as much a part of the city's life as though they had always been in operation on the Sutter and Jackson Street route, and, having proved their superiority over the ordinary street-cars, the public is waiting for their appearance on Market Street, the great radiating artery of the city.

Out at Geneva, where the new cars are being assembled on arrival from the East, all is a scene of hustle and bustle. A big crew of expert workmen takes the bodies of the cars, the trucks, and the thousand and one things which go to make a complete and perfect passenger-carrying vehicle, and put them together, for the big P-A-Y-E affairs do not arrive from the factory ready for the rails. Every car is carefully tested before it is pronounced fit for service. Shipments reach Geneva daily, and it will be no great length of time before the entire eighty pay-as-you-enter will have been added to the rolling stock of the United Railroads in this city.

Eighty additional cars of this type mean much to the thousands who travel back and forth on street-cars every day. They will lessen the strain on the present service by just that much, decrease danger to thoughtless passengers, enable passengers to enter and exit faster than ever, and add much to the comfort of the traveling public. Besides they give employment to many more conductors and motormen.

Particularly pleasing is the gate feature, which absolutely prevents accidents in alighting. Hundreds of people every hour never wait for a car to come to a standstill before they step off. Conductors are powerless to prevent this, for whoever heard of anybody listening to the warning of a conductor? Some painful accidents result, and the cause is pure thoughtlessness on the part of the injured person.

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Another feature which is greatly appreciated is the ventilation system. The conductor can not close or open ventilators, his post being at the rear of the car. The system is the newest thing out, and passengers regulate it according to their own wishes, and they do it without effort.

"Move forward, please," becomes a real factor in these cars. It's the only way one can get off the car, as the exit is always at the front end, though in case of an extra jam the conductor will allow passengers to leave by the rear exit.

The seating arrangements and the width of the new cars are particularly pleasing, as they leave an abundance of room in the wide aisle, obviating the crushing and jostling generally so common. Then, too, the conductor never enters the car, and his cry of "Fare, please," will soon be but a memory—a memory of other days.

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JOLLY MARIE DRESSLER.

"Tillie's Nightmare" is what is known in theatre ads as "a scream." Everything and everybody is one continual scream in different keys. The newsboy screams the news at a key which should easily bring him a salary fat enough to match Tillie. Mrs. Grouch screams her patient impatience at the bargain counter. Maude, the grudging sister, screams her wrath, her envy, her jealousy, and, incidentally, her ditty.

The scenery screams, very successfully. And loudly, continuously, consistently, brilliantly, and successfully, Marie Dressler maintains her part as the champion screamer of the show. Nor is there yet surcease of screaming, for the audience takes up the tacit challenge, and screams back with such hearty good-will that there is a pervasive atmosphere of noisy happiness spread, like a warming sticking-plaster, all over the Savoy Theatre.

"Tillie's Nightmare" is well named; yet never saw we a more gayly diversified nightmare than this of Tillie's. It contains that curious mingling of wild unreason and factitious coherence which characterizes nightmares, in which we seem to dream crazily while we are broad awake. It contains comedy, burlesque, drama, vaudeville, and scenic melodrama. It contains high-hatted show-boys by the dozen and silk-clad show-girls by the score. It contains dances, gorgeous costumes, jolly, tuneful songs. And, above all, it contains Tillie.

Tillie reveals Marie Dressler to be something of a wonder. From the moment that we see the generously molded apparition of Tillie through the bead portières, which, as we almost rub our eyes, seem to have an unnaturally magnifying effect, Marie Dressler holds us in the hollow of her fist. She is physically vast, yet gamesome as a young colt. She and youth have said goodby, but she has the spirits of a school-girl, and the acrobatic antics of a school-boy. She has a cast-iron voice with a yodel in the middle of it that she can take any and all liberties with. It is deep like a man's, shrill like a steam-whistle's, colloquial like a chattering girl's. It whoops, and galoots, yowls, and, in solemn, seaside meditations, groans. It over-rides everything in sight and hearing. It even sings. It has no beauty, yet it is a constant joy to the audience. Anything, in fact, that appertains to Marie Dressler.

She captured the house from the moment of her first violent irruption on the scene; she maintained her ascendancy through the stages of her seasick scene, which, if described, you would consider disgusting, but which was perfectly allowable, and funny in the extreme. She continued to maintain it through the incipency, the climax, and the ebb of a champagne effervescence which made everybody thirsty, and during which Miss Dressler's eyes were the most intoxicated-looking articles ever witnessed outside the limits of New Year's Eve. She burlesqued pantomime dancing, and sentimental singing, and shop-girl chattering. And whatever she did, she left a trail of several hundred laughs behind her.

For Marie Dressler, like May Irwin, is one of the rare instances of a woman who was born with an undying talent for being funny. Physical and mental exuberance generally go hand in hand to form such a result, and Miss Dressler has them both in generous measure. She is, in spite of the well-contrived, fixed solemnity of her visage, manifestly enjoying herself from her head to her heels. The cleverly irrational mélange called "Tillie's Nightmare," which Edgar Smith and A. Baldwin Sloane together have fashioned, is just the vehicle for her. She is not the whole show, for it has all and more of the usual accessories characteristic of pieces of this kind, but she could be, if need be, and keep the house entertained and happy.

Everything is grist to her mill. The carefully emphasized rotundities of her ample person never cease to be the richest kind of a joke, because there are so many other irresistibly funny things about Tillie that the humor of none is worn threadbare. Life is a joke to Marie Dressler, I suppose. She never could keep it up otherwise. She refers joyously, in a *sui generis* curtain speech, to the struggle for existence, and thanks her laughingly appreciative audience for giving her an "easy living."

Miss Dressler should be at once an encouragement and a discouragement to ladies of

flesh. How in the world she manages to keep so much on her bones—if she has any—is a question, considering all the violent physical gymnastics she goes through. And, conversely, how under the canopy she contrives to accomplish such feats of agility while apparently handicapped by so much weight, is a poser. Whatever she does, she does well, and she does nearly everything at running speed. She gives a large and liberal faint, and nearly squashes her supporting man flat. She could actually be next door to graceful if the exactions of burlesque would allow her. Her burlesque singing and dancing and funny take-offs are all excellent, though robustly conceived.

The piece is gotten up with considerable costliness. An excellently planned setting for a department store reminds one of our after-earthquake gorgeous San Francisco shops. The show-girls are marvels of symmetry, beauty, and costly gowning. And in the extempore espousals of Tillie and her miraculously faithful ex-country beau, we recognize the trained hand of an expert in getting up decorative effects which would put the presiding genius of a church wedding to the blush. The baby-blue quartet delight the lovers of active and skillful dancing with their high and rhythmical kickings, and the singing is appropriately spirited and jolly, in line with the kind of entertainment.

In fact, "Tillie's Nightmare" is a most undignified form of entertainment, in being confidently calculated to upset the gravity of the most sedate, and, in spite of its numerous diversions, the great factor in it is fat, jolly, irresistible, talented Marie Dressler, who somehow contrives, through all the fooleries of the entertainment, to waft across the footlights the essence of something genuine and likable in her personality.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The aid that music lends to drama is so potent that in the countries which find in opera their popular form of dramatic expression the theatre languishes (says the *New York Sun*). In Italy opera has not only monopolized every other form of musical expression, but it has choked the spoken drama almost out of existence. Wretched as the contemporaneous opera houses in Italy are painted by current reports, they prosper in comparison with the theatres. Italian actors are like Italian singers, forced to earn their rewards beyond the frontiers of their own country. So we find them acting in Spain and the Argentine once they have acquired a reputation that will carry them so far. Until they have reached the height of fame their lot is one of peculiar hardships. Ermete Novelli's attempts to found something like a national theatre in Rome have met with contemptuous indifference.

Sir W. S. Gilbert has chosen a grewsome subject for his intensely dramatic sketch recently produced at the Coliseum in London, called "The Hooligan," and one which will provoke discussion as to the present method of dealing with capital cases. The piece represents vividly the mental tortures of a youth under sentence of death for killing his sweetheart. Eventually the prison warden, chaplain, and officials enter the cell, and he loses all control of himself. The warden has come to announce a reprieve; but the strain has been too much, and the prisoner falls dead. The part of the hooligan is powerfully played by James Welch. Sir W. S. Gilbert is as interesting in his new manner as he is in his lighter, and more usual, vein.

In spite of the numerous failures of new plays in New York some phenomenal runs are going on there. "Baby Mine," the Margaret Mayo farce in which petite Margaret Clark has really achieved a dramatic success, has been drawing for many months and is still going strong. Clyde Fitch's last play, "The City," is nowhere near the end of its career as a continuing attraction. "Pomander Walk," the delightful play of quiet English life, is more than a hundred nights old. Geo. M. Cohan's comedy, "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallington," is filling out its seventh month. But there are many theatres in the metropolis, and even a dozen big successes cut a small figure in the entertainment total.

John Mason is appearing in Augustus Thomas's new play, "As a Man Thinks," at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre, New York. The play deals with the social difficulties arising from the close social relationships between Hebrews and Gentiles, not in the superficial way in which this subject has been approached before, but as a study of essential and fundamental characteristics.

Blanche Bates is now in the sixth month of a success in "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson Theatre, New York, where this farcical romance of Avery Hopwood's will continue to hold the boards for the remainder of the season.

The Italian-Swiss Colony's TIPO was the only red wine served at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday night, when Colonel Roosevelt was the guest of honor of the Commonwealth Club.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Frederick Warde, one of the greatest exponents of the Shakespearean drama remaining on the American stage, opens a special engagement of one week at the Central Theatre on Sunday night. He will present a special production of Shakespeare's great tragedy, "Julius Caesar," a play which has not been seen in this city for some time, and never upon so elaborate a scale as is promised during Mr. Warde's engagement. It has a story that is familiar to every reader and student of history and contains so much beautiful sentiment, philosophy, poetry, and action, that it appeals more to the general theatre-going public than any of the great bard's other plays. Mr. Warde for years has been identified with the character of Marc Antony, but upon this occasion will be seen as the noble Brutus. The two characters are so widely different it will be interesting to note Mr. Warde's interpretation, particularly as he is an actor who never follows in the footsteps of others and creates his characters from a purely original conception and imagination. Ernest C. Warde, the youngest son of the tragedian, will appear as Cassius. This is one of the most difficult rôles in the gamut of Shakespeare to interpret, yet young Mr. Warde has achieved quite a success in the part, both lately with his father and some years ago while associated with the late Richard Mansfield. Edouard D'Oize will appear as Marc Antony, Arthur E. Hohe as Julius Caesar, John Burke as Casca, Miss Frederica Going as Calpurnia, wife of Caesar, and Miss Helen Hilton as Portia, wife of Brutus. The other characters will be in the hands of a large and competent company. A feature will be the scenic production, which is said to be very handsome—notably the scenes showing the street in Rome, the gardens of Brutus's home, and the senate chamber. Altogether, the engagement of Mr. Warde should prove a genuine success. The matinee days will be Wednesday and Saturday.

Ruth St. Denis, who will come to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning next Monday evening in her Oriental dances, is particularly anxious about the reception her creations are to receive in this city. Miss St. Denis realizes that the theatre-goers here are more familiar with the Orient than any Occidental people—with the beauty of their decorative art, with the intent of their religious beliefs, and the life of the people of the Far East. Her work has received the approval and the praise of many cultured Hindus, and she feels that the approval of the people here is much to be desired, as it will endorse their opinion. Miss St. Denis will give here the most noted of her Hindu and Egyptian dances, and her programme will be more elaborate than any in which she has appeared in Eastern cities. A company of fifty people will assist her. For the musical programme there has been engaged a large orchestra, for the accompaniment is said to be most important and to form an entertainment of unusual quality in itself. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Marie Dressler will continue at the Savoy Theatre another week in that joyous concoction, "Tillie's Nightmare." The comedienne and the piece are reviewed at length in another column. There is little need to counsel the public to "go and laugh," for the public goes to the capacity of the playhouse nightly.

Out of the eight acts listed for next week at the Orpheum, five will be entirely new. The announcement that Claude Gillingwater, one of the cleverest actors on the American stage, will begin an engagement will be hailed with delight. His prominent association with Fritz Scheff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and Blanche Bates, contributed greatly to their success, and his last engagement in this city at the Orpheum gained for him fresh laurels. His offering this time, a comedy sketch called "The Awakening of Minerva," is full of complications and ludicrous situations. Mr. Gillingwater is happily cast as Henry Clay Stoneman, a sculptor. He has the support of Carolyn Strelitz, Katherine Cherry, Teresa Dale, and Richard Stoneleigh. Mlle. Bianci Froehlich and a company of terpsichorean artists will appear in a repertory of classical and novelty dances. Mlle. Froehlich is a leading exponent of the classic dances in Europe and has been a premiere danseuse in the ballet of grand opera. For her engagement here she has specially contrived numbers called "Danse de Roccoco," "La Danse du Papillon d'or et l'Araignée," "Danse de Saba," "Danse du Torero," and "Danse Russe Kamarini." Burr McIntosh makes his appearance in a little play, "The Ranchman," a Wyoming tale which he presents with the aid of a sterling company. Burr McIntosh was the original Jack Rose in "At Piney Ridge" and the original Taffy in "Tribby." An old minstrel show entitled "Town Hall Minstrels" will be the contribution of Coakley, Hanvey, and Dunlevy, three clever men. They have good voices and a rich fund of humor. The Four Konez Brothers execute with grace and dexterity the most difficult

tricks with diabolos, hoops, and boomerangs. Next week will be the last of Alcide Capitaine, Mullen and Corelli, and Binns, Binns, and Binns.

It will be a starry spring and summer season at the Columbia Theatre. Among the notables to appear are Sarah Bernhardt, Billie Burke, John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, and William Gillette.

Lew Dockstader, with his Twentieth Century Minstrels, will begin an engagement limited to eight nights at the Savoy Theatre on April 9.

During the Ruth St. Denis engagement at the Columbia Theatre there will be no Sunday night performances. Matinees are to be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Vassa Yelensovna," by Maxim Gorky, was produced recently at the Nozlobin Theatre, Moscow. The play is one cheerful procession of every conceivable kind of inhuman cruelty to men, women, and children, the author's idea apparently being to show how diabolical mankind can be. So frightful was the effect that after the third act the audience revolted from the ghastly horrors and made known its disapproval in no uncertain tone. The performance degenerated into an encounter between friends of the author and disparagers of the play, which was finally ended by interference of the police.

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Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Mailorder to Wm. L. Greenbaum.
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VANITY FAIR.

The King's Camelots of Paris, who have been showing their devotion to the sacred cause of French royalty by riotous interruptions of Bernstein's new play, are anxious to prove that they have no animosity toward Mme. Bartet, who takes the chief rôle. Indeed they have no objection to the play itself, but only to its author, who happens to be a Jew, and Jews, as we know, should be excluded from literature, although the Bible was written by Jews. Probably the French royalists do not know this, but it is a fact. So Mme. Bartet was the recipient of nightly houcquets from the young ruffians whose yelps were driving her from the stage, and to her credit she returned them as fast as they came.

Mme. Bartet had an amusing experience when the Russian grand dukes were in Paris. After one of her performances at the Comédie Française she received a houcquet with the imperial card attached. Some weeks after, the grand duke was surprised to receive a visit from the prima donna, who wished to thank him for his "constant and delicate attentions." The grand duke was puzzled. "I sent you a few flowers a month or so ago," he said, "but I hardly merit the honor of a visit on that account." "But," replied the lady, "I have received flowers from you every night since." Explanations were obviously in order, and a few minutes' questioning of the grand duke's servant elicited the facts. He had received four dollars as a gratuity when he delivered the first houcquet, and so he had bought two dollars' worth of flowers every night since, receiving the same gratuity upon each occasion, and putting two dollars' profit into his own pocket.

The staff poet of the London *Sketch* is moved to verify by the announcement that Dr. Madeline Pelletier, the French suffragette, sees in the harem skirt a release from the moral servitude in which her sex has been held by the tyrant man:

For countless ages brutal man,
With unexampled knavery,
Has kept, as only tyrants can,
His womenkind in slavery.
He arrogates the right to wear
Both trousers and a jetty coat,
But forces maid and wife to bear
The burden of the petticoat.

The day of wrath has dawned at last
On man's obtuse brutality;
Means, that were hidden in the past,
Stand forth in grim reality.
Hark! Hark! It is the tocsin's sound
(Not feminine buffoonery),
The badge of freedom has been found
In-Turkish pantaloonery!

But if woman is resolved upon an imitation of man there are at least signs that man is returning the compliment. A report from London says that men are to wear fancy waistcoats trimmed with lace. Let us hail the new fashion with delight. It is easy to see where it will lead. Beginning with the waistcoat the passion for decoration will proceed inward, and presently we shall have delightful creations in underwear for male use. Why should not men also have treasures of lace and frilly things that no one but their wives are ever allowed to see? Of course they would be expensive. Even the humble pajamas would rise in price if the legs and sleeves were chastely trimmed, if they were cut low in front and filled in with some delicate fluffery. But how sweet they would look. How we should fancy ourselves in bed. And, after all, the cost need not be a bar. With the adoption of male attire women will naturally discard the pretty things that they now wear inside and that you can see only with the eye of faith unless you happen to be married. Husbands and fathers will no longer be called upon to pay lingerie bills of excessive proportions and therefore they will have more money to spend on their own adornment. The poet of the *Daily Mail* has the right of it when he blossoms into verse thusly:

"In days of old when knights were bold"
Man's clothes were likewise brave.
The tailor's charge was doubtless large
But did we pinch and save?
Oh, no! We gaily paid the bill
And strove to look more splendid still.

The powdered wig and Georgian rig
Combined the gay and chaste,
But now we deem a simpler scheme
A mark of better taste,
While women's clothing, year by year,
Grows more extravagantly dear.

And, with the show of long ago,
Authority decays.
A subtle scorn of man is born
Because he meekly pays.
For, since he shed his lordly coat,
Woman, with threats, demands the vote!

Then here's to one that hath begun
To trim our garb with lace,
That we at last, as in the past,
May fill our proper place.
Nor are we, ladies, feeling lost
To know where we may save the cost!

Harvard undergraduates will open their eyes somewhat widely when they read the report of Mr. E. Baron Briggs, president of Radcliffe College and chairman of the Harvard

University committee on the regulation of athletic sports. Mr. Briggs says that it is "ungentlemanly" of the undergraduates to spend so much money upon luxuries that the committee are positively embarrassed to make both ends meet. The gate receipts are enormous, but no amount of revenue can stand the strain now put upon it by students who are lavish with their equipment, shoes, sweaters, expensive hotel quarters, luxurious dinners, wine, cigars, souvenir photographs, keepsakes, taxicabs, and theatres. Mr. Briggs implores the athletic teams to practice "simple honesty and common sense, abandoning the pampering, even pauperizing, and certainly enervating luxuries obtained by aid of the gate money."

And these, presumably, are the young gentlemen whose "educational advantages" are supposed to be the hope of the country and who are to act as leaders and guides to the poor benighted wretches who had to earn money in their youth instead of squandering it.

A writer in the *Century Magazine* gives us an interesting account of missionary work in China, and at least one passage is worthy of preservation. We are told that "the missionaries have not proclaimed the 'rights of women' or insisted upon the full equality of the sexes. But the women converts gain from the reading of the New Testament ideas of their dignity and come to feel that they have rights which ought to be respected."

For such forbearance let us be duly thankful. At the same time we may wonder from which particular part of the New Testament do the converts gain new or un-Oriental ideas of their own status and rights. Certainly not from the Epistle to the Ephesians, for example, where wives are ordered to "submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the church." Even the most rabid opponent of women's rights hardly ventures to make such a claim for men's rights as is made in the sacred writings that are supposed to give the women of China a new idea of their own dignity. And this particular text is one of quite a number, all in the same tone, and all based upon the same Oriental view of feminine subjection that prevails in China and throughout the Eastern world in general.

When Professor William F. Braun expresses an opinion on the subject of dancing it is time for us to sit up and take notice. For Professor Braun is the president of the United Professional Teachers of Dancing of America, and even if we do not like what he says we can hardly ignore it.

There are three cities that fall under the professor's condemnation, and rather than plunge right into the colder water we will begin with New York. They dance badly, it seems, in New York. Fashionable people pay no attention to rhythm, or time, or music. A waltz or two-step should be danced no faster than fifty bars to the minute, but in New York they dance about eighty. If the music is not so quick, then so much the worse for the music. Sometimes the couples look as if they were just spinning round.

Chicago comes next on the scale. Chicago is somewhat worse than New York, says Professor Braun. Here, too, they have no idea of time and show a blissful unconsciousness of the musical restraints.

But San Francisco is the worst of all. It is "the worst city in the country, so far as dancing goes." There are indecent dances in the public halls of New York and Chicago "toward which the police should turn their attention," but in San Francisco there is indecency at private halls, for "even among the society folk you see an abandon that would not be tolerated for a moment here." The professor notes with regret that the "Turkey Trot" and the "Grizzly Bear" are breaking out everywhere, "and they should be stopped before they make much headway." He seems to regard them as indecent, and probably they are. In the "Turkey Trot," the performers "hop up and down and kick out at the sides," making an ugly and ungraceful exposure of themselves. The "Grizzly Bear" is a walking dance "with considerable hoddily contortion."

Of course indecency in dancing, in fact in everything, is a relative term. It depends a good deal upon the imagination and the intention. The waltz was denounced as indecent when it first appeared, and indeed it must have seemed so to those used to the minuet and to the stately measures of fifty years ago. The waltz is usually much more indecent now than it was then, because it is rarely danced correctly. It has degenerated into a combination of jumping and hugging. Professor Braun says that there should be no physical contact between the partners except at the hands and "at the middle of the woman's hack at the waist line." The distance between the partners should be seven inches and the shoulders and hips should be motionless. If these rules were observed waltzing would be far less popular than it is. It has ousted all other dances because of those very features that led our grandparents to discountenance it as indecent. And it is

much more indecent now than it was then, because the physical contact is now of the closest description. If we want to realize how indecent it is we have only to imagine the same attitudes adopted by couples who are not dancing.

It is a curious fact that kings and queens are usually moderate eaters with a preference for plain and homely dishes, presumably on the principle that we rarely want to do the things that fortune enables us to do. And yet the culinary arrangements of palaces are usually on a vast scale, indeed on a scale so sumptuous that one might suppose eating and drinking to be the chief delights of royalty. The King of England, the Emperor of Germany, and the Czar of Russia are supposed to prefer a plate of cold meat and a rice pudding to anything else, and though these dainties can always be hought at the delicatessen around the corner it is a part of palace etiquette that they shall be prepared by a staff of chefs and a whole army of subordinates. Of course kings and queens have to entertain, but for the most part their guests are of similar taste to their own. An elaborate dinner is a weariness and a vexation to half the guests present, and at least half of them are furtively eating dyspepsia tablets between the courses and trying to ward off the waiters. The day will come when even kings and fashionable people will be allowed to eat what they like and no more than they like.

Curiously enough, there are only two courts in Europe where the French chef is unknown. The German emperor employs German cooks because public feeling would disapprove of Frenchmen, but the chancellor employs French cooks. The other court is that of the Emperor of Austria, who employs a Hungarian so that he may get simple national dishes cooked in the right way. French cooks are employed at the English court, where there is a very large staff of them and their helpers, although King George never takes more than about forty minutes for his dinner.

In spite of current opinion it was really a youngster from Boston with a normal appetite who was taken to spend the day with an uncle in the suburbs. At dinner he ate so much that finally it became actually necessary to forbid him to eat any more. Later, when the family were taking their ease on the porch, the irrepressible William pulled something from his pocket and began gnawing it. "What have you there?" demanded his father. "Only a dog-biscuit," came in apologetic tone from Willie. "Where did you get it?" "I knew I'd be hungry before I got home," explained the lad, "so I took it away from Fido."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Boston girl who was watching a Sedgwick county farmer milk a cow adjusted her glasses and said: "It is all very plain except that I don't understand how you turn it off."

Once while traveling some distance by rail, Victor Hugo fell into conversation with a stranger who entertained the great author with much egotistic talk. The author of "Les Misérables," having arrived at his destination, was about to leave the train, when the stranger said: "You may, perhaps, like to know who I am. I am Victor Hugo." "How odd!" remarked the real Hugo; "so am I."

The manager of a suburban music hall was testing the abilities of several candidates for stage honors, and this is how he let down one of the would-be funny men: "I'm sorry, my boy, but your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theatre," he said, not unkindly. "But, my dear sir, I do not use profanity," replied the aspirant. "No," assented the manager, "but the audience would."

Lord Dufferin, when he was a young man in Dublin, always used a certain jaunting car driven by an old Irishman, who, however, did not know the name of his patron. "Well, Pat," said Dufferin one fine morning, "what is the news today?" "I don't think of anything, sir," was Pat's reply. Then, as an afterthought, "Yes, they do say that that one-eyed Dufferin is going to marry Kate Hamilton."

In 1888 Mark Twain received from Yale College the degree of master of arts, and the same college made him a doctor of literature in 1901. A year later the university of his own State, at Columbia, Missouri, conferred the same degree, and then, in 1907, came the crowning honor, when venerable Oxford tendered him the doctor's robe. "I don't know why they should give me a degree like that," he said, quaintly. "I never doctored any literature: I wouldn't know how."

The late Lord Young of the Scottish hench was responsible for enlivening many a dull case. One of the best remarks that ever fell from his lips was the reply to a counsel who urged on behalf of a plaintiff of somewhat hibus appearance: "My client, my lord, is a most remarkable man, and holds a very responsible position; he is manager of some water works." After a long look the judge answered: "Yes, he looks like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

One night, after the curtain was rung up at a certain English theatre, where the "Standing Room Only" was not needed, a small boy was discovered sobbing in front of the box-office. The manager of the theatre went to the lad and kindly asked him what the trouble was. "I want my money back!" sobbed the boy. In surprise the manager asked his reason for such a request. "Because—because I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone!" he wailed. His money was returned.

King Louis of Bavaria was much annoyed on one occasion when the soldier on guard at the palace gates neglected to present arms. The soldier did not know his majesty by sight. "Why don't you present arms?" the latter asked, angrily. "Don't you know to whom you are indebted for your daily bread?" The sentry glared angrily at the king, and, imagining him to be the army baker, replied: "So you are the miserable son of a baker who furnishes the soldiers with bread, are you? Well, I should like to have you by yourself in some quiet place. I'd spread your ungainly anatomy over three kingdoms! I'd make dough of you!"

In one of the provincial appeal courts in France a hoy, about fourteen, was summoned to give evidence, and his appearance was such as to move the whole court to laughter. He was small even for his age. He wore a long redingote, peculiar to the Basque country, and immense boots. His trousers, collar, and hat were unquestionably those of a man. The court was convulsed, and the president asked the boy how he dared to treat the court in such a manner. The boy seemed as surprised as the president, and, taking out the citation from his pocket, read the formula inviting him, "Comparez dans les affaires de son père." (To appear in his father's suit.)

Major S. Harris, one of the Australians who fought in the South African war, visited British Columbia and finally settled down in Vancouver. Now he tells of a man in his province who went over to see London for the first time last year, and was being shown through Westminster Abbey. He got into conversation with a tourist agent who was showing a party about and at intervals the man who was

explaining asked the British Columbian questions about Vancouver. "I suppose that in your country you have no place like the Abbey?" he suggested. "No," replied the other. "Then what, may I ask, do you do with your illustrious dead?" "First," replied the British Columbian, "we appoint a commission to see whether the man is really dead, and then if the commission decides in the affirmative, we send him to the legislature."

The city couple vacationing in a country cottage decided to have a late supper, and called at the little store and roused the proprietor from his nap on a hench at the door. They followed his lumbering footsteps into the building and told him that they wished a pound of cheese and some large square crackers for a Welsh rabbit. The old man tapped his wrinkled brow reflectively. "Got the cheese all right," he said, "but haint got no large square crackers. Won't yer rabbit eat the small ones?"

Winston Churchill, the young English statesman, once began to raise a mustache, and while it was still in the budding stage he was asked at a dinner party to take out to dinner an English girl who had decided opposing political views. "I am sorry," said Mr. Churchill, "we can not agree on politics." "No, we can't," rejoined the girl, "for to be frank with you I like your politics about as little as I do your mustache." "Well," replied Mr. Churchill, "remember that you are not really likely to come into contact with either."

Thomas A. Edison was explaining to a reporter the part played by M. Branly, the new French academician, in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The poor reporter, a little bewildered by all the talk about Hertzian waves, transmitters, volts, ohms, and so forth, ventured on a question that made Mr. Edison smile. "That question," he said, "reminds me of the city father who rose and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I'd like to know, for my constituents' benefit, whether this here proposed hydraulic pump is to be run by steam or electricity.'"

The late Charles Pelham Villiers, the "father of the House of Commons," used to tell a story of how he had been asking a Radical elector to support him. "Yes, I'll support you. But, Willars, we must have a division of property!" "Certainly," replied the diplomatic candidate; "I should be quite in favor of such a measure. But I am afraid that if property is divided, there will not be enough for you and me and the rest of us." After a momentary embarrassment the cheerful and resourceful Socialist hit on a remedy: "Why, then, Willars, we must diuide again!"

As an example of graciousness and tact, Matthew White tells in *Munsey's Magazine* of a London clergyman who was called on to address an audience of actors. Alluding to the better social status of the players, the clergyman said that in former days it was sometimes customary to brand them as vagabonds and hore a hole in their ears with an awl, that the citizens might thus be forewarned. "And who knows," the clergyman added, "but that it is a survival of an endeavor to hide this mark of indignity that causes some of the actors even today to wear their hair long?"

Colonel Scotchman was weary. He had had a very arduous day retreating from the enemy, and he wished to recoup his strength in order that he might retreat still farther on the morrow. "MacPherson," he said to his new servant, "I'm going to snatch forty winks' sleep. Stay by my tent, and see that I'm not disturbed." Mac saluted. Five minutes later the snores of Colonel Scotchman were cut short by the loud report of a gun. "Great Scott!" cried the colonel, "are the enemy upon us?" "Na, dinna fret," replied Mac, inserting his head reassuringly through the tent-flap. "It was only a wee mouse. But as I thought he might wake you up I shot him."

In a sparsely settled region of West Virginia an automobilist was once haled before a local magistrate upon the complaint of a constable. The magistrate, a good-natured man, was not, however, absolutely certain that the Washingtonian's car had been driven too fast; and the owner stoutly insisted that he had been progressing at the rate of only six miles an hour. "Why, your honor," he said, "my engine was out of order, and I was going very slowly because I was afraid it would break down completely. I gave you my word, sir, you could have walked as fast as I was running." "Well," said the magistrate, after due reflection, "you don't appear to have been exceeding the speed limit, but at the same time you must have been guilty of something, or you wouldn't be here. I fine you ten dollars for loitering."

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The hired girl is a Socialist—
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Everybody is an "ist"

But FATHER. —Puch.

Mary's Clothes.

Mary had a little lamb—
'Twas Persian—on her coat;
She also had a mink or two
About her dainty throat;
A bird of paradise, a tern,
And ermine made the hat
That perched at jaunty angle
On her coiffure largely rat;
Her tiny boots were sable topped,
Her gloves were muskrat too;
Her muff had heads and tails of half
The "critters" in the zoo;
And when she walked abroad I ween
She feared no wintry wind;
At keeping warm 'twas plain to see
She had all nature "skinned."

—Our Dumb Animals.

Captain Kidd.

Says teacher, "What do you think
Of the pirate, Captain Kidd;
What do you think of his roving,
And the savage things he did;
He used to tie his victim's hands;
'Go feed the fish,' roared he."—
Says teacher, "What do you think
Of that monster of the sea?"
And the scholars said he was awful,
And wicked as he could be.

Says I:
"He never done nuthin' to me."
Says teacher, "Please remember,
That ferocious person Kidd,
Slew little children in a wink,
And their mothers, too, he did;
He made them walk the plank
While he counted, 'One! Two! Three!'
Now tell me, what do you think
Of that murderer of the sea?"
And the scholars gave a shudder,
And hastened to agree;

Says I:
"Well—he never done nuthin' to me!"
Cried teacher: "I am shocked
That you can be so cruel;
And she made me stand beside her,
A-facing all the school;
And she says: 'A heartless scholar
Is a grievous pain to me—
But I'll correct your impression,
For you're wrong, my lad—you see.
Your friend, Kidd, was not a saint,
He was wicked as could be."

Says I:
"But—he never done nuthin' to me!"
—Davenport Democrat.

The Lost Leader.

(Browning Up to Date.)

Just for a handful of silver she left us,
Just for a feather to stick in her hat,
Neighbor next door was the one who bereft us;
Offered her two more a week—oh, the cat!

They with their gold to give, also no children;
Two maids, a butler and Sunday night free;
So much was theirs, oh, why did they steal her?
Why did they take my one jewel from me?

We that had trained her to cook, clean and iron,
Fed her policeman, two brothers, a cousin,
Learned all her brogue and subdued her quick temper,
Made her a servant to choose from a dozen.

Swede girls we've tried often, Dutch cooks and
Dagoes;
Watched them break all our cut glass, and de-
part,
She, alone, built a light dream for an omelet;
She through her biscuits, alone, reached our
heart.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Micarème, which permits of a trifle of laxity in the midst of the Lenten season, was marked on Tuesday evening by the concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society in the colonial ballroom at the Hotel St. Francis, at which Mischa Elman presented the programme. A large society audience assembled to greet him and several dinners preceded the concert.

The spring flower show, which was arranged in the cause of charity, interested a large number of society women, and the three afternoons of the week devoted to the display attracted so many that it took on the nature of an informal society function.

The hop at the Presidio on Wednesday evening provided a mild diversion for the younger set and the dance at the post was well attended.

Informality still marks the entertaining for departing travelers, who are beginning to leave in large numbers for the East and Europe, and dinners and luncheons of this nature have marked every day of the passing week.

Mrs. W. Frank Pierce has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Hazel Pierce, and Mr. Thurston Hinks. The wedding will take place in June.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Cook Postley and Mr. Ross Amherst Curran took place in Pasadena on Saturday.

Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Tuesday, at which she entertained twelve guests.

On Thursday Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., presided at the first formal function at which she has entertained since she came to San Francisco, and the occasion was a reception given in honor of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt. Several hundred guests called during the hours of the reception at the Roosevelt home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Anna Olney entertained informally at a tea on Saturday. Among her guests were Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, and Miss Lillian Van Vorst.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn presided at a luncheon which she gave for the pleasure of twelve guests at her home at Woodside on Wednesday.

Miss Eliza McMullen was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday by Miss Jeanne Gallois at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Kendall Morgan was hostess at a tea on Saturday in honor of her sister, Mrs. William Cook, who has recently returned from Honolulu. Mrs. Morgan was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Herbert Brown, Mrs. Harry Farr, Mrs. James Tyson, Mrs. George Jensen, Mrs. William Hamilton Morrison, Miss Morgan, Miss Flora Bell, and Miss Mona Crellin.

Mrs. Willard Williamson entertained at a luncheon on Monday in honor of Mrs. Louis Titus, who has returned from her trip to Europe.

Mrs. Clarence Smith entertained at a luncheon on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Warren Gregory.

Mrs. Harry Williar was hostess at an informal tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday. Her guests were Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Miss Violet Buckley, Miss Grace Buckley, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Esther Denny, Miss Marguerite Doe, Mrs. George T. Marye, and Miss Doyle.

Mrs. Norman McLaren was hostess at a dinner on Tuesday evening, at which she entertained in honor of Mrs. Walter Seymour (formerly Mrs. William Ashe).

Mrs. Seth Mann was a luncheon hostess on Monday, when she entertained in honor of Miss Madeline Post, who is visiting here from her home in New York. Among her guests were Mrs. E. Judson Benedict, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, Mrs. Sydney Starr, Miss Ethel Gregg, and Miss Dorothy Mann.

Miss Gladys Boston entertained at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Winona Derby, who returned recently from the East. Among the

guests were Miss Florence Aitken, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Frances Brooks, Miss Alexandra Shields, Miss Madeline Brooks, and Miss Ada Armstrong.

Mrs. James Lakeman was hostess at a tea on Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Arthur Holden. Among the guests were Mrs. Franklin Lane, Mrs. Frederick Turner, Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Mrs. George Berton, Mrs. William Kirk Guthrie, Mrs. Charles Noble, Mrs. Charles Nichol, Mrs. Winfield S. Davis, Mrs. J. D. MacLean, Mrs. Edward Hoffman, Mrs. A. Forster, Mrs. Edward Carson, Mrs. James McGregor, Mrs. E. R. Dean, Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. William Keystone, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. George Willard, Mrs. Charles Cobb, Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. Wallace Terry, Mrs. Charles Butler, Mrs. Frederick Bradley, Mrs. Joseph Lindley, Miss Mayhury, Mrs. Robert Norris, Miss Persis Coleman, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Jean Pollok, Miss Erna Hermann, Miss Ruth Cutler, Miss Marian Angelotti, Miss Amy Gunn, Miss Estelle Lakeman, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mrs. Herbert Moffett was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday, which she gave in honor of Miss Ethel Roosevelt.

The informal hop at the Presidio on Wednesday evening was well attended in spite of the absence of many of the officers in the South. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. John P. Wisser, Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Brooke, Colonel and Mrs. Frick, Major and Mrs. E. H. Millar, Major and Mrs. W. W. Forsyth, Captain and Mrs. Frank D. Ely, Captain and Mrs. Thomas O. Ashburn, Mrs. Frank Lawton, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Captain and Mrs. Louis Chappale, Mrs. Caziare, Captain and Mrs. T. B. Steele, Captain and Mrs. J. M. Wheeler, Captain and Mrs. C. M. Apple, Captain and Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Mrs. J. D. Reams, Mrs. W. A. Carleton, Mrs. G. M. Grimes, Mrs. B. R. Wade, Mrs. O. C. Nichols, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. B. Corey, Lieutenant and Mrs. R. P. Winslow, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. L. Wertenbaker, Lieutenant J. N. Fulton, and Miss Fulton.

Mrs. Coleridge Ertz was hostess at a tea at the Keystone on Saturday, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Anita Parker. Among those present were Mrs. Harvey Searight, Mrs. S. K. Colby, Mrs. J. Sheldon Potter, Mrs. Horace Dorsey, Miss Elsa Hinz, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Matilda Schmitt, Miss Grace Whittell, and Miss Dorothy Whittell.

Mrs. Arthur Cornwall entertained at an informal luncheon on Friday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Lee Gates of Los Angeles. Those present included Mrs. Harris Coffin, Mrs. Eugene Folsom, and Mrs. Arthur Williams of Pasadena.

Miss Marcia Fee was hostess at a tea on Saturday in honor of Miss Erna St. Goar, who is being entertained prior to her departure for a tour of the world. Among the guests at the tea were Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Kathleen Booth, Miss Margaret Ros, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Jane Hotaling, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Flora Levy, Miss Aloise Gehardt, Miss Kathleen Farrell, Miss Lillian Isaacs, Miss Winifred Mears, Miss Grace Wilson, Miss Madge Wilson, Miss Edson Bergen, Miss Ernestine Fiedler, Miss Elizabeth Fee, Miss Rhoda Pickering, Miss Anita Parker, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Olive Wheeler, Mrs. M. W. Stoney, Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Carroll Buck, and Dr. Millicent Cosgrave.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thomas (formerly Mrs. Frank J. Gould), who have been at the Fairmont Hotel since arriving from the Orient, entertained at a dinner on Friday evening for a company of twelve guests.

Miss Milda Nixon was hostess at a theatre party and tea given on Saturday as a farewell to a group of friends prior to her departure for Europe. Among her guests were Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Dorothy Taft, Miss Marion Rodolphs, Miss Marjory Stanton, Miss Harriet Caswell, Miss Verinda Pratt, Miss Enid Watkins, Miss Margaret Pratt, Miss Ethel Perry, and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Harding Maxwell Kennedy.

Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood was a luncheon hostess on Friday, at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Colt of Santa Barbara. Among the guests were Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Medau, Mrs. Fred Kellam, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Louise Bishop, and Miss Nellie Treat. Mrs. Edward Sturges, who is visiting here from Honolulu, was the guest of honor at a tea given on Monday by Mrs. Laurence Kauffman.

Miss Innes Keeney was hostess at a theatre party on Monday evening, which she gave in honor of Miss Anita Maillard and her fiancé, Mr. Temple Bridgman. Her guests were Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Maud Wilson, Mr. Millen Griffith, Mr. Cordova de Garmendia, Mr. Frank de Lisle, Mr. Lovell Langstroth, and Mr. Eyre Pinckard.

Mrs. S. C. Bigelow entertained at a theatre party on Saturday afternoon and later at tea in honor of Mrs. Colt and Miss Colt of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Baker, Jr., entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. J. C. Meyerstein, and Miss May Sullivan, who are leaving next week for Europe. Among the guests were Mrs. John Shroufe Merrill, Mrs. Howard Blethen, Mrs. Margaret May, Mrs. Joseph Sissons, Mrs. Clement Bennett, Mrs. Bos, Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney, Mrs. Fred McWilliams, Mrs. George Hibbs, Miss Beatrice Lyons, Miss Speyer, Miss Lucile Levy, Miss Laura Farnsworth, and Miss Beatrice Lyons.

Tetrazzini gives the last concert of her New York season Sunday evening at the Hippodrome. At her preceding concert there, March 12, even that great auditorium could not contain all who came. The receipts were nearly \$8000.

"She's very domestic in her tastes, isn't she?" "Decidedly. They say she really enjoys her husband's cooking."—Life.

Charity Sale of Pencils.

The "pencil sale" planned in the interest of the Nursery for Homeless Children for April 6, 7, and 8, is taking on large proportions. It is going to be a sale of real pencils—the best qualities—at the uniform rate of ten cents per pencil, the returns going wholly to provide necessities for children who have no dependence save that of the interest and charity of the public. The ladies in charge of the sale report a gratifying interest in their movement and they are hopeful of getting important returns.

Advance orders for pencils may be mailed or telephoned to Mrs. William Kaufmann at the Hotel St. Francis, and pencils so ordered will be delivered on the days of the sale. Orders may also be sent to any one of the following ladies, who will be glad to see that they are promptly filled:

Mrs. E. P. Ackerman, 2429 Vallejo Street; Mrs. Jacob Bertz, 2559 Filbert Street; Mrs. Fred W. Bradley, 2661 Broadway; Mrs. R. S. Browne, 2312 Devisadero Street; Mrs. Carroll D. Buck, Alcatraz Island; Mrs. Albert Dornham, 2518 Jackson Street; Mrs. Robert T. Devlin, 2460 Broadway; Mrs. William L. Gerstle, 2360 Washington Street; Mrs. James L. Gould, 1816 Encinal Avenue, Alameda; Mrs. Lewis A. Gould, Beck Apartments; Mrs. Ella V. Hotaling, 1904 Franklin Street; Mrs. Charles C. Moore, 3100 Washington Street; Mrs. James M. McDonald, Hotel Oxford; Mrs. James A. Mackenzie, 2402 Steiner Street; Mrs. Frank W. Marston, 2714 Sacramento Street; Miss Winifred Mears, 2764 Pierce Street; Miss Adelaide Pollok, 909 Broderick Street; Mrs. William T. Sesnon, 3100 Jackson Street; Mrs. B. Schlessinger, 1718 Vallejo Street; Mrs. James C. Sims, 1001 Pine Street; Mrs. J. J. Theohold, Alta Mira, Sausalito; Mrs. Frank V. Wright, 644 Taylor Avenue, Alameda; Mrs. Herman F. Whirlow, 1418 Larkin Street.

Festival of Music by the Russian Orchestra.

Manager Will Greenbaum has undertaken to provide a big May Festival, such as is undertaken in other cities by committees of citizens, big musical clubs, etc. Many thousands of dollars are at risk in such enterprises, but the local impresario is not hindered by such matters. His motto is "One can always afford to risk on the very best." Each day he is securing new compositions and arranging for new artists, and now, in addition to the four vocal stars to be brought with the big orchestra of over half a hundred, he is negotiating to bring one of the most popular pianists that have ever visited this city to play a concerto or two during the week's festival. He has also secured the rights to produce one of the great orchestral features of the new opera "Nabucco," by Victor Herbert and Joseph Redding, and the popular librettist, who is also a splendid musician, has promised to conduct the number. The complete programmes both of the concerts in this city and the two events at the Greek Theatre will shortly be announced. Greenbaum promises the finest orchestra ever heard in this city, several special soloists on first instruments having been engaged regardless of expense for this special tour.

One of the most valuable collections of California literature and letters, early history, biography, and reminiscence, is to come under the auctioneer's hammer next week. The collection was made by P. J. Healy, the oldest of San Francisco book dealers, and it includes many unique items. Some original letters, for instance, from Consul Larkin, are of so much interest and importance that they can not well be spared from publication in the histories of the State. All the early works of most of the California authors have a place in the collection, with magazines, pamphlets, maps, directories, etc. The collection will be sold by Curtis the auctioneer, at his rooms, on April 4, 5, and 6. Collectors of Americana can not afford to forego an examination of Mr. Healy's catalogue.

For Easter tide.

The time-honored Bunny, the fluffy Chick and the gorgeous, satin-covered, Egg-shaped Boxes filled with candies. All kinds of Easter Novelties now on display at Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.



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Lessons in Drawing and Painting, Elocution, and in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

A course of lessons on Harmony is given each week by Prof. Wm. J. McCoy of the University of California, and is open to students outside the school.

Courses of lessons in Household Economics, with all the appliances for cooking, etc., are given each week by Miss Alice McLearn, a graduate of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and are open to students outside the school.

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\$4.00 per day and upward

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. James V. Coleman have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have spent the past two months, and are at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle left Monday for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee have returned from Del Monte, where they spent the week-end.

Dr. McEnery is spending the month at Monte Carlo. His step-daughter, Miss Isabel McLaughlin, is at school in Paris.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and Miss Harriett Alexander have been guests recently at the American Legation in Brussels.

Mr. Richard Simpkins has returned to Paris from Pau, where he spent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne and their daughter, Miss Agnes Hayne, left Friday for New York, and they will sail later for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore left this week for Europe, where they will spend the summer in travel.

Mrs. Frank West (formerly Miss Burney Terry) of Stockton has been the guest of the Misses Herrin.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk left this week for Pasadena, where they plan to spend a month or more.

Mrs. John A. Darling left Monday for Colorado, where she will visit her son, Mr. Clinton Hastings Catherwood.

Colonel and Mrs. John Hammond came down from their home at Lakeport to meet Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, and are spending the week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Jennie Crocker has returned from New York, where she went a few weeks ago. She was accompanied home by her two nieces, the daughters of Mr. Burton Harrison, who will spend the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde (formerly Mrs. Irma Garnett) are spending their honeymoon in the south, but will return next week to make their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue have returned from a trip to South America and are now in New York. They will come to San Francisco for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke have returned from Santa Barbara and are at the Pomeroy residence for a brief visit before returning to their home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown have returned to their home in Colorado, after a visit with Mrs. Brown's parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, who has been spending the month as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell at Santa Barbara, will return next week to Woodside.

Mrs. Arthur Holden (formerly Miss Frances Coleman) is a guest at the Coleman residence on California Street. She will return to her home in Burlington, Vermont, next week.

Mrs. Spencer Bishop (formerly Miss Harvey Anthony), who since her marriage has lived in Mexico, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Folger, in Berkeley.

Mrs. William Tevis is at present in New York, but will return next month to spend the summer at her home at Bakersfield.

Miss Constance McLaren, who is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Edward Sewell of Redlands, will return to the city next week.

Miss Cornelia Landon of New York, who came to San Francisco with Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt, will be the guest of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels during her stay here.

Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt will be the guest of her parents, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, in San Rafael, during the summer, and will join Major Roosevelt in Manila in October.

Mrs. Albert Louis Goetz (formerly Miss Adrienne Guittard) and her small daughter, Valerie, will sail on April 10 for Europe. They will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle and Mrs. MacMonagle, who have been traveling in Europe for several weeks, are now in Sicily.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her family are in Rome, where they motored from Cannes, and where they will remain for Easter.

Mrs. William Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton have returned from Panama, where they spent two months.

Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Larkey will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Robert Watt will spend the summer at Santa Barbara, where she will be joined by Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mrs. Donald V. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Sherwood of Los Molinos are at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Sherwood came to the city to be present at the banquet which the Harvard Club gave in honor of Colonel Roosevelt.

Mrs. Josiah Myrick of Portland, accompanied by her two daughters, Elizabeth and Winifred, are visiting in San Francisco and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. John Barneson, who with their daughter Muriel have been abroad for some months, sailed from Europe on March 15 and will spend the summer at their home at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton are again occupying their country home at Fair Oaks, after having spent the winter in town.

Miss Ethel McAllister has returned to the city, after a visit with her aunt, Mrs. Elliott McAllister, at San Mateo.

Senator and Mrs. Francis J. Newlands, who arrived here last week from Washington, D. C., were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon at their country home at Menlo.

Mr. John Lee, president of the White Star Line of steamships, and Mr. Frank Scott, president of the Century Publishing Company, of New York, were at Del Monte last week.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week past included Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Landers, Miss Alice Putnam, Mr. J. L. Eastland,

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hirsch, Mrs. M. Millar, Miss Millar, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. La Beytraux, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Kinsey, Miss Mamie Norton, Miss Margaret Boyle, Mr. John H. Baker, Mr. J. J. Kenny.

Von Warlich, the Russian Singer, Next.

Next Thursday night, April 6, at Scottish Rite Hall, Manager Will L. Greenbaum will introduce to music-lovers Reinhold Von Warlich, a young Russian basso-cantante, who, in addition to his qualifications as a singer is a thorough musician in both the theory and practice of music, and from whom therefore may be expected interesting and authoritative interpretations of the masterpieces of song. The son of the German director of the Czar's Imperial Orchestra, this artist has been raised in the atmosphere of the best in music, and is a proficient performer himself on both violin and piano. Few vocal artists are thus equipped musically.

Uda Waldrop will preside at the piano, and the young Californian is said to be the peer of any accompanist living.

The programme next Thursday is an interesting one. The first part will be devoted to the complete song-cycle of Schumann, called "Dichterliebe," words by Heinrich Heine, and embracing sixteen of the gems of musical literature. Parts two and three will consist of groups of interesting old English and Scottish songs and ballads, including some of the old settings of Shakespearean lyrics. Four of the beautiful works of Loewe will conclude the list, and among them are "Tom the Rhymer," with which David Bispham so charmed his audiences, and the setting of "The Erlking," which will be doubly interesting on account of familiarity with Schubert's setting.

The second Von Warlich programme, to be given on Sunday afternoon, April 9, is a unique one, and will interest literateurs as well as music-lovers, for it will be made up entirely of beautiful old folk-songs of five different nations, sung in their respective languages. Gems of the melodies of old Germany, Russia, Italy, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and England will be rendered, besides a group of modern works by Emanuel Moore, founded on melodies of folk-song character, the poems by W. B. Yeats, Dora Sigerson, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Seats will be ready next Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

At the instigation of the clergy, the French king had been induced to suppress the work of the encyclopedists, but in 1774, at a *petit souper* of the king at Trianon, there was a debate on the composition of gunpowder, and Mme. de Pompadour said she did not know how her rouge or her silk stockings were made. The Duc de Vallière regretted that the king had confiscated their encyclopedias, which would decide everything. The king said that he had been told that the work was most dangerous; but, as he wished to judge for himself, he sent for a copy. Three servants with difficulty brought in the twenty-one volumes. The company found everything they looked for, and the king allowed the confiscated copies to be returned.

Débutantes who are presented at the British court this year will not have to go through so formidable a ceremony as in Queen Victoria's time. They will curtsy once to the king, and once to the queen, and then retire to the supper-room. But this is enough to require several weeks of training from professional teachers of deportment, and the construction of an outfit costing not less than \$150, and generally six times that amount. This is considered a modest expenditure, in view of the great sums sometimes spent by an American bride for her court outfit.

The Werba-Luescher producing firm has signed Alice Lloyd, the English singer and comedienne, to star in a new opera, for which Heinrich Reinhard, composer of "The Spring Maid," will probably write the music. Miss Lloyd is now touring the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit in the West, but will return to London in time for the coronation. Her starring season will begin in September.

An interesting and valuable collection of rare books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings is now on exhibition at the Paul Elder & Co. book store on Grant Avenue. Book lovers and collectors are offered an opportunity for inspection such as is rarely met. Much of the collection has come from historic libraries in Europe, and it includes many unique examples of art.

Charles Frohman is quoted as having said that women make up 93 per cent of the audiences at "Chantecler," in which Maude Adams is still playing the masculine leading part. The Rostand piece is now in its tenth week, and will run three weeks more, a month longer than was planned.

An exhibition of drawings and paintings by American illustrators began at the San Francisco Institute of Art last Saturday and will continue until April 6.

CURRENT VERSE.

In Exile.

Today a breath of something faint and rare,
Elusive, subtly sweet,
Borne on the floating wing of April's air
Brushed past me in the street.

So clear the lovely vision that it brought,
I saw, with new amazement,
The quickened hough whose miracle had wrought
Spring's tender haze.

Above the city's turmoil and unrest
There rose a robin's note
That blended with the sorrow, half confess'd,
From plaintive bluebird's throat.

Oh, fair mirage! Here in the busy mart
I tread a heaten track,
But to the pathless wild my rebel heart
Turns ever back!

—Rosalie Arthur, in *Smart Set*.

Waiting.

I know the samite of her robe
On fairy looms still lies,
Her scarf's blue film of gossamer
Not yet drifts down the skies,
Yet where the rooks of nests are prating
And blackbird's love song breathes of mating
The sunshine fell this morning like the light in
Spring's sweet eyes.

I know e'en yet the crocus keeps
Its gold yet hooded close,
That almond boughs yet bare and brown
Hold not a hint of rose,
Yet where the stream from frost-spells waking
Flings water blue as sapphires breaking,
I thought I heard soft laughter, and it might be
Spring's, who knows?

Perchance although not yet she comes
To take her place as Queen,
She's peeping at the waiting world
Her fringed lids between,
Longing to tell, 'twixt tears and laughter,
Of all the joys to follow after
Longing to set all hearts a-dance, to dress the
world in green.

—Augusta Hancock, in *London News*.

Song of the Flyers.

We who play with the strong winds of heaven
May be shattered by their fearful mirth;
We who for their comradeship have striven
May be tossed, like vagrant leaves, to earth;
Yet we ride, to still our mighty yearning,
On the changeful billows of their breath;
Pledge us, lest at some ethereal turning
We may meet the mist-white face of Death.

Few may hear the siren voice that calls us;
Few may follow in our perilous path,
Know the whispered menace that appals us,
When the gale's wild laughter swells to wrath.
Frail, too frail, the buoyant wings appearing
Hearts that face the hazard of the flight.
Greet us, as we snatch our day of daring
From the very threshold of the night.

From the clasp of earth, like gods upspringing,
Rapt in the wide wonder of our dream,
In our ears the shrill wind-voices singing,
In our eyes the void's supernal gleam:
We have dared the eddying storms to hear us,
Plunged within the vortex of their strife;
Victors then, though Death himself should snare us—
We have touched the flaming verge of Life.

—Marion Couthouy Smith, in *Century Magazine*.

The Harbor.

By gates of ocean and the seaward portal,
Fortress and headland, bastions of the world,
Gray walls and sea-sapped battlements and turrets,
The weary wings of twilight are unfurled.

Under the gaunt and the windy skies of morning,
Over the wide wastes and the fields of sea,
Storm-signals, capes, and flashing promontories,
Sirens, and bell-buoys rocking restlessly,

Slips the first ray, like a sword unsheathed, of
sunrise,
And all the terror of the dawn lies bare;
By channel and reef, by oozy bog and sand-bar
The seaward guns shine grim in the morning air.

Inland by desolate dock and lapping water
Sick scurf and scum rise lazily and fall
Along the wharves, indelent, sucked and drowsy
Looms rotting fender-post and crumbling wall.

But on the headland the sweet virgin city,
Mistress and guardian of the clamoring lands,
Looks seaward with glad eyes toward the nations,
Sleepless, a sword forever in her hands;

Holy and sacred. East and West salute her,
Clothed with the dawn and with the planets
crowned,

Voices and gongs and horns beyond the morning,
Her myriad children on the wastes around.
—John Hall Wheelock, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

There was a prosecuting attorney (this was in the South) whose methods were so dramatic and uniformly successful that he not only became the terror of evildoers, but an object of admiration, especially among the negroes. Upon retirement from office he was at once much sought after by those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in conviction, much to his chagrin. An old negro who had watched his prosecution in admiring wonder and looked on with equal interest when he conducted the defense, accosted him just after his defeat and said: "Mars Earle, you sho' is a wonder. No matter which side you's on they go to the pen just the same."

Mischa Elman's Last Concert.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist whose audiences during the past week have stood and cheered in their enthusiasm, and who is unquestionably one of the great geniuses of the violin, will give his final programme at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, April 2, at 2:30. The offering will consist of Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," Handel's Sonata in D major, "Adagio and Allegro" by Lolli-Elman, "Rigaudon" by Monsigny-Franko, Andantino by Martini-Kreisler, "Schoen Rosmarin," of those entrancing old Viennese dance tunes adapted by Kreisler, Wilhelmj's transcription of Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Paganini's tremendously difficult "I Palpitanti."

Tickets for this unusually brilliant and beautiful programme are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after ten o'clock.

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PERFECT SERVICE
THE OCULARIUM
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B. P. OLIVER, San Francisco.

FOR SALE—Furnished House, seven rooms, lot 50x100, near Key Route station and Telegraph Ave. car line. Cash or terms. Call Sunday, 200 Ayala Street, Oakland, Cal.

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Dole's Pineapple Juice Drink
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High order Hotel. Fine Air, Elevation, Location. Five minutes from San Francisco's lively centre. Well liked by ladies.
American plan \$3.00 and up, per day
European plan \$1.50 and up, per day
THOS. H. SHEDDEN, Manager

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Mumps—Your 'ushand wears 'is 'air terribly short, Mrs. Gubbins. *Mrs. Gubbins*—Yes, the coward!—*M. A. P.*

"He knows all the best people in town." "Why doesn't he associate with them, then?" "They know him."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Do the children still write letters to Santa Claus?" "Not now. All the kids have amateur wireless stations."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Friend—When do you expect Mr. Rich to recover? *Doctor*—I don't know; he's the only patient I have at the present time.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Any suggestions as to the music for the dinner tonight?" "Well, play something loud with the soup course. You understand."—*Washington Herald*.

Pony Mopps wuz out t' th' poor house yesterday t' see a ole friend that use t' publish a newspaper that pleased th' knockers.—*Abe Martin*, by Kin Hubbard.

Suitor—I would like to see the photo of the lady with the \$500,000 dowry. *Matrimonial Agent*—We don't show photos with the large dowries.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"You have no idea how perfectly lovely you looked in your disguise!" "Do you think so?" "Yes, indeed! I was so surprised when you unmasked!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Beginner—Now, you've seen my style. Do you think you can tell me what sort of a golfer I shall make? *Professional*—Yes, sir, if you can stand the shock.—*World of Golf*.

"What's your husband so ugly about?" "He's been out of work six weeks." "I should think that would suit him first rate!" "That's it! He's just got a job today."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"There is a relief that summer girls are always fickle." "Yes; I got engaged on that theory, but it looks as if I'm in for a wedding or a breach of promise suit."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Mother—Harold, you mustn't interrupt the plumbers at their work, dear. *Harold*—It's all right, mother. I'm only talking to the man who sits on the stairs and does nothing.—*Punch*.

"Please contribute to our fund to send a missionary to the cannibals." "I won't—I'm a vegetarian and don't believe in it. But I'll send them some cereals, if you wish."—*Toledo Blade*.

"You pay too little attention to your personal appearance. Remember that clothes make the man." "Yes, but for me the man says he won't make any more clothes!"—*Dorfbarbier*.

Mr. Struckoil—That there sculptor feller says he's goin' to make a bust of me. *Mrs. Struckoil*—Henry, it's just terrible the way you do talk; say "hurst," not "hust."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Why did you jilt that man who wanted to marry you?" "Because," replied the prima donna, "I couldn't make up my mind whether he was in love with me or merely wanted to hear me sing for nothing."—*Washington Star*.

"How did you get that spring overcoat?" "Had a sure tip on a horse race." "I never knew one of those sure tips to pan out." "Neither did I. So I didn't play it. I put the money into this overcoat instead."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Aunt Mary, this is my friend, Mr. Spiffkins." "I'm sorry. I didn't quite catch the name." "Mr. Spiffkins." "I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it?" "Mr. Spiffkins." "I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me just like 'Spiffkins.'"—*Punch*.

Guest—Who is that crazy old fool that's acting like a performing monkey out there on the lawn? *Hotel Proprietor*—That's Millionhacks, the coal magnate. He's practising dance steps to keep himself supple. *Guest* (hastily)—What a delightful hobby!—*Puck*.

Wife—Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home. *Husband*—At the counter where the sweet little blonde works? The one with the soulful eyes and— *Wife*—No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thought, I won't bother you.—*Detroit News*.

Philanthropic Old Lady—But I gave you sixpence yesterday on condition that you were not to spend it in drink, and I can distinctly smell liquor on you. *Deadhouse Dan*—Lady, I am the victim of cruel circumstances. I found a hottle containin' wot appeared ter me ter he worter. Wot was my 'orrer, lady, to find arter drinkin' of it all, that it were whisky!—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration, and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is—" "Jere-

miah," said Mrs. Jarphly, solemnly, "Jere-miah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"—*Truth*.

Hicks—Bluffer is talking of purchasing an automobile. *Wicks*—Bluffer! Why, he couldn't buy a charge of ammunition for an air gun.—*Boston Transcript*.

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?" "I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Mrs. Scrappington (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an account of a woman turning on the gas while her husband was asleep and asphyxiating him! *Mr. Scrappington*—Very considerate of her, I'm sure! Some wives wake their husbands up, and then talk them to death.—*Puck*.

"I wish some time, Mr. Speeder," said the doctor, "that you would hear our hospital in mind, and, if it appeals to you, do something for it." "Great Scott! Squills," retorted Speeder, "why can't you be satisfied? That new chauffeur of mine has contributed at least two patients a day to your old charity. What more do you want?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

A weather-heaten damsel somewhat over six feet in height and with a pair of shoulders proportionately broad, appeared at a hack door in Wyoming and asked for light housework. She said that her name was Lizzie, and explained that she had been ill with typhoid and was convalescing. "Where did you come from, Lizzie?" inquired the woman of the house. "Where have you been?" "I've been workin' out on Howell's ranch," replied Lizzie, "diggin' post-holes while I was gittin' my strength back."

John Havlin, the theatrical manager, told a story to illustrate the still existing prejudice against his profession. A circus had gone to pot in a small Western town. One of the hands started out to tramp to a better land. By and by he came to a small town and found a couple of men shoveling coal into a wagon from a car on the railway siding. "Gimme a job?" he asked. "What you been doin'?" asked the man who was bossing the job. "Drivin' stakes wit' a circus." "Nothing doing," said the boss. "I never seen one of you actors yet that could shovel coal."

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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For a City Beautiful.

The plan so definitely entertained by William C. Ralston and other notables of an earlier era of making San Francisco a pleasure city, in some sort after the fashion of Paris, has been in abeyance for some years, although never wholly lost sight of. Last week it was recalled and rather impressively amplified in detail by Mr. M. H. de Young in an address before the Down Town Association. One of the stable resources of many European towns, and especially of Paris, Mr. de Young declared, is the flood of foreign and domestic travel bent on recreation and pleasure which pours into them. The value of this resource has been recognized, and not only Paris, but many other cities, even including London, are making special arrangements with respect to it. Galleries, parks, theatres, suburban roadways—everywhere these aids to beauty and pleasure are being developed, not only with the idea of making life pleasant to local residents, but of attracting pleasure-seekers from afar. San Francisco, Mr. de Young thinks, should imitate this policy. The idea of beauty and entertainment ought to enter into all our plans. The streets should be kept in perfect order; unsightly struc-

tures should be condemned and gotten out of the way; enterprises calculated to entertain visitors should be encouraged. San Francisco, he said, should continue to be not only the leading city of the Pacific seaport, but in consideration of its climate it should be made the most charming city on the continent. Our park he thinks capable of indefinite development, and he would have it administered upon a plan to include cafés and other features calculated to attract and entertain. Some years back he had suggested, he said, to a park commissioner the building of a café in Golden Gate Park that people might gather there and enjoy themselves. Hands were raised in holy horror on the theory that such an establishment would surely become an immoral place. "A pretty how-do-you-do," said Mr. de Young, "if you can not conduct a decent café in your own park!"

There is wisdom in these suggestions. San Francisco has the tradition, the climate, the geographical position which ought to make her the social capital of the region west of the Rocky Mountains. In some sense she has already this character; but we do little or nothing to sustain it. After a visitor has strolled through Chinatown, whirled through the Park, and taken a look at Seal Rocks, there is not much more to offer him. Our theatres are not exceptional—indeed, regarded as an attraction to visitors, they are not as good as they were thirty years ago. It is not even possible to get in and out of the city by automobile by smooth or pleasant roads. And while this may be said, we are not making the most, or even much, of our opportunities.

An Object Lesson at Berkeley.

The result of a municipal primary election held at Berkeley last Saturday deserves attention, first because it illustrates some of the tendencies of the democratic as distinct from the representative principle in government, second because the Berkeley community is presumed to represent exceptional intelligence and morality. Berkeley is essentially a non-commercial town, populated chiefly by professors and students of the State University and well-to-do suburbanites attracted by the college atmosphere. There is a shop-keeping element, limited to small domestic traffic, and a considerable number of industrialists employed in factories and railroad yards near the bay front. Two years ago under a reform scheme of government drawn under the inspirations and to a considerable extent in imitation of the Des Moines and Galveston plan, Berkeley dismissed her old-line politicians and set up a local administration devoted to ideals presumably higher than those of the old régime. The new scheme was broadly democratic, not to say socialistic, in character. It provided for the initiative, the referendum, the recall, public ownership, municipal non-partisanship, and all the rest of the half-cooked political ideas now so popular in certain sections of California—notably in the State Capitol at Sacramento. Mr. Beverly Hodghead, a lawyer of good character and abilities, was chosen mayor and the working system was organized under his leadership.

It ought perhaps to have surprised nobody that a deal so radically new all around should at the beginning have made some mistakes. Beyond question there were some developments not quite in the spirit of the new movement. But in the main the plan has worked well. The administration, while obviously deficient in experience, has manifested intelligence, honesty, moderation. There has been a studied effort to do things in a decent and proper way. After two years of service it could truthfully be said of Mr. Hodghead and his associates in the local government that they commanded the respect of all elements whose respect is worth having. So well did the plan appear to work at the start that in some of its features it has been widely commended as a pattern. San Francisco at her last municipal election adopted certain amendments to her charter, in open imitation of the Berkeley plan.

It has been supposed that Berkeley was not only satisfied with her scheme of government, but with the men who had served to install and operate it; and the candidacy of Mr. Hodghead for reelection was a matter of course. It was supported by the elements presumed to be in the majority, and it was not opposed even by those who are ordinarily counted upon to back opposition movements. Even the public service corporations, although made to toe the mark at many points, have not complained. They have had, as their agents have openly admitted, a square deal.

But in the primaries on Saturday this administration so highly commended was practically thrown over. Out of a total of 5217 votes cast for mayor, Mr. Hodghead received 2468, and another candidate, one J. Stitt Wilson, a Socialistic theorist and agitator, received 2749. Under the charter, Mr. Wilson having received a majority in the primary becomes mayor in due course without further election. The result was not entirely consistent, for while the Socialistic candidate for mayor was successful, in three out of five instances primary majorities were given for non-Socialist candidates for town councilmen. In the final election, to be held on the 12th instant, it is practically assured that there will be chosen a board of councilmen unfriendly to the Socialistic projects for which Mr. Wilson stands.

As usual the air is full of explanations. The "scientific socialism" idea is rampant in Berkeley, and since Wilson posed as the representative of this idea, he no doubt got many votes on that account. The old political element cast out, disgruntled, but not yet wholly disorganized, gave its support to Wilson in resentment. But these explanations, specious and in part true no doubt, only partially explain the result. For the real motives we must look further and deeper. Berkeley has been a storm centre of reform agitations, political, social, and other. Even the university has had its part in initiating and promoting them. Leading exponents of so-called "progressive" ideas have been invited to speak from University rostrums. Political organization of students has been permitted and encouraged, to the extent of allowing the use of college rooms for this purpose. There has been given to the theories and agitations of social reform something more than the traditional hospitality of college men to theories and whimsies. This sort of thing has borne its natural and inevitable fruits. Once started the movement could not be stopped where men of relative sobriety and responsibility wanted it to stop. It has, as last week's primary shows, grown beyond all bounds, and today Berkeley, the seat of our State University, is a veritable hotbed of socialistic sentiment, socialistic politics. The famous "movement" has worked out to its logical results.

The Argonaut ventures to remind those who now find themselves embarrassed and aggrieved by political conditions at Berkeley, that it sounded notes of warning and protest so far back as three years ago, when the beginnings of the movement were ardently encouraged. It protested against the impropriety which made Gymnasium Hall, under official patronage and approval, a platform of partisan agitation. It protested when Francis J. Heney was invited to air his spites and to stir the faculty and students to partisan interest in an embittered and unholy civic strife. It protested when another hall on the campus was given over to the purposes of political organization among college students. It protested when Mr. Hiram Johnson was given permission to make one of his rib-roasting, rip-roaring, cross-roads bellerings in the college auditorium. It protested when the moral influence presumed to abide in the faculty of our State University was contributed to the support of a partisan and even then discredited usurpation. But protest and caution were alike in vain. The college authorities thought themselves wiser than persons of more experience in dealing with the forces of public opinion. They had

their way—not only at Berkeley, but at Palo Alto—and they contributed perceptibly to “causes” which have come most mischievously to possess the imagination of the unthinking, irresponsible, and sentimental elements. They helped on a movement which has now got beyond them, which has, in truth, become a menace to orderly and stable government. Remorse and chagrin now sit at the gates of the University; apprehension dominates the hour. It is with no pleasure that the *Argonaut* must say that all this might have been avoided if the counsels of practical judgment and the promptings of common sense had been heeded.

We should, perhaps, in commenting on the influences entering into the Berkeley primary election, have included the extraordinary intrusion of Mr. Roosevelt into the local fight during one of his Berkeley addresses last week. Mr. Roosevelt, a visitor to whom multitudes representing all classes, all opinions, all varieties of social and political purpose thronged, stepped quite aside from the proprieties to counsel ardently the election of Mr. Hodghead. Possibly this uninvited championship was without effect. It was criticized, of course, as all impertinences deserve to be. But perhaps it only gave offense to those already committed against Mr. Hodghead. But when we reflect upon the singular fatality that has attended Mr. Roosevelt's recent political espousals—when we reflect upon the fact that his intrusion into New York affairs last fall lost that State to the Republican party; when we reflect that his counsels in Indiana contributed to the defeat of his friend Beveridge; and when we reflect on the result in Massachusetts and in Connecticut, we can but wonder if at Berkeley there was not a reappearance of the same hoodoo. We wonder if Mr. Hodghead would not have fared better at the polls if Mr. Roosevelt had not so far over-stepped the proprieties as to take a hand in the Berkeley campaign.

Russia and China.

It was a foregone conclusion that China would yield to the Russian demands and that she would grovel before the aggressive Muskovite in the old familiar way. Ultimatums have been part of her daily diet for these many years. She has been bullied, plundered, and “protected” by the allied highwaymen of Europe until surrender has become a habit. Sometimes her astute diplomacy has been able to ward off the evil day by stirring up some counteracting jealousy among the powers, but this time she has had to face her troubles alone. She had nothing to hope from Japan, since Japan and Russia are now smiling into each other's beautiful eyes. Germany looked coldly upon her and would do nothing to weaken the slender thread of friendship now connecting Berlin and St. Petersburg. Moreover, China was not wholly in the right, since she was trying to evade an old-standing treaty, and it is never legitimate to do this unless the attempt is backed by a sufficiently strong army.

The quarrel had its beginning forty years ago. A Mohammedan uprising in China threatened to spread to Russian territory, and in order to prevent this a Russian force was sent to the basin of the Ili River. The trouble with the rebels was soon ended, but the trouble with the Russians has lasted ever since. Acting in accordance with their avowed policy, they refused to evacuate the occupied territory and remained there for ten years. Eventually a treaty was arranged and Russia agreed to call home her troops on condition that certain substantial commercial and consular privileges should be conceded to her in Ili, Mongolia, and Manchuria, with rights of navigation on certain Chinese rivers. The treaty was subject to revision every ten years, but so far it has been left undisturbed, although Chinese hostility to the arrangement has been marked and consistent. The time has now come once more when the objectionable treaty must either be renewed or abrogated, and while China has not refused to renew it—she knows better than that—she has been trying steadily to make it of no account by neutralizing its terms and making it impossible for Russia to reap the advantages that she contemplated. Russia now demands that these annoyances shall cease and also that the treaty shall be renewed and that its intentions shall be observed in a broad and effective sense. Failing the satisfaction of her demands, she threatens to send a force to reoccupy the original territory in the Ili basin, and China must either resist by force or she must yield. She has chosen to yield.

But one day China will refuse to yield. That is as certain as the sunrise. Her war with Japan proved to

her that not even scholarship and the virtues of filial obedience can prevent her from being eaten alive by the martial nations that threaten her. The masses of the Chinese people are beginning to realize what is going on and to feel the spur of repeated humiliations. Even the autocracy of China can not resist the pressure of her unnumbered millions when they shall once awake to a sense of wounded dignity. The Boxer rebellion was no more than a passionate protest of outraged patriotism, and it must eventually show itself in other ways and on a wider scale. China now has an army that is no longer contemptible. She has 152,565 drilled soldiers properly divided into infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, and service corps and their foreign instructors speak highly of them. Military duty is no longer regarded as degrading, and there are constant edicts urging the people to enlist and apportioning funds for national defense. The president of the war department was trained in Germany and will tolerate nothing that falls short of the highest standards. In fact there is a flurry of military preparation all through official China, and although it has been necessary to yield to Russia in the present instance it is certain that the day of meek submission is nearly over and that China will be forced to choose between rebellion at home and some attempt at resistance to a foreign aggression that becomes always more impudent and more destructive.

Concession and Change in Mexico.

Insurgency and rebellion in Mexico may not ultimately win the whole of their demands, but they have wrung from Diaz promises which indicate that his last hope of sustaining himself lies in concession. The annual message of President Diaz, presented in person to the national congress on Saturday last, promises substantial reforms. They include application of the no reelection principle as applied to higher state officials, change of the election laws to the end that the franchise may be enjoyed by “citizens considered capable of voting,” with correction of many other abuses notorious under the Diaz system, maintained for many years in defiance of the constitution and openly justified as essential to social order in the so-called republic. These proposals would amount to revolution if carried out in good faith. But they have not been received with entire confidence on the part of the insurgents, on the score that good faith will be lacking in their enforcement. Further guaranties will be demanded, the intimation being that insurgency will not unfurl its banner until Diaz shall, practically at least, have abdicated his powers and turned over the government in its working departments to men in whom the insurgent leaders can have confidence.

Manifestly, in one form or another, Mexico is to have a new deal. There is at last to be a try-out of practices in government in closer conformity with the constitution than anything the so-called republic has known in recent times. How it will work, time only can tell. The claim has been—and it has been backed by positive and specious presentments—that Mexico can only be governed by an arbitrary hand. Now, if the hand of Diaz be relaxed as he himself has promised, what will follow?

One thing is certain: The creditor nations, the United States chief among them, has no faith in the personnel of insurgency. They will not interfere with any arrangement which may be made so long as there is manifest the ability to sustain order and protect foreign investments. But the very hour that social order fails, there must be some sort of demonstration looking to the enforcement of conditions essential to order and industry.

The probable outcome now appears to be the retirement of Diaz under conditions as little painful as possible to his pride and as conservative as possible of the prestige which abides in his name. Possibly Limantour will be commissioned to reorganize the government under the moral presidency of Diaz with a cabinet representative of the Diaz and the insurgent elements. Probably there will be a pretense of following the constitution without serious intention on anybody's part of really doing it. Probably it means a new government, a dictatorship like the old in its essential character, but in hands more diplomatic even though equally firm. The hope of order and security in Mexico appears to rest upon some such adjustment.

If we consider results, the Diaz system has justified itself, for it has redeemed Mexico from the chaos of chronic revolutionism and has held it for forty years

upon lines so fixed as to have won credit and coöperation on the part of the financial world. The system has been that of a more or less open tyranny. Perhaps the day for this sort of government has passed; perhaps there has come a time when the system adapted for the conditions of forty years ago has become outworn; perhaps Mexico is prepared for a more generous leadership and for a relaxation of the strong hand at the head of affairs. We shall see!

The situation has been firmly yet delicately handled from Washington. As the *Argonaut* has already said, our Monroe Doctrine makes us practically responsible for social order and the security of investments in Mexico. In case of internal troubles we must needs choose between ourselves maintaining social order or allowing the other creditor nations to do it. We can not say to them, you shall keep hands off, unless we shall maintain conditions favorable to industry and security. It is a case where we must either fish or cut bait. President Taft has seen the situation in all its bearings and has managed affairs so discreetly as to enforce “hands off” on the part of Europe without arousing the resentment of any element in Mexico.

The Special Session.

The longest of political memories can recall no situation so mixed, not to say confused, as that presented by the special session of the Sixty-Second Congress which convened at Washington on Tuesday last.

The administration is Republican, originally representing “progressive” ideas, but slowly and steadily working round under the pressure of political and other conditions to a radically conservative attitude. Failing to secure coöperation in certain tariff proposals at the hands of a Republican Congress, the President has called a special session of a Congress in which one branch is Republican and the other Democratic. In effect a Republican President is appealing from a Congress of his own party to a Congress in which the party in opposition controls one branch.

The Senate as reorganized is made up of fifty Republicans and forty-one Democrats, with one seat (Colorado) vacant. The Republicans if they act together have a greater majority, but there is small prospect of coöperative action. Out of the fifty, something like fifteen are rank “insurgents,” with four or five more leaning in that direction. Nine of the fifteen so-called “insurgent” senators voting with the Democrats can control the Senate as against the party nominally in authority. All this means that the regular Republicans and regular Democrats are in the minority and that the insurgent faction, made up of men of Republican traditions and affiliations, but inspired with more or less family hatred, holds the balance of power.

In the House there are 228 Democrats, 160 Republicans, and one Socialist, with two vacancies. There are minor differences between sections and classes of Democrats, but broadly speaking the party is fairly united, and under Speaker Champ Clark is intelligently led. There are dismal prophecies to the effect that the Democrats will not be able to work together, but as yet this suggestion is supported by no open manifestations of discord. In spite of the fact that they have had no training in coöperation, the Democratic members of the House have done marvelously well in their preliminary arrangements. They agreed without a dissenting voice in making Mr. Clark Speaker, and they have not quarreled over the assignment of committee chairmanships. In a caucus held April 1, four days previous to the day of convention, a platform was agreed upon embodying the following proposals: (1) Revision downward of the tariff schedule by schedule; (2) Canadian reciprocity agreement; (3) admission of Arizona and New Mexico under constitutions already prepared; (4) popular election of senators; (5) publicity of campaign contributions before as well as after elections; (6) reapportionment of representation in the House of Representatives under the recent census.

The wish of the President is that the proceedings of the special session may be limited to two proposals: (1) for a permanent tariff commission; (2) for the Canadian reciprocity measure. From the proceedings of the Democratic caucus above noted it is manifest that the tariff commission plan is not to have Democratic support, but that the Canadian reciprocity plan will go through. Congress not being subject to the presidential will in the matter of jurisdiction, the House will probably take up the general programme defined by the caucus. Speaker Clark, while on cordial terms with the President and desirous of reasonably sustaining him,

nevertheless is not likely to take his programme from the White House. He is quoted as saying: "I think the majority of the people want us to get to the worst schedules first and clean them up. How far we can go at the special session does not depend solely on the House." The significance of this remark is plain. The Democratic House while friendly to the Canadian reciprocity measure, will proceed after its own fashion to deal with the tariff schedules, giving scant courtesy to Mr. Taft's plan for a permanent tariff commission.

A President is to be elected next year, and this fact has not been lost sight of by anybody at Washington. The President, who expects to be the Republican candidate for reelection, would naturally like a situation as little confused as possible, hence his wish to limit the action of the special session. But the Democratic minority in the House will naturally wish to make a showing of plans attractive to the country, and to that end it will no doubt present a scheme of tariff revision. It will not be a comprehensive scheme, but it will cut down the wool schedules, with respect to which President Taft is on record as declaring them "indefensible." It will also prune the iron schedules, which have long been a scandal. By way of showing good nature and good faith it will promptly accept the Canadian reciprocity proposal. The Senate will no doubt cooperate in this last measure, but not in the former. The general tariff bill which the House may be expected to present will be intended not so much as a piece of practical legislation as a campaign document.

The session will be dominated by the President-making idea. In his opening remarks to the Democratic House Speaker Clark made no secret of this purpose. He warned his associates in the majority that the eyes of the country were upon them, that the party was on trial, and that it had the opportunity for the first time in sixteen years "to prove its worthiness for a still higher expression of confidence." The administration and the Republican Senate, too, will have the presidential year of 1912 in mind, but there is as yet no indication of what may be done practically in the way of commending the party to the country. The practical commitments of the President in connection with the factional divisions on the Republican side of the House make the outcome an interesting study.

A significant aspect of the situation at Washington is the presence in active counsel with the Democratic members of the House of Mr. William J. Bryan. He appears no longer as an active candidate for the presidency, but there is no mistaking the fact that his is the dominating mind with the Democratic members of the House. For all the rise of Messrs. Harmon and Wilson as leading candidates for the Democratic nomination next year, Mr. Bryan appears as the foremost Democrat of the country, the real captain of the party. It may now be set down as an assurance that no man not in some sort harmonious with Mr. Bryan will get the Democratic nomination next year.

The "regular" elements in the Republican party are practically committed to Mr. Taft's renomination. At the same time the insurgent elements in both Houses are quietly watching events in the hope of turning the nomination to some man of their own faction. But while they have hopes, they have not yet agreed upon the man. La Follette of Wisconsin stands out as an open candidate, and more or less active efforts are making the country over in his behalf; yet even among insurgents he is hardly regarded as having any real chance. Just at present he serves "to hang the swivel on." But if insurgency should prove strong enough to control the nomination, it is by no means an assurance that he would be named.

The special session will be watched with great interest the country over, for it is almost certain to determine not only the fate of Mr. Taft in relation to his own party, but in relation to the outcome of next year's election. It is doubtful if the session will as clearly indicate who the Democratic candidate is to be in 1912. It will be the policy of the Democratic interests to appeal for party harmony and to present a solid front to the country, leaving the personal issue to be determined later on.

Slow to Learn.

It takes some of the officials of the Catholic church a long time to learn the lessons of modern and free as distinguished from mediæval and church-controlled life. For example, we find Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee inveighing against a bill for free text-books in the public schools as a direct blow to the church.

Free text-books, says the bishop, are a "crying injustice" because it attracts children to the public school who might otherwise attend the church parochial schools, where books are not free. At the same time the bishop wants certain allowances from the public funds for support of the parochial schools, but objects to a plan which requires the teachers in all State-aided schools to submit to public examination as to their scholarly and other qualifications. These various measures the bishop regards as intended to destroy the parochial schools of Wisconsin. He advises "a steady lookout on the political horizon" in order that the church may know "who are our friends and foes." There was some mistake when Archbishop Messmer was assigned to Milwaukee. His proper sphere of labor is in Spain.

The Rival Professors.

It is unfortunate that there should be a state of war between Professor Münsterberg of Harvard University and Professor Smith of the University of Virginia. Both these gentlemen were deputed to carry to Germany the message of international peace and to prove that there are neither frontiers nor discords in the domain of letters. And now they have each other by the short hair, if such a colloquialism is permissible, and are appealing to Providence and Mr. Taft to do justice, even though the heavens fall. Truly it is a pitiable spectacle.

It is no small matter that these savants are quarreling about. Their lofty souls could overlook the small irritations and jealousies to which lesser natures succumb, but there are occasions when self-assertion becomes a virtue. Moreover, there is the honor of the universities to consider. Shall the University of Virginia be snubbed in the person of its representative while Harvard basks in the imperial smile. Perish the thought! On the other hand, shall Harvard sit below the salt while Virginia is at the right hand of the Lord's anointed? Never!

The trouble began quite a long time ago, in fact as soon as Professor Smith had delivered his inaugural lecture in Berlin. Upon that never-to-be-forgotten occasion the emperor engaged Professor Smith in conversation and he also spoke to Professor Münsterberg. Unfortunately there was no official timekeeper in attendance, and so there was naturally a bitter discussion as to whether the emperor had devoted three minutes to each of these great souls or three minutes to Smith and two and nine-tenths to Münsterberg. It has never been settled to this day, but the incident might have been forgotten by the two great men concerned had there not been fresh provocation with a consequent tearing open of half-healed wounds.

It happened in this way. The German Schleppecour was fixed for January 18. The Schleppecour is a kind of court reception, and naturally every one who is any one is prepared to weep tears of blood to get an invitation. As soon as the date was announced Professor Smith put on his best pilgrim father expression, visited the American ambassador, and asked as to his chance. The ambassador said that Professor Smith was assuredly on the firing line, and there can be doubt that the facts were actually stated, seeing that the professor is now in America and is simply perspiring information and indignation at every pore. The American public may take it as certain that Professor Smith did receive these assurances, that Mrs. Smith was in a twitter of social exultation, and that on the strength of the glad tidings she went shopping. Of course she did. Any woman would.

Not only was Professor Smith to go schleppencouring, but his "loathsome contemporary," Professor Münsterberg, was to stay at home. That was the cream of the whole affair, the very pinnacle of this surprising triumph. It is not quite clear why Professor Münsterberg was thus to be left out in the cold, but as he is in the psychological mind-reading business no doubt he knows all about it, and we shall hear from him in due course. It seems that he is a German subject and therefore comes under some weird rule of social precedence, whereas his rival is a national guest. However that may be, it is easy to understand the ecstasy of the Smiths as they prepared to kiss the imperial hand and to luxuriate in the imperial smile, knowing all the time that Münsterberg was excluded.

But alas for human ambition. In spite of the ambassador's assurances, in spite of Mrs. Smith's new dress, there was to be no schleppencouring for the Virginia luminary. An order from the court chamberlain

came like a bolt from a clear sky, and it was to the effect that Americans who had already been presented must rest upon their laurels and stay away from the Schleppecour. That was bad enough, but imagine the righteous indignation of the Smiths when they read the names of the guests and found that some who should have been excluded by the new rule were actually present. Like a good American, the professor appealed once more to his ambassador, and then he learned the deadly truth. Professor Münsterberg also had called upon the embassy, and when he learned that he was to be excluded while his detested rival basked in the sunshine of royalty he was greatly excited and had said, "It shall not be, it shall not be. I will cable to President Taft."

Probably we shall never know all the facts. State secrets of this kind are usually inviolate. It may be that Congress will take up the matter at the forthcoming special session and will demand some explanation of Professor Smith's failure to schleppencour. The professor himself seems to think that some such action will be necessary if the country is to be saved from revolution. But there may be some ill-natured suggestions that these learned professors were excluded from a court function because their fawning servilities had excited disgust and in order that there might be no further occasion for a vulgar weighing and measuring of court courtesies.

One thing at least is evident. These exchange professors ought not to hunt in couples. When two of them are on deck at the same time they may confuse the popular German mind as to the real inwardness of American democracy. Moreover, we shall be spared such outpourings of the spirit as we are now experiencing from Professor Smith, who seems to labor under the impression that his disappointed social ambitions are matters of public interest. And Professor Münsterberg may be here at any moment with his side of the story.

Where Governor Dix Failed.

Governor Dix of New York appears to have missed an opportunity to impress himself upon the country as a positive and effective political force, in connection with the long-drawn senatorial election just terminated in the choice of Judge James A. O'Gorman. In line with his declared devotion to administrative and other kinds of decency Mr. Dix ought to have taken a hand in the election, to the extent of putting his influence against Sheehan, who was urged for the senatorship by Murphy, the Tammany boss. What he did was merely to protest that the election of a senator was a thing quite outside the sphere of his responsibility, that he had no right to an open preference, and that he hoped all good Democrats would observe and imitate the harmony of little birds in a nest.

Technically Governor Dix was right, but morally he was wrong. The powers of admonition were not forbidden him and he ought to have used them. Obviously he did not use them because he was afraid of Tammany. Murphy, the Tammany leader, had established offices in Albany and was acting the part of political providence in the usual way. It was natural that there should be a revolt in the legislature; and the moral influences of the governor should have sustained this revolt.

Governor Wilson of New Jersey in his protest against the candidacy of Smith took a course which contrasts most favorably for his name and fame with that of Governor Dix. Governor Wilson protested against Smith's election as a violation not only of the political proprieties, but of definite political promises made in the interest of decency. Avoiding personalities, he insisted imperatively that Smith was not a proper man and that to smuggle him into the Senate by the underground political route would be a betrayal of party pledges. A man of Wilson's calibre armed with a just cause is hard to face and difficult to overwhelm. He won his contention, and in winning it has commended himself so widely as to make himself the probable if not the inevitable candidate of his party for the presidency next year.

The governor of a State has not indeed the right to set himself up as an arbiter in affairs other than purely administrative. He has no right in the spirit of a party or factional boss to use his powers as governor to promote personal or factional ends. But the right of a governor to so bestow his moral influence that it may sustain the cause of political integrity and moral propriety is unquestioned.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The German scheme of state pensions has been subjected to a damaging criticism by no less a person than Privy Councillor Ferdinand Friedensburg. The first of his indictments urges that the scheme has produced a vast and ever-increasing army of officials that spread themselves over the land and conduct inquisitorial proceedings into private commercial affairs. As a result the working expenses have increased from 34 pfennigs for each insured person in 1888 to 53 pfennigs in 1908. He then complains that the hospitals supported under the scheme are not only equipped with every scientific appliance, as of course they ought to be, but also with the most lavish luxuries, so that patients adopt every device to prolong their treatment. Thus there are magnificent halls, howling alleys, and automatic pianos representing a large and needless expenditure. Other abuses are connected with the grants that are made to injured workmen out of all proportion to the actual damage sustained. Thus men who have lost one eye but who are able to earn just as much as they ever did are awarded pensions for life amounting to one-third of their income. There are large numbers of cases where pensions have been granted, although there is no diminution of earning power. Even where workmen have been engaged upon their own affairs at the time of the accident the most ludicrous pleas for pensions have been readily accepted. Thus a man was injured while driving to church for his own pleasure, or possibly profit, and he successfully claimed that his employer was responsible inasmuch as he intended to pray for rain, from which his employer would benefit—providing the prayer was answered. A woman hurt her finger while undressing her six-year-old daughter. She asked for a pension on the ground that the child sometimes helped to care for her employer's geese and that in undressing her she was performing an act similar to unharnessing a horse. Not only are there many such preposterous claims, but there are numerous cases of deliberate self-injury for the sake of the resulting pension. Herr Friedensburg complains that the pension scheme as now administered is a direct agency for the pauperization of the people and that it places a premium upon widespread subterfuge and fraud.

Henry Vignaud, lately first secretary of the American embassy in Paris, is well known for his researches into the credentials of Christopher Columbus, and for this reason his substantial volumes on "the discoverer of America" will be awaited in this country with interest. Mr. Vignaud is supposed to have given the death blow to the proposed canonization of Columbus, having succeeded in proving to the Pope that the explorer was not exactly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life and that he left at least one illegitimate son to mourn his death. It seems a small thing in a day of loose morals, but then saints, like lesser people, are known by the company they keep. Mr. Vignaud's chief contention is that Columbus was put upon the track of the new continent by an ignorant sailor who had preceded him and that he willingly took the credit that belonged to another. The famous Toscanelli letter is denounced by Mr. Vignaud as a forgery, possibly by Columbus himself, but probably by his brother, Bartholomew Columbus.

The fall of Premier Stolypin is a reminder that in spite of all pretensions to the contrary there is no such thing as constitutional government in Russia. The minister is all-powerful under the Czar, and the Czar exalts and debases his ministers according to his will or rather the whim of the moment. That no legislative measure can become law without the will of the Duma has an impressive sound, but it is a meaningless formula. When the Duma is not in session the Czar can legislate by his own decree and he can adjourn the Duma at will. If the legislature is unfriendly to a certain measure it can be prorogued from Monday to Tuesday and the measure can then be enacted by the Czar's decree. The net result is still autocracy, naked and unashamed, and free play for the murderous instincts of the ruler who installed the peace congress, waged the bloodiest war of modern times, suppressed the revolution with blood and fire, persecuted the Jews, and still finds time to say his prayers and to listen obsequiously to the mouthings of witches, mediums, soothsayers, and fortune-tellers.

The first woman member has taken her seat in the Norwegian Storting. She is Miss Anna Rogstad and she was elected as a "deputy" in 1909. The regular representative of her constituency being away on leave, Miss Rogstad took his place in the House, sitting on the Conservative side. The Speaker took occasion to say that this was the first appearance of a woman in the Storting and that while the members were not unanimously in favor of such an innovation he believed that posterity would regard it as an event that brought honor to the country and that the country would benefit from it. The premier then formally greeted Miss Rogstad. Her house is filled with flowers sent by her admirers and she has been overwhelmed with telegrams from all parts of civilization. Miss Rogstad was born in 1854 and is a teacher. She lives in a little cottage of her own near Christiania and is said to do all her own household work, gardening and wood-chopping.

The glamour of romance has always hung around the French Foreign Legion, France being the only country that allows foreigners to enter the army and segregates them into divisions. The Foreign Legion has shared in some of the finest deeds of French arms and the authorities give it their esteem and confidence. Just now the Foreign Legion is the object of a particularly fierce attack from Germany. During recent debate in the Reichstag General von Heeringen noted that its ranks were reinforced by German deserters

and demanded guarantees from France that no more Germans would be accepted. This was followed by a campaign of denunciation in the German press, which maintains that such enlistments are contrary to French, German, and international law. The French newspapers were quick to join the fray with equally positive assertions that all nations are free to enlist any men they choose, whether citizens or not, and to employ them as they please. Germans, it is said, are particularly anxious to join the French force because in their own army they are half starved, overworked, and brutally treated by their officers. The conditions of entry are very strict, and Germans are not more welcome than others. During the month of February only eight men were accepted, although a large number applied. Five Germans were among them, and it is said that there are several Americans in the force.

The "Life of Mrs. Craigie," better known as John Oliver Hobbes, gives us a curious insight into that lady's unconventional literary opinions. She had a fondness for dividing authors into "vulgar" and "not vulgar," but as there seems to be no clear definition of literary vulgarity the classification is not always illuminating. Thus among "vulgar" authors we find Thackeray, who is "atrociously" so, De Maupassant, Handel, Carlyle, Addison, William Morris, Lord Lytton, Stevenson. Sometimes the verdict is qualified. Thus William Morris is "vulgarity itself"; Lord Lytton is "rather vulgar"; Stevenson is "vulgar, very"; and Carlyle was "a little vulgar." Among the "not vulgar" are Scott, Dickens, Spenser, Horace, Pope, Voltaire, Dryden, Fielding, Tolstoy, Eliot, Balzac, Whistler, Burns, Froude, Motley, Macaulay, and Johnson. Those who are interested in Mrs. Craigie's opinions may try to extract her conception of vulgarity from this classification into the sheep and goats of literature. Her father states that "Pearl occasionally wrote letters for the maidservants to their sweethearts, and the unconventionality of these missives often led to quarrels and misunderstandings between the lovers. It is possible that her ironic humor was scarcely soothing to the vanity of an adored police sergeant." In writing to her publishers she suggested the printing of both favorable and unfavorable reviews in the advertisements of her books.

What an age of mystery was the Elizabethan era. Already we are surfeited with Shakespearean myth and conjecture, with Baconian theories, ciphers, and conundrums, and now comes an assault upon the Virgin Queen herself, if such a term he not inappropriate to the circumstances. Queen Elizabeth, we are told in a formidable work just published, was not a woman at all, but a man, and so we may leave the author to the tender mercies of his fellow cranks who would have us believe that Elizabeth was the mother of Francis Bacon. Evidently there is an inconsistency somewhere, and the theorists and discoverers must be left to fight it out among themselves. Henry VIII, so runs the story, sent word to the governess that he wished to see his baby daughter Elizabeth, but unfortunately the little princess was seized by a fever and died. Bluff King Hal was not a man to be put off by paltry excuses, and so the terrified governess hurried off to the village in the Cotswold Hill where she and her charge were living in order to beg, borrow, or steal a baby upon which the king might feast his paternal but inexperienced eyes. She intended to explain the matter after she got her breath, so to speak, but as the substitution was successful, and fearing that confession would probably result in another death, she held her tongue and played the game to the end. The child was informed of the fraud as soon as possible, and of course consented to maintain the deception. Those who are curious as to the evidence must consult the book itself, but it need hardly be said that "evidence" of the utterly impossible can always be obtained after the vapors of three centuries have been allowed to obscure the facts. On the whole, it would be a rather pleasant theory to believe, and we have already swallowed so many camels that it would be a mistake to strain at so relatively small a gnat. At last we understand Elizabeth's maidenly reserve toward her many suitors, and we no longer wonder at her coy reluctance to surrender her charms to the custody of a husband. But may we believe that anything in this magical age was just what it seemed to be?

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

John Gabbert Bowman, secretary of the Carnegie Foundation, who will succeed George E. MacLean as president of Iowa State University, will be one of the youngest college presidents in the world when he begins his new duties. Born in Iowa, in May, 1877, of pioneer parents, he found it necessary to make his own way through the university. After a year in the higher institution he taught school and did a little farming to enable him to continue his studies. By crowding three years' work into one he graduated in 1899. His vacations were usually spent on Mississippi lumber-rafts, though he devoted one to a course in the summer school of the University of Chicago, taking advanced work in English. Returning to Iowa, he became a reporter and also worked in all departments of a newspaper. Later he served as a reporter on a Chicago daily paper. Then came a year as a graduate student at Columbia, and in 1905 he was appointed instructor in English. The following year he became secretary of the Carnegie Foundation, and has had five years of association with that institution.

Furs are collected in great numbers along the upper waters of the Yukon River. The Indian or white trapper is often satisfied with a price hardly commensurate with market value, even after deducting the cost of marketing. When taken to the United States, a price two or three times that paid the trapper is obtained for many of the furs.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Last Caesar.

1851-1870.

Now there was one who came in later days
To play at Emperor; in the dead of night
Stole crown and sceptre, and stood forth to light
In sudden purple. The dawn's straggling rays
Showed Paris fettered, murmuring in amazement,
With red hands at her throat—a piteous sight.
Then the new Caesar, stricken with affright
At his own daring, shrunk from public gaze

In the Elysée, and had lost the day
But that around him flocked his birds of prey,
Sharp-beaked, voracious, hungry for the deed.

'Twixt hope and fear behold great Caesar hang!
Meanwhile, methinks, a ghostly laughter rang
Through the rotunda of the Invalides.

What if the boulevards, at set of sun,
Reddened, not with sunset's kindly glow?
What if from quail and square the murmured woe
Swept heavenward, pleadingly? The prize was won,
A kingling made and Liberty undone.
No Emperor, this, like him awhile ago,
But his Name's shadow; that one struck the blow
Himself, and sighted the street-sweeping gun!

This was a man of tortuous heart and brain,
So warped he knew not his own point of view—
The master of a dark, mysterious smile.

And there he plotted, by the storied Seine
And in the fairy gardens of St. Cloud,
The Sphinx that puzzled Europe, for awhile.

I see him as men saw him once—a face
Of true Napoleon pallor; round the eyes
The wrinkled care; mustache spread pinion-wise,
Pointing his smile with odd sardonic grace
As wearily he turns him in his place,
And hends before the shrill Parisian cries—
Then vanishes, with glitter of gold-lace
And trumpets blaring to the patient skies.

Not thus he vanished later! On his path
The Furies waited for the hour and man,
Foreknowing that they waited not in vain.

Then fell the day, O day of dreadful wrath!
Bow down in shame, O crimson-girt Sedan!
Weep, fair Alsace! weep, loveliest Lorraine!

So mused I, sitting underneath the trees
In that old garden of the Tuileries,
Watching the dust of twilight sifting down
Through chestnut houghs just touched with autumn's brown,
Not twilight yet, but that ineffable bloom
Which holds before the deep-etched shadows come;
For still the garden stood in golden mist,
Still, like a river of molten amethyst,
The Seine slept through its spans of fretted stone,
And, near the grille that once fenced in a throne,
The fountains still unbraided to the day
The unsubstantial silver of their spray.
A spot to dream in, love in, waste one's hours!

Temples and palaces, and gilded towers,
And fairy terraces!—and yet, and yet
Here in her woe came Marie Antoinette,
Came sweet Corday, Du Barry with shrill cry,
Not learning from her betters how to die!
Here, while the Nations watched with hated breath,
Was bled the saturnalia of Red Death!
For where that slim Egyptian shaft uplifts
Its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts
Of various gold, the husy Headsman stood. . . .
Place de la Concorde—no, the Place of Blood!

And all so peaceful now! One can not bring
Imagination to accept the thing.
Lies, all of it!—some dreamer's wild romance—
High-hearted, witty, laughter-loving France!
In whose brain was it that the legend grew
Of Menades shrieking in this avenue.
Of watch-fires burning, famine standing guard,
Of long-speared Ulans on that esplanade!
What ruder sound this soft air ever smote
Than a bird's twitter or a hugh's note?
What darker crimson ever splashed these walks
Than that of rose-leaves dropping from the stalks?
And yet—what means that windowless façade,
That sculptured marble, splintered so and charred,
Looming among the trees there? . . . And you say
This happened, as it were, but yesterday?

And here the Commune stretched a barricade,
And there the final desperate stand was made?
Such things have been? How all things change and fade!
How little lasts in this brave world below!
Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go;
Gaunt Hunger fattens, and the weak grow strong.
Even Republics are not here for long!

Ah, who can tell what hour may bring the doom,
The lighted torch, the tocsin's heavy boom!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

William Waldorf Astor's splendid villa at Sorrento stands on a gray rock one hundred and fifty feet above the sea in a garden of orange trees. It formerly belonged to Barone Boebiglier Labonia, from whose heirs Mr. Astor bought it some years ago. He enlarged the domain by the purchase of the old convent of St. George and other estates. The house is a three-story one, painted in light colors. It is reached by a little road on the old walls of Sorrento which passes before the Hotel Tasso, where the poet, Torquato Tasso, was born in 1574. For the splendor of its view the spot where the Villa Astor is built can not be equalled. The gulf of Naples lies before it, with smoky Vesuvius in front. Below the Villa Astor can be still be seen in the sea the remains of the Roman temples to Neptune, Venus Anadyomene, and Saturn. In old Roman times Sorrento was a health resort, and great patricians had villas there. Politia Asinio had one with one hundred rooms at the Capo Santa Fortunata, and Cæsar, Nero, and Antonius were other villa owners.

Six railway lines converge at the Mexican border near El Paso, Texas.

FIRE DANGERS IN NEW YORK.

Possible Reforms to Follow the Catastrophe That Cost So Many Lives.

Every once in a while New York is awakened by some horror which brings it up with a round turn and sets it to thinking. The horror at the present time is the fire in the Asch Building, where 140 or more girls lost their lives through carelessness, inadequate means of escape, or bungling of one sort or another. So far, investigation shows that the Asch Building was as fireproof as most fireproof buildings; which means that it was only "near" fireproof, not entirely so. There are fireproof buildings in New York, absolutely fireproof; but not many. The old Florence House on Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, recently demolished for the erection of a commercial building, was as absolutely fireproof as solid masonry could make a building. I remember once a fire breaking out on one floor, while the people on the floor above stood at the windows and watched the manoeuvres of the firemen, who soon extinguished the flames, for nothing burned but the contents of the room. I noticed the walls of this building when it was being demolished, and they were pretty nearly as thick as the walls of a fortress; but there is no such building as this in New York today. Every modern building is of steel construction and so-called fireproof. Some may be. But many that are called fireproof are far from it. One might have a chance for one's life in case of fire in one of these so-called fireproof buildings, but there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of buildings where business is carried on, and many men, women, and girls are employed, that are nothing more than death-traps. They are old buildings, cheaply constructed, with fire-escapes at one end, but that end is so far off that one could be burned to death in trying to get to it.

A short time ago I had occasion to go downtown to a small importing concern, on a street running west from City Hall Park. I mistook the number of the building that I wanted to find, and got into one a few doors east of it. I groped my way through dark halls, up three flights of rickety stairs, only to discover that I was in the wrong building; but I noticed as I ascended and descended the dark stairways, which were almost perpendicular, that manufacturing was going on in the building, or at least that a good many people were employed there; and I said to myself at the time: "What a place for a fire!" The building I was looking for was a few doors below, and while it was an old building, and, like the other, without an elevator, the halls were lighted, and one could at least see where one was going.

The terrible fire of last week has stirred New York to its depths, and investigations are going on, and mass meetings are to be held, and there is no doubt that some good will come from this awful sacrifice of life. On every hand I hear of meetings of men and women, the rich and poor alike, to discuss the question of proper protection against fire, and to insist upon a thorough investigation of all buildings where people are employed in numbers. I do not know anything about the fire-resisting qualities of the manufacturing buildings on lower Fifth Avenue; but I do know that thousands of human beings are employed in the "sweat shops" that now crowd that end of a once fashionable thoroughfare. You have only to walk through this part of Fifth Avenue at noontime to realize the number of people that are working all day long, and sometimes into the night, in the big loft buildings that flank either side of the street.

Now it is asserted that Madison Square Garden, one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in the city, is a fire-trap. If it is, the sooner something is done, the better; because there is no building in New York into which more people crowd. At the present time, the circus is under full headway in that building. This means an audience twice a day of thousands of people, to say nothing of the hundreds employed in the circus. And horror of horrors! The hundreds of animals, wild and tame, that are a part of the "greatest show on earth." It was only recently, within the past year, I think, that fire-escapes were put on the outside of this building. As far as its height goes, it has an advantage over some others; and there are many exits; but when one considers the number of people that crowd into it for the circus, one realizes what could happen in case of fire. One cry of fire from some fool's lips when the Garden is crowded would be as bad as the actual sight of flames, unless the audience could be controlled.

Not only business buildings, but apartments and private houses, and especially apartments, need looking into by the fire department. There are no buildings that tempt the jerry builder as do apartment houses; to run them up quickly, to build them of inexpensive material, to make them look fireproof, though they might not be, is the object of most owners and contractors. That more fire tragedies do not occur in apartment houses is owing to good luck rather than to good management.

Only last year there were two fire scares in the house that I live in, but they did not come from the house; they came from houses further down the street. My apartment, which is on the fifth floor, has rooms which open out directly upon the roofs of the houses next door; and in case of fire, all I would have to do would be to step out of the window and run the length

of the block. But I have never had occasion to do this, and I hope that I never will. Last year, at about three o'clock on the morning after Thanksgiving, I was sleeping peacefully in my bed, when I was aroused by a woman's voice crying "Fire!" At first I thought it must be a bad dream, and even when I roused myself I thought perhaps some one in the street was coming home from celebrating the day and felt in a humorous mood. But when the cry was repeated several times I realized that something serious had happened. I sprang out of my bed, threw a big motor coat around me, and ran down the hall to arouse other members of the family who were out of hearing of the cry. We immediately went to the dining-room window and looked out, and there, coming over the ice-covered roof, we saw a man and woman. The woman was shouting "Fire!" "Let us in!" "Save us!" "Let us in!" They were both in their bare feet. The man was clad in a night-shirt, not even pajamas; and the woman in a night-gown, carrying over her arm a long fur coat, and in her hand a coat-hanger. The man carried a hatchet. When I saw the hatchet I remembered that I had heard a sound as of chopping. We opened the window and let them in; they were shivering with the cold, and were very much excited. I suggested to the woman that she put the coat on, which she did; and the man began at once to tell how he had saved their lives by having the hatchet at the side of his bed. "For thirty years," he said, "I have slept with this hatchet by my bedside, so that if I ever was caught in a fire I could cut my way out; and if it hadn't been for this hatchet we might not have been burnt alive, but we would have been suffocated with the smoke." It seems that the two lived in a lodging-house a few doors below, and where a fire had burst out in the lower floors, making it impossible for them to get down the stairs, so there was nothing to do but escape by the roof, which they did. It wasn't long before we heard the shriek of the fire chief's motor horn, and heard the engines dashing down the street. Everybody in our house was out in the halls, but we soon discovered that the fire was under way. In the meantime, we turned our attention to the man and the woman; their teeth were chattering and they were in a very nervous condition. We gave them each a big drink of whisky, and later some hot coffee, and loaned them clothes, so that when the fire was declared to be thoroughly out they could go home, which they did.

A month later, to a day, I was sleeping peacefully in my bed, and at about the same hour I heard the cry of "Fire!" outside my window. I aroused the family, looked out the same window, and this time saw a woman coming over the roof; but she, fortunately for her, was entirely clothed. We opened the window and let her in; her house was next door but one. "Our house is on fire," she said. "I never thought that would happen; I always thought it would be your house," she said, as though to reassure us. This woman was not at all agitated; she said that her husband could manage the fire; but she was shivering and her teeth were chattering; so I gave her some whisky. Our house was filled with smoke, and everybody was out in the halls, and we had a pretty close call, but nothing serious happened. The next day I laid in a stock of whisky so as to be prepared for further fires. But, fortunately, we have had none, and I hope never will have.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1911.

Paris possesses no six-story restaurants with walls of marble and alabaster where the masses may eat and watch their fellows eating in time to a powerful orchestra. But then the Parisian is not gregarious in his habits. He believes in the gayety that comes from within, and not the variety supplied by the management. The prospect of being able to have his petite marmite, his sole dieppoise, and his poulet cocotte in company with 3999 other diners would not attract him in the least. He would distinctly resent a band of sixty-five performers, drowning with Wagner or Lehar his witty table talk. Staggering statistics of the numbers of lunches or dinners served daily at his restaurant instead of swelling his manly bosom with national pride, would probably incite a feeling of distrust as to the precise amount of care bestowed in the kitchen on his own particular dinner. The gayety of the crowded eating palace he would not understand.

There is material for a novel in the experiences of Johann Koschitzky, formerly a priest at Trinity Church, Leipzig. The priest fell in love with an actress, renounced the priesthood and married her. After his marriage he became depressed, mainly because of the attempts of the clergy to bring him back into the church. He left his wife three times and returned. He left her a fourth time and did not return, having rejoined the priests. His wife is not permitted to see him, and her letters are not delivered to him. She has appealed to the authorities.

A state coach owned by the Emperor of Austria is considered the most perfect vehicle of its kind in existence. It was built in 1696. It has perfect proportions and exemplifies the style of Louis XIV furniture, which was characterized by curves rather than straight lines. Nymphs in the manner of Rubens decorate the panels, and the custodian of the coach, who is very proud of it, informs visitors that Rubens was the artist who painted them.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. George A. Custer, widow of the great Indian fighter, has been living quietly in a suburb of New York for some time, engaged in writing a biography of her late husband.

The Honorable William Stevens Fielding, minister of finance in the Canadian cabinet, is a Nova Scotian by birth. He is a lucid and convincing speaker, and enthusiastic for reciprocity.

Sir William Smith Crossman, who has served as mayor of Cardiff, Wales, was a laboring man when first elected to office. The late King Edward became so interested in him that he knighted Crossman during his visit in 1907. He is a man of simple tastes and broad ideas, and is active in civic affairs.

Henry Vignaud, at the age of eighty-one, has finished and published a work on the life of Christopher Columbus, which he began fifty years ago. Two years ago he retired from the office of secretary of the American embassy, and has been living in Paris devoting himself to the completion of the undertaking.

Dr. Simon B. Wolbach, assistant professor of bacteriology at the Harvard Medical School, has departed for the little-traveled parts of western Africa, to study the "sleeping sickness" and its allied diseases among the natives. He is accompanied by Dr. J. L. Todd of McGill University of Montreal. They have a single white hunter as escort.

Major-General William H. Carter, in command of the army sent to Texas to patrol the Mexican border, the largest force gathered there since 1865, is an old Indian fighter, and wears a medal of honor for bravery against the Apaches in Arizona in 1881. He is a graduate of West Point has been in the infantry and the cavalry. He served through the Spanish-American War.

Lady Margaret Lindsay Huggins, wife of Sir William Huggins, the noted English astronomer, who directs his own observatory and laboratory, is her husband's sole assistant. She was born in Dublin and received her education at Brighton. She has been deeply interested in astronomy from childhood, and is joint author with her husband of many scientific papers, and an "Atlas of Representative Stellar Spectra."

John P. Nannetti, twice lord mayor of Dublin, is the son of an Italian artist who settled in Dublin. Having no great desire to become a painter, the young man entered the employ of a Dublin newspaper and served his apprenticeship as a printer. While so working he was elected to College Green, which contains the old parliament house of Ireland. He has for the past quarter of a century taken an active part in the civic life of the city.

Viscount Duranceau de la Jarrie, member of the French Academy and a former editor of *Le Matin*, is visiting the United States for the purpose of gathering materials for a work on American archaeology. He is accompanied by his wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Littlefield of Boston. Viscount Duranceau states that stone monuments with runic inscriptions have been discovered in Maine similar to those found in the northwest of France and in parts of Ireland.

Sir Clements Robert Markham, K. C. B., who has just resigned from the committee of the Oxford School of Geography, has been explorer, scientist, and author, gaining signal distinction in his work. He was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1830. In 1844 he entered the navy and served in the Arctic expedition of 1850-51. Leaving the navy in 1852, he traveled in Peru for nearly two years, with the result that he introduced the quinine-yielding cinchona tree from Peru into British India for cultivation. For five years he served as president of the Royal Geographical Society, resigning in 1899. "Richard III: His Life and Character," from his pen, appeared in 1907.

Major-General Robert Crosse Stewart, C. B., a "forgotten hero of the Indian Mutiny," who has just passed his eighty-sixth birthday in London, entered the English army in 1842. His family has been closely linked with the army for over a hundred years, his father having distinguished himself at Waterloo and in the Peninsula War. One of General Stewart's sons was killed in the Boer War, two are in the Royal Field Artillery, and his eldest daughter is a nurse in the service. General Stewart was mentioned for bravery at the siege of Lucknow. He ended a long and distinguished career in India and Great Britain as governor and commander of the Netley Hospital and commander of the Eastern District, Madras.

B. W. Leader, R. A., England's famous painter of landscapes, has, at the age of eighty, put the finishing touches to three pictures by which he will be represented this year at the Academy. His "February Fill Dyke" is one of his best-known works. Leader's father was a painter of some merit, and the son inherited a strong artistic nature. During his early life he was, by force of financial circumstances, compelled to paint the kind of pictures the public liked. "Many's the time," he states, "I have wished I could destroy a number of those early pot-boilers." His first picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy about sixty years ago. He has many pleasant memories of Constable and Millais. As may be expected, Mr. Leader is a close opponent of the Post-Impressionists.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

And How the Woman Cleared It Away.

Skimmerhorn, the Piute mail-carrier between Tekopah and the Willey mine, dusted his boots serenely and spat several times before imparting the most startling information that the Pahump Valley had heard in months. "Somebody shoot-em boss," he remarked to the storekeeper.

Bixby dropped the mail-pouch he was opening and stared. "Not—Witherspoon?" he cried.

"Uh-huh," affirmed the Indian without changing his position. "Heap dead. Shotgun blow-em head off."

"Hell!" observed the storekeeper, feelingly. "Who done it?"

"No sabe," Skimmerhorn disclaimed. "Maybe-so Hiko kill-em. Injun say Simpson."

"Harry Simpson?" asked the storekeeper, incredulously.

The Indian evidently deemed an answer superfluous—as indeed it was, for but one Simpson dwelt at the Willey mine camp. He strode off to the plaza where his horse was tethered and led it to the corral.

Bixby ran, hurriedly, through the mail. Of course there would be news about the killing. To his disappointment, all of the letters were "through." There was one to the sheriff at Belmont in the mine foreman's laborious chirography, and one to Mrs. Harry Simpson in care of a Los Angeles hospital. Both seemed subtly redolent of the recent tragedy. At the bottom of the pouch, Bixby discovered a paper bag on which the mine postmaster-bartender-storekeeper had penciled the following:

Somebody shot up Joe Witherspoon yesterday afternoon and drilled out most of his branes. He was out driving and the team hrot his boddy home. They say him and Simpson had a quawrel. Yours respectfully, ART.

In its way, this was a masterpiece of conciseness, if not of grammar. It left, to the initiated, little or nothing unsaid. Every one in the valley knew that Witherspoon drove a span of bays attached to a buckboard over the property each afternoon, disdaining, for some inscrutable reason, the saddle broncho of convention. It was also common knowledge that he and Simpson were at outs concerning the latter's claim, the ore from which was milled at the Willey. Most people sided with Simpson. But it was a small matter at best. Nothing to cause a homicide, except, perhaps, on the Mojave Desert, where tempers grow hot with the sun and law is as you apply it.

They were opposite extremes: Witherspoon and Simpson. The former was a big, stern, iron-faced man. Simpson was hardly above average height, elegant, gentle, approaching the effeminate of appearance in that land of primitive force. When he came to the valley some years before there had been sport at the expense of his clothes and the small silver-mounted revolver he carried. But that time was past. Both had proved their right to respect.

Tekopah ranch, naturally, was in an uproar over the news which Bixby immediately imparted to the scant white population, leaving Skimmerhorn to tell his own people. Toward noon French Joe trotted in from the Willey on his pinto cayuse. He was at once surrounded by Tekopah's populace, but a cross-examination revealed nothing new except that Simpson himself was bound for the ranch.

The Boston girl hearing the news, turned pale. If some one had told her that a man-eating tiger was headed that way, her feelings would have been similar. But she clenched her hands and said nothing. Her people, for some generations, had not been demonstrative folk.

When Simpson arrived, that evening, he was welcomed in the usual manner. Most people liked him, and those who did not deemed politeness advisable. Women, especially, were his friends. Though no philanderer, he had a quiet manner, which won feminine confidence, especially as there was a hint of power, only half revealed, behind it.

The Boston girl surveyed him shyly and gave a sigh of relieved surprise as she acknowledged his salutation. Surely it was the height of absurdity to suspect this man of murder. Perhaps the thought communicated itself, in some subtle way, to Simpson. He seemed almost gratefully devoted to Miss Baird from the start and an odd friendship developed between them. They had long walks and rides together—for Simpson took up his residence at the ranch. Once Simpson shot a rattler which was uncomfortably near the girl. She noted, with startled admiration, the lightning-like movement with which it was done and shuddered away from the squirming, stricken thing close to her feet.

"Oh, you've saved my life," she said, breathlessly.

Simpson's disclaiming laugh was a trifle bitter. "I've got a record both ways that I don't deserve," he said, walking a little apart.

It was his first reference to the Willey tragedy. Impulsively the girl touched his arm. "Why don't you—go away?" she asked.

"You mean escape?"

"Yes." She looked away from him, across the desert.

Simpson kicked aside the dead reptile and put a fresh cartridge in his revolver. "Well—for my wife's sake," he said, at last. "And maybe—"

"Maybe—what?" she asked, curiously.

"Perhaps, there'll be—a—little one."

At a time they did not look at one another. He

had told her of his wife's illness; but the other she had not guessed. Her heart went out to the man. "I guess you wouldn't run away—even if it weren't for that. Would you?"

He regarded her gravely. "No, I reckon not," he replied.

Silently, they returned to the ranch house.

Several days later, two strangers rode into Tekopah. They greeted Bixby with the usual camaraderie of the desert, secured accommodations for their horses, and strode with seeming aimlessness about the ranch. Just beyond the corral they encountered Miss Baird and Simpson. A lightning glance of surmise, understanding and decision flashed between them. Each made a half-involuntary movement with his right hand and then dropped it, sheepishly, at his side.

"Hello, Harry," said the taller of the strangers.

"Howdy, sheriff," Simpson answered, cordially.

The girl started. "Oh!" she cried. "Have they come to—to—"

"Yes," returned Simpson. "They had to come, some time, you know."

Introductions followed. Simpson joined the sheriff, accepting his proffered cigar, and the two men fell behind, chatting genially. Trowbridge, the deputy, walked with Miss Baird. She was surprised to learn that he was a graduate of Harvard. "Lungs," he explained, tersely, "but I'm all right now. Only I don't want to go back. I've got an interest in a mine—and a girl." He blushed faintly. "There are lots of college men out here. You'd be surprised. Some of them are squaw men. I'm willing to assimilate—but not to that extent."

"What will they do with Mr. Simpson?" Miss Baird inquired.

"Nothing, probably," Trowbridge told her. "He'd never have used a shotgun. Everybody knows that. They'll turn him loose with a verdict of 'guilty of drinks for the house.' But he'll have to travel three hundred miles for that vindication. This is some county, you know—about twice as big as New York."

Early the next morning the trio started on their long trip. Every one shook hands with Simpson and wished him good luck, sincerely enough. A short distance off the Indian laborers assembled. They talked in low tones and surveyed the scene with sullen interest.

"They know," said Bixby to his wife. "Them Piutes know who killed Joe Witherspoon—and so does Simpson, though I hope he'll get off."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Baird, tensely.

"Oh, nothing!" Bixby had forgotten the girl. "The less you talk about them things the better."

For the moment Miss Baird disregarded "the call of the tame" which many generations of perfectly proper forbears had wrought within her blood. "I hate you," she said to Bixby, with a very fierce stamp of her French heel, and ran to her room, sobbing.

Three weeks later the Coffee Cooler—by which picturesque title the stagedriver from Manvel was known—brought the news that Mrs. Simpson had died in Los Angeles, leaving a little son. Simpson had just been acquitted when the news reached him at Belmont. There was nothing to prove either his guilt or his innocence. He and Witherspoon had quarreled frequently and violently. A gun with two empty shells, afterward found in the brush, was acknowledged by Simpson as his property. But the gun might easily have been stolen, as Simpson claimed it was, on the night before the murder. Moreover, Witherspoon, who was a violent man, publicly kicked an Indian named Fisheye on the day previous to his death. Afterward Fisheye traded a blanket at the mine store for "fire-water" and imbibed generously. There was not an iota of evidence against Fisheye, but, to any one who understood Indian temperament, it was easy to argue from cause to effect.

Everything considered, the jury doubtless deliberated with wisdom when they reached a verdict of "justifiable homicide at the hands of persons unknown." Just what it signified no one knew or cared. It sounded pleasantly legal and the judge knew more about assaying than he did about Blackstone.

Simpson was celebrating his release in time-honored fashion at the bar of the Pay Streak House when the station agent and operator brought him a telegram. When Simpson had read it, he set down his glass untasted and quitted the place abruptly. The foreman of the jury and the district attorney made a simultaneous dive for the yellow blank which Simpson had dropped in exit. Counsel for the defense, however, claimed it as his client's property and was permitted the first look by the judge as a point of law. He read it aloud to the company and proposed a resolution of sympathy. It was written, forthwith, on the Pay Streak's lurid stationery and signed by all present.

"What'll become of the kid, do ye reckon?" asked the bailiff.

"Maybe Ma Bixby'll adopt it," opined the barkeep. "Heard tell as how she was lookin' for a young un to raise. Might mention it to Harry, you Ike."

Big Ike, foreman of the Golden Treasure, shrugged his shoulders. "Take yer own advice, partner," he said, tersely. "I wouldn't mix up with Harry Simpson right now—not for the day's run in the camp."

"Well, kid," remarked Bixby to the infant toddling about his wife's knees. "yer dad's comin' back t'day. Reckon ye don't remember him. What?"

"Who told ye that?" inquired Mrs. Bixby, sharply.

"Coffee Cooler," replied her husband. "Stage jest

come in. Passed Harry on the road. Horse got winded. Had to rest at the Keystone."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bixby. "Oh, Mary, child!"

"Yes," responded Miss Baird. It was her second visit to Tekopah with more than a year of absence between. "Anything wrong with Bertie?"

"Nothin' as I can see," said Mrs. Bixby, fondly. "But his pa's comin' home from the Klondyke today. Made a pot o' money up there, I hear tell."

The girl flushed with eager interest. "Not—today?" she cried.

"Sure. Why not?" asked Bixby. "Ought to be here in an hour or two."

He looked rather hard at the girl. "Better run right away and put on that speckled polka-dot swiss," he said, teasingly.

"Hesh up, you Bix," admonished his wife. When she looked around the girl was gone.

The first sight that greeted Harry Simpson's eyes as he entered Tekopah ranch was a tall girl clad in a charming summer gown, leading a tiny child. It did not occur to him, immediately, that it might be Miss Baird and his own little son, but as soon as this conviction dawned on him, he spurred his horse and dismounted beside them. He was older and thinner, Miss Baird thought. He seemed rather afraid of little Bertie, regarding him as a very wonderful being, evidently. As for Miss Baird, the greeting between them was remarkable chiefly for what was left unsaid. Each was poignantly conscious of hidden meanings under commonplace remarks, of feelings that could not or would not find expression in words.

She learned, next day, that he had but recovered from a serious illness. He told her of the two past feverish years, and, even though he touched very lightly upon their hardships, she could not help but shudder a little. The desert is a trier of souls.

In the realization of her sympathy and understanding, Simpson relaxed for the first time since his mad struggle for fortune and forgetfulness began. He played a great deal with the child and, ever, as he did, there was a wonder in his eyes, an awe as for the sacred mystery of creation. But he loved best to watch the girl and the child together. Often he sat, thus, for long periods. At such time he felt soothed, rested, ineffably comforted.

One day he said to Miss Baird, "Have you thought any more of—the Witherspoon murder?" He winced a little at the concluding word, but he forced it from his lips.

"No," she replied, lightly. "Why should I? From the first I knew you were innocent."

He stared across the sands where the heat waves quivered on the plains of alkali. "Suppose—" he said, very low. "Suppose I were—guilty?"

"What do you mean?" cried the girl. She caught his arm and shook it. "Harry! What do you mean?"

She had not called him Harry before. The glad thrill of it sent the blood pulsing through him and his arms half opened as though to enfold her. But, after a moment, he turned from her, resolutely. "I mean," he answered. "That I'm a murderer. Now you know."

Horror and utter incredulity mingled in the look she gave him. "I don't believe it," she denied, passionately. "I—don't—believe—" The sentence ended, abruptly, in a sob. Simpson seemed about to say more. He saw only her back, her shaking shoulders, and the opening and shutting of her hands. Something about this dumb show of emotion overwhelmed him and the words were left unsaid. He stood by, panic-stricken, not knowing whether to stay or go. After a little she turned on him with savage anger. "Leave me alone," she commanded. "Oh, go away, and leave me alone."

He obeyed, haltingly and with bent head. To his retreating back she stretched out her arms, then let them fall again, hopeless. There could be no explanation, no defense. It was such a cowardly murder—to kill a man from ambush with a shotgun! And he had waited until he made her love him, until he was sure of her, before he confessed. That was cowardly, too; to tie her hands and then make her his—accomplice!

As she took a step forward, a warning rattle startled her. Not ten feet away was coiled a "sidewinder." Ordinarily she would have been horribly frightened. But now, half crazed with grief, with the wreckage of life's dreams about her, she ran toward the snake, frantically stretching out her hand to it. "Bite me! Bite me!" she cried.

Perhaps fear would have stopped her at the danger point and undoubtedly the snake would have fled before her sudden approach, but for the fact that she stumbled and fell. Under her bare arm she felt a slimy, squirming thing. Then a sharp, blinding pain shot through her and she screamed. Vaguely she knew that Simpson was bending over her. She felt his lips fastened, leech-like, on her arm. She was conscious that he poured a fiery liquid down her throat from a flat bottle. And then all became a delirium of horrors, ending in unconsciousness.

When she recovered, she was in her bed at the ranch house. At first she was very glad. It was all so peaceful, after the horrid turmoil. Then memory surged back. "Why didn't you let me die?" she complained, weakly, to the faces above her. "Why didn't you let me die?"

Simpson motioned to the others to leave him alone with her. "Because I want you to live," he answered. "Because I know, now, that you can forgive."

"Oh, yes," she said, dearly. "I can forgive, I sup-

pose. Oh, why did you do such a thing? Why? Why?"

"Wait," he returned. "It isn't as bad as you think. I didn't shoot Witherspoon. I started out to kill him. I'd warned him of that. But, as I was waiting in the road where he could see me, an Indian sneaked behind a mesquite bush and drew a bead on him with a shotgun. I might have saved him. I could have shot the Piute if I'd acted quick. But I hesitated for a minute—and then it was too late." He bowed his head. "I might as well have killed Joe Witherspoon myself—"

The girl stretched out her uninjured arm and put it about his neck. "Oh, thank God!" she sobbed. "Thank God!"

Simpson still held off. "I've killed two other men," he said, stiffly, "but I had to, or get shot myself. I'm not ashamed of that."

She pulled his head down close to her's and kissed him. "I don't care if you've killed a dozen," she said.

LOUIS J. STELLMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1911.

The word "Mahdi" is a title (says a writer in the *World Magazine*). According to the Mohammedan creed, the prophet was but the forerunner of another prophet greater than himself, and who would be known as the Mahdi—literally, the "man led by Allah." Naturally, considering how vague the definition of the promised leader is, there have been scores of pretenders within the past few hundred years—ambitious men who thought that by playing on the fanatical passions of the Arabs they would rise to power. They were, and are, generally successful for a certain period, and it has been the policy of governments to put down the unruly rebels whenever they could. Thus, in the Sudan, for instance, hardly a year passes without its Mahdi, inciting the Dervishes to drive the Christians into the sea. As long as the rising is only local, it can be dealt with rapidly and with energy. Were it to spread, there would be an immediate conflagration. As it happens, there exists at the present time in the heart of Africa a Mahdi who is the recognized leader of eight million followers, called the Senoussi. The most inaccessible oases of the Sahara Desert form the core of this vast empire, but the Mahdi's subjects, armed to the teeth, are scattered throughout the greater part of North Africa and Arabia, and are, by all accounts, increasing rapidly in numbers.

Edward B. Abercrombie, one of the best-known authorities on the trotting horse in America, died a few days ago at his home in Chicago. Mr. Abercrombie had been for the last thirty years a prominent figure at trotting tracks and speedways in the East and West. He was born in England, and at an early age went to Canada, where he was engaged in mercantile business. Circumstances led him into the trotting horse circuit, and he quickly established himself as a good judge of the American horse, which he made the study of his life thereafter. He knew and loved the trotter, and trotting registers were useless as far as he was concerned, for he had the breeding of every well-known trotter on the tip of his tongue and could give a pedigree dating back for generations on a moment's notice. He was a picturesque figure, for he clung to his long, flowing side-whiskers, and smooth-shaven face. He was certain of a large audience when discussing the American trotter.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, formerly director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, died March 29 at his London home. He was one of the world's best critics of the fine arts. His was a life of less than the traditional three-score years and ten, a life full of fruitful effort and well-merited success. His executive faculties were as keenly developed as his critical functions, and he was as exacting in the one as in the other. His creed as a director was clearly and tersely expounded in the statement he made when assuming control of the great metropolitan institution, to the effect that there should be artistic appreciation of works of art with small thought who created the work, or where it was created, so long as it was beautiful.

With the dedication of the eighth wonder of the world, a gigantic statue of Victor Emmanuel, which has been under course of construction for the past twelve years and cost \$12,000,000, Italy commenced on March 26 a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian chamber's proclamation of the country as an independent kingdom, which will last during an entire year and open to the world exhibitions of art, science, agriculture, and mechanics.

The wild horses living on the sand-banks of the North Carolina lagoons are the descendants of horses left behind by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists, when they abandoned Roanoke Island. On these banks sea oats with luxuriant heads grow quite profusely, and these are an article of food green or ripe. No one knows exactly the number of these ponies, but there are said to be more than 3000 of them now on the banks.

A Long Island town has a hotel which caters to the trout fishers. Its typewritten announcement gives the useful facts about the fishing season on Long Island, describes the advantages of the neighborhood, and says in conclusion: "Orders for worms from those who fish only with the fly will be held in sacred confidence."

DIGGING FOR BACON'S SECRET RECORDS.

Dr. Owen from America Exploring an English River Bed with "Cipher" Clews.

Baconian "cipher" enthusiasts persist. They are one and all determined to prove that Baron Verulam created most of the Elizabethan literature, and not merely the Shakespeare plays. Dr. Owen, of Detroit, Michigan, is one of the latest cipher-solvers, and his convictions are so firm that he has gone to England to establish them before the world. The following descriptive article, from the *London Standard*, gives many of the details of his quest:

The tide of the river Wye, they tell me, is higher than anywhere else in the world, except in the Bay of Fundy and one other place; it rises and falls sometimes as much as forty feet, and it rushes in and out like a mill-race. But for a couple of hours or so between each tide the river shrinks into a mere stream, some twenty yards in width, flowing between shelving banks of the slimiest, stickiest mud it is possible to imagine. Any one standing during the last week or two by the old Roman ford, about half a mile as the crow flies above Chepstow Castle, might have observed that the moment the tide was out a party of about a dozen men would come out from under the yews which reach out from the western bank and begin work on timbered shafts sunk in the bed of the river, about a third of the way across. Night did not interfere with their labors; they delved by the weird light of naphtha flares hung on the branches of the yew trees and stuck upon poles in the mud.

The man who directs this mysterious enterprise lives away over in the quaint old town of Chepstow, in the ancient hostelry, the Beaufort Arms. He is an American, within a few years of sixty, but as alert and active as a man half his age. Keen eyes gleam through heavy spectacles, a grizzled moustache half hides a mobile, humorous mouth, wavy gray hair grows thickly on a massive head. He has been in England eighteen months, in Chepstow five only, but everybody knows him and likes him in the town. If he succeeds in the mission that has brought him across the Atlantic, if those pits of his yield the treasure he believes them to contain, he will become the man of the moment in the Anglo-Saxon world and Chepstow, which now regards him with kindly indulgence as a crank, will rear a splendid monument in his honor.

He is searching for the elements of a story which if constructed will dwarf into insignificance every romance that has ever been written in any tongue. His hero is Francis Bacon, known in our text-books as Baron Verulam of St. Albans, Lord High Chancellor of England, philosopher and man of letters. But the American declares that he was much more than that; that he was a prince of royal blood, the son of the great Elizabeth whom we call the Virgin Queen; and that he was the most stupendous literary genius that the world has ever produced. He was the real author, we are told, of the classic works which have been ascribed to William Shakespeare; it was his prolific and magic pen that wrote Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholie," and all the works attributed to Sir Philip Sidney, to Ben Jonson, to Marlowe, and to Peele. We are asked, in short, to believe that one man only, and he Francis Bacon, was responsible for practically all the glorious work that was accomplished in the most splendid period of the history of English letters. We are told that because of his high parentage and exalted position he could not publish under his own name, that he led a curious double existence, and that he did not die in 1626, as history records, but lived on until 1642.

But that is not all; the searcher in the Wye declares that Bacon has left a complete record of his life and work, woven with the most infinite cunning into the very fabric of his books, in the hope and the expectation that it would be discovered by the students of future generations. He has found, he says, the masterkey which opens the door to Bacon's hidden story, and he proposes to give to the world the proof of what he says. It is for that proof that he is digging under the mud of the Wye, where Francis Bacon hid it.

The professed reader of this wonderful Baconian riddle is Dr. Orville Ward Owen, Doctor of Medicine, of Michigan, U. S. A. Dr. Owen is a man of fifty-seven, of extraordinary mental and physical activity, of strong character, and charming personality. Thirty years ago he became an ardent student of Shakespeare's works; his wonderful memory (as good as ever today) enabled him practically to learn the whole of the plays by heart. It was his practice as he went the round of his patients to repeat favorite passages, and gradually it was borne in upon him that sentences were repeated in different places in curious ways as if they contained some hidden meaning. His curiosity was aroused, and he obtained a facsimile first folio edition of the plays and began a searching analysis of them.

He has this book now, and one can see by the underscored words and marginal notes that every line has been minutely examined. The result of his labor was what he believes to be the discovery of two distinct ciphers, the nature and use of which Dr. Owen has explained in several voluminous books. By their use he has unearthed seven distinct plays that were buried in the thirty-six published plays. Two of these, "The Earl of Essex" and "Mary Queen of Scots," he has published. The ciphers applied to the plays also clearly indicate that they were written by Francis Bacon.

One day, several years ago, Dr. W. H. Prescott, of Boston, one of Dr. Owen's partners in the present venture at Chepstow, gave him a copy of the 1638 edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." This is the book that sent Dr. Owen to Chepstow. He satisfied himself that it was from Bacon's pen, and he found in it two new ciphers—one a word and letter cipher containing within itself the second cipher, which is of the spider's-web type. Dr. Owen, who is kindness and patience personified, showed me how these ciphers were worked out on great rolls of paper, a yard wide and many yards long, all covered thick with letters, circles, ovals, spirals, and spiders' webs. Each cipher, he explained, gives the same information in a different place and in a different way—the one confirming and giving point to the other.

I can see a smile of incredulity on the face of a skeptical world. But who am I that I should deny Dr. Owen's ability to do what he says he will do? I can only relate what has actually happened. The searcher came straight from Michigan to Chepstow, a place he had never heard of before, but with which, as it turns out, Bacon was more or less intimately connected—he owned a wire works a few miles up the river at Tintern, and often stayed at Chepstow Castle. Apropos of the wire works, it may turn out, the doctor says, that the slag from the smelted iron was used in making the concrete which covers the treasure house in the Wye. One of the first places the searcher asked for was Wasp Hill; but the name had fallen into disuse, and only one old man remembered that it had once been given to what is now known as Castle Wood. The cipher showed that the boxes containing the Bacon records were hidden on the precipitous slopes of that hill, but all that the workmen found was an ancient iron box handle.

The "cache" had been moved, and more pages of the "Arcadia" had to be deciphered to get upon its track. At last the trail was picked up again. A wall running down the cliff to the river gave one end of a base for measuring an angle. But a tower was lacking (there are the ruins of many hcreabouts that were used for watch towers against the Welsh). "It should be here," said Dr. Owen. The picks struck into the bank, and the foundations of a building were found. Then the digging in the river bed began; half a dozen holes were made, hurriedly, between the tides, without result. Measurements were corrected, variation of the compass was allowed for, and a fresh beginning was made. Right under the stake that had been put in they came upon piles of yew and oak, soft almost as butter from long immersion in the mud. These, they declare, are piles belonging to the cofferdam made when the treasure house was constructed. Then they came upon boards, such as were spoken of in the cipher—"oak boards, wrapped with camel and covered with tar"—and finally the picks struck concrete, exactly the same kind of concrete as that which had been found some yards away on the bank, covered with earth, and moss-grown. That is as far as the search has gone; the tides are awkward, and for the moment work is suspended. What will be the end? Time and the picks and shovels of a dozen navvies will show.

It only remains to add that the searchers have convinced the lord of the manor of Chepstow, the Duke of Beaufort, that they have reasonable hopes of achieving a definite and useful object. The actual work of excavation is being executed on practical lines by one of the biggest engineering firms in England.

The National Wholesale Jewelers' Association is reported to have issued an edict that platinum is to be made the fashionable metal. That such an organization can exert a considerable influence, like the dressmakers and milliners of Paris, in setting a fashion, there is no reason to doubt. Platinum is to be used, not because it is more beautiful than gold, but because it is expensive. At wholesale it costs \$42 an ounce, and at retail from \$52 to \$60; so that it is about three times as expensive as gold. But the use of it for rings, brooches, bracelets, and stickpins will necessarily send the price of this rare metal still higher, and already its cost is a burden to multitudes of scientists and professional men. Even an ordinary spatula for a chemical laboratory has become a costly thing to provide. Science will have small consideration if fashion decides against it.

The Field museum of natural history in Jackson Park, Chicago, will be the largest thing of its kind in the world in a very few years. It is the youngest of the great ones and is already fifth in rank, being excelled by the British museum, the Paris natural history museum, the national museum at Washington, and the American museum at New York. The total cost of the building is to be \$5,000,000 and at first it will house a collection worth \$10,000,000. Construction is to begin on the building at once and it will be 704 feet by 336.

The Rhode Island conservation commission reports that there are 400 unutilized farms and large areas which have never been cultivated at all, although they are very close to the market. Yet Rhode Island is celebrated as the most "thickly settled" State in the Union. The possibilities of this country in the production of food have not begun to be exhausted; the limitations are nowhere in sight (observes the *Springfield Republican*). All that we need to make cheaper for the people willing to till the land.

FROM MEMORY'S SHRINE.

The Queen of Roumania Recalls Some of the Friends and Incidents of Her Youth.

The name of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is associated with a certain tender, reminiscent, and reflective type of literature that is peculiarly feminine and in the best sense of that word. The death of her son early in her married life threw over her nature a shadow from which it has never wholly emerged, and this perhaps is the reason why she finds literary inspiration from glances backward into the past rather than from a present and a future that should be full of contentment and of hope. Her latest work contains one brief reference to her bereavement, but it seems to contain the keynote to her writings and, indeed, to her character. She says that she had become a mother, "that unspeakable happiness was mine, and then—and then it was taken from me, and all was dark around me, nevermore to become light for me henceforth on earth."

"From Memory's Shrine" is in no sense an autobiography, although containing much autobiographical material. It is a book of reminiscences, and for the most part these reminiscences are clustered around the persons whose names head the chapters. Thus we have sections devoted to Clara Schumann, to "grandmamma," to Arndt, to Bernays, to Fanny Lavater, to Bunsen, and many others. They are the people who fill "this cemetery of mine," and the author is "holding communion as is my wont with my beloved dead." But she would not have this communion a selfish one. She would have the world know and love those whom she knew and loved and so "keep alive for a little space these figures I call back from the shadowy past."

With a sentiment of such melancholy duty it would be ungracious to quarrel. At the same time let us confess frankly that we are much more interested in the living than we are in the dead, and in the gracious personality of the royal mourner than in those whom she thus delights to honor. Not because this volume throws light upon the careers of those to whom it is dedicated is it so full of a fascinating interest, but because it was written by Carmen Sylva and because it is possible to glean from these memoirs something of the winsome personality of the distinguished lady who wrote them.

Most of the book is devoted to the author's early years, and we look in vain for anything that is distinctively Roumanian or in any way illuminative of political life in eastern Europe. It is personal, social, and domestic. Carmen Sylva was born in 1843, her father being Prince Hermann von Wied. She was married in 1869 to Charles, second son of Prince Charles Antoine of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who was elected hereditary prince in 1866 and proclaimed King of Roumania by a vote of both chambers and crowned in 1881. Of her courtship and marriage we have but a page or two in the section devoted to Mme. Clara Schumann. The author was to have met Mme. Schumann, for long her intimate friend, on the evening of the day when her hand was asked in marriage. The proposal made the meeting impossible and they never met again:

But whilst I was dressing, the Prince of Roumania had been announced, and stayed, and stayed, and I could hardly control my impatience, till at last I heard him leave, and rushed to my mother, to hurry her. But the serious look with which she met me checked the impatient exclamation on my lips. Taking my arm in hers, she began to pace the room with me, saying, "The Prince of Roumania was here just now to ask you to be his wife." She stopped and looked at me, half expecting the decided refusal, with which all such proposals had hitherto been met. But instead—"Already?" was the only word I brought out. I said to myself—he hardly knows me, he can not love me, he happens to have heard how well and carefully I have been brought up, he thinks I may prove the suitable companion, the fittest helpmate for him in the work he has set himself. And a thousand similar thoughts flashed through my brain. But through it all I heard my mother telling me of the high and noble mission awaiting me, should I accept the prince's hand, of the wide field in which my energies might find scope, and the honor she accounted it that his choice should have fallen on me. As she went on talking, my hesitation seemed to fade away, and it was not long before I said to her—"Let him come! He is the right one!"

When the prince returned for his answer Carmen Sylva was summoned to the room and she remembers going toward him with her hand outstretched, which he raised to his lips:

As long as he was with us, telling me of the work we should accomplish together, of the difficulties we must encounter and overcome, so far, all was well, I had caught the fire of his enthusiasm, and felt equal to all that might be demanded of me. But no sooner was he gone than doubts and hesitations once more assailed me. Had I not been too hasty, too precipitate, in making up my mind on a question of such importance, on which depended all the happiness of my future life? I was no longer so young, very nearly six-and-twenty, and that would perhaps make it all the harder for me, to give up my freedom and independence, resigning myself as it were to another's control. One of whom, after all, I knew so little, beyond what every one else knew and could read of him in the newspapers! Was that a sufficient guaranty of happiness, I asked myself, that his chivalrous character pleased me, that I knew him to be the soul of honor, and that his mother had ever been one of the idols of my girlhood? Unluckily, too, the photograph which he had given me made him look very stern, and that quite alarmed me. I thought, if he can ever look like that, I shall be frightened to death! But I took comfort in looking at the little opal cross he had also given me, finding in the soft pure flame of the beautiful milk-white stones a sort of presage of everything that is good and noble, and my fears gradually quieted down. Not altogether, though. They came back often during the four weeks of my engagement, and only left me entirely when I stood with my affianced husband before the altar.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is devoted to "grandmamma," the Duke of Nassau's second wife and therefore not actually the author's grand-

mother, but her mother's stepmother. She was the daughter of the terrible Prince Paul of Wurtemberg and therefore first cousin to the old Emperor William of Germany. Not only did "grandmamma" have a brute for a father, but she seems also to have had a brute for a husband. He was much older than she and, presumably with the idea of beginning as he meant to continue, no sooner was he alone with his wife in the traveling carriage than he lit his pipe, closed the windows, and "smoked hard in her face for a few hours, just to see if she would venture to remonstrate or complain." Unfortunately, she says, in Germany the custom still prevails of trying to keep women in subjection, and this tempts her to a little homily:

What is strangest of all is that women should so long have put up with being treated in this manner. Was it that they did not think it worth their while to protest, that for all these centuries they have smilingly seen through the unwarrantable pretensions of their husbands, brothers and sons, calm and confident in their own quiet strength, which must, if they but choose to put it forth, prevail against irrational hushing? To me, in any case, it would appear rather a confession of weakness on the part of some of my sisters, when I hear them clamoring for their so-called rights. Which of the old Roman legislators was it, who in helping to frame the laws which press so hardly on our sex, gave it as his reason, that unless women were firmly kept down, they would soon get the upper hand altogether, being, as he had the courage and honesty to confess—"so much stronger and cleverer than men!"

The author's happiest hours, she tells us, were spent with grandmamma, and truly there seem to have been but few happy hours in the childhood of the woman who was to be Queen of Roumania. She had so few toys that she was able to share to the full the feelings of poor children who stand dolefully with their faces pressed against the shop windows, while pocket money was almost an unknown thing:

On rainy days, our favorite walk was under the arcades, where we wandered up and down, looking in at the shop windows, that seemed to me an Eldorado, with all the treasures they displayed. And never shall I forget my sensations, the day that for the first time I possessed a whole thaler of my own, to spend as I liked! I drove with grandmamma to the Arcade, and we got out there, that I might make my purchase. Now I had long since set my heart on the loveliest little basket, lined with pink silk, which I had often gazed at with longing eyes, thinking it quite an unattainable object. "That costs a gulden," said the shopkeeper, in answer to my somewhat embarrassed question, for it seemed to me rather an indelicate thing to ask the price of anything, a feeling I have not altogether got over to this day. A gulden! My spirits sank. "Ah! I have only a thaler!" "But that is a great deal too much," replied the friendly shopman, with whom I was delighted, as in addition to my purchase, he handed me back numberless little coins, with which I at once bought several other charming knickknacks. For I could not tolerate the idea of taking a single pfennig home with me. To have money in one's pocket seemed to me already then a real misfortune, and I have never changed in that respect. How should one change? Does one not remain the same from the cradle to the grave? And what a number of pretty little things I had for my money! Some of them I have to this day, for I could not bear to part with them, and brought them with me to Roumania.

The discipline of the royal child was so severe and at a time when the child mind was less understood than it is today, that she says she would have fallen into hopeless melancholy but for a vivid imagination that created for her hosts of airy companions whose doings had all the semblance of reality:

Thanks to my lively imagination, I did not succumb to the persistent onslaught of the educational efforts destined to turn the current of my thoughts into a perfectly alien channel. In vain was I tied down to science and mathematics, logarithms and equations will forever be to me lifeless, meaningless abstractions, and it took me much less time than I had spent in acquiring it to forget the velocity of a body falling through space! As for doing a simple sum in addition, I might as well never have learned the process at all for the little I know about it now. But the art of inventing a story, of calling up imaginary beings, of following them through the vicissitudes of their career, and weaving all this together to a plot—that was mine and is still mine, notwithstanding all that was done to crush it out of me. What should I have done on the long tedious journeys had I not been able to amuse myself by the delightful stories I thought out. Sitting cramped in my corner of the traveling carriage or railway compartment, afraid even to stretch my limbs lest the movement should disturb one or other of the invalids, I owe it to my imagination alone, that child as I was, I did not fall into hopeless melancholy.

It was on a visit to London that she first met Bunsen, at that time Prussian ambassador to the court of St. James. But for him she would have had an even duller time than she had, for "there was no relaxation of the customary strictness with which we were treated, on the contrary, there seemed to be an accumulation of wearisome annoyances attendant on the stay in strange houses." The seaside at Hastings was a little better:

But our pleasure there was damped by our perpetual anxiety and sadness on my mother's behalf, whose illness had already entered then on its most distressing stage. From the window I could see her carried in and out of the sea, sometimes alas! to lie in convulsions on the beach, the servants standing round holding up umbrellas to protect her from the gaze of inquisitive onlookers. I stood sad and helpless at the window, unable to understand the unfeeling curiosity of these strangers. It was not quite so bad on their part, though, as the behavior of two Germans on the steamer that brought us over from Ostend, who kept pushing against my mother's lame foot as she sat on deck, and even complained at her, for taking up so much room. It hurt her most of all, that it should be her own countrymen who were thus rude and heartless. Let us hope that it was merely seasickness which made them so inhuman! And the lady resembled them who, when my mother had dragged herself on her crutches to a railway carriage and was preparing to enter it, shut the door in her face, saying: "There is no room here!" What a contrast to the good old bathing-man at Hastings, who used to carry her in and out of the water, and was so sorry to see how she suffered, that he would pat her cheek gently, and talk to her as if he were comforting a small child: "There, poor dear! it will be better soon!"

It was at about this time that the marvels of "animal magnetism" and of mesmerism were brought to the at-

tention of the world. The services of a magnetizer were secured for the author's mother, and these were of some avail, as by touching the patient's forehead she could "send her for hours into a deep sleep, from which she could not awake of her own accord":

Her brief stay in our midst had, however, awakened among us all the desire to ascertain by similar experiments what latent magnetic power might possibly reside in some of us, and it was very soon shown that my uncle, Nicholas of Nassau, was possessed of a quite exceptional degree of the mesmeric or hypnotic force, which he, a lively, thoughtless youth of twenty, did not scruple to use for all sorts of practical jokes. A favorite one was to prevent his sisters' governess from getting up out of her chair; do what she would, she was as if nailed down to it whenever he chose to forbid her to rise, and he would even sometimes mount his horse and ride away for a couple of hours, deaf to the entreaties and adjurations of his victim. Another time he ordered her to put out her tongue, in the midst of a ceremonious court dinner, and almost crying with indignation, she was forced to obey. His sisters found it equally impossible to disobey whatever extravagant commands he might lay on them, such as forcing my mother to stand still holding out her hand whilst he threatened to aim a heavy blow at it with his riding-whip. Such displays of his extraordinary and inexplicable powers afforded great amusement to himself and others, above all to the child spectators, who laughed heartily to see their elders for once reduced to such submissiveness. It was therefore a sad disappointment to us when, in consequence of the fits of hysterics into which one or two ladies had been thrown by some of my uncle's pranks, he was obliged to desist from them.

From "animal magnetism" to table turning was but a step, and when the table did actually move when only members of the family were present there was naturally excitement and renewed experiments:

And our astonishment was increased when we observed how when my mother was wheeled into the room, she had but to lay her finger ever so lightly on the table for it at once to begin to move quicker, even setting off to rush about in all directions, so that she had to be pushed after it in her chair. We all followed, with peals of laughter at the strange sight, the ungainly movements of this new sort of dancing-bear, and so much amusement did this afford that we set to work at once to experiment on all sorts of other inanimate objects. We soon found that all were not in the same degree susceptible of locomotion, nor were all human beings equally with the latent force by which automatic movement could be imparted to things usually inert. Count Oriola proved to be the possessor of a quite exceptional degree of this psychic or magnetic force; he had only to stretch out his hand within a few paces of a small table, and it immediately came marching towards him, apparently with great glee, to our inexpressible delight, but to the unspeakable horror of my governess, from whose sitting-room the table had been horrowed, and who energetically refused to receive such an impish piece of furniture hack again!

In the chapter devoted to Weizchen we have a glimpse of the domestic life at Neuwied. Weizchen was the nurse, a young and accomplished woman, the daughter of General Weiz. It was Weizchen who did much to make life pleasant for the younger members of the family and to whom every one turned in every emergency. She was especially active in the amateur theatricals that were then so much in vogue and that gave rise to so many amusing situations:

The amateur theatricals, too, what delight they gave, and how many diverting incidents sprang from these performances! One of them must find a place here. An aunt of mine, whose height would very well enable her to pass for a man, had agreed to enact a male character in some comedy, and for this she was to wear a suit of my father's clothes, stipulating, however, that neither he nor any other of the opposite sex were to know of this—the impersonation was to remain a profound secret to the audience. But, unfortunately, on the evening in question, as my father sat quietly smoking with a few friends, his valet appeared, and without the slightest circumlocution, bluntly requested "the loan of the brocade breeches, for her serene highness, Princess Solms!" Inextinguishable laughter broke forth from all present, and I really doubt whether my aunt's success in the part itself, which she now threw up, would have been as great, or have provoked such hilarity.

Room may be found for one other quotation illustrative of the dreary complexion of the author's early life, and yet perhaps it was this very dreariness that threw the young princess back upon that inner vision that has borne so bountiful and so graceful a literary harvest. She tells us that she had no amusing books and no alternative between study and introspection:

And I had no amusing books to distract my thoughts; nothing but grammars and histories! And the latter I abhorred, for they seemed to me to be but a record of human misery on a larger scale, of which I had only seen too much in my own small way, quite at close quarters. I did not want to hear of the wretched squabbles that had gone on all over the earth, of how men hated and vilified one another, how they quarreled and fought. History is nothing but glorified misery after all! I knew of course that these were frightful heresies, and was very much ashamed of my own deficient powers of admiration, but it was perhaps not very much to be wondered at, considering the way in which historic facts had been rammed down my throat in my lesson-hours. It was natural enough that my thoughts should wander in any other direction, and that I should seize my pen, and try to give them form. These first products of my Muse were surely very poor stuff, but at least I had the good sense to consign the whole of my early verses to the flames. The same fate befell—a little later on—my first dramatic venture, a long play with six-and-twenty characters, and a highly sensational plot, involving murder and madness, arson and similar attractions. I did not destroy this at once, but coming across it a few years later, I enjoyed a good laugh over it.

Here the book must be left for the more careful verdict of full perusal. It is not a cheerful book. It is not intended to be. But it is sincere. It pictures the mind and the temperament of its author as very few such books have done. As such it is a success, and in a deeper and more enduring way than could be insured even by its literary merits, and they are very many.

Credit should be given for a competent translation from the original German by Edith Hopkirk and for the many striking portraits that adorn the work.

FROM MEMORY'S SHRINE. The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva, H. M. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

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A Woman with a Purpose.

In spite of some defects the author is to be congratulated on a sincere attempt to provide a woman with a leading ideal of life and to trace her fortune under its guidance. When Dorcas Sloane leaves college she is full of the usual ambitions to "try my wings" and to "make good" in the world. Naturally she chooses journalism, as this is well known to be a profession that needs no experience and that can be followed successfully by any clever young girl with a taste for introspection and views on the oversoul. But Dorcas finds that the public is not interested in her expositions of metaphysical truth nor in a variety of fiction that creates splendid heroes who go down to gory death. Then comes the exhausted bank account and despair, and finally Dorcas throws herself into the ever open arms of Leonard Coit, a persistent and wealthy lover whose white hair is at least a guaranty of experience and dignity.

Unfortunately Dorcas still wants to make good and to do something in the world. Obviously she can not write, but perhaps she can reform some one. Her husband's brother-in-law, who has a lamentable weakness for alcoholic refreshment, seems a suitable object, and that he is also of a striking appearance and magnetic personality does no more than give zest to a noble work. Then Coit objects, and because he is a mere man he states his objections and the reasons for them in male language which Dorcas resents with momentarily disastrous consequence. It takes candid feminine counsel to persuade Dorcas that her interest in the reprobate is not so wholly disinterested as she supposed, and that his physical and mental graces are by no means negligible factors in her humanitarian enthusiasm.

It is a worthy story and evidently the author knows the mind of the girl. Perhaps it would be hypercritical to suggest that Dorcas develops too fast in the warmth of affluence and protection. Coit's wife seems hardly the same woman as the poor little despairing girl who creeps to her room with her last rejected manuscript and faces failure and all that it means and may mean.

A WOMAN WITH A PURPOSE. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

Socialism.

This volume should rank among the most valuable of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize essays in economics. Its author, Dr. O. D. Shelton, combines to an unusual degree the virtues of positive thinking, scholarly presentation, and moderation of judgment, and while his position is antagonistic to Socialist theory, at least in its more extreme aspects, he writes with a certain judicial appreciation that gives a peculiar weight to his views. He believes that the abolition of private property in the means of production will never be accomplished, but at the same time there will be a continuing tendency toward legislation socialistic in character, but stopping short of the socialistic ideal. The movement will be strong where political evils abound and it will be weak where reform makes steady progress. Socialist strength is therefore an indication of bad government and should be accepted as a useful political barometer.

Dr. Shelton's hook leaves nothing to be desired on the grounds of completeness. He puts on one side all historical considerations of the movement except where they are necessary to a realization of the existing situation. Thus he touches lightly on the Platonic scheme because Plato, more consistent than the schools of today, insisted upon abolition of private property in, and control over, the family. Modern exponents are naturally shy of a scheme that thus touches civilization on the quick and arouses against them the antagonism of the domestic sentiments. Nevertheless it is concern for the family rather than for the individual that underlies competitive property activity.

Perhaps the most thoughtful chapters in the book are those that relate to the socialist indictment and to its criticism. The Socialist, we are told, is too materialistic. While it is true that we are all in pursuit of happiness it is not true that happiness and dollars are identical. The best gifts of life can not be purchased, and therefore it is not in the power of the State to apportion happiness by apportioning money. Then again we must discriminate between the poverty that implies privation and that other poverty that is only a "lesser wealth." Inequality is not necessarily an evil. Nor must it be forgotten that if great fortunes are the result of fraud, so, too, are the small fortunes, and the moderate income is just as likely to be earned dishonestly as the large one. The small tradesman is just as likely to use false weights as the corporation to water its stock, and it is dishonesty everywhere that we must fight and not only the dishonesty that takes certain specific forms. The evils of our system are evils incidental to human nature, and there is no system that can not be abused by corrupt intention.

Into his analysis of the many socialist systems it would be impossible here to follow the author, but he never deviates either from historical accuracy or from a kindly impartiality that is quick to recognize sincerity and ability wherever they may be found. His book should have a wide audience among thoughtful people, although, unfortunately, the direction of public affairs is not usually to be found in their hands.

SOCIALISM: A CRITICAL ANALYSIS. By Oscar D. Skelton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

The Lead of Honor.

Mr. Norval Richardson lays his plot in Natchez at a time when the first stirrings of conflict between North and South were beginning to agitate the air. The hero is Sargent Everett, a young Northerner who goes South to make his fortune. A crippled leg somewhat limits his opportunities, and so he becomes tutor to the Brandon children while preparing himself for the bar. The children are nonentities with the exception of Natalia, who is highly strung, nervous, and passionate, and who soon learns to worship the schoolmaster with the intensity often found among schoolgirls. Then Natalia leaves home to finish her education. Everett is called to the bar and achieves an unqualified success as an advocate and a politician, and after seven years he and Natalia meet once more.

The story is a thoroughly accurate and careful piece of work, written with competent knowledge and dramatic instinct and running smoothly and relevantly to its culmination. Although Natalia is, of course, intended to be the heroine, we must confess to a slight disappointment with her ultimate development. She is immeasurably inferior in moral stature to Everett, and here she seems somewhat to have retrograded from her childhood. Next to Everett, the most striking figure is the old slave Mammy, and while the story as a whole is a creditable success it is the old negro woman who will outlive in the memory most of the other characters.

THE LEAD OF HONOR. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Princess Katharine.

Once more Katharine Tynan shows all her accustomed skill in the use of simple material. She introduces to us a little Irish girl, the daughter of humble parents, whose father is dead and who is left to the care of her pretty, irresponsible mother. Then comes the fortune, and Katharine is sent away to be educated at a French convent, where she remains for many years. The real tragedy of the story occurs upon her return. She remembers only her mother's virtues, and her prettiness, and in their place she finds coarseness, vulgarity, and alcoholism. Mrs. Duncan has become a village caddy, a slattern, and an inebriate, her home the common resort of tippling women and her property reduced by neglect and extravagance. It is a terrible awakening for a girl who has acquired all the refinements and daintinesses of French life, and the author draws the picture with all the pathos that springs so hountifully from the Irish character.

PRINCESS KATHARINE. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Classic Myths.

Dr. Charles Mills Gayley has so extensively remodeled his valuable work that something more than a casual mention is deserved. Not only are many of the myths retold, but some that were previously omitted are now included. The sketches of the Iliad and the Odyssey have been expanded, and an outline of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung has been appended to the account of Norse and German mythology. The illustrative cuts have been revised with explanations of the more difficult figures and indications of their sources, and for the benefit of readers unfamiliar with Latin and Greek pronunciation a brief statement of rules is prefixed to the index. The work is therefore immeasurably improved and assumes front rank as a book of reference. It is finely printed, and its il-

lustrations, nearly two hundred in number, are all that they should be.

THE CLASSIC MYTHS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND IN ART, accompanied with an interpretative and illustrative commentary. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt. D., LL. D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

"Flowers from the Wayside" is a little book of verse by Warren R. Fitch. The publishers are Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.

An anthology about children has been compiled by Percy Withers (Henry Holt & Co.). It is entitled "The Garland of Childhood" and contains a large number of wisely selected extracts in prose and in verse "for all lovers of children." Price, \$1.50.

"The Town Down the River," by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25), is a little book of little poems that are somewhat above the average and with an occasional daintiness of thought and distinction of style that commend them.

"California the Golden," by Rockwell D. Hunt, A. M., Ph. D. (Silver, Burdett & Co.), belongs to the Stories of the States series. Although intended primarily for children the historical and other information is presented in a form so attractive as to commend the little book to older folk. The illustrations are particularly good.

Those who have admired the verses of Emily Sargent Lewis as they have appeared in various magazines will welcome their arrival in volume form, tastefully printed and bound. The little book is entitled "The Little Singer and Other Verses," and the publishers are the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.

"Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger," by John Masefield (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50), is intended for boys from ten to fourteen years of age. It is based on the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth and is full of all sorts of adventures by sea and land, and moreover conveys an accurate idea of a critical period of English history. The illustrations are as spirited as the letterpress.

Jahez T. Sunderland, author of "Oh, to Be Rich and Young," devotes about a hundred attractively written pages to a demonstration that real wealth and youth are permanently within the reach of every one who can recognize the bounties of nature and the perpetual youth of the soul. The little book, that is well worth possessing, is published by the American Unitarian Association. Price, \$1.

"Protestant Thought Before Kant," by Arthur Cushman McGiffert (Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents), is the latest addition to the International Theological Library under the general editorship of Professor Charles A. Briggs, D. D. The library is designed to cover the whole field of Christian theology, each volume being complete in itself and yet part of an organic whole. The present volume is worthy of a series that should not be overlooked by the theological student.

In "The Dilemma of the Modern Christian" (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20) the author, Edward H. Eppens, asks "how much can he accept of traditional Christianity?" The question is answered with restraint, sympathy, and understanding. The general attitude of the author is indicated by the fact that he throws overboard the whole cargo of redemption, propitiation, imputation, and substitution. Christianity is concerned with character and conduct, not with dogmas, nor creeds.

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The Prodigal Judge.

Whether Mr. Vaughan Kester ever read the advice given to the young novelist by Wilkie Collins is not apparent, but at least he obeys the spirit of the admonition to "make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait." We laugh intermittently all the way through "The Prodigal Judge," not because any of the characters are consciously humorous or witty, but because their speech and disposition are whimsically incongruous with the standards of more conventional life. When Boh Yancy, that stalwart North Carolinian with the heart of a child and the valor of a paladin, receives the letter demanding the surrender of the orphan boy whom he has adopted he says he "never got a piece of writing hefo"—never, sir. People, if they was close hy, spoke to me, if at a distance they hollered, but none of 'em ever wrote." With a laughter that is sometimes tearful we watch Yancy all the way through the story as he follows the trail of the boy who has been stolen from him, willingly facing assault and death in search of a child who had done no more than return his love. It is no small part of the author's power that he can provoke us both to tears and laughter by means of the same character. He does so with Yancy. He does it again with Judge Slocum Price, drunkard, drah, hraggart, and tramp, and who yet assumes unquestioningly the care of the boy when Yancy has been struck down by his enemies. Price is tragedy and comedy combined. So is his boon companion, Mahaffy. We laugh at their absurdities, we weep at their degradation, and then gradually we find ourselves wondering as the touch of a child's hand awakens them first to kindness and duty and then to the sublimity of devotion and self-sacrifice. We never suppose that we can love Judge Price until we find that we do love him and even revere him. We love him not because he is sublime, but because, being a sot and a debauchee, we see him become sublime. There are other whimsical heroes besides these. There is the craftsman Cavendish, who, if he had his rights, would be the Earl of Lambeth, but whose aristocratic lineage does not prevent him and his wife from being ministering angels to poor wounded Yancy. And it never occurs to them that they are angels. These people—Yancy and the judge and Mahaffy and the Cavendishes—have no "sense of duty." They are naturally and spontaneously good and beautiful, and they are not even aware of it.

And assuredly the author knows how to "make 'em wait." Why was the boy living with old General Quintard and his few remaining slaves in North Carolina? Where did he come from and who was he? Why was he abducted from Yancy, who cared for him after the general's death? Who were the mysterious people in Tennessee who were so determined to secure him that murder was of small account to them. We seem to hear the loom of destiny at work all the time somewhere in the background and to sense some sort of a purpose, but not until the end can we see the delicacy of the finely woven pattern.

The author's character drawing is not always of equal merit. He understands the poor—and most of his characters are poor—better than he does the rich. Miss Malroy of Tennessee, whose wealth and influence are used to help the judge and the boy, is not so convincing as are the others. She is good and charming, but she does not captivate. Murrell with his scheme for producing a black rebellion for the sake of a few dollars is a colossal villain, but his depravity seems overdone. He might have been less wicked and more effective. But these are small defects in a story that is a model of cohesion. Mr. Kester writes of his characters as though he had known them all his life and as though it were a delight to march them across the stage. He seems to love them. There are no supernumeraries and no part is over-weighted nor underworked. He tells his story not as though he would point a moral or indicate the beauties of human nature, but rather as though virtue and beauty were naturally the dominant features of his mental landscape. He takes what is exteriorly ugly and shows us that it is interiorly beautiful, and this, perhaps, may pass as a definition of art. His men and women grow better as we watch them. "The Prodigal Judge" leaves us with a fine feeling in the mind, and we like humanity the better because of it. It is a long story and it is not free from defects, but when we have reached the last page we decide to put it away on the shelf and to read it again some day.

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In a letter to the London *Spectator*, Mr. J. A. Lovatt-Fraser recalls Johnson's warning in the *Rambler* (No. 143) against hasty charges of plagiarism, and gives instances in which he might have been unjustly accused. He wrote an article on Lloyd George which applied to him the description of Mucianus, given by Tacitus: "Omnium quae dixerat et fecerat, arte quadam ostentator: he had the showman's knack of drawing public atten-

tion to everything he said or did." Shortly afterwards, in reading Winston Churchill's biography of his father, which appeared before the article was written, he found the biographer had also used those words of Tacitus, in describing Lord Randolph Churchill. It might be added that the phrase of Tacitus, translated into the vernacular, is a favorite one with American journalists during the past six months.

George W. Smalley, whose "Anglo-American Memories" G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published, is a journalist of international repute. He is a veteran of the press, who has lived his life amid stirring scenes and has participated in events that have become history. Born as long ago as 1833, he has known most of the leading men of America and Europe, and is equally at home in Boston, in New York, in London, in Berlin, or in Paris.

An English edition of the old book containing the records of the Franceschini murder case, which was picked up by Robert Browning in its crumpled yellow covers from a market stall in Florence, and so became the original source of "The Ring and the Book," will be included in the ten new volumes to be added this season to Everyman's Library.

The unedited dramatic works of Tolstoy have been put, by his widow, at the disposal of the theatrical authorities in Moscow. Of them the most important is "The Living Corpse," complete in sixteen scenes. Another is the comedy, "That Which Is the Cause of It All," meaning *vodka*, the Russian brandy. In addition, there are some short dialogue scenes, children's conversations on moral subjects, hearing the name "Childly Wisdom."

Carrie Adell Strahorn, author of "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," has made a unique volume with this narrative of thirty odd years of frontier life. Mrs. Strahorn is the wife of R. E. Strahorn, now president of one of the Harriman railroads, but at the time of their marriage he was a war correspondent with General Crook. Their honeymoon trip started in Illinois, toward Wyoming, and continued for many years through the wildest portions of the West.

Easter cards in colors, well executed, are among the seasonable offerings by Paul Elder & Co.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have just made shipment to Melbourne, Australia, of about 3000 volumes of American books. Of course fiction predominates, but in this particular shipment were fifty copies of Joseph Mills Hanson's "Frontier Ballads," and other miscellaneous titles.

Rider Haggard has been studying Danish agricultural methods on the spot, and has written a book on the subject, soon to be published in London under the title, "Rural Denmark and Its Lessons."

Jules Eckert Goodman, author of "Mother," and Margaret Mayo, who is the author of "Baby Mine," were brought up in the little town of Gervais, Oregon, and were childhood acquaintances. They both left Gervais at an early age, and the whirligig of time finally brought them to New York. They did not meet, however, until their latest successful plays were produced. A curious coincidence is the fact that both plays were accepted by William A. Brady about the same time and produced simultaneously; and still another curious coincidence is the fact that both plays were novelized, submitted to the same publishing house and accepted. "Mother" is published this spring; "Baby Mine" is to be issued in the fall by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson, who has the chair of Poetry and Criticism in the University of Chicago, has recently written "Daniel Webster, a Vindication, with Other Historical Essays," which will be published this spring by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Sienkiewicz's latest novel, "Whirlpools," brought out in this country last summer by Little, Brown & Co., has just been published in England.

During the writing of Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Dweller on the Threshold," the name under which this story of the occult should appear was much discussed. "Know Thyself," "Troubled Waters," and "Deep Waters" were all suggested and considered, and finally rejected for the author's very positive choice, "The Dweller on the Threshold," referring to the sub-conscious mind, or soul.

New Books Received.

ANNALS OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN 1910. By John Palmer Garber, Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

Issued in Lippincott's Educational series. Edited by Martin G. Brumbaugh, A. M., Ph. D.

THE RED LANTERN. By Edith Wherry. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.30.

"A true story of the Boxer uprising in China. A love romance is interwoven with the great problem of the East and West."

THE OBVIOUS ORIENT. By Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

THE COLONEL'S STORY. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20.

"Mrs. Pryor, who knows the South of ante-

bellum days as no one else can know it, has created in the Colonel a typical Southern gentleman."

JOHN MERRIDEW. By Frederick Arthur. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35.

The scene of this novel is laid partly in Italy and partly in England.

FOUR YEARS UNDER MARSE ROBERT. By Major Robert Stiles. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2.

The twelfth thousand.

FOR TRUTH AND FREEDOM. POEMS OF COMMEMORATION. By Armistead C. Gordon, rector University of Virginia. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25.

A STUDY IN ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Fontaine T. Fox. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.

THE STANDARD OF LIVING AMONG THE INDUSTRIAL PEOPLE OF AMERICA. By Frank H. Streightoff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

Issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

THE HEART OF THE MASTER. By William Burnett Wright, D. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

A presentation of the events of Passion Week.

CHINA'S STORY IN MYTH, LEGEND, ART ANNALS. By William Elliot Griffies. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

THE CONTESSA'S SISTER. By Gardner Teall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20.

"A delightful comedy of sentiment involving a cosmopolitan circle at Capri and an American hero."

MY THREE LOVES. The Poems of Beverley Dandridge Tucker. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25.

GENEALOGY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, AND OF SAMUEL DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE. By William H. Whitsett, A. M., D. D., LL. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GENESIS. By Rev. F. P. Ramsay, Ph. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2.

Including a translation of Genesis into present-day English.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH IN MODERN SOCIETY. By William Jewett Tucker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents.

Issued in the Modern Religious Problems series. Edited by Ambrose White Vernon.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMBROSE BIERCE. VOLUME IV. SHAPES OF CLAY. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. In ten volumes. Cloth edition. \$25 the set.

THE VENTURE INTO THE SHADOW WORLD. By R. Norman Grisewood. New York: R. F. Fenn & Co.; \$1.

THE BRAMBLE BUSH. By Caroline Fuller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

LORD BELLINGER. By Harry Graham. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK CORD. By Augusta Groner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20. Translated by Grace Isabel Colborn.

THIEVES. By Aix. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30.

THE RETURN. By Walter De La Mare. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

THREE WEEKS IN THE BRITISH ISLES. By John V. Higinbotham. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.50.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By Mary Innes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

Edited, with a chapter on Schools of Painting in America, and certain further additional material, by Charles de Kay; 106 illustrations.

WANDERING GHOSTS. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

LOVE UNDER FIRE. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.

THE CAMERA FRIEND. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

THE PRIEST. By the author of "Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X." Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25.

A tale of modernism in New England.

FROM MEMORY'S SHRINE. The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva, H. M. Queen Elisabeth of Roumania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Translated from the German, by her majesty's desire, by her former secretary, Edith Hopkirk.

THE GLEAM. By Helen R. Albee. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35.

A spiritual autobiography.

THE GARLAND OF CHILDHOOD. Compiled by Percy Withers. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"A little book for all lovers of children."

A BOOK OF DEAR DEAD WOMEN. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

OUT OF RUSSIA. By Crittenden Marriot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

ALICE RAYDEN, OR WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. By Agnes Elnor Albert. New York: Broadway Publishing Company; \$1.25.

THE VILLA ON THE RHINE. By Berthold Auerbach. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

New edition of a famous German novel, translated by James Davis.

THE PATRICIAN. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35.

THE DIVERGING PATHS. By L. L. Chappelle. New York: Broadway Publishing Company; \$1.50.

A story of the pioneer days of Missouri.

FORGED IN STRONG FIRES. By John Ironside. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Red Symbol."

JOHN THE LOVAL—STUDIES IN THE MINISTRY OF THE BAPTIST. By A. T. Robertson, M. A., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

In the Good Old Days

It's a far cry from the first street-cars in San Francisco to the very latest, the pay-as-you-enter, and the picturesque community sometimes known as Carville, within a stone's throw of the Pacific Ocean, on the line to the Cliff House, hears eloquent testimony to the fact.

Carville? To every San Franciscan no explanation is necessary. It is the final resting place of the old-time street-cars, which have been, in many instances, converted into cozy and very quaint homes on the beach. Well-built and substantial, these cars, once the equal of any in the country, have withstood the racking and wrenching, the ravages of time, and hid fair to afford shelter to their owners for many years to come. Some of them have been placed on lots which are now valuable, but which, when purchased years ago, were a drug on the market. Some of them date back to the period when the Sutter Street line was the big thing in San Francisco.

Recently a pioneer in recalling the days of the early 'sixties, when he shot rabbits out where the ruins of the city hall lie cast about, remarked that he once returned from a bear-hunting trip in the mountains west of San Jose, with the claws of a huge grizzly in his gamebag, and quite innocently caused a wild runaway. Coming up Sutter, the horses attached to the car sniffed the blood and caught the scent of the bear. In an instant they halted, dragged the car off the track, across the street, and were only prevented from crashing into a harrier shop by the brick wall. Conductor and driver were panic-stricken, and in the midst of the excitement the hunter—who, by the way, is a prominent resident of Berkeley and engaged in business in this city—got off the car and made his way home afoot. The cause of the trouble never did become known.

But that was in the good old days when grizzly bears roamed the mountains, when elk and deer were still to be found within a short distance of San Francisco, when rabbits and wild ducks were hunted within a few blocks of what is now the centre of the greatest city in the western side of the United States.

Today all is changed, as it should be with the march of progress and the enormous growth which San Francisco has attained.

The P-A-Y-E cars, running on Sutter and Jackson Streets, will soon be extended to cover Market and other prominent thoroughfares. Already they are welcomed as greatly advantageous over anything yet seen on the coast, and the following principles of operating them are well worth attention in view of what is ahead:

Board car only at rear end, by step marked "Entrance." Conductor will always be on that platform to insure safety of passengers boarding and leaving car. Passengers will not be annoyed by conductors passing through the car. Congestion on rear platform will be eliminated and passageway will always be clear. Have exact fare or transfer ready on boarding car. Ask for transfer when paying fare. If you forget, go back and ask conductor for transfer. Leave by front exit. No baggage, bundles, or baby carriages will be carried on rear platform. There is room under the seats for them. Press button for car to stop when half a block from corner.

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RUTH ST. DENIS IN ORIENT POSES.

At the Columbia Theatre this week society and shoulders are in evidence. 'Cause why! Society huds and society blossoms are still daffy about dancing. The craze has not expended itself, and Ruth St. Denis offers us a new variety. Hers are the languorous dances of the Orient, and in order to give them their full effect the young dancer has let loose upon the stage floods of color, rich ornamentation, and strange, foreign figures, picturesque in the warm-colored semi-nudity of the East. She is by turns the spirit of ancient Egypt, goddesses of that country and of Hindustan, a Nautch girl, a Hindu yogi, a mystic worshiper, and a snake-charmer.

In each scene the central figure of the dancer is cunningly devised to be as a glancing jewel in a rich setting. But the truth is that the setting is so gorgeous it all but overshadows the central figure.

For Ruth St. Denis herself is only remarkable for the fertility of idea, ingenuity of resource, and completeness of execution with which she has planned out each of the gorgeous stage pictures which serve as a setting to her own figure.

It would be difficult to describe Miss St. Denis, as she has her face made up by turns to represent an ebon-haired, black-hrowed Egyptian, or a jewel-covered goddess. But she is young and handsome; her figure is that of the averagely well-built woman. Deficient in delicacy of line and sinuousness of movement, lacking that perfect bodily control which all great dancers should seek to acquire, she yet is impressive at times on account of the richness of her costumes, the gorgeous floods of colored lights from unseen sources which bathe her jeweled and glittering presence, and from her skill in posturing.

She is not a dancer of the rapid, whirlwind type, as she seeks more particularly to influence our receptivities from the mystically sensuous side. While the music plays around her, intermingled with wafts of rich incense, she sits in Eastern impassivity, motionless as a statue, rapt in an ecstatic trance, from which she issues to pass from one rapt pose to another. Strange, Eastern figures, holding weird, unfamiliar receptacles, offer devotion in silent prayer and with genuflections of mute adoration to the glittering image seated in its shrine.

The religions of Egypt and Hindustan, and the myths which are a part of them, have been drawn upon to furnish the motive of the dances. Various deities with whom we have scarcely a howing acquaintance, are brought upon the scene, and scraps from the jargon of Hindu philosophers are set forth upon the programme to offer a clew as to the meaning of what one sees.

For instance: the curtain rises slowly and solemnly. Upon the stage is an intricately carved shrine. Through the wooden lace-work of its great doors is what seems to be a coruscating, jeweled, blue mist, of human shape. This is the image of Radha, a Hindu goddess, to whom the priests offer worship, praying for spiritual enlightenment. The spirit of the goddess enters the image, which slowly descends from its shrine, and embarks upon the dance of the five senses, terminating in a whirl symbolic of the frenzied despair of a human soul lost to spiritual peace in the illusion of the senses. Peace brought by self-conquest follows, and the dance ends in the return of the goddess to her shrine, where, deprived of her brief spell of life, she sits cross-legged, wrapped once more in the eternal calm of the ages.

I looked around upon the audience during this very long and—save for the music—silent stretch of transcendentalism. Some were drowsy, some hored, but some were enjoying themselves.

The more popular acts were those of the Cobra or snake-charmer, and that depicting the dance of the Nautch girl in the palace of a rajah. In both of these Miss St. Denis employed her happiest effects. Her troupe of Hindu musicians executed upon unfamiliar instruments the fascinatingly bizarre music which our reading has made us associate with the life circling around Hindu hazaars. An East Indian Caruso gave a weird aria, ornamented with the peculiarly Tom-cation strains which characterize, also, the best vocal efforts of prize Japanese songsters. A Hindu heauty draped in red undulated her way through an East Indian street, where, squatting in picturesque ease, were turbaned merchants vending their wares. In a playful

squabble between two of them the turban of one was displaced, and we watched with fascination while he deftly wound the long white scarf in place again. Tum-tumming and chattering in pure Hindustanese—presumably—filled the ears. Then came a trio of street performers, among them the snake-charmer, who writhed her arms strangely, sending them in serpentine curves about her body, the pointed hands, decked with two great jewels, being curiously suggestive of serpents' heads.

As a Nautch girl, Miss St. Denis emerged from her fatalistic, idol-like calm, and made her bare feet twinkle in a series of whirls which sent her gold-fringed skirts out in air-filled undulations. She set this act also with human accessories which lent it color, variety, and the charm of novelty, for her Hindu troupe were again in evidence with their music.

In the matter of costume the dancer was not at all disturbing, unless to an easily offended sense of propriety; first because, presumably, no one afraid of undraped figures would go to see an entertainment of the kind, and, second, because Miss St. Denis's presence upon the stage is curiously impersonal. She neither conveys nor seeks to convey any suggestion of voluptuous intention. It isn't that she is purely business-like, for she appeals to a hearty-loving imagination, and she revels in aesthetic symbolism. A pronouncedly aesthetic taste has devised these beautiful stage pictures, and furnished this glowing Eastern atmosphere. Yes, and money has been spent, plenty of it, and spent by skillful hands. But good taste, research, and a correct instinct have been the agents, more than crude gold, in accomplishing the beauty of results.

The costumes of the dancer vary widely. She is seen as a yogi, clothed in one nondescript garment, the body apparently bare from the waist up, although it was in reality covered with a fine silken web of flesh color. As the Nautch girl, nothing was bare but her face and her feet. As the rapt worshiper, lighting the vessels of incense, we were afforded occasional glimpses of a symmetrical valley down a fine, smooth back, which had apparently never felt the pressure of corsets. But whatever she wore, whether much or little, the dancer seemed to be appropriately, and not at all immodestly, clad.

In the matter of entertainment, she gives us a little too much for our money. Not being a superlatively fine dancer, and not possessing an arresting or electric temperament, Miss St. Denis is not enough of a magnet to do away with a certain effect of monotony, induced by the lack of speech, and the superabundance of appeal to the eye.

The music, which is composed by Walter Meyrowitz, the leader of the orchestra, is pleasing and suggestive of the Orient, but serves purely as an accompaniment, and is rather monotonous in effect.

People who love dramatic excitement and action, or who prefer the whirlwind style of dancing, would grow restless before the evening was over, but those who admire the results of fine stage craftsmanship, and who revel in the beauty which appeals to the eye, are the ones to appreciate Miss St. Denis's performance. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Von Warlich Folk-Song Concert.

Reinhold von Warlich, the young Russian basso, will give a most interesting and unique programme of song at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, April 9, which will consist entirely of folk-songs of five nations in their respective languages. Von Warlich is one of the finest musical artists that has ever visited this city, and each song he sings becomes a thing of delight under his masterly treatment of it, and the old ballads of England and Scotland take on a new beauty as interpreted by this true genius of song.

The numbers for this concert are selected from the old classics of Germany, France, Russia, Ireland, Wales, Italy, Scotland, and England, besides four numbers by the Spanish composer, Emmanuel Moore, which while not really folk-songs are of that nature and were inspired by charming folk-poems of W. B. Yeats and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Uda Waldrop will assist at the piano.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and after ten on Sunday at the hall.

Alexander Heinemann, a Great Lieder-Singer.

Alexander Heinemann, the favorite lieder singer of the Court of Germany, will give three recitals in this city, opening on Sunday afternoon, April 23, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Besides giving three concerts in this city he will sing before the St. Francis Musical Art Society and the Pacific Musical Society, and one concert will be given in Oakland.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will open her engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, May 1, with her production of "L'Aiglon." This will be followed on Tuesday night by "Camille"; Wednesday matinee, "Madam X"; Wednesday night, "Jeanne D'Arc"; Thursday night, "La Tosca"; Friday night, "La Sorciere"; Saturday matinee, "L'Aiglon"; Saturday night, "Madame X," and the closing performance on Sunday, May 7, will be "La Samaritaine."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

This Saturday afternoon and evening Marie Dressler will make her farewell appearances at the Savoy Theatre in "Tillie's Nightmare," and commencing on Sunday evening Lew Dockstader and his Twentieth Century Minstrels, now making a transcontinental tour, will begin an engagement limited to eight nights. Those who have followed the career of Lew Dockstader as a producer of up-to-date minstrelsy doubtless will recall that during the past ten years he has come forward each succeeding season with some novel idea. Now he is introducing a real aeroplane in the auditorium of the playhouse. This machine Dockstader uses in connection with his latest monologue, during the course of which he sings three new songs, entitled "Call Again," "Jim Brown," and "Not Me." The name of the "Frame," as Dockstader calls his plot, is "The Possum Hunt Club Revue." Among some of the numbers which create comment on account of their originality of conception and beauty of execution, may be mentioned "Louisiana," introduced by Carroll Johnson, "The Shantichair," and a spectacular burlesque on the comic opera "Pinafore." With Lew Dockstader are Carroll Johnson, Eddie Mazier, "Happy" Naulty, Charles Falk, William Brandt, Frank Farron, Allan Campbell, Charles Raymond, William Smith, and scores of others.

The second and final week of Ruth St. Denis's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will commence next Monday night. Miss St. Denis has created somewhat of a furor with her dances of the Orient, and her engagement is proving one of the most profitable of the season. For the second week of her engagement Miss St. Denis will offer a programme comprising the best numbers seen during the past week and others not as yet seen here. Musical Director Meyrowitz and the orchestra under his baton will be heard in two big orchestral numbers next week. They will be played during the intermission. The St. Denis engagement will conclude on Saturday night, April 15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Frederick Warde and his company of Shakespearean players at the Central Theatre are pleasing large audiences with a notable production of "Julius Caesar." Mr. Warde has lost none of his earlier impressiveness, and such presentations of Shakespearean plays as he arranges are more than worthy of the attention of a generation that sees much too rarely the best that the stage has known.

The Orpheum announces another splendid programme for next week. Sidney Drew and his charming wife, who under the pen name of George Cameron has written so many successful plays, will present an original one-act play entitled "The Yellow Dragon," the scene of which is laid in a town on the coast of China at the time of the Boxer uprising. Mr. Drew has for many years been accepted as a most versatile comedian, not only in this country, but in England, Australia, and South Africa. Mrs. Drew is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, and an actress of rare ability. In the cast with them is their son, S. Rankin Drew, a clever youngster. Dick, the Penman, the most marvelous dog in the world, who has not only mastered addition, subtraction, and multiplication, but also can draw with facility triangle, square, or circle with pen and ink on paper, will make his first appearance here. The most astounding feat of this extraordinary canine is the writing of his own name in large hold letters, so that it can be read from any part of the theatre. Miss Irene Romain's piano-vocal will be found a particularly fascinating offering. Miss Elsie Faye, assisted by Joe Miller and Sam Weston, will present "The Act Dainty." Their engagement is for next week only. Next week will be the last of Mlle. Bianci Froehlich, Coakley, Hanvey, and Dunlevy, the Four Konerz Brothers, and Claude Gillingwater and his company in "The Awakening of Minerva."

The management of the Columbia Theatre announces that the Ziegfeld Revue Folies of 1910 is to open on Easter Sunday night, April 16, instead of Monday, April 17, as first announced. This has been made possible by the early arrival of the company, scheduled to reach here next Wednesday morning. This will be the first presentation of a Ziegfeld Revue in the West. So massive are these productions, and so much in demand by theatre-goers of the East that Ziegfeld has heretofore absolutely refused all offers to come West. In fact but few of the cities this side of Chicago will see the Folies of 1910. The company is in Kansas City, and leaves there Sunday morning by a special train of ten cars. Bickel and Watson; Bert Williams, formerly of the team of Williams and Walker; Bohdy North, who appeared at Fischer's Theatre in the original Kolh and Dill productions; Billy Reeves, the celebrated "drunk"; Lillian Lorraine, Shirley Kellogg, Fanny Brice, numerous others, and seventy-five Anna Held Girls are included in

the organization. The advance sale of seats begins next Thursday morning.

Olga Nethersole will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy Theatre Monday evening, April 17.

There are no Sunday performances during the Ruth St. Denis engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The only native wine served at the dinner given by the Portland Commercial Club in honor of Theodore Roosevelt on Wednesday was the Italian-Swiss Colony's red TIPO.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is evident that Queen Victoria of Spain is a woman of unusual ability, and this for no better reason than that she has learned to govern through her husband instead of independently. When the queen first went to Spain she knew exactly what the people needed, or thought she did, and she was determined that they should have it, whether they wanted it or not. She can hardly be described as a suffragette, but she has the soul of one, and the soul of the suffragette craves incessantly for the power to forbid others by process of law from doing things that are harmful to them, such as smoking cigarettes, betting on a horse race, or drinking a cocktail. Queen Victoria believed that bull-fighting was injurious, as of course it is, and so she decided to stop it. She failed and was censured for her attempt. She disapproved of Spanish etiquette, of Spanish education, and lots of Spanish things, and naturally she tried to abolish them and was nearly abolished herself. She had a keen sense of right and wrong, like most women, and, like most women, she had no sense of expediency. She could not recognize that specific evils arise from faults in human character and that these evils can not be driven away by a policeman or by a royal example which in older countries is the same thing as a law. And so Queen Victoria came perilously near to losing her throne at the hands of a populace who refused to be compelled to do things merely because those things were good for them. The soul of the suffragette came within an ace of making red ruin in Spain.

Then the queen changed her plans, and thereby showed her exceptional wisdom. Instead of creating a new sort of Spain she set herself to work to create a new sort of husband, and this she was well qualified to do, as are all women. It is the one thing they can do supremely well, and therefore the one thing they don't do and won't do. The king had nearly earned for himself a verdict of degeneracy. No man ever came closer to it and saved himself. He seemed to have no other idea than to amuse himself and to make people laugh at his tricks. All that sort of thing has disappeared, and it is said that the magic wand was waved by his wife. Current gossip says that there were curtain lectures, tears, tirades, and all other salutary weapons in the domestic armory. Certain it is that the king began to stand upright, to be soberly inclined, to talk with his ministers, to form opinions and to press them. He elaborated policies, or at least sustained those who could elaborate them. There were no more freakish doings, and when cabinets fell the king was undisturbed and shut himself up in his library to make new ones. No one says that the queen interfered directly, or insisted upon ministers who had correct opinions on cigarette smoking and the Ten Commandments. Not at all. What she did do was to encourage her husband to be a man and to play the game as it was given to him to see the game. After all, it did not matter so much what he did so long as he did it manfully.

When the war with Morocco broke out the king wanted to go with the army. The queen had told him that his place was in a tent on the desert at the head of his men and that a display of courage would do more to restore his popularity than anything else. She did not implore him to remember that he was a husband and a father, and that was the most extraordinary thing of all, for how many women are there whose sense of duty can subordinate the domesticities. The cabinet would not allow the king to go to war, but he spent every spare moment in writing to officers and men, and there was no deed of valor that went without its reward of royal praise. We don't hear much about Queen Victoria nowadays. The feminists of the world are no longer called upon to ecstasize about her blue-ribbon interferences with national customs, but she has made a man of her husband, and perhaps that is better for Spain than the abolition of bull-fighting or even an encouragement to vivisection.

The authorities of Milwaukee have taken a sort of plebiscite in order to determine whether "the people" prefer to have ragtime or classical music at the Sunday afternoon concerts. To their surprise, they find that the aforesaid people prefer the classical music, and by a very large majority.

But why be surprised? Now if a similar number of society people, of the socially elect, had voted for good music instead of bad, there would have been some cause for astonishment. Indeed, such a vote would be almost impossible, seeing that usually they can not distinguish between classical music and ragtime. Why, the society people can not even keep time to waltz music when they are dancing. They know nothing about it, nor want to know. Fat the people! There you have quite another story. If you want to see really faultless dancing, watch the bigger children around the barrel organ in the big cities. You will see no false steps there, no defiance of time. And no music is so good as to be played to the heads of the proletariat. Of course it is very easy to give them only had music

and bad newspapers and bad everything and then to argue that they prefer these things because they use them. It would be as intelligent to say that we all of us prefer adulterated food because we eat it in such quantities. Of course we do. We have nothing else. President Diaz of Mexico showed his wisdom when he insisted that the finest classical music should always be on tap in the slums of Mexico City, and when some capitalists wanted to abolish the bandstand to make room for some project of their own he said that they themselves would be abolished first. He explained that the best obtainable music was an absolute necessity to the poor. He might have gone further. He might have said that only the poor—speaking broadly—were able to appreciate good music, and that while ragtime or any old thing was amply good enough for the "classes" it was necessary to be careful when choosing the music for the "masses."

One would think that there are plenty of good hymns that might be sung with advantage at the coronation without making new ones, and that bishops might be better employed than in putting their flunkeyisms into verse. The Bishop of Durham, it seems, has written a hymn of ten verses and the Dean of Westminster has suffered from a similar poetic seizure. Sir George Martin has set them to music, and probably other clerical dignitaries will be in the lists before long. Here is one verse of the Bishop of Durham's hymn:

Lo, the King in state and splendor
Bears the Crown upon his brow;
Chiefs and princes homage render,
Kneeling for the knightly vow,
Lord of Lords, be his Defender,
Save him ever, save him now.

A hymn by a bishop may be expected to have some sort of precedence at the throne of grace, but it would really seem that a bishop might be better employed. And the poet laureate is still to be heard from. Nothing is so hard to bear as suspense.

The Equal Suffrage Society must have wished that they had not invited Professor Edward M. Griggs to speak at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York. He said some unpleasant things about gossip and women's monopoly of it, and he was rebuked by Mrs. Frederick Nathan, who said there was no gossip at her club, whereas at men's clubs there was nothing but gossip.

But the real sting of the professor's remarks was in his statement that "if women realized what militarism has done for them, how it had subjugated them for centuries, they would not worship brass buttons as they do."

It is not quite clear why women have so soft a spot in their hearts for soldiers. Certainly it is not because the soldier is a fighting animal, seeing that soldiers very rarely fight nowadays. Probably not one per cent of American and European soldiers have ever heard a shot fired in anger or ever expect to. It must be the uniform, and this not because it is a soldier's uniform, but because it is pretty. If stock exchange brokers were to rig themselves out in gorgeous colors and epaulettes and plumed hats they would be just as popular as soldiers, especially if they were to learn to walk erectly and to look something like human beings. It is a pity they don't.

Of course it is true enough that militarism would disappear in a month if women so willed. If women were to let it be known that while soldiers may be necessary like policemen or turnkeys they would prefer not to associate with those whose trade was killing, we should hear a good deal less about the glories of war. But, unfortunately, a woman's sense of duty is confined to the home circle. The immediate welfare of the family is her test of all utilities, and so she smiles upon the soldier for the sake of his uniform and his physical similarity to a man. Was it not Ruskin who said that if the cannon shot that tore men limb from limb did but crack the china on the kitchen shelves women would abolish war forever in less than a week?

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House celebrity was so unfortunate as to lose her hat at a dinner of the Union League Club in Chicago. She checked it in the cloak-room and when she wanted it the hat was missing and she went home bareheaded. The matter was duly considered by the committee and it was decided that the club was responsible and that a check for \$50 should be sent to Miss Addams. Some one frivolously suggested that a sub-committee be appointed to buy the hat, but the proposal was frowned upon and dismissed. But Miss Addams sent back the check as fast as the mail could carry it. She said she was not used to \$50 hats and that the missing article cost only \$10 when it was new. Then the hat was found, but instead of being returned to the owner it should have been put in a glass case with an engraved tablet stating the circumstances.

A writer in the London Chronicle incites us to a greater courtesy in the affairs of daily life. But we can not go about all day, he says, begging each other's pardons. We ram

into hurried wayfarers, and bash each others' hats with ill-managed umbrellas. Perhaps the proper apology was that of the man who huddled into the writer. "If that was my fault," he said as he picked up his hat, "I beg your pardon." It was given with an approving smile. "But if it was your fault," he continued, as he contemplated the muddy hat, "damn you." Here one sees the proper adjustment of courtesy.

What a lot of sad nonsense is talked about kings and queens, about every one, in fact, whose head is above the crowd. That Queen Alexandra has some "secret" of youthful beauty is an article of pious belief with half the women of the world, and they have just the same conviction about Sarah Bernhardt. It is no use for Mme. Bernhardt to deny the possession of any secret at all except the secret of hard work and undying enthusiasm. The women know better. They are persuaded that there is some hidden trick of massage, or unguents, or cosmetics, and they are determined to learn it or die in the attempt.

Now comes a story that so far as Queen Alexandra is concerned the whole mystery is one of diet. At length the royal bill of fare has been disclosed, and if we will only go and do likewise we may all be beautiful and bathe in the fountains of perpetual youth. Queen Alexandra, we are told, never touches red meat, confining herself to chicken, turkey, duck, and game. That seems simple enough, given the necessary income. She eats cabbage, spinach, peas, and beans. She does not eat pudding or pastry, and she drinks nothing but hot milk. Of nuts she is particularly fond, often making an entire luncheon of walnuts and almonds dipped in salt.

There seems to be a much more reasonable explanation. Queen Alexandra presumably has a natural tendency toward a juvenile appearance, as her father had before her, and she can supplement this by the highest human skill in such matters and by every resource known to science and art. We need none of us be quite so ugly as we are—God help us—if we would only spend the money and take the time to improve ourselves.

Strange to say, the "promotion spirit" has caught the English capital, and to what lengths the new enthusiasts will go none can predict. A news dispatch says that the "all-British shopping week," during which storekeepers say they will sell nothing but British-made goods, started in March 26 with truly British disagreeable weather. In spite of this, the chief West End shopping centres were more than usually thronged. The windows of the shops bore the legend that "all-British" goods were being sold, and this proved an irresistible drawing card for the women, although it can not be truthfully said that all the manufactured goods in the stores were the produce of British industry. Over five hundred firms in London alone are exhibiting all-British goods, and the patriots of both sexes fondly hope that the display will convince the public that British goods are as good, if not a trifle better, than the much advertised foreign stuff.

Two great sales, of Scottish industries at the Mansion House and of Irish industries at Lansdowne House, occupied London society for several days earlier in March. The Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Essex had stalls at the Mansion House sale, where they did a good business in disposing of tweeds, Scotch lace and tartans under the supervision of the Duchess of Sutherland. Lady Speyer played the violin during the afternoon. Lady Granard was the moving factor at the Lansdowne House sale. She was elaborately clad in heliotrope velvet and sables. She sold Carrickmacross and Limerick laces, buying largely herself. Ladies Newborough, Johnstone, Essex, and Paget were also liberal buyers. Mrs. Ker-Smiley had an armful of purchases when she left the building, while Mrs. G. Deacon, who made her first London appearance this season at the sale, bought quantities of lace. Altogether the Irish association benefited through the generosity of the Anglo-Americans.

A strict rule of the British regular army requires that the upper lip must remain unshaved. The military authorities, desiring to keep the territorials as nearly as possible like the professional army, have decreed that this sumptuary order shall also apply to volunteers. Winston Churchill is a major in the Queen's Own Oxford Hussars, and friends and opponents alike are watching to see whether or not the home secretary will sacrifice his commission or consent to a mustache on his eloquent upper lip, which one writer says "indicates by smiling, relaxation, rigidity, or quiver his dry humor, sarcastic scathings, or ironic insinuations, which are all cleverly delivered in the same tone of voice."

The name "quadrille" is derived from the position of the dancers, the French word "quadrille" meaning a little square. "Country dance" does not mean a rustic dance, but is a corruption of the French term "contre danse," which relates to the position of the couples opposite each other.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The fussy guest looked over the order that had been served him, and then summoned the waiter. "Look here!" he exclaimed. "You have brought me coffee. Did I order coffee?" "No, sir. That isn't coffee, sir—it's tea." "Are you sure that's tea?" "Absolutely, sir." "Well, I ordered cocoa!"

General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, an army surgeon, who was a handsome and dresy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, general?" "Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

Secretary Brady of the Irish Emigrant Society believes that the Tories and Unionists will try to dodge home rule. Dodging and retreating, they make him think of Mrs. Smith. "I understand," another lady said to Mrs. Smith, "that your husband can't meet his creditors." Mrs. Smith, smiling frankly, answered: "I don't believe he wants to."

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might, perhaps, injure and depress him. "Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very miserable; so I took it again, and was very miserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than to go without."

A few days ago a second-class stoker was paraded before the commanding officer of the Devonport naval barracks on a charge of insubordination. His insubordination took the form of resistance to being introduced to the swimming bath. Asked what he had to say for himself, the youth replied: "Sir, I've only bin in the navy three days. The first day the doctor drew six of my teeth. The second day I was vaccinated. And the third day the petty officer he says, 'Cum along, we're a-going to drown yer!'"

On a large estate in the Scottish highlands it was the custom for a piper to play in front of the house every week-day morning to awaken the residents. After an over-convivial Saturday night, however, the piper forgot the day and began his reveille (can it be played on the pipes?) on Sunday morning. The angry master shouted to him from the bedroom window: "Here, do you not know the fourth commandment?" And the piper sturdily replied: "Nae, sir, but if ye'll—hic—whistle it I'll—hic—try it, sir."

Not long ago a pair of rooks built a nest in a tree in a certain gentleman's grounds. The owner was delighted at the prospect of having a rookery practically at his back door, but the farmer who owned the surrounding land did not look at the matter in the same light. The farmer was no great lover of crows, and he gave his sons orders to kill them at the first opportunity. One morning the farmer received this note from his neighbor: "Sir: I wish your boys would let my rooks alone. I am trying to make a rookery." The farmer changed three words and returned the note: "Sir: I wish you would make your rooks let my crops alone. I'm trying to make a living."

An Irishman came into a harber shop, and the unsteady gait with which he approached the chair showed that he had been imbibing of the produce of the still. He wanted his hair cut, and while the harber was getting him ready went off into a sleep. His head kept bobbing from one side to the other, and at length the harber in making a snip cut off the lower part of his ear. The harber jumped about and howled and a crowd of neighbors rushed in. Finally the demonstration became so great that it began to attract the attention of the man in the chair, and he opened one eye and said, "Wh-wh-at's the matter wid yez?" "Good Lord!" said the harber, "I've cut off the whole lower part of your ear." "Have ye? Ah, thin, go on wid yer business—it was too long, anyhow!"

Under the desert land act it is necessary, in order to prove up a claim, to produce evidence that the claimant has taken water on to every legal subdivision of his entry. A certain claimant, says the commissioner, took a party of witnesses in a huckboard to drive over his claim so that they would be able to testify regarding his compliance with the requirements of the law. He was a conscientious man and wanted no one to swear to anything but the actual truth. He accordingly tied a bottle of water behind the huckboard and then he punctiliously drove over the land and every legal subdivision thereof. This being accomplished, the witnesses were given blank forms to fill out, and they were about to make affidavit to the allegations therein set forth when one of them stopped and, pointing to the bottle, showed his com-

rades that the cork had come out of it and that all the water had escaped. "Gentlemen," he said, "I can't sign this affidavit. How do I know that there was any water in that bottle when we drove over the claim?"

A man, subsequently identified as a merchant in a southern city, was taken to a brain specialist for treatment for aphasia. When asked his name he searched his pockets, producing a huge roll of bills, but nothing to identify himself. "See here, doctor," he exclaimed, "I've entirely forgotten my name and where I live, but, by the shade of Andrew Jackson, I must be somebody, somewhere, to be carrying around as much money as this!"

In an English opera company, formed for the summer months, it was found that the tenors were too light for the rest of the chorus. The manager protested that there were voices enough, and the leading tenor was questioned why he did not sing with more force. His answer to the remonstrances of the manager was: "I am paid summer wages, and I refuse to sing in anything but my summer voice." The engagement of the tenor and his summer voice came to a speedy termination.

During Victor Hugo's exile, Dumas went to Guernsey, where Hugo received him kindly, and took him to breakfast on a veranda overlooking the ocean. It did not take Dumas long to discover that Hugo was already posing as the proscribed prophet, and when the poet said, with an Olympian wave of his hand: "You see me, my dear Dumas, on my rock of exile like the proscribed one of antiquity." "Never mind," said Dumas, with his mouth full, "the butter is far better here than in Paris. There is no disputing that."

Wilbur F. Steele, a Dakota legislator, took no stock in woman suffrage—except when he was obliged to. Once the woman suffrage bill was before the house. A call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes, and commenced: "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I can not support this bill, but—" At this moment a well-dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed: "W-i-l-l-b-u-r!" He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said: "Mr. Speaker, I vote aye." The lady was Mrs. Steele.

When Charles Dickens was in Washington, he met, one morning on the steps of the Capitol, a young congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his hoishness. That morning, Dickens was in great good humor and full of talk. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell." "Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he snorted out: "My Little Nell." "Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you." "I am speaking of the Little Nell of my fiction, sir," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?" Dickens snorted like a quarter-horse and hurried down the avenue.

A New York girl visiting recently in Philadelphia was taken to the opera by a young man, and at the close of the performance was asked to partake of some slight refreshment in the way of supper. She accepted the invitation, and at the conclusion of the repast was somewhat astonished to see her escort reach for her pocket-hook, which lay on the table at her side, and coolly pay the bill out of her money. This, it seems, is customary in Philadelphia when a young gentleman's means are somewhat limited. It relieves his lady friends of the embarrassment they might otherwise feel on partaking of any entertainment at his cost. It struck the New York girl, however, as being very ridiculous, and she began to laugh. "I fear you are laughing at my expense," said the young man; "let me explain." "Oh, no," she replied, "I was laughing at my expense."

An Indian judge, when first appointed to his position, was not well acquainted with Hindustani. He was trying a case in which a Hindu was charged with stealing a "nilghai." The judge did not like to betray his ignorance of what a nilghai was, so he said, "Produce the stolen property." The court was held in an upper room, so the usher gasped, "Please, your lordship, it's downstairs." "Then bring it up instantly!" sternly ordered the judge. The official departed, and a minute later a loud humping was heard, mingled with loud and earnest exhortations. Nearer came the noise, the door was pushed open, and the panting official appeared dragging in the blue hull. The judge was dumfounded, but only for an instant. "Ah! That will do," said he. "It is always best, when possible, for the judge personally to inspect the stolen property. Remove the stolen property, usher."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a costly canopy
The village blacksmith sits;
Before him is a touring car
Broken to little bits—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee,
As he lights his fat cigar—
He tells his helpers what to do
To straighten up the car—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Stand humbly where they are.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed
And smiles a smile of cheer
The while his helpers pump the tires
And monkey with the gear—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Stand reverently near.

Behind the village blacksmith is
The portal of his shop;
The shop is very large in size,
With a tiled roof on top—
And the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
At it were glad to stop.

The children, going home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They like to see him make his bills,
And hear the owners roar—
And the chauffeurs weep as they declare
They ne'er paid that before.

He goes each morning to the bank
And salts away his cash;
A high silk hat and long frock coat
Help him to cut a dash—
But the owner, and the chauffeur, too,
Their teeth all vainly gnash.

The chestnut tree long since has died,
The smith does not repine;
His humble shop has grown into
A building high and fine—
And it hears "Garage" above the door
On a large electric sign.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Evening Post.

Down in San Antonio.

We're in camp at "San Antone,"
See us weep and hear us groan
In this good old town of sun and sin and sand;
Though we don't know what it's for,
We suspect it is the war
On the border of the hot-tamale land.

While we're waiting here to fight
There's a baile every night—
That's the lingo here for what we call a dance—
Where the señoritas fair
Fill our hearts with wild despair,
But we're desperate and so we take a chance.

Hark! that awful sound of war—
Don't you hear that wild guitar?
And the girl who plays it, can't you hear her sing?
With tortillas good and hot,
Chile con carne in the pot,
Oh, I tell you that this war's an awful thing!

Here the water's awful bad;
It's the worst we've ever had;
We haven't drunk it and we never shall.
War is awful, I don't think,
For there's nothing else to drink
But that vino and that pulque and mescal.

Today we're here in Tex,
But we soon may be in Mex—
Though we hear that it is just as bad down there;
But we'll stifle sad regrets
With a pack of cigarettes,
For we'd just as soon be there as anywhere.

There are some who think it's fun
To be marching in the sun,
But it's hard on the complexion, let me tell;
These manoeuvres day and night
Are as hard as any fight,
So we're all agreed that war is surely—well, it could be worse.
—Boston Traveler.

The Fresh-Air Brigade.

Sing a song of Sleepiog-Porch, a family of Fresh Air,
Beds are vacant in the house, people everywhere,
On the roof, and on the porch, on veranda, too,
Blankets covered thick with snow, noses pinched and blue.

Father's bed is on the roof of the kitchen ell;
Mother's underneath a drift, where the snowflakes fell;
Brother takes his Sleepiog-Bag down among the trees;
Sister has a Window-Tent to concentrate the breeze.

Though they scorn me and deride, I shall not begin—
Some one's got to watch the house, so I'm sleeping in.
—Robert Seaver, in Woman's Home Companion.

Gifts for Easter

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Total Assets.....44,775,559.56

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Luncheon and bridge parties have marked the passing week socially. Even the affairs planned in honor of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt were not of a formal nature, and consisted of a dinner-dance by Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, a luncheon by Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, a tea by the Misses Joliffe, and an automobile party by Mrs. Edward Kent of Kentfield.

The engagement of Miss Hazel Pierce and Mr. Percy Thurston Hincles was announced at a tea on Wednesday. Miss Pierce is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Pierce and is a graduate of Wellesley. Her fiancé is a resident of San Jose.

Mrs. Margaret McDonald has announced the engagement of her daughter, Evelyn, to Dr. W. J. Hawkins. The wedding will take place this month.

The engagement of Miss Emily Pitchford and Mr. William Hussey was announced this week in Johannesburg. The wedding will take place there next month.

The wedding of Miss Elsa Hinz and Lieutenant Bruce Bradford Butler, U. S. A., took place at San Diego on Thursday.

The wedding of Miss Susan Tubbs Hall and Mr. Lorraine Langstroth took place Saturday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hall, in Oakland. The maid of honor was Miss Florence Henshaw and the bridesmaids were Miss Suzanne Greenwood, Miss Georgia Creed, and Miss Gladys Wilson. Mr. Lovell Langstroth was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. Tyler Henshaw, and Mr. Frank Hall.

The wedding of Miss Winifred Rhoades and Mr. Henry Clay Pendleton took place Wednesday afternoon at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frederick Clappett. The home of Mr. Pendleton and his bride will be in this city.

Mrs. Seth Mann was hostess at a bridge party and tea on Friday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. William H. O'hear, Mrs. Allison H. Turner, Mrs. William Moses, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney, Mrs. Edgar Judson Benedict, Mrs. W. H. Parker, Mrs. William Hamilton, Miss O'Brien, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, and Miss Elyse Schultz.

Mrs. Charles Page was hostess at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Mrs. Clarence Kempf (formerly Miss Alice Brigham), who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. William Brigham, this winter and who leaves shortly to join Lieutenant Kempf at Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering entertained at a dinner on Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Jr., of Washington. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mrs. Athol McBean was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooks, who is visiting here from Portland.

Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali entertained half a dozen friends informally at tea on Thursday at her home on Green Street.

Miss Florence Braverman entertained at a card party on Thursday evening, at which her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Jessie Marsh, Miss Florence Aiken, Mr. Joseph King, Mr. Jack Plover, Mr. Jack Geary, Mr. Kim Kennedy, and Mr. Alexander Wilson.

Mrs. John Shroufe Merrill entertained a party of friends over the weekend at their home at Menlo. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and Mr. Harwood.

Mrs. H. H. Hart was hostess at a dance on Saturday evening at her home in Claremont, at which her guests were the men of the Theta Delta Chi, the Phi Delta Theta, and the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternities of the University of California, together with a score of girls of the younger set.

The Misses Joliffe entertained at a tea in honor of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt at their home on Pacific Avenue on Friday. Among those present were Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Laurence P. Fuller, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Herbert

Moffitt, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Esther Denny, and Miss Innes Keeney.

Miss Aloise Gebhardt was hostess at a tea at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday, at which her guests were a group of the younger society girls, which included Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Carrie Calvin, Miss Frances Ramsey, Miss Janet Painter, and Miss Harriett Stone.

Mrs. Irving Scott was hostess at a bridge party at the Francesca Club on Friday, at which she entertained Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, Mrs. Julian Reis, Mrs. Somers, Mrs. William Pierson, and Miss Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding at their home on Jackson Street on Saturday. The affair was in the nature of a reception and musicale at which the guests were entertained by Mrs. A. E. Buckingham, Miss Augusta Mast, and Mrs. E. E. Williams.

Mrs. Colt and Miss Colt of Santa Barbara were the guests of honor at Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood's luncheon on Friday. Her other guests were Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Medau, Mrs. Frederick Kellam, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Louise Bishop, and Miss Helen Treat.

Miss Dora Winn was Mrs. H. M. A. Miller's guest of honor at a luncheon at the Cliff House on Wednesday.

Mrs. Laurence Kauffman entertained at a tea in honor of Mrs. Edward Sturgis on Tuesday, at which her guests were Mrs. Campbell Shorb, Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Ethel Shorb, Misses Therese and Edna Rooney.

Mrs. Samuel N. Wilson entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. Francis Wayland Lucas, Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Mrs. Walter A. Scott, Mrs. Walter Greer, and Miss Mahel Gregory.

Mrs. Harold Law presided at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Thursday. Her guests were Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Noble Eaton, Mrs. Alfred Rosenstirn, Mrs. William H. O'hear, Mrs. Seth Mann, Mrs. John J. Meyers, Mrs. Charles Gibson, and Mrs. J. C. Meyerstein.

Mr. Joseph Redding was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. James Otis was a luncheon hostess on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Ralston Hamilton (formerly Miss Ethel Lincoln), who has returned recently from her honeymoon trip spent in Europe.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., of Washington, D. C., was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday complimentary to her niece, Miss Moreland.

Mrs. Henry Rosenfeldt was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday at the Hotel St. Francis, complimentary to Mrs. Harry Howard (formerly Miss Chellie Sharp).

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt's luncheon to Miss Ethel Roosevelt on Tuesday was attended by Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Esther Denny, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, Miss Eliza McMullen, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

A number of boys and girls are arranging an Easter sale of fancy articles, homemade cake and sweets, at the home of Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux, 2606 Pacific Avenue, Saturday, April 8, from 2 to 5 o'clock, for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society. This society was established in 1878, supported three important schools before the fire, and still maintains two kindergartens, on Powell and Mason Streets, in the North Beach locality. Over one hundred children find a daily haven of quiet and beneficial instruction in these schools. The executive committee comprises Miss Atkinson, Mrs. D. Delancy, Mrs. C. D. Farquharson, Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux, Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. G. A. Moore, Mrs. John Rothschild, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mrs. Arthur G. Towne, Mrs. W. Winterberg, Mrs. W. O. Wayman, Mrs. L. F. Montegale, and other ladies. Mrs. W. O. Wayman is acting president.

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the season in the Greek Theatre will be an exceptionally notable one. It will begin on the afternoon of Good Friday, April 14, with the performance, at popular prices, of the most popular of all "Stabat Maters," that of Rossini. This will be given by a chorus of a hundred and fifty voices selected from the San Francisco Choral Society and the Wednesday Morning Club of Oakland, strengthened by a number of male singers; a quartet consisting of Miss Fanny Bailey, soprano; Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto; Mr. Clinton R. Morse, tenor; and Mr. Henry L. Perry, bass, and an orchestra of forty instrumentalists, all under the direction of Mr. Paul Steindorff, who has been training the chorus for months.

Jean Georges, a Parisian cab driver who received the Legion of Honor medal for his heroism at the Charity Bazar fire, on May 15, 1897, when he saved the lives of fifteen women, lost his life by drowning early last month near Bordeaux. For some years after his exploit he and his carriage were in constant demand in the boulevards of Paris, especially by English and American tourists, but the advent of the automobile ultimately forced him out. He then came to this country to seek his fortune, but failed utterly, his return home being paid for him by private subscription. Georges took up his old trade in Bordeaux after that, and became lost to sight until his tragic death, which was purely accidental.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra Festival

To bring an orchestra of over half a hundred artists and four vocal stars across the continent is no small undertaking, and Manager Greenbaum certainly deserves success in his laudable enterprise of giving a series of orchestral concerts each season. The Russian Symphony Orchestra, under Modest Altshuler, is in many ways the most interesting organization in the country. It may not be quite as great in some particulars as the Boston Symphony, and it may not have the intellectuality of the Thomas organization, but it plays like Mischa Elman does—it reaches the heart. These Slavs, in whom music is almost second nature, feel the music of their country, and when they play the works of Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakow, and other Russian masters, they imbue it with a fervor and passion that arouses enthusiasm. But it is not alone in this kind of music that they excel, for they are equally at home in the classics.

As many requests have been made the management by students and teachers desiring to familiarize themselves with the symphonies to be given during the week's festival, the list is here given: Beethoven's No. 5, Schumann's No. 1, Dvorak's "From the New World," Schubert's "Unfinished," Rachmaninoff's No. 2, Tchaikowsky's No. 4 (Melancholic), and the same composer's No. 6 (Pathétique).

Seven concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, and two special programmes at the Greek Theatre under the University's auspices. During the week some beautiful Russian vocal quartets and duets will be given.

The Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo opens to the public on April 19 for the season 1911. This hostelry is one of the most delightful places between San Francisco and San Jose, and is so recognized by the great number of San Francisco people who make the Peninsula their summer home. Mr. James H. Doolittle, as in the past, will have full management of the hotel the coming season. During the few months past many improvements have been made about the house and grounds. With San Francisco but a few minutes' ride away, it makes a favorite place for many families to spend their summer days. Business men can easily reach their families by wire or telephone, a facility that no other suburban hotel on the Coast can boast of. Train and trolley service is the best in the State, running under frequent headway.

If we don't like "harem" (asks the New York Globe), how about the "split infinitive" to describe the new trouser skirt? In a volume of Irish reminiscences by Ramsay Colles, he tells of meeting one time the actor, Herman Vezin, at the now defunct Pharos Club, when Lady Warwick and other advocates of then-called "rational dress" for women were present. Mr. Colles asked Vezin, "What brings you here?" And he replied, "To see the 'Split Infinitives'!"

The Children's Easter.

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A course of lessons on Harmony is given each week by Prof. Wm. J. McCoy of the University of California, and is open to students outside the school.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, with her sister, Mrs. Virginia A. Lord, and her niece, Miss McLean, have gone to Mrs. Phelps's country home at San Carlos for the summer.

Miss Edith Livermore has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin at Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Boqueraz are in New York pending their departure for Europe, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. Arno Dosch (formerly Miss Elsie Sperry) has arrived here from New York, and will spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. George Sperry, at Alta Vista.

Miss Cornelia Post, who has been the guest of Mrs. Judson Benedict, has returned to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran (formerly Mrs. Edith Cooke Postley) will spend the summer at Burlingame.

Miss Marian La Tourette left Thursday for her home in Philadelphia, after spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Laurence P. Fuller.

Mrs. William Clift and Miss Jean Clift, who spent the winter at Cairo, are going to Norway and Sweden for the summer months.

Mrs. J. E. Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon are in Los Angeles, after a visit at Coronado. They were entertained recently by General Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Chaffee.

Mrs. William Miller Graham is still at her Santa Barbara home, but expects to leave in a week for London.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are enjoying an Eastern trip and are now in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin left on Friday for New York, and will sail later for Europe to join Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Marguerite Hanford has returned from Europe, after an absence of several years.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has returned from New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Redding are also at home from the East and will open their home at Menlo for the summer.

Mr. John Parrott and Miss Bertha Parrott are spending a short time in New York before sailing for Europe. They are going directly to their home in Vevey, Switzerland.

Mr. Temple Bridman, who has been visiting here since his return from Manila, left Tuesday for his home in the East.

Mr. Sydney Starr left on Sunday for a six months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker, and Mrs. Sydney B. Cushing are now in Naples, and will tour Italy during the month of April.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark are now at Monte Carlo, after a visit in Egypt.

Mrs. John Simpson and Miss Amalia Simpson have gone to Byron Springs, where they will be the guests for a week of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, and Miss Elyse Schultz, who spent two weeks together at Los Angeles, returned on Friday on the *Harvard*.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Walter Hobart, who spent the winter in Paris, is now in London, where she is the guest of Miss Julie Heyneman.

Miss Harriett Stone returned this week from Level Lea, the country home of the Henry Clays, where she spent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, left Saturday for their home in Portland.

Miss Marian La Tourette, who has spent the winter here with her sister, Mrs. Laurence P. Fuller, is leaving this week for her home in Philadelphia.

Miss Cornelia Landon, who came west with the Roosevelt party, arrived in San Francisco Friday, after a visit with her brother in Arizona. She is a guest at the home of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mrs. J. Laurence Kauffman left this week for San Diego, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling have gone to Colorado Springs, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. Lawton, who has been visiting Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn at the Presidio, left Monday to join Captain Lawton at New Orleans.

Miss Helen Nicol has gone abroad to study and travel for a year before making her debut.

Mrs. Welbore S. Burnett is in New York, where she has been joined by Mr. Burnett and his father, who have just crossed from Europe. They will return to San Francisco this month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Niebling and Miss Rhoda Niebling are in Boston prior to their departure for Europe for the summer.

Senator Francis Newlands and his daughter, Mrs. Charles Johnson, left during the week for Nevada, en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Julian Reis and her granddaughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, left Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip of New York, who were the guests of Mr. William H. Crocker at Burlingame during their stay here, left Friday for their home in New York.

Colonel and Mrs. R. A. Eddy, who have spent the winter months in San Francisco, are going abroad for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley McQuistan (formerly Miss Eva Castle) are at present in London visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cunningham (formerly Miss Hilda Castle).

Prince and Princess Andre Poniatowski have returned to Paris from Cannes, where they spent the winter.

Miss Grace Schubert, who has been visiting in Chicago, returned during the week and left again for Southern California, where she will remain until early summer.

Miss Cora Jane Flood, with Miss M. R. Crosby of New York and Mrs. E. B. Jones, are now at Del Monte.

Among the guests at Del Monte last week were Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, French

publicist, member of the French Senate, judge of the court at The Hague, who spent several days resting from a course of lectures he has been giving, and Mr. Isidor Straus of New York, who with Mrs. Straus came up from the south Thursday. Paymaster Victor S. Jackson, U. S. N., is also at Del Monte with Mrs. Jackson, and the list of prominent Californians also includes Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Miss Lee Girvin, of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Waterhouse and Miss Dorothy Waterhouse, of San Jose.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week past included Lieutenant and Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berendsen, Mr. Edwin M. Eddy, Mrs. J. R. Clark, Mr. Alfred T. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. L. Greenwood, Miss Kate Webster, Mr. H. W. Finch, Mr. W. A. Kolmar, Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. S. Knight, Mrs. J. L. Watson, Miss Wells, Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mr. G. A. Malcolm, Mr. F. H. Gaultier.

Mischa Elman to Play Once More.

Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged to have Mischa Elman stop over on the road East from his tour of Southern California and give one more concert. This will be welcome news to music lovers, for no instrumentalist for years has caused such enthusiasm in a concert-room, and one can never hear too much of such a genius.

The concert will be given on Easter Sunday afternoon, April 16, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, and the programme will include the seldom heard Concerto in D minor by Bruch, Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccioso," Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," one of the charming Mozart sonatas, and a group of smaller gems.

Seats will be ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Aside from the liquor saloons, which are open at certain hours, the moving-picture theatres are the sole dissipation of London's puritanical Sunday. On that day the cinematograph houses are open "for charity." It is announced that the proceeds will be turned over to such-and-such a hospital. The authorities then wink at the violation of the law. Naturally, the moving-picture people, not being in the business for their health, turn over to the institution mentioned only a part of the proceeds. The usual practice is for the moving-picture house to retain 75 per cent of the day's takings for "expenses," forwarding the remaining 25 per cent to the charity. But the managers are not satisfied with that, and are circulating petitions for signature calling upon the authorities to allow the shows to open on Sundays without this payment to charity.

To raise a fund for the descendants of Charles Dickens, recourse has been had to a Dickens memorial stamp, and this movement to pay "deferred copyright" on his hooks is spreading rapidly in England and is now being organized in this country. The secretary for the United States is Francis Arthur Jones, to whom communications should be addressed at the Press Club, 21 Spruce Street, New York. The stamps are issued in sheets of twelve in a Dickens centenary envelope, price 25 cents, but they can also be bought singly for two cents. The stamp is an artistic piece of work, printed on special hand-made paper from an engraved steel plate, and not unworthy of the occasion.

Mrs. Antonio de Navarro, who was known on the stage as Mary Anderson, has, in collaboration with Robert Hichens, written a five-act play founded on the latter's book, "The Garden of Allah." The play is to be produced in London soon by George Tyler, who has obtained the American and English stage rights. Mrs. de Navarro and Mr. Hichens are at Biskra, an oasis in the desert of Sahara, where some scenes of the play are laid. It is hoped that Forbes Robertson will consent to appear in the original production.

A London publishing house announces that it will issue immediately a volume of lectures by the president of Stanford University, Professor David Starr Jordan, entitled "Stability of Truth," described as "a discussion of reality as related to thought and action."

Count Leo Tolstoy, son of the great Russian, has written a play for Margaret Anglin which that actress will produce next autumn. She will play the part of a Nihilist student.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Coming of April.

I heard the feet of April straying down a sunny glade,
Through the beeches' gray-boughed reaches, gipsy maid;
Soft as springtime raindrops falling,
Clear as nightwood shoreward calling,
Stirred the steps of April straying, gone a-Maying down the glade.

I saw her silver lantern lifting through the evening haze,
Shadow-lancing, silver-glancing, through the spring-sweet ways;
Smoke-wreaths, light as springtime dreaming,
O'er her flower-decked shoulder streaming,
From her lantern, fragrant drifting, vagrant shifting through the haze.

Those who met her, woodland-winged, through the wind-stirred grass,
Stars burned brighter, hearts were lighter, as they watched her pass;
Morning skies were clearer, bluer,
Hopes were surer, vows were truer,
For the magic of her singing, blossom-bringing gipsy lass.

—Martha Haskell Clark, in *Metropolitan Magazine*.

The Grave of Care.

We buried Care in an open grave,
And high, as we tamped the sods,
The laugh and the song and the cheer we gave
Rang out to the Hill of Gods.
We buried Care with a right good will
And never a sigh gave we,
And over the mound we danced our fill
And planted the seeds of glee.
It's many a day since the seeds were sown
In a single mirthful hour,
And up from the mould they all have grown
With many a charming flow'r.

There are Blossoms of Cheerfulness, Buds of Mirth,
Sprigs of the Merry Heart;
There are perfumed flow'rs of the Joy of Earth
And blooms of the Better Part.
We water them all as they grow and grow
With the tears of our revelry,
And hour by hour they nod and blow
To the beautiful sunlit sea.
So sing, oh, sing me a carefree song
And take me—I wot not where,
So the sun be warm and the day be long
And the flow'rs on the grave of Care.

—C. L. Armstrong, in *Smart Set*.

To Herrick.

The world's asleep!
The sky is full of stars tonight,
Wind-swept, rain-washed, winsome, and bright!
The Bear
And Cassiopeia's chair,
The belted Hunter and his fount are there!
No intervening light
Screens the vast infinite;
Soft Dian's face is hid
Deep, deep,
Amid
The conquering curls of young Endymion's hair.

In that warm galaxy
Zoning the chilly bosom of the sky,
A misty net enmeshing golden bees,
Those amber clusters of the heavenly vine,
Nestling like apples of thine own Hesperides,
Those points of flame
Fine-drawn
From the primeval ingot bars
In that far-off material dawn,
When sang in antiphon the new-born stars,—
'Mid these
Which, Herrick, which is thine,—
The imperishable fire that bears thy name?

Not thine to probe the deep recesses of the
Mother's mind,
Not Shelley's rainbow bope,
Heine's hot tears,
Nor Wordsworth's wider scope
Of natural laws that bind
God and his universe to our own kind.
Thine ears
Were not attuned to music heard by them.
Yet hadst thou Nature's garment by the hem;
Thy clear eye caught the gleam
Of rays
Flashing from many a gem
She wears upon the border of her dress.
Ah yes!
Thou wast a seer, and we deem
Thy vision meet for praise.

—T. Bruce Dilks, in *Cornhill Magazine*.

New York Lady (to Mr. Breezy, from Chicago)—Would you care to visit any of the galleries while in the city, Mr. Breezy? Mr. Breezy—Why, yes; there is nothing I should like better. What are the prices—three shots for ten cents?—Puck.

One of the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre will be John Drew in his latest comedy success, called "Smith."

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"Madam, do you want to go to Brooklyn?"
"No. I have to."—*Life*.

It's a wise child that resembles its richest relative.—*Dansville Breeze*.

"I have sold my old typewriter." "You were sensible. Jinx married his."—*Washington Herald*.

"I hear she married beneath her." "Yes; her husband plays a wretched game of bridge."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Miss Wanternow—Was Mr. Darley pleased to find his new baby a girl? *Gazzam*—I think not. He's named her Mehetabel.—*Truth*.

"I'm up again it." "What's the matter?" "The walkin' delegate tells me I gotta strike, an' me old woman tells me I gotta work."—*Toledo Blade*.

Phrenologist—Dear me, your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier? *Customer*—No. I'm a chauffeur.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Suburban Girl—Do you really love me, George? *George*—Do I? Don't I have to wait in a cold shed every night for the owl car home?—*Country Visitor*.

"How can you be so cold to me? I would die for you," sobbed his wife. "I know it," he answered cruelly. "You'd do anything to put me to expense."—*Life*.

She—I do not care to marry you. I do not care to even talk to you. *He* (a widower)—That is precisely the reason I want you to marry me.—*New York Herald*.

"Has Dinguss any occupation?" inquired Ruggles. "Yes," said Shadbolt. "He's a solicitor." "Solicitor? For what?" "Small and unsecured loans."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"One thing about Jinx; he never comes into one's office without knocking." "Another thing about Jinx is that he never goes anywhere without knocking."—*Houston Post*.

"That fellow is a source of great uneasiness to me. He may be worthy, but I wish he would keep away from my house." "Courting your daughter, is he?" "Naw; he's courting my cook."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What a brilliant marriage," said the genial lady. "He is worth several millions and she will inherit at least a billion." "Would you call that a marriage?" inquired Miss Cayenne, "or a merger?"—*Washington Star*.

"When I got through with my remarks," said one lawyer, "the jury was in tears." "Yes," replied the other; "they probably realized then that your poor client hasn't a chance in the world."—*Washington Star*.

"You ought to refuse that rich man, he is too old for you." "I am going to refuse him. He is too young for me." "Too young?" "Sure; he might live twenty years yet."—*Houston Post*.

Gerie—How's my young brother getting on with your firm? *Bertie*—Well, what time he can spare from the adornment of his appearance he devotes to the neglect of his duties!—*London Opinion*.

"Nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes," agreed the Simple Mug, "we can't suffer from insomnia and nightmare at the same time."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Our motto," said the suffragette, "is 'Forward!'" "If that's the case," said her husband, who was sewing a button on his coat, "why is it that you always get off a car backward?"—*Chicago Daily News*.

Husband (reading the paper)—I see that Prince Harold is dead. *Wife* (an Anglomaniac, inexpressibly shocked)—Is it possible? It seems too sad for anything. What was the cause of his death? Husband—He trotted a mile in 2:26 3/4, and then died of blind staggers.—*New York Sun*.

Wife (to late husband)—Where have you been, John? Husband (conscious that prevarication would be futile)—T' tell the truth m' dear, I—hic—stop'd in s'loon t' get glass beer. *Wife*—John, you never accomplished that load in a saloon. You've been to a brewery.—*New York Sun*.

Professor Underdon (at the Boston Browning Club)—No, my bearers, we can not linger too lovingly on the grand words and refining thoughts of our great master of— *Child of the House* (entering suddenly)—John L's goin' by, 'f yer wan' ter see him. (Club suddenly adjourns to the window.)—*Puck*.

"But why does your father object to me?" demanded the humble suitor. "Because," explained the haughty beauty of proud lineage, "papa says his ancestors have always been gentlemen of leisure, and you have to work for a living." "Well, tell him I don't expect to after we are married," replied the humble suitor.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Manager of Theatre—Well, the proprietor of the house is dead. We must do something to show our respect to his memory. *Treasurer*—Yes, of course. I suppose you'll close

the house for a night or two. *Manager*—No-o. Business is too good. I'll put the chorus in black tights for a week, though.—*Tid-Bits*.

Maud (at the beach)—Dear me! Why, I've gained ten pounds in weight this week! *Hobbs*—It must be the sand in your shoes.—*Bazar*.

"Oh, sir," cried the beggar, "I'm almost starved to death!" "Well, stick it out a little longer," said Cbollie, "and your miseries will be over."—*Bazar*.

"Now, John, I am dressed, let us go downstairs." "Downstairs? Why, my dear, I should think you were dressed for going upstairs."—*Boston Courier*.

Stuart—Was it protection that enabled Fergall to acquire his enormous wealth? *McCaustic*—Certainly; for six years he was a New York police captain.—*The Club*.

"I never wear a stuffed bird on my hat nowadays," said Mrs. Lapsling. "While I am not a member of the Audible Society, I am in full sympathy with it."—*Chicago Tribune*.

She—Why was the engagement broken off? *He*—Well, after taking the girl to dinners and theatres, giving her costly presents, and a birthday gift of a motor-car, her father accused me of amusing myself at her expense.—*Answers*.

"Seems to me we hear very little from the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, these days. I wonder what's the reason?" "I don't know, unless it should be that they wish to demonstrate how consistent they can be."—*Puck*.

Commander—What's his character apart from this leave-breaking? *Petty Officer*—Well, sir, this man 'e goes ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when 'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e's spoken to; in fact, from 'is general be'avior 'e might be a orficer!'—*Punch*.

The Customer (trying phonograph)—There's something wrong with these grand opera records. There's a horrible racket in each one that spoils the effect of the music. *The Demonstrator*—Ah, yes. One of our latest effects. That's the conversation in the boxes. Wonderfully realistic.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful. I proposed to you last night, but really forget whether you said yes or no." "Dear Will," she replied by note, "so glad to hear from you. I know I said 'no' to some one last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."—*London Opinion*.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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An Excellent Choice.

The choice of Mr. Moore for the presidency of the exposition seems in every way a good one. He has all the requisites—character, approved business capability, experience and a record of success in a similar enterprise. It is not forgotten that when we undertook a festival in celebration of the discovery of San Francisco Bay, some two years ago, Mr. Moore took the laboring oar and carried the enterprise to a success far beyond anybody's expectation. He exhibited skill not only as an administrator, but as a diplomat, for it was through his efforts chiefly that the government and even some foreign nations were brought to participate in the Portola festivities. Mr. Moore is one of the relatively few prominent men among us who have not in one degree or another been brought within the sphere

of antagonisms growing out of our community troubles during the past three or four years. He is, indeed, no mincing neutralist; he is in his way as positive as any man among us. But at the same time it has been his fortune to stand apart from strifes and contentions. The choice of Mr. Moore came about in the right way; there was no element of self-seeking in it, for he was chosen without his consent, indeed over his own protest. Even yet it is not known that he will accept. But it is profoundly to be hoped that he will see his way to take up a duty which calls imperatively for high capacity and a full measure of public confidence. The election has come none too soon. Time presses. With everything to be done, four years is a scant period in which to plan, to build, and to assemble an exposition in keeping with the magnitude of the pretensions of the project as we have outlined it at home and abroad.

Japan and America.

We do not recall at any time within recent years so familiar, authoritative, and candid an exposition of the Japanese mind towards America as that set forth in Mr. Bowie's letter which appears in this issue of the *Argonaut*. Mr. Bowie writes from the standpoint of a traditional American. A product of the old colonial stock, he represents American understanding and American sentiment. A skilled lawyer, he appreciates the value of evidence. A nine-years resident of Japan, reading, writing, and speaking the Japanese language, and associating with all classes of persons in the empire, he knows Japan perhaps better than any other American. Testimony given by one thus competent has a value which does not attach to that which comes from political agents, commercial exploiters, and hurried travelers. Mr. Bowie's letter indeed speaks for itself. There is in it the unmistakable reflection of knowledge and honesty.

Various conditions and interests have combined in late years to represent the Japanese as jealous of America and filled with hostile intentions toward us. It has suited the militarists, the politicians, the labor unionists, and certain interests, domestic and foreign, to promote these ideas. We have had now for several years a continuous performance of the Japanese boggy. But in spite of all this, there is nothing upon which the finger of judgment may be placed authoritatively as indicating anything other than the friendliest attitude on the part of Japanese officials and Japanese people towards this country. In other words, the Japanese boggy is merely a boggy. It is a pretense, a humbug. It is a vulgar scarecrow, exhibited with selfish and sinister aims.

Mr. Bowie's letter, portraying as it does an instinctive and cultivated friendliness on the part of the Japanese towards the United States, indicates the line which American policy should adopt towards Japan. We ought frankly to accept Japanese friendship as a fixed fact and make the most of it, with regard not only to our own interest, but to that of Japan as well. We ought to cry down an agitation which is wholly mischievous—which does injustice by its suspicions of Japan and violence to our own moral courage.

As Mr. Bowie suggests, we can live in enmity with Japan if our course shall arouse enmity; we can beyond doubt even have war if we want it. But the friendliness of the Japanese people ought to inspire friendliness on our part—not, indeed, a desire for domestic inter-association, but international amity and good-will. As a nation immeasurably stronger we ought to be above the weakness of suspicion and fear. We ought to regard Japan now as we have regarded her in the past, as a nation friendly to us by tradition, by instinct, by interest, by every motive which appeals to the hearts and minds of peoples. By this course we shall do ourselves honor and at the same time win and hold a friend. By another course we can increase suspicion and timidity among our own people and in the end exchange

the amity and good-will of Japan for hatred and fixed resentment.

An Assault on Portland.

While San Francisco has suffered the mischiefs and the miseries of class domination this six or eight years past, tending steadily towards decline of manufactures, commerce, and trade, accompanied by moral deterioration in our political life, our neighboring city of Portland, Oregon, by resisting this same domination, has advanced from one degree of prosperity to another in a steadily ascending ratio. Today Portland is said to be the most prosperous city on the Pacific Coast. Her population is growing, her manufactures increasing, her trade expanding, her values steadily augmenting. Nothing perhaps has contributed more to these fortunate conditions than a courageous and persistent resistance to laborite aggression. At the same time labor has shared in the benefits which have come through industrial freedom. Nowhere is labor more continuously employed; nowhere is it better rewarded, nowhere does it enjoy a fuller measure of the general advantage of good times.

But agitators from San Francisco have been working up discontent at Portland, and have succeeded to the extent of bringing on a strike in one important branch of the building trades. On Monday of this week a thousand carpenters went on strike. Their demands cover a multitude of minor points, but the central and vital demand is for the closed shop. The strike is in the effort to enforce it. It is threatened that if the principle of the closed shop is not conceded in the case of the carpenters, all other factors in the building trades will join the movement. The threat is to suspend all building activities, to paralyze progress.

Last year there was a movement practically similar in another branch of industry, but it was met with a firm front and beaten. Portland declined, in the matter of the teaming industry, to accept the rule of the closed shop, to give over the control of conditions essential to the welfare of the community to the reckless and ruthless domination of labor organizers and agitators. Those whose interests made them immediate protagonists in that struggle had the support of a united community. In August last the editor of the *Argonaut* read in one show window after another up and down the streets of Portland this significant placard: "*We are for the open shop.*" It was because the sentiment of the community thus asserted itself that a movement which threatened the prosperity of the city was throttled in its incipency.

Now there has come a time when the same kind of public spirit must again declare itself if the conditions which have so aided the progress of Portland are to continue. Under the open shop Portland invites capital, by promising it security, and therefore promotes the growth of every productive interest. By accepting the closed-shop principle, Portland will check the inflow of capital, call a halt in those movements which are so rapidly advancing the city in every aspect of its life.

In this emergency Portland will do well to study the recent history of San Francisco. Five years ago we had in round numbers 24,000 men in our metal trades. Today all business of a large kind in the metal trades has been lost. Those establishments which have not shut down are working on a reduced basis—doing little in fact excepting a small repair business. The roster of our metal trades has fallen to approximately two thousand names. San Francisco has lost in the various channels of her business and social life all that was represented by the presence of 22,000 busy mechanics—this in a single line of productive industry. Let Portland take stock of what follows when community interest and community self-respect knock under to grievous demands and to rigorous and stifling impositions. Let it be understood at Portland that under the

open shop the city can go on prospering; let it be understood that by surrendering to unionism the progress of the city may be halted, nullified.

A Man of Peace.

At Tacoma, to an audience largely made up of school children, Mr. Roosevelt said:

I am a great believer in peace; I have always done everything I could for peace. I want to see America a great factor for peace; I want to see her become that factor in two ways: first, by absolutely declining to wrong the weak; next, by making it evident that she will not submit to wrong by the strong. It is exactly as bad for a nation to act with brutality and greed and selfishness toward another as it is for an individual to do so, and when I was President I tried to carry on the foreign relations of this country on exactly the same plane as that in which in my private life I deal with any other citizen.

The mental and moral discrepancies involved in these citations may be emphasized by running over the history of the Panama incident. In the early part of 1903, Mr. Roosevelt then being President, a bargain was struck between the United States and the French Panama Canal Company, by which the former acquired all the property and rights in the Isthmus belonging to the latter. There was one condition; the consent of the Colombian republic was necessary. This was applied for and a treaty embodying consent was negotiated. But in May, 1903, the Colombian Congress rejected it. There was a good deal of talk back and forth between the two governments with many visitations of persons representing one to the other, but all to no purpose.

Then, for some reason which has only been surmised, there was sent to Isthmian waters a considerable American naval force, accompanied by another considerable force of marines. In the early days of November—after the United States naval and marine forces were on hand—there broke out in that part of the Colombian republic which includes the Isthmus a "revolution," under the inspiration of a man who had spent a good part of the summer in more or less mysterious visitation at Washington. On November 4 the revolutionists declared the "independence" of the "State of Panama." On November 6 the independence of the State of Panama was recognized by President Roosevelt, although at the time the United States was bound under treaty to guarantee the "rights of sovereignty and property" which Colombia possessed over the Isthmus. It was a time, "fortunately"—Congress not being in session—when the President could act "unhindered." It was a time when he could be a law unto himself. He did act "unhindered." He assumed the rôle of a ruthless dictator; he "took the Isthmus," not because he had a right to take it, but because he was strong in an usurped authority and because Colombia was weak. That he "started the canal" is a declaration open to question, but that he "took the Isthmus" there can be no doubt—took it like a freebooter and a pirate. All of which squares nicely with the unctuous phrases of the Tacoma speech.

"The Will of the People."

The methods by which Johnson, Lissner & Company are seeking to revolutionize the political life of California hardly exhibit that supreme confidence in "the people" which is the constant theme of their outgivings. For example, they are not willing to wait upon regular and orderly processes, but propose a special election, the idea being, in the phrase of their spokesmen, to strike while the iron is hot. In matters of this kind it would seem a far more rational and decent method to give the iron a chance to cool down to normal—to proceed not upon the precipitancy of excited popular feeling, but upon the sounder wisdom of sober second thought.

But this is not all: In the effort to establish the recall, there has been elaborate pains to make it impossible for "the people" to discriminate in its application. Many are in favor of the recall applied to administrative officials, but opposed to it applied to the judiciary. All such ought to have

the opportunity of voting yes in one instance and no in the other. If there had been a consistent and reasonable wish to leave the matter to "the people," the measure would have been adjusted, as it easily might have been, to this end. But there was no such wish on the part of the managers. Their plan is to "bull" the job through, to make it apply to the judiciary as well as to administrative officials. And that there may be no opportunity to discriminate, that the one scheme may be made to enforce the other, the two have been embodied in a single measure. This would be improper under any system; it is something very much worse under a system which poses as the special and inspired agent of the popular will.

The circumstance makes it plain that Johnson, Lissner & Company have no real respect for "the people," no real wish to ascertain the popular will and to be guided by it. For all their acclaim, their idea is to so stack the cards that the will of the people shall have no opportunity to assert itself—to make it necessary for the man who would have the recall in relation to executive officials, to also vote for it in the case of the judiciary, where he does not wish to apply it. In other words, the method of the recall proposal is that of political jobbery, founded not in the wish to follow the will of the people, but to enforce the will of the bosses.

Men and Women in Armies.

In a despatch via El Paso from the Mexican "seat of war," we read:

Twenty-five *soldadas*, or woman camp followers, who had become separated from their husbands in the Federal ranks, arrived in Juarez today. They walked from Chihuahua, 150 miles away, pushing a handcar that bore their meagre belongings. Where bridges had been destroyed they forded the streams, carrying the handcar.

There is womanly devotion—in most cases not even marital, for these poor creatures are merely brevet wives. Mexican soldiers are too poor to pay marriage license fees. But while the Diaz government looks coldly on matrimony for its soldiers, it encourages their *soldadas*, for the arrival of every masculine little stranger means "another soldier for Don Porfirio."

Of the devoted women who follow armies it is common to speak contemptuously as "camp followers," and to stigmatize them as courtesans plying their trade for hire. Could courtesans be hired to tramp over Mexican deserts for hundreds of miles, to swim and ford Mexican torrents carrying hand-cars? These poor *soldadas* could expect nothing from their soldiers at the end of their tramp but beans and beef, or perhaps beans alone, with an occasional beating for good measure. Yet they follow their soldiers because they love them.

You who read these lines, did you ever reflect how vast an army of women followed Napoleon's half-million of men from the Beresina to Moscow? Did you ever reflect what became of them? Your history books will tell you little. There are vague references to them in the journals and memoirs of the time. Some of the men came back—the women, no. Those of them who reached the Beresina on the backward flight never crossed that frontier river. Ney's rear guard kept both camp-followers and Russians from the bridges until the fighting men and the guns were safely over; then the rear guard crossed hurriedly themselves. When the two frail bridges were packed with poor wretches, male and female, Ney blew up the bridges. Struggling, screaming, cursing, praying, they went into the icy waters of the Beresina. When the thaws came, the spring freshets washed out of the ice-pack in and along the banks the frozen bodies of hundreds of women. Their bones fertilize the Russian fields where they have been lying these hundred years.

Under the dusky bosoms of these Mexican *soldadas* throb the same hearts as beat under the whiter skins of their sisters of the Beresina. Yet about such women history is silent. The Muse of History is a jealous jade. She is a woman, and therefore jealous. She exalts only the deeds of men.

At the Presidio Gate.

Colonel Wissmer makes timely and proper protest against conditions at the main entrance to the Presidio military reservation. Here we have one of the most important and perhaps most beautiful of all the army establishments of the country. But the approach to it is lined by deadfalls which would discredit the Barbary Coast. In an immediate sense the municipal authorities are to blame, but there is another element of responsibility. Year by year the higher officers of the army, who understand the requirements of

military life, beg to be allowed to reestablish at the Presidio and other posts the army canteen. This suggestion is supported by arguments which appeal conclusively to common sense, but which fail to penetrate minds dulled and stupefied by complete abandon to theories and fads. It ought to be plain enough that the cleanly and decently ordered canteen, operated under careful regulations and always under inspection, is a better place for soldiers to resort to than the dens outside the military grounds in which all infamy abides. In the days of the canteen, the outside resorts were abandoned; immediately following the abolition of the canteen, these resorts were reopened. An element entirely well meaning, but utterly lacking in practical common sense, intrudes its theories and whims between the military officer and his proper authority, and so makes it impossible to maintain conditions within the Presidio and other military stations favorable to order and morality. Some day, let us hope, the rule of common sense will overcome ridiculous prohibitions enforced by a whimsical and reckless fanaticism.

The Labor Supply and an Old Issue.

The planters of Hawaii have been under more or less stress during the past ten years on the score of labor conditions. The working of the sugar fields calls for many hands; native labor is inadequate and unreliable. While the islanders have many amiable qualities, persistent industry is not among them. White labor in the fields is practically out of the question, only those races bred in a warm climate being available, and they in limited numbers. There have been various shifts in late years to supply an ever-pressing need. Some three or four years ago, under suspension of the laws—for even the immigration laws can give way to pressure of necessity—a sbipload of field hands was brought from southern Spain. More recently there was resort to the Philippine Islands for plantation recruits. The main resource is Japan, and it is said that the Japanese now in Hawaii outnumber the white population ten to one. But still the labor supply is not adequate to the needs of Island industry.

A new trouble has arisen. The fishing industry in Alaska is worse off for laborers than the sugar industry in Hawaii. In other days the canneries were supplied from Chinatown, San Francisco, but the old Chinese are dying off and no young ones are coming in, for, scandalous reports to the contrary, the restrictive laws are practically well enforced. Unable to secure men in San Francisco, the exploiters of the salmon-packing industry in Alaska have turned to Hawaii and have already induced some hundreds of Filipinos and Japanese to leave the plantations to go to the northern canneries. This movement has been profoundly resented on the part of the Island sugar planters, and they are working under an organized scheme to stop it. When, early in the week, the steamer *Senator* arrived at Honolulu for the purpose of taking a load of laborers to Alaska, the planters hastily cooked up measures of obstruction. Warrants were gotten out against the agents of the Packers' Association for violation of the territorial laws in "soliciting immigration without license"; also for "unlawful enticement of laborers." To get out of the way of further troubles the *Senator*, with 150 Filipinos on board, steamed outside the three-mile limit and beyond the jurisdiction of the territorial courts—where at last accounts she was cruising about waiting upon developments. Injunctions have been issued by the local courts to restrain further attempts by agents of the canneries to get Island labor for Alaska. The Honolulu water-front is being watched by police instructed to make arrests if opportunity offers. The steamer is without clearance papers, and the plan is to arrest anybody coming ashore to obtain clearance. These are extreme and arbitrary measures, comporting but poorly with abstract notions of liberty and right, but regarded by the Islanders as justifiable because they are deemed essential to the protection of their interests.

The incident is chiefly interesting as an illustration of the labor conditions not only in Hawaii and Alaska, but in California. For of course if there were hands to be had in California there would be no trouble in Hawaii and Alaska. The simple truth is that there are not hands enough on the Pacific seaboard for the work to be done here. The country is held back in its development, industry is throttled, prosperity is checked by the lack of labor. Labor in adequate supply is simply not to be had. A natural recruiting ground would be China, where there are hordes more than enough for any and all uses, but here we are checked by

the immigration laws—laws made for the express purpose of keeping out the element so greatly needed.

We have already seen in the case of the importation of laborers from Spain that the immigration laws may be suspended when the pressure is great enough. And when the pressure gets more serious here we shall have an agitation for suspension of the laws which prohibit the coming of Chinese. If the rule may be broken in one instance it may be in another. Even the interest of our labor unions may call for it, since the work of Chinese coolies may be needed to sustain conditions favorable to prosperity of the mechanical trades to which organized labor chiefly devotes itself.

There was a suggestion by the president of the Portland Chamber of Commerce not very long ago that there might be advantage all round through the admission of Chinese in sufficient numbers to do the "mud-sill" labors of the country. The plan was to limit the Oriental population of any particular State or district to a certain moderate ratio with the white population. In support of this suggestion was an array of arguments, based mainly on the necessities of local industry, including agriculture and its kindred pursuits. It was shown beyond question that the Pacific States could largely promote their material interest by moderate importations of coolie laborers.

Economically we should, beyond question, be better off in a hundred ways if we had a larger supply of unskilled labor. The opposing argument is social and political rather than economic in its character. Any effort to suspend the restriction laws, to permit the incoming of Chinese even in moderate numbers, would be met by a storm of protests. It is fixed in the minds of many that the social and moral effects upon the country would be bad. The case is one where economic considerations call for one policy, where social considerations call for another. Would it be advisable—can we afford—to make a change favorable to industry and business by tending to widespread social dissatisfaction? This question exhibits the crux of the problem.

Ultimately, by one process or another, we shall come to it. We shall not, year in and year out and in the face of economic common sense, shut out from our shores the one available supply of labor essential to the prosperity and growth of industries which stand related to the interests of all sorts and classes among us. We may, indeed, with the completion of the Isthmian Canal get new supplies of labor from the south of Europe. But this failing, there will come such a change of public sentiment as will permit the bringing in, at least in limited numbers, of Oriental laborers.

Editorial Notes.

There is something radically wrong in the spirit and tone of an educational institution when students in attendance upon it can believe that there is anything clever, amusing, or other than contemptible and despicable in such an outrage as was committed at Pullman College in the State of Washington last week. For a group of students to enter a girls' dormitory and tumble the occupants out of their beds by way of frolic is an act which comes pretty near illustrating a spirit out of conformity with even moderate standards of civilization. And by the same token there is something wrong with an institution which breeds among its students an utter disregard for the ordinary proprieties of life and for the rights of other people—even in California. On Sunday last the editor of the *Argonaut*, coming up by train from the Peninsula along with perhaps twenty other persons, was made uncomfortable by the bawlings, shoutings, and general horseplay of a group of young collegians who entered the train at Palo Alto. As many Comanche Indians would not have made so much noise or have been so offensively indifferent to the rights of other people. If this is the kind of thing which our colleges produce, then we would better have no colleges. If the product of our modern educational system is hoodlumism, then we would better abolish the system altogether. As between the low-bred hoodlum who knows no better and the college-bred hoodlum who ought to know better, the former is distinctly to be preferred.

The reform administration at Sacramento is rapidly paying its personal and political debts. For example, ex-Secretary of State Curry has been dismissed from the Building and Loan Commission to make a place for Senator George Walker of Santa Clara County, who duly fetched and carried during the recent legislative session for Johnson, Lissner & Company.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Japan and America.

SAN MATEO, April 8, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The periodic recurrence of rumors of Japanese hostility prompts me to submit the following communication:

There seems to prevail in some quarters the conviction that Japan intends sooner or later to go to war with the United States. My firm belief is that Japan has no such intention or desire. This belief is based upon an intimate acquaintance with the real sentiments of the Japanese nation; and the time has come when I feel it my duty to publicly refer to matters within my personal knowledge which I think my fellow-citizens and countrymen should know. In the interest of truth I must relate facts more or less of a private nature—and so may seem an egotist—but unless I speak of my experiences the public can not know of many things about which I shall ask them to reflect.

I have resided in Japan nine years. During that period I lived almost continuously in the midst of the Japanese people, pursuing the study of their language and arts.

Looking back upon my long stay there, I recall nothing but kindness and consideration extended to me, principally because I was an American. That title was a universal open sesame. Traveling in every part of the empire, and at a time when strangers generally were still pretty closely watched, wherever I went or ahided I was warmly welcomed, and I invariably found the motive or reason for such cordiality to be the unfeigned regard in which my country was held.

The Japanese hear in lasting remembrance the fact that we first sought them out and sent Perry to their shores to request a treaty of amity and commerce. That expedition broke the power of the feudal barons, and, leading to the fall of the shogunate, brought about the restoration of the emperor to the administrative control of the country. For that the Japanese have remained ever grateful to the United States.

We doubtless have forgotten that we returned the entire Shimonoseki indemnity fund of \$300,000. But Japan still hears in mind that act of simple justice on our part.

The American government was the first of the powers to propose the abolition of consular jurisdiction in Japan. This initiative on our part to respect their national *amour propre* has always been most profoundly appreciated by the Japanese.

Years ago, the attention of Congress being called to their humane treatment of some American shipwrecked sailors, a vessel of our navy was despatched to a distant part of their coast with an offering of a sum in appreciation of their humanity. The money, at first declined by the islanders, was only afterwards accepted on condition that it be used for a school where their children and descendants would always be taught to revere the name of America.

When war broke out between Russia and Japan the sympathy of the United States was largely with the Japanese. For this they have ever since been deeply and unreservedly grateful. Nor do they cease to recall that at a critical moment in that struggle the President—with all the power and prestige of our nation behind him—mediating between the contending powers, was able to avert further carnage and bring that terrible war to a close.

When calamity overtook San Francisco, the Japanese emperor hastened to express his sympathy and to contribute a large sum in aid of the sufferers.

When an American citizen high in the confidence of the empire was assassinated by Koreans in this city the emperor called a generous amount to the hereaved sisters.

The reception extended to our fleet of sixteen battleships and 15,000 men in Japanese waters is still fresh in the memory of many. Such unbounded hospitality of the Japanese imperial and civil governments has never been surpassed, indeed has never been equaled.

Without further multiplying instances, I only wish to indicate that the whole history of our relations with Japan, from the beginning in 1853 down to the present time, has been one unbroken record of reciprocal regard proved by many acts of friendship and consideration on both sides by both nations.

And yet in this very manifestation of years of international good-will there are those who think they see or would spell out deceit, duplicity, and concealed enmity on Japan's part. Why?—they fail to say, much less to prove. They suggest Japan's need for more territory, or greed for commercial supremacy on the Pacific.

Would they have us believe that the reception to our fleet, when our men were literally the honored guests of the nation, was a sham demonstration from the emperor down, done to delude us? They little know the samurai spirit of that country who say so. Was there behind all this welcome a feeling of bitter enmity to America? I would blush for the man who uttered such a cowardly aspersion. I saw with my unprejudiced eyes every function connected with that gala occasion. I know how the people felt, how proud and happy they were to do all they could, and how ready they were one and all to assess themselves to aid in the magnificence of that welcome to our sailors. The enthusiasm was simply unbounded, genuine, and heartfelt.

That the Japanese nation, brave and magnanimous as they have proved themselves on every occasion, should spontaneously, with open arms, receive our fleet in the way they did with the ignoble and dastard purpose of throwing us off our guard and of beguiling us into fancied security before attacking us is too monstrous to believe—too silly to argue.

It may not be generally known that there is a large association in Tokio composed of prominent and influential men of the capital, and called the Society of the Friends of the United States, whose sole purpose is to foster, strengthen, and cement the bonds of friendship between the two countries. That society is presided over by Viscount Kaneko, a graduate of Harvard, and most of its members have at one time or another been in America. The society has erected at considerable expense a large monument at Uruga Bay in memory of Commodore Perry's landing there, and it embraces every opportunity to welcome and entertain distinguished Americans who may be visiting the capital.

I assert without fear of contradiction that up to the present moment Japan has never committed any act which justifies the many extravagant charges made against her.

To refer to some of the ridiculous accusations, we have been told that a Japanese army disguised as sugar plantation coolies is in virtual possession of the Hawaiian Islands, quite overlooking the fact that our government acquiesces in this condition of affairs and that the coolies were urged to come

there by the American planters. Our coast has been surveyed and soundings taken by military Japanese spies; but such surveys and soundings are public property, to be had almost for the asking. Japanese officers sank the Dewey floating dock; as well charge them with sinking the *Maine*. They are certainly planning to capture the Philippine Islands; but apparently are complacently waiting for us to first properly defend those possessions. They have desecrated the graves of our sailors. Those who know the respect of the Oriental mind for burial places must smile at this. I only lately saw the photograph of a Buddhist ceremonial performed over the graves of some American sailors in Japan, where the humble inhabitants of the district were offering this sacred tribute to our dead.

It is hard to keep up with the many accusations, but I think the latest charges Japan with forming an offensive and defensive alliance with Mexico—saving the mark! "Quousque tandem abutere."

To confirm all these crazy assertions it is seriously alleged that Japan is working night and day to increase both her army and her naval armament. This charge is undoubtedly true, and apart from it being her right to strengthen both those forces, it would be worse than folly in her did she neglect to do so. China has not forgotten the loss of Formosa, and China is arming. Russia remembers her many defeats in the late war, and is making colossal preparations to restore her lost prestige.

Are we to be deluded into the belief that, apart from other considerations, Japan with her enormous war debt and with two such powers as China and Russia for probable enemies at no distant future, is unprovokedly going out of her way to antagonize her earliest and best friend and largest customer—the United States of America, the most wealthy and powerful nation on the globe, with a population twice and a half that of Japan and with resources of money and materials of war practically illimitable? The idea is preposterous.

Nor should we fail to hear in mind that Japan is in alliance with England, between which country and ours the ties of international brotherhood are daily strengthening more and more.

But why should Japan entertain any hostility toward us? The little friction over emigration is ended, and the Japanese people have ceased coming here. The school question caused some feeling in Japan, but that matter has also been settled and the incident forgotten. Apart from those two subjects, now adjusted, what has ever happened to endanger the friendly relations between us? Nothing that I can recall.

To refer now briefly to personal experiences in connection with the subject of the real sentiment of the Japanese towards our country, and which are a little out of the ordinary, I will allude to a few among hundreds that I could recount.

Some three years ago the president of a large institution of learning in Kiushu requested me to write some appropriate sentiment in Chinese characters; and upon its receipt thanked me by letter, saying he had had the manuscript framed and suspended where he might from time to time point it out to his two thousand students and tell them that it was written by the citizen of a country to which Japan owes the deepest debt of gratitude, and that it would serve and aid him to inculcate in his scholars the warmest regard and admiration for the people of the United States. The writer was an entire stranger to me.

On the occasion of my receiving the imperial decoration some four years ago not only did the newspapers of the capital and larger cities unite in offering me their congratulations, but they all took this opportunity to allude to the genuine friendship which Japan had always entertained for America. In addition to this, during a month or more I was daily in the receipt of numerous letters from every part of Japan, written by total strangers, all extending their cordial felicitations, and all without exception expressing the kindest and friendliest sentiments for America, and in many different and touching ways emphasizing their sincere regard for my country. One young man, to testify to his earnestness, wrote to me with his own blood.

Again, a few years since a convocation of the head abbots and other prelates of the Buddhist faith in Japan was held in Kioto. They came in large numbers from all parts of the empire, and constituted a most influential and representative assembly. I was called upon and requested to deliver the address of welcome on behalf of the municipality of Kioto, and the committee assured me that the regard for the United States was so universal that it was deemed especially fitting that an American be asked to discharge this very graceful ceremony, and I was assured that this whole representative body of the Buddhist religion would much appreciate my appearing before them. Could anything more conclusively show what sentiments were entertained in Japan towards the United States?

I recall another significant experience. The venerable head of the Nichi Ren sect at Ikegami had asked me to paint in the Japanese style the portrait of Nichi Ren for the temple at that place. A year or two afterwards he said to me: "You and your country are well known and remembered by my people. Only lately," he continued, "on the anniversary of our founder over 30,000 pilgrims of our sect passed during several days through these halls, where suspended in the tokonoma was your painting of Nichi Ren. They one and all stopped to look at it and they all read your name and country upon it, and both are associated in their minds with heartfelt thanks." This saintly old prelate never failed to speak to me about the high esteem in which our country was held in Japan, and often with trembling voice he wished he were young again, only that he might be able to visit a people who had been the earliest friends of the empire.

To cite one more incident. An old Samurai of southern Japan several years ago asked me to put into English a letter he had written to the President at Washington. In it he related that a representative of the New York Metropolitan Museum, learning that he possessed a priceless collection of sword guards, had entreated him to part with them to that institution. He had at first firmly refused all offers, but when he reflected upon the sincere friendship which existed between America and Japan, and called to mind that if the flag of Japan was to be seen in every port of the world and on every ocean it was due to the act of America in inducing his country to step out of the night of the Middle Ages, he determined that no sacrifice was too great for him to make. And parting with a portion of his treasures he now ~~with~~ ^{with} the same, hoping that the gift would be accepted with pleasure as he experienced in making it. This gift was

gratefully received and the letter published, with the comment that it not only showed how dearly prized was the collection of this Samurai, but also how warm and kindly was the feeling of that class of Japanese gentlemen towards the people of the United States.

Ten years ago or more at a government exhibition of paintings in Tokio, where over 500 artists from all parts of the empire sent their work, I ventured to enter the competition. Imagine my surprise to find my painting in the *salle d'honneur*—not because of its merit, but because I was an American.

The two succeeding years I again exhibited. At one exposition the emperor, observing my work, signified his desire to possess it. At the second the empress paid my country a similar compliment, becoming the owner of another of my paintings in the Japanese style. Both these acts were simply a gracious way on the part of both the imperial personages of showing their appreciation of the land I came from.

In Tokio I have frequently addressed large audiences, and whenever my subject was America I have invariably observed the greatest enthusiasm, especially among the young men of the universities, law schools, and other places of learning. Their friendship for America was singularly genuine and enthusiastic. Was not this real and sincere? Large bodies of young men are absolutely incapable of falsifying their real sentiments; they are too outspoken, too fearless and independent for such hesitancy.

In fine, could a higher compliment be paid the United States by Japan than that two of her most trusted politico-legal advisers for years past have been Americans? I refer to the distinguished Mr. Dennison and the late Mr. Stevens. Indeed I can not imagine what Japan has left undone to show her unaffected, constant friendship for and confidence in America, nor do I know or have I ever heard of any act she has ever committed that can be construed as unfriendly to us.

Can my readers then doubt as to the sincerity of my convictions when I unhesitatingly say that no country in the world has a higher regard for another than Japan has for America. I beg all honest-minded and fearless Americans, who only want to know the truth and act in accordance with it, to believe to the letter every word which I have here written from the highest sense of duty and patriotism.

In conclusion, I have known many of the leading men of Japan—statesmen, generals, admirals, and others—and I can truthfully say their uniform feeling towards the United States, expressed on all appropriate occasions, has been one of cordial friendship and regard. But naturally such sentiments are based and depend upon mutual respect and esteem. If the Japanese people are to be taught that we neither value their good-will nor want it, the same will assuredly be withdrawn. That nation is brave and proud. It rests with us to retain their friendship, not by heeding the alarmist statements of a sensational press, but by fearlessly trusting to the sincerity of Japan's profession and generously reciprocating them.

Of course if we want war I suppose we can have it, but the Japanese nation neither wishes for nor is it even contemplating the probability of such a fearful calamity. I know personally it deeply grieves that people to be charged with all sorts of unworthy things in connection with America. But how can they prevent these calumnies. To deny them is their only resource, and as all know the most emphatic denial can never half undo the harm a widespread falsehood causes.

The high ideals of the *Argonaut* and its fearless regard for truth and justice induce me to hope that you will give such publicity to this very imperfect article as you may deem the importance of the subject demands. HENRY P. BOWIE.

Thomas Loftin Johnson, four times mayor of Cleveland, who died at his home in that city last Monday night, began life in the office of a Louisville street railway at the age of fifteen. He was born at Georgetown, Kentucky, in 1854. He remained with the Louisville company until 1875, and then became connected with a line in Indianapolis as an owner. From this beginning he branched out until he had large holdings in traction lines in Cleveland, Detroit, and Brooklyn. He also became interested in iron, and was a large manufacturer of that product for some years. From 1891 until 1895 he served in Congress, and during that period was an ardent advocate of tariff reduction, even on his own product—pig iron. He was first elected mayor of Cleveland in 1901. The most spectacular feature of his services there was his fight for lower fares on the street railways. Like Henry George, he was a firm believer in the single-tax theory.

In making artificial furs, it is said the raw pieces of pelt are frozen and the skin carefully shaved off, thawed and sent to the tanneries to be made into leather. The frozen fur which remains is allowed to thaw slightly at the bottom, so that a small part of the hair is freed from ice. This thawed portion is then covered with a solution of rubber, which is allowed to set. The result is that large seamless pieces of fur are obtained much cheaper than those which come with the natural skin. These same artificial furs are said to be more lasting than the real, because they are immune from the attacks of moths.

Statisticians who make a specialty of newspaper activities have discovered that the Los Angeles *Times* heads the list of favorite advertising mediums in America. It printed in 1909 and 1910 something over 25 per cent more advertising than any other daily paper in America. Its nearest competitor was the Seattle *Times*. Of course the question of rates had much to do with this showing; at the same time, the remarkable showing is a credit not only to the two papers but as well to the business men of the two cities where they are published.

Two widely known old New York hotels—the Gilsey and the Hoffman—closed their doors last week. The drift uptownward has had much to do with the decreasing business of these landmarks to old New Yorkers. Each hotel had guests up to the end who had been there for forty years.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

In connection with the war scares that periodically plague civilization there is one fact upon which it would be hard to lay too heavy an emphasis. In every country it is easy to find a large number of persons who benefit directly from the manufacture and use of armaments. Putting upon one side the members of the military and naval professions, who see in war their chief hope of advancement, we find a large and influential body of civilians whose financial interests would be seriously affected by an era of peace. There can be no definite statistics of influence, but in such a country as England, where a governing class or caste may be said still to exist, it is possible to get some indications of the power actually exercised by those whose incomes are directly dependent to a greater or less extent upon preparations for war and upon war itself. Some tables prepared by the *Investor's Review* help us largely toward such an estimate. The *Investor's Review* examined the list of shareholders in three of the large armament-making companies, choosing for the purpose Vickers Sons & Maxim, John Brown & Co., and Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. On these shareholders' lists were found the names of 3 dukes, 2 marquesses, 120 earls and barons or the wives, sons, or daughters of earls and barons, 32 baronets, 30 knights, 13 members of the House of Commons, 19 justices of the peace, 4 financiers, and 17 journalists, including newspaper proprietors. Now this list of worthies represents a political influence of the most formidable kind, and it is an influence that can not possibly escape the bias of pecuniary profit, and there is no bias so subtle or so strong. These lists contain the names not only of those who largely help to decide the issues of peace and war by their direct participation in government, but also the names of newspaper proprietors, who can create a public sentiment that is either provocative or conciliatory. It is safe to assume that the majority of men will do whatever it seems to their material interest to do, and it is thus evident that those who advocate a decrease of armaments are heavily handicapped by those others who depend upon armaments for their income and who are thus in a position to protect their own investments. The peace party might do worse than supply the same information about other countries that the *Investor's Review* has supplied about England.

Some experiments carried out in a German public school seem to show that the teaching of civics may easily be made too practical. The teacher went to some trouble to explain to his pupils the platforms of the various political parties of the country, and then, by way of impressing his lesson, he held an election just as it would be held in actual political life. The result showed that the Conservatives had one vote, the National Liberals four, the Radicals six, the Social Democrats sixteen, and the Centre seventeen. Three votes were spoiled, probably by girls. The result being inconclusive, a second ballot was held. This time the Centre received sixteen votes and the Social Democrats thirty-one. Now there is a demand for the dismissal of the teacher, and it would certainly be interesting to know his own political opinions and whether his civic lessons were wholly impartial.

Nothing very definite has yet been learned of the new star between the constellations Lacerta and Cepheus. The *Astronomical Bulletin* thinks that it may be a star ordinarily so faint as to be invisible, but that has been aroused to sudden brilliance by traversing a field of gas, an incident, by the way, that might happen to our own planet. But that the new star can be seen is no evidence that it is there. Assuming it to be ten million times further from the earth than the sun, its light would take about one hundred and fifty years to reach us. An inhabitant of the new star whose optical instruments were good enough to enable him to watch terrestrial events would report to his superiors that America was in an unpeopled state and that George III has just ascended the English throne. If there were any conceivable way to reflect the light back upon the earth, which would of course require another one hundred and fifty years, we should then be able to witness a reproduction of the terrestrial events that happened three hundred years before. And the new star may be very much more distant than this. Its inhabitants may be watching the arrival of Christopher Columbus or the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

The Paris *Cosmos* proudly announces that the French scientist Becquerel has refuted "for all time" the theory advanced by Sir William Thompson that life may have reached this globe from meteoric sources in the form of microscopic germs. This, says Becquerel, is impossible. Interplanetary space is rich in the ultra-violet rays, and the ultra-violet rays are fatal to germ life. Therefore the germs would have perished on their journey long before they could reach the earth. For purposes of experiment Becquerel selected the most hardy bacteria known to science. He sealed them in vacuum tubes and exposed them to the ultra-violet rays for six hours. None of them survived, and Becquerel argues that the destructive action of the rays must be assumed to be universal. Even if Sir William Thompson's theory had continued to hold the field it would do nothing to solve the problem of the source of life, for if life was brought to the earth by meteors we have still to discover how it came to be on the meteors.

It is hard to see what the English suffragettes expect to gain by refusing to be included in the census returns. But then what do they expect to gain by slapping policemen or breaking the windows of private houses?

Alternative plans of campaign have been issued by the suffragette leaders for census day. The young and adventurous might remain out all night and so avoid official curiosity. Those who preferred to stay at home were advised to write "Votes for Women" across the census paper and return it

with all the questions unanswered. "They can question us until they are tired," said Mrs. How Martin, secretary of the Women's Freedom League, "but they will question a very long time before many of us reply to them. We merely ask women, on the night of April 2, to hold their tongues." There is, of course, a penalty for refusing to answer, but it is well known that Mr. John Burns is unwilling to prosecute, and even if the penalty were enforced it is but \$25. The problem of whether a suffragette can hold her tongue is another matter, and we shall have to await reports before answering it. The authorities are not likely to be gravely inconvenienced by a few unanswered census papers. It is easy to estimate the number of suffragettes who are delinquent and to add that number to the totals. It seems, however, a curious policy to pursue. The census is the basis for legislation, and especially for that kind of domestic legislation affecting women and children. To hinder the collection of statistical information seems likely to injure the very interests with which women are most concerned. But perhaps that is a small thing in comparison with a successful advertisement.

Times have indeed changed in Germany if the crown prince can show himself so sensitive to criticism as to reply publicly to charges brought against him. The charges were not of a very heinous nature, and were simply to the effect that on his recent visit to India the crown prince had wasted his time in sports and hunting expeditions instead of studying the important problems of the country. To this the prince replies that even sports and hunting may have an educational value, and that they did have such a value in his case, since they were the means of bringing him into contact with the best-informed men of the country. He might indeed have gone "from temple to temple and from museum to museum," but he thought it more profitable to get on confidential terms with the leading men of the country, such as Sir Harold Stuart, Sir John Hewitt, and Chief Justice Sir Laurence Jenkins. He studied public questions by means of conversation, while the sports of the country enabled him to familiarize himself with all classes of people, merchants, officials, and officers. In fact, he could have followed no better course, and as a concluding *bonne bouche* he says: "It filled me with pride to hear from the English what a respected and important position German business men occupy in India."

That public opinion is slowly making itself felt in Russia is shown by the fact that nineteen officials of the Nicholaieff prison are being tried on a charge of cruelty to prisoners. It is true the prisoners are not "politicals," but a few years ago it was considered impossible to be cruel to a class of unfortunates who might perhaps expect mercy in heaven, but who would certainly obtain none upon earth. The specific charge against the accused is that they caused some sixty prisoners to be beaten with ox-tendon whips wrapped around with strips of rawhide. When the ends of this pleasant instrument became frayed they were tied up with iron wire. The indictment says that these prisoners were asked if they had parents. If they said no they were beaten *in loco parentis* and because providence had deprived them of the benefit of domestic discipline. If they said yes they were beaten on the ground that domestic discipline had evidently proved ineffective and should be supplemented. The new and startling theory that even prisoners have rights is said to have produced a state of consternation among prison officials all over the country.

A society has been formed in England for the purpose of suppressing immoral literature. The school child, it seems, must be protected, and several public school masters have come forward with complaints of the literature that undermines the morals of the young. Of course there are two sides, and both are being advanced. One persistent questioner wants a definition of an immoral book. Another critic asks if adults are to be deprived of all books that are unsuitable for the young, and how it is possible to prevent a boy from buying any book that his father can buy? Mr. W. A. Coote, secretary to the National Vigilance Association, shows his hand when he asks for the suppression of fiction dealing with the sex problem. That seems to be a large order. We may, and do, detest the sex novel without going so far as to demand that it be burned by the hangman and its author hanged, drawn, and quartered. We are not quite prepared to see Mr. H. G. Wells sent to prison for writing "Anne Veronica," or "The New Machiavelli," much as Mr. Coote might wish it. One thing, at least, would be far worse than the sex novel, and that is a committee of parsons, maiden aunts, and hush-hoddes empowered to decide what our sons, and consequently we ourselves, may read. Such a censorship would not stop at immoral novels, but would go gayly on to the prohibition of "anti-religious" science and all other literature that is anathema to religious, political, and social orthodoxy. These demands for censorships are just now a sort of epidemic in civilization. We have them here as elsewhere, and it is necessary to remind ourselves that there are evils curable only by prolonged and persuasive educational methods and that all other treatments are worse than the disease.

The *Scientific American* has something to say about the powers of vision supposed to be possessed by savage peoples. During a recent anthropological expedition to Torres Straits the visual faculty of the natives was carefully tested, and from these tests the conclusion was reached that the excellence of vision shown by the savages has a psychological origin; that is to say, it arises from knowing what to look for. When the civilized man acquires familiarity with the environment he can see as far as they can. Thus the power of an Indian to tell the sex of a deer at such a distance that distinguishing features like antlers were invisible was found to rest upon his knowledge of the peculiar gait of the male deer.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

MISS GILDER'S LETTER.

Public Inquiry Concerning Manhattan Conditions—Accomplices of a Funeral Procession—Mrs. Fiske's Plays.

The letter I wrote to the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago, on crime in New York, was most timely; for since then Judge Corrigan has spoken his mind on the subject, and what he said is in exact accordance with what I said, only he backed his open letter with direct evidence. The situation has now become tense, and Mayor Gaynor's airy way of throwing off responsibility and saying that there is less crime in New York today than ever before, in proportion to its size, and that it is no worse than any other city, is childish. It takes the decent element in New York a long time to get aroused; but I think that it is thoroughly aroused now and is altogether on the side of Judge Corrigan. Mayor Gaynor calls the judge's letter "seditious." If it is seditious to call attention to wrong-doing, to crime that is ramping through the streets so that every one can see, then Judge Corrigan is guilty of sedition. What Mayor Gaynor's object is, no one knows; there are those who have their suspicions, but it might be "seditious" to express them openly. Public inquiry has already begun. Judge Corrigan has appeared on the stand, and from now on I think we will have some lively revelations, and that Mayor Gaynor will find that truth is stronger than politics.

Yesterday, two weeks after the fire in the Asch Building, the remains of the unidentified dead were buried. The funeral procession, which I met more than once in walking down Fourth Avenue, was composed of forty thousand people, carrying black-bordered banners and wearing the legend in black letters around their hats, "We Mourn Our Loss." It was an impressive sight, perhaps more pathetically impressive because upon the heads of some who marched the rain came down in torrents; others had umbrellas, which when raised gave the procession an even more sombre look. The sidewalks were lined with men, women, and girls from the "sweat shops" of Fifth Avenue and the East Side. I did not see an American face in this crowd of people, either those in the procession or those on the sidewalk, nor did I hear a word of English spoken; they were all foreigners; all except the Italians were Hebrews. All along the sidewalk were men handing out quietly printed leaflets to their fellow-workers. I picked up one which was printed in Italian, English, and German.

I do not know whether the police were handed these broadsides or whether the mayor knew anything about them; but if this is not anarchy, if this is not sedition, what is? "Destroy the Triangle Factory and make the bosses tremble!" That sounds like anarchy to me. The German column had the word "Rache!" printed in bold letters, which when literally translated means "Vengeance." There were others of those broadsides freely distributed in which the writer or writers called upon their fellow-workmen to commit murder; to shoot down the capitalists, so that others would learn the lesson. Perhaps the "capitalists" were more or less to blame in this fire. At the same time, the cigarette fiends must bear their share. The lighted cigarette butt, the still-burning match thrown into a pile of inflammable material, is just as much responsible for death and destruction as unfireproof buildings. In no matter how big type an employer prints the sign, "Cigarette Smoking Forbidden," employees will smoke them on the sly; even though they know the risk they run. I think if the cigarette could be eliminated from the working-room there would be much less danger of any recurrence of such a tragedy as that of the Triangle Waist Factory.

Let me change to a more cheerful subject for a moment. Mrs. Fiske has returned to New York, and is playing an engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, and so the "lion and the lamb" are lying down together. Mr. Daniel Frohman, who is the owner of the Lyceum Theatre, is the least aggressive member of the theatrical syndicate, and I imagine it was easier for Mrs. Fiske, after her big fight with that organization, to play in his theatre than it would have been to have played in the theatre of any other syndicate manager. She opened in "Becky Sharp," and played to "big business"; although she has had this play in her repertory for twelve years, she still produces it on occasion, and always successfully. It is a much better dramatization of Thackeray's immortal novel than the one made by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, for Marie Tempest; but it is played much more along the lines of comedy by Mrs. Fiske and her company than it was by the New Theatre company, headed by Marie Tempest. I can never enjoy this play as I did when Mrs. Fiske first produced it, for the reason that the memory of Maurice Barrymore as Rawdon Crawley is always before me; that was a picture that will never fade from my memory. I do not believe there is another actor in the world who could be so absolutely the part as was Barrymore; nor another actor who could play Orlando in "As You Like It" as did he. If he had never played any other parts in the length and breadth of his career on the stage he would have been entitled to the gratitude of his generation.

The Fiske version of "Vanity Fair" makes much more of the scene with the Marquis of Steyne than does the Gordon Lennox version. But Mr. Henry E. Dixey, who played the part of the rascally old marquis, made nothing of it at all. Anything more innocuous than his impersonation of this unspeakable old man can not be imagined. And I had gone to the theatre expecting

a new sensation! I got it; but it was not the one that I had anticipated.

Mrs. Fiske has a new play, called "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." It is by a new playwright, who has sought to fit her with a part, and who has succeeded in doing it. It is supposed to be comedy, but it is much nearer farce; but who cares what a play is called, to what classification of stage literature it belongs, if it entertains. I would rather be amused by a farce than bored by a tragedy, and I think that most theatre-goers feel the same way.

We are to have a new theatre opened next week. William A. Brady has built a theatre for his wife, Miss Grace George, which is called The Playhouse. Miss George will inaugurate it and then she will retire for the season. It would seem as though New York could not have too many theatres; if they do not flourish it is because the attraction does not attract; but give one and all of them a play that the public likes, and the public will fill the house.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1911.

OLD FAVORITES.

Two Queens in Westminster.

In the chapel of Henry the Seventh,
Where the sculptured ceilings rare
Show the conquered stone-work hanging
Like cobweb films in air,
There are held two shrines in keeping,
Whose memories closely press—
The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
They lie; and over their dust
The canopies mold and blacken,
And the gilding gathers rust;
While, low on the marble tablet,
Each effigied in stone,
They lie, as they went to judgment,
Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
Each day; and hundreds strive
To read the whole of the lesson
That is known to no man alive—
Of which was the more to be pitied,
Or which the more to be feared,
The half-masculine, petulant ruler,
Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her land with faction,
One strengthened with bands of steel;
One died on the black-draped scaffold,
One broke on old age's wheel.
And both—O sweet heaven, the pity!—
Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown,
Far more than the sweep of the ermine,
Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
For her royal sister's all?
Was it hatred, in crown or in person,
Drove the Tudor to wish her fall?
Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell,
And black crime at the Kirk of Field?
And what need heed the smothered passion
That for Essex stood half-revealed?

Dark questions!—and who shall solve them?
Not one, till the great assize
When royal secrets and motives
Shall be opened to commonest eyes.
Not even by hookworm students,
Who shall dig, and cavi, and grope,
And keep to the ear learned promise,
While they break it to the hope.

Ah, well!—there is one sad lesson
Made clear to us all, at the worst—
Of two forces, made quite incarnate,
And that equally blessed and cursed:
With the English woman, all conquering,
Was Power, with its handmaid Pride;
With the Scottish walked hot-browed Passion,
Calling lovers to her side.

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
Of disease and of woe, to both—
With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
And their weapon the broken troth;
And each, when she died, must have shuddered
To know she had failed to find
So near an approach to contentment
As that felt by some landless hind.

Ah, well, again!—they are sleeping,
Divided, yet side by side;
And the lesson were far less heedful
If their sepulchers severed wide;
And well for Bess and Mary
That the Eyes to judge them at last
Will be free from the veils and the glammers
Blinding all, in the present and past.

—Henry Morford.

Simply to ascertain the nature of an accident in drilling a well which has occurred half a mile below the surface, in a hole perhaps only six inches in diameter, requires some skill. Many devices have been perfected for capturing lost tools, and the necessity for first learning the shape of the upper end of the tool and the position in which it lies in order to proceed to recover it has even led to the invention of a small camera which can be lowered to the bottom of the hole to take a photograph showing the conditions. Electricity is, of course, the agent employed in operating the device.

No Speaker of the House of Representatives has become President since Mr. Polk. Uncle Joe Cannon once said: "The Speaker is frequently mentioned as a presidential possibility—until he has appointed his committees."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Johanna Redmond, youngest daughter of the Irish leader, is developing into a playwright, showing in her work many of the brilliant characteristics of her distinguished father.

Mrs. Emma M. Nakulua, an American woman, is a water commissioner under the territorial governor in Hawaii. She is the granddaughter of Captain Metcalf of the *Eleanor*, and lives in Kalihi.

Princess David Kawanakoa, widow of the late Prince David and mother of the last of the royal Hawaiian line, has been singularly honored by a command—the only one issued to any American citizen—to attend the coronation ceremonies next June. Her husband was the brother of Queen Liliuokalani.

Lord Aylmer, Baron de Balrath, is an Irish peer, who, like his father, has never lived outside of Canada. Recently he celebrated his seventieth birthday. For some years he has occupied the post of inspector-general of Canadian militia. In 1875 he married a daughter of the Hon. John Young of Montreal. He succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, in 1901.

Admiral Heihachiro Togo, chief of the naval general staff of Japan, who was commander-in-chief of the Japanese fleet during the Russo-Japanese War, will visit the United States this summer. He was born in December, 1847, sailed the seas as a lad, and completed his naval education at the naval college at Greenwich, leaving that institution in 1874. In 1894 he commanded the *Naniwa* during the war with China.

Mme. Lawrence Fiedler, representing the French government, has been sent to this country to study the school system, the fight against tuberculosis, and industrial training schools, among other things. She believes that the task will require ten years to complete. The most remarkable characteristic of the American people, she asserts, is their idealism. She was one of the delegates sent by France to the tuberculosis conference in Washington.

Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, niece of J. Pierpont Morgan, is the first American woman who has ever had the distinction of christening an English battleship. On March 30 she performed this service when the dreadnought *Monarch*, the largest fighting craft ever built in the Tyne, was launched. The *Monarch* marks a new departure in ship construction. Mrs. Harcourt is the wife of the secretary of state for the colonies, and before her marriage was Miss Mary Ethel Burns.

General "Kaid" Belton, the young English soldier who led 67,000 troops to a victory which placed Mulai Hafid on the throne of Morocco, is visiting this country. He won his commission at the age of twenty-one for gallantry on the field during the Boer war, attributing his success in that particular engagement to "your Yankee rapid-fire guns." He was the youngest captain in the army at twenty-three. In 1908 he went to Morocco and cast his fortune with Mulai Hafid, the pretender to the throne, who was finally successful.

Mary Coonie, a full-blooded Eskimo, reputed to be worth several million dollars, is the richest woman north of the Arctic circle. She can neither read nor write, but employs a shrewd young Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, as her secretary. She is a woman of much business ability. Her wealth comes from mining lands, she having a large holding. Among her possessions are 2000 reindeer. She has little opportunity to spend money, and her one extravagance is dress. Despite her great wealth she has little desire to travel and see the world.

Charles R. Crisp, who will be Speaker Champ Clark's right-hand man in matters of parliamentary procedure in the House of Representatives, is himself the son of a former Democratic Speaker. His father was Charles F. Crisp, a Georgian, who wielded the gavel in the lower house of Congress from 1891 until 1895. He died in 1896. The new appointee, whose position is really that of clerk at the Speaker's desk, is said to be particularly qualified for the position. The duties are manifold and require a deep judgment of public men and affairs in the political world.

William H. Murray, who, with C. N. Haskell, wrote the constitution for the State of Oklahoma, is a squawman of Tishimingo. He moved to Indian Territory years ago, married an Indian woman, and has lived among the Indians nearly all his life. He is an insatiable reader, a professional philosopher, and claims to have made a special study of constitutions and political economy. He is purely a theorist, though some of his constituents contend that the document mentioned is far beyond the Constitution of the United States, and will immortalize the man who wrote it.

Jean Nougues, composer of "Quo Vadis?" an opera based on Sienkiewicz's novel, is the son of a rich French wine merchant, and at the age of sixteen he had written an opera which he called "Le Roi du Pape Gai." His parents then sent him to Paris to study. He did not begin composing seriously for the lyric stage, however, until he was twenty-eight. Nougues met with little encouragement when he went to Paris with "Quo Vadis?" Then he took the work to Nice, where it was sung February 10, 1909, scoring an instantaneous hit. The young composer writes as inspiration dictates, and never attempts to drive himself.

THE VAGABOND.

How the Judge and the Wanderer Met after Years.

Upon that day, in the torpor of a hot afternoon, interest languished in the court-room at Villefranche. The court-crier rose, with seeming regret in his demeanor, and called in a mild tone of voice: "Antoine Jean, come forward!"

At that name a big fellow, wrapped from head to feet—in spite of the hot weather—in a trailing cloak of indefinable color, a garment which must have been worn for many a year, pulled himself together and quietly obeyed.

"Your name?" said the presiding judge, in a weary voice.

"Antoine Jean."

"Your profession?"

"Independent gentleman."

The judge, although quite accustomed to the fanciful replies often made by prisoners, gave the vagabond a lustreless look, and said in a tranquil tone, as if merely wishing to satisfy his conscience: "Have respect for the court!"

The man smiled and made no reply; but his blue eyes were fixed upon the judge with a strange intensity.

Judge Bouchard, however, now resumed his examination, mildly accompanied by the gentle snoring of his two assistants upon the bench.

"Very well, Antoine Jean, I open the judicial account of you, and here is what I find about you."

"It is needless to tell it to me, sir, for I am quite as well aware of the facts as you can be!"

"This is what I find," repeated the judge, as he placed upon his nose a tortoise-shell eyeglass. "You were sentenced to two months in jail at Johnnerre for vagrancy; three months at Dijon for the same cause; then at Bourges, at Nevers, etc. You have made the circuit of France, as far as I can see. Then, undoubtedly, you are finding your way back to your original point of departure. I see here, seven months at Tarascon, eight months at Orange, nine months at Valence; the charge against you is always vagrancy. At last you stop close to Villefranche. Now, Jean Antoine, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing whatever to you, as a judge," said the vagabond with his calm voice, "but to thee, my old chum, Bouchard, I'll tell everything."

By what phenomenon could this very simple phrase, spoken in an almost inaudible tone, have aroused all these people from slumbers which a salvo of artillery would scarcely have disturbed? Such was the mysterious result! But it is certain that those few words uttered by the vagabond suddenly brought back a new life to the whole court-room. The two associate judges sat bolt upright with indignant flashes in their eyes yet heavy from sleep. The deputy, swaying to and fro on his little rostrum, prepared to launch all his accustomed thunders. The court-crier, standing, rigid with anger, below the bench, shouted: "Silence!" in a stentorian voice, although nobody had said another word.

"My old chum, Bouchard," those few words carried with them a year in prison, at the very least, and the presiding judge, quickly recovering from his state of stupefaction, was turning gravely to the deputy, when the prisoner's voice was raised again, louder, less sardonic, almost sorrowful in its tone.

"Bouchard, Bouchard, don't you remember my nickname, Rabelais?"

Then there was a general explosion. Evidently, this was the case of a poor, unfortunate lunatic, and any severity would be quite out of place. Such was, manifestly, the opinion of the presiding judge, for a slight discomposure which he had shown disappeared at once, and he looked furtively at the prisoner, whose deepest eyes never left his own for a moment. Then, as if annoyed by the man's persistent stare, he said to him in a gentle tone: "Go, and sit down."

After a brief conference with his two associates, he murmured, in the midst of the general surprise: "Two months' imprisonment. Officer, bring forward the next."

The sitting of the court came to a close, and Judge Bouchard, in his long frock coat, and wearing his silk hat, thoughtfully went down the broad flight of stone steps leading to the street. His face was sad, and his piercing glance, accustomed to learn the minds of men by scanning their faces, seemed to veil itself, as though wishing to escape from some painful sight. Upon reaching the street he shook hands with his two colleagues, who had come down the steps with him, and who went away in an opposite direction. Then, after a momentary hesitation, he went toward the prison with a quick, firm step. The jailor was smoking his pipe, as he enjoyed the fresh air in front of the prison door.

"Perrin," said M. Bouchard, "you have among your prisoners one who is named Antoine Jean."

"Yes, judge."

"I wish to see him."

"Nothing is easier, sir, if you will do me the honor to—"

"No," interrupted M. Bouchard. "I wish to examine this man at my own house. Be so good as to bring him to me at—"

He hesitated for a moment, evidently trying to set a time when he could be sure of privacy, and at last said: "Please bring him to my house, myself, at five o'clock."

Perrin bowed, somewhat surprised at this complete deviation from all the ordinary usages of the prison.

At five o'clock the magistrate, still pensive, but now showing considerable nervous impatience, was pacing up and down in his office, where the window-shades had been drawn down, so that only a subdued light entered the room. Presently the bell rang, and there was a confused sound of steps and a murmur of voices in the antechamber. The door opened, and the jailor brought in the prisoner.

"Here, sir," the jailor began, "is the man named—"

"Yes, yes, my friend! Thank you!" M. Bouchard interrupted. "Leave us. I will call you back before long."

He closed the door, over which he drew a heavy curtain, and turning suddenly, he ran to the vagabond, holding out his hands, and with his eyes full of tears.

"It is you, my poor Chabert! You, my poor Rabelais, and in this dress, and in such a sorry plight!"

"So you recognized me at last!" said the prisoner in his gentle voice, and without lowering his eyes before the sorrowful gaze of the judge, who brought a chair and made the vagabond sit close beside him, while he tried to read in that mysterious face the secret of so complete a downfall, and tried to find underneath that wretched mask the features of his old friend. "Yes; it's I myself, sure enough!" the vagabond answered. "It's I, Chabert, the Rabelais, who by wrinkling his big, classic nose used to set the whole class a-laughing."

The magistrate listened with a tender smile, not daring to check him.

"My poor friend! But how—"

"Speak lower," said the man. "Suppose they should hear you! How have I come to this? Good heavens, as naturally as you have come to your seat upon the bench. Everybody has his own part to play, here below. Yours was to preside over a court. Mine to appear before it. Everything holds together. Take away one of us, and the other has no reason for his existence."

"And to think," continued M. Bouchard, "that I was obliged to sentence you—you, my poor Chabert, whom I always knew as such a good fellow, so gentle, so sensitive—ah, too much so, no doubt," the judge added, with a penetrating look. "What a continual, cruel irony is life! Bouchard judging Chabert! Rabelais! Ah, my poor fellow, when you said that word, which brought back to me so many happy memories, that word which saved you—for it made them all believe that you were insane—I felt as if a stiletto had been plunged into my heart. Then, indeed, I recognized you—you whom your own father would not recognize, if he were still alive. You have lost him, have you not? And your mother, too? If it were not so, you would not be in this condition."

"Yes, my friend," said Chabert in a grave tone. "Yes, I have lost them all, and there is nobody to blush for me—not even my wife, who will never know what has become of me."

"Your wife! Ah, yes, the very last token of friendship which I received from you, was your enthusiastic letter, telling me of your marriage with Mlle. Dina, who is now one of the brightest lights of the Théâtre Français."

The magistrate, looking searchingly into Chabert's eyes, asked him sadly, and in a very low tone: "Was it a woman?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the vagabond. "When a man falls as I have done, it is because he has leaned upon a woman's arm, and that arm has been suddenly withdrawn from him. A love-match," he continued, "without money is bound to come to grief. I adored my wife, but I could not support her decently, and she was unfaithful to me. When this happens, some men kill themselves. Others take to drink. Still others bury themselves in some kind of work. As for me, I suffered far less than these, for I became insane. One fine morning I left the home where I had lived so proudly and happily for three years. Taking nothing with me, and without looking back, I tramped over the highways and over the footpaths, in rain and sunshine, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, and only stopping at night when my swollen and bleeding feet would carry me no further. How far I tramped over those highways! My hat was full of holes, and my clothes could not have been at all creditable to me, for two policemen who saw me sitting on the opposite side of a ditch motioned me to come to them, and asked for my papers. My papers, indeed! Their question seemed so funny to me that I laughed in their faces! I suppose that they deemed my company pleasant, for they set me between their horses and graciously escorted me to the city, which was near at hand. The next morning Jean Antoine—for a remnant of sanity had made me conceal my true name—was committed for two months."

"What shall I say? Those two months must have been the beginning of a complete change in my whole physical and moral being. In the solitude of the prison, my reason came back to me, and I meditated. And about what, do you suppose? About my wife's unfaithfulness and crime? No, about the happiness which she had brought me, my three years of earthly paradise while I lived with her! Her perfidy and my despair had disappeared; my thought did not rest upon them for a moment. That is the happiness which I owe to my prison life. When my two months were over, I took my staff and wallet like any self-respecting tramp—and I continued my tour of France. It has taken me ten years to find you. After two months I shall continue my journey."

Chabert had told his story deliberately, with neither anger nor sorrow, in the same gentle and monotonous

tone of voice. Now he was silent, and the judge, looking him full in the face and grasping both his hands, exclaimed passionately: "My dear Chabert, I want to save you!"

The vagabond looked at him in surprise.

"To save me? From what?"

"From yourself, and in spite of yourself, if it must be so," said the judge, firmly. "As to the imprisonment for two months, I shall not permit you to endure it. I can arrange the matter. And, little by little, I want to see Jean Antoine disappear, and Chabert come to the front."

"Begin my life over again! Oh, no!" exclaimed the vagabond, as he rose from his seat. Then, taking the judge's hands in his own, he said: "My poor Bouchard, you are kind and good, and you love me; yet my cruellest enemy could not propose anything worse than you have done. I am speaking to you now with all my former good sense, and I tell you that no place but the prison is gentle and pitiful to me. There only I can really live again, without thought of the present, without care for the future. And you would snatch this dream from me, and would kill me forever! Why, can't you see that my body is a mere rag, a thing which does not count at all, and which I no longer regard? What does it matter that this worn-out body should appear before judges, should be sentenced, despised, branded! My friend, my dear old friend, call in the jailor who brought me here, and let me go!"

"So be it!" said M. Bouchard in a sad tone. "But at least," he added gently, "this must not be until have embraced you!"

"Surely!"

And the judge and the vagabond embraced each other fraternally. Then Chabert said, freeing himself and turning away: "Now, judge, do your duty."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jean Sigaud by Edward Tuckerman Mason.*

I'd Like To Go.

"It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow.
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around—"

"Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brook, faint hahling over stones
In strangely softly tangled tones.

"Or maybe the cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

"If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like the city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

"Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue—
And, say, now, how does it seem to you?"

—Eugene Field.

Gold bricks, real ones, may be the means of restoring the ancient fame of Golconda, near Hyderabad, in southern India, once known all the world over for its gold mines, but now a decayed city. The natural pits from which many centuries ago the precious metal was extracted have in course of time filled up with water. A contractor recently obtained permission to make bricks near the place and ten kilns were erected. The first finished bricks aroused curiosity by their yellowish tint, and analysis proved that they contained gold dust. On the basis of the yield of the sample bricks, the ten kilns will aggregate in weight about 12,857 pounds of gold worth over \$50,000,000. The site of the find belongs to the Nizam, or native ruler, whose affairs are administered by a British secretary, who has worked hard for nine years to produce a surplus in the Nizam's last annual budget of \$15,000,000. It looks insignificant now compared with the result of nine days' brickmaking.

Besides the extensive plans for sowing broadcast the seed of native forest trees on the bare patches of the mountains in Colorado, Wyoming, and South Dakota, government foresters are taking steps to introduce a number of forest trees which it is expected will add appreciably to the verdure of the mountains and will eventually become an asset in the form of timber. As in the case of human immigrants only those foreigners or "exotics" that will make good citizens are to be encouraged. The species involved are Austrian pine, Corsican pine, Scotch pine, Norway spruce, and European larch.

Sir Almroth Wright in a recent London lecture said: "There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes. We do take off a certain amount of microbes, but we also destroy the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbe can ever get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method." And this from the land of the morning cold tub.

Residents of Arizona have discovered that cactus needles or thorns are admirable for use as graphophone reproducing points, and a big export trade is anticipated.

A LONDON ARTIST'S LIFE-WORK.

Frederic Shields and His Idealistic Paintings in a Chapel of Meditation.

All that's wrong with a good many London churches is the man in the pulpit. In about ninety cases out of a hundred he might be eliminated, and "he never would be missed." For the fact is these are lean years for pulpit oratory in the British capital. Stanley has never had a successor at Westminster Abbey, nor Liddon at St. Paul's Cathedral; the Baptists are still looking for a second Spurgeon, the Congregationalists for another Parker. But there are plenty of churches which would be a joy to visit were it not for their pulpits and what they hold. They are sorry sticks, most of the London pulpites, narrow as a razor's edge, poor speakers, but as dogmatic as though they knew all the truth and were the sole depositories of wisdom.

Yet there is one exception. And a brief paragraph in the papers the other day reminded me so forcibly of its existence that I promptly set out on a pilgrimage. The paragraph told of the death of Frederic Shields, and I remembered that that unusual artist had been working for many years at the completion of a congenial task—the task of covering with mural decorations the walls of a church which is unique in all London inasmuch as it has no pulpit.

Not only has this church no pulpit, but it is without a minister, without an altar, without pews. There are a dozen simple chairs for the weary or meditative; otherwise the floor is bare and there is nothing to divert the attention from the some two hundred paintings and frescoes with which the walls are covered. All these, from the smallest ornament to the most spacious picture, were the work of Frederic Shields, an artist whose name is unknown save to those who seek out the byways of art. That is as he would have wished. In his early years he illustrated the "Pilgrim's Progress," but by 1869 he had come to the resolve to do "no more book illustration," and thenceforth, for the more than forty years of life which remained, he devoted his art almost exclusively to the portrayal of sacred themes, one of his most notable commissions being a series of designs for the chapel windows of Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster.

But the last century was approaching its final decade before there came to Frederic Shields the opportunity for which he counted all his previous life and perfecting of his craft but the apprenticeship. While working in his studio one day in the 'eighties there entered a lady visitor who brought with her one whom she introduced to the painter as Mrs. Russell Gurney. The name was familiar to Shields, and he at once realized that he was in the presence of the widow of Russell Gurney, that high-minded recorder of London who in 1871 and again the following year visited the United States and won such golden opinions for the manner in which he settled the American and British claims in connection with the treaty of Washington. Herself a daughter of the vicarage, her father being a clergyman of the Church of England, Mrs. Russell Gurney's predilection for the things of the spirit had been deepened by her life-partnership with a man of kindred nature, and Shields was not surprised to hear his visitor propose a commission to paint certain subjects on the walls of a church. She had long cherished a scheme of that kind. Years earlier she had seen in Florence a small chapel, where no service was held, but which was set apart and always open for meditation, and her personal experience of the solace derived from that little shrine finally created a desire to plant in some highway in London a place of rest for wayfarers, wherein body, mind, and spirit, oppressed with the hurrying roar of the city's life, might find repose and an inspiring feast liberally spread upon its walls.

Here was the life-work for which Shields had been preparing himself—a commission which harmonized with his best nature. But for several years it seemed as though Mrs. Russell Gurney and her artist would be thwarted from accomplishing their scheme by the lack of a suitable building. Various sites were examined and negotiated for, but in vain. An advertisement was published, but did not elicit a single reply. At this juncture Mrs. Russell Gurney's attention was directed to the disused and decaying mortuary chapel of that old cemetery fronting Hyde Park on the Bayswater Road in which Laurence Sterne is buried. It certainly was an ideal situation, on a great highway, and not far removed from that junction where the full tide of Oxford Street traffic is depleted by divergence down Park Lane or along the Edgware Road. "I covet that site," Shields's patron at once wrote, and, legal difficulties being gradually surmounted, by the end of 1890 it became possible to begin building. In a journey through northern Italy the artist and architect found at Pietra Santa a model to their taste, which accounts for the un-English aspect of the façade of the Chapel of the Ascension which arrests the most careless passer-by along the Bayswater Road. By the winter of 1893 the building was sufficiently advanced to allow Shields to start painting the groundwork of his elaborate scheme of mural decoration. He covered the rafters of the ceiling with a geometrical design taken in part from the decorated timbers of San Miniato in Florence, and then, through the bitter cold and dense fogs of the following winter, labored ceaselessly on frieze and arch, working always in a crouching position and often by the aid of a small oil lamp.

Apart from the decorative and symbolical treatment

of the flat paneling on the walls, and the frescoes which adorn the ante-chapel, the principal pictures in this unique building were painted by Shields in his studio. This method was adopted to obviate the delay which would have ensued had he been obliged to await the completion of the structure and the preparation of the walls for strictly mural paintings. Hence his decision in favor of oil paintings, which, however, had to be fixed on the walls in the manner adopted by M. Puvis de Chavannes at Amiens. That is, blocks of slate were riveted to the walls so as to leave air-chambers behind, and the paintings were fastened to the slate by a special composition. Even with that device, the labor of completing the pictures occupied some seventeen years. Through all that period Shields was constantly at work in his studio or in the chapel, now adding a new picture here and there, or finishing on the walls or panels some subsidiary design, and thus has been a constant visitor until the fall of last year. Then he said farewell to the little shrine, and returned no more. Early in the year he put the last large picture in its place; in September he finished his last fresco in the ante-chapel; and now he has passed away, in the fullness of his seventy-seven years, happy no doubt in the consciousness that the beloved task committed to him by Mrs. Russell Gurney has been completed.

And what of the result? Not here need the student of art expect to find the sacred story commended by the tricks of the studio; he must be prepared instead for an attempt to penetrate the spirit of prophecy and gospel made in the reverent faith of a simple believer. In justice, however, to the donor of this chapel and its decorator, it should be stated that neither was a theologian committed to the propagation of a certain view of the Christian religion. Neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant, nor high or low churchman, nor even the skeptic who is willing to concede that the biblical theory of man's spiritual history is within the domain of art, will find anything to offend. True, the entire scheme of decoration, from its least symbol to its largest and most detailed picture, is evidently the work of a devout spirit, the expression in form and color of an unshaken faith, but that faith is free of the shackles of creed and is so portrayed that it may without any violence become the gateway to the imagination of any spirit with idealistic aspirations. Perhaps that is the highest praise which can be given to Shields's art. Without scorning decorative effect, without giving offense to the eye of taste, he has contrived to be unbiological—as the term is usually understood in sacred art—in his biblical interpretations, and thus has achieved a ministry in which all of all creeds or of none may participate. Hence his abandonment of the traditional and conventional treatment of the prophets and apostles, the emphasis of a new birth in the appearance of the deluge-rescued Noah, the insistence upon the passing of the law in the vestments of Moses, the prophetic fervor of his Elijah, the sorrow-laden aspect of his Jeremiah, and the absence of those lances and swords and clubs which have so long done duty as labels for the apostles. When the artist conceived that his theme demanded it, he was not sparing in color, and full-blooded color at that, but in the main his palette was set in a meditative key, richest in soft browns and in those nacreous grays which quiet the spirit to a reflective mood, and suggest more than any other hues that unseen world which may hide so much or may be vacant of fulfillment for man's dreams of immortality. There is a severe note, then, about most of the pictures; they give the impression of an art which has been reduced to its simplest elements on the one hand and on the other heightened to the utmost in effort to make the letter live.

LONDON, March 29, 1911. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

The Rev. George Brown, D. D., who has spent many years of his life in the South Sea Islands endeavoring to stamp out polygamy and cannibalism among the natives, says in some parts of New Britain the natives have a custom of placing young women in strict seclusion before marriage by imprisoning them in cages for several years until they reach a marriageable age. Dr. Brown describes how on one occasion he inspected a number of these human cages. "The cage was quite clean," he said, "and contained nothing but a few short lengths of bamboo for holding water. There was only room for a girl to sit or lie down in a crouched position on the bamboo platform, and when the doors are shut it must be nearly or quite dark inside. They are never allowed to come out except once a day to bathe in a dish or wooden bowl placed close to each cage. They are placed in the cages when quite young and must remain there until their marriage."

Whitby, on the North Sea coast near Leeds, England, has been the home of the jet industry of England. Jet is still mined there and made up into ornaments for personal wear, but only to a limited extent. Fifty years ago it was a flourishing industry, giving direct employment to 1500 people in Whitby. Now not over thirty are engaged in its production, generally old people, and no others are taking it up. The price of rough jet has fallen in that time from 25 cents an ounce to from 75 cents to \$2.90 a pound. One old Whitby worker now plies his trade in Leeds and exposes his wares for sale at the city market twice a week. He is the only one so engaged in this city. Some Spanish jet, which is harder and more brittle than the English variety, is imported in England.

METCHNIKOFF'S MILK MICROBES.

Years added to the span of life by the introduction of milk microbes in food, is the interesting claim advanced by the eminent scientist, Elie Metchnikoff, professor at the Pasteur Institute, Paris. His "The Prolongation of Human Life," the result of years of research and observation, has met with recognition which stamps his milk bacilli theory with high authority.

As an indication of the growth of scientific knowledge, he refers to the cholera scourge which swept Naples in 1865, going back that far to prove the advancement made in the world of medicine:

Like Schopenhauer who, fearing the cholera, fled in 1830 from Berlin to Frankfurt, I saw no other way of saving myself from the danger than by leaving Naples. Not knowing the cause of cholera, people looked for it everywhere; in the air we breathe; in the food we take, and so forth. They were afraid to come near the sick—they even feared to approach the place where the sick were.

All this was changed after Koch had discovered the cholera vibrio. The assurance that the cholera vibrio is the real cause of the disease immediately dictated the rather simple remedies by which we can guard ourselves against it. The cholera microbe can not withstand heat or dryness, and if we have our food and drinks heated to a certain degree we may become perfectly immune to this disease.

Very gently and carefully does Professor Metchnikoff deal with ignorance and old-fashioned unwillingness to adopt modern methods, but he makes his meaning perfectly plain, laying down broad principles which can not but gratify the advanced thinkers and brace up the timid and wavering:

Thanks to the progress of microbiology, mankind need not fear a series of contagious diseases, such as cholera, the plague, diphtheria, puerperal fever, and many others.

But medical science occupies quite a different position with regard to a large number of chronic ailments which are torturing mankind. What a mass of people are suffering today from so-called disordered digestion and such troubles as gout, diabetes, arterio-sclerosis, and nephritis. All efforts are being made to study these diseases in the light of the latest discoveries in the domains of medical science and chemistry, but as yet all this is not sufficiently successful.

Pasteur supposed that the numerous microbes which are to be found in our digestive organs are of great usefulness to us by making the digestion of our food easier and by improving our nourishment.

Experiments made for the purpose of verifying this hypothesis—very complicated and exceedingly difficult experiments—have thus far produced results which are entirely contrary to this supposition.

He finds that intestinal microbes are not a necessity to the human organism, though they flourish, nevertheless. Aside from the useful microbes, others of an injurious nature inhabit the body, and to determine the microbe action relative to fermentation in the digestive intestines, and its relation to poisoning the organism, he is quoted:

Several years ago I suggested to combat the process of fermentation in the digestive organ and its injurious consequences by the aid of milk ferments. I supposed that the acid produced by these microbes would be effectual in hindering the multiplication of the ferment-producing microbes.

I saw clearly all the difficulties connected with the effort of introducing the new milk microbes into the intestinal flora, which is already occupied by numerous other microbes. To secure the most certain result, I selected a milk microbe which is the strongest acid producer. It is of Bulgarian origin, and is to be found in sour milk in the Balkan States and even in the Don region in Russia.

To prove the effect of the milk microbes it was necessary to take them for a long time daily—for weeks and months—so I used only the pure culture of such microbes. Yagurt, as well as kephir, koumiss, and other various sorts of sour milk, which are for sale, had to be excluded, in view of the fact that these products contain other microbes, some of which are injurious to the human body.

Pure cultures of milk microbes may be prepared either in sterilized or simply boiled milk, or in various bouillons containing some sugary ingredients.

These cultures should be taken in the form of sour milk, or bouillon—this is better than to take them in a more or less dried form.

Vitally interesting is the candid manner in which the scientist discourses about experiments which he made on himself in the absence of patients. His health had left much to be desired for years, despite many forms of treatment, and he turned to his own method:

I discontinued the use of all drinks containing alcohol, and also the use of all raw foods. I drink only boiled water and hoiled milk or very weak tea. As food I take every day a small quantity of meat, and especially carbohydrate stuffs, cooked vegetables, and stewed fruits. To this regimen I add from one to two pots of sour milk, prepared with paracetic bacilli, and also a small cake containing the Bulgarian bacilli, which I eat with jam. Besides this, I eat as many dates as I can containing Bulgarian bacilli, or simply cooked in boiling water.

This regimen I have kept up only recently. But for twelve years I have not used any raw fruits or raw vegetables, and have taken milk ferments in sour milk.

With the introduction of such a regimen my health has improved to such an extent that notwithstanding my sixty-five years I can do a great deal of work. I come of a family in which longevity was unknown. All my brothers died much younger than I am now.

Following this he arrives at the very foundation of his claims—the relation of milk and longevity:

As some of the poisons in the digestive organs act upon the arteries and cause arterio-sclerosis, one of the main symptoms of premature old age, there is nothing surprising in the supposition that the agents which hinder the activity of such poisons can slacken the premature feebleness of our organs. And as milk microbes occupy the first place among these agents, we have a right to suppose that they must exert a favorable influence in the sense of longevity. But it is still necessary to gather many correct facts to make this supposition an invincible reality.

Professor Metchnikoff's first book was published in 1903, and he is still in the prime of life, so the effect of his theories on his own constitution are not yet demonstrated. Whether they will prolong life beyond the normal or not, if they promote health, the life lingers they are of distinct value.

YOSEMITE TRAILS.

J. Smeaton Chase Writes About Camp and Pack Train in the Yosemite Region.

When Mr. J. Smeaton Chase wrote "Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains" he showed not only a marked enthusiasm for the western world, but a delightful power to make that enthusiasm a contagious one. His new book, "Yosemite Trails," has quite as high a value, but it is addressed to a wider audience. He has made three journeys through the Yosemite region of the Sierra Nevada, and now his laudable desire is that others shall go and do likewise. But he had no intention to write a guide-book, at least in the narrower sense of that word. His ideal seems to be that Yosemite travel should be guideless, a matter of the loose rein, of the whim of the moment, and of discursive observation. He is not so anxious that we should see exactly what he saw as that we should see things in the way that he saw them. At the same time those who wish to be guided in the more conventional sense could hardly do better than take this book with them. They may lose something of the delights of unpremeditation, but if they have half so good a time as the author seems to have had they will have no reason to complain that their vacation season was flat, stale, or unprofitable.

It would be interesting to know who is responsible for the irritating names that have been attached to points of interest in the Yosemite. The author himself feels so strongly upon this point that he devotes the whole of his second chapter to a protest. We understand the Widow's Tears, because the stage-driver explains that the fall lasts only two or three weeks. He or some brother Jehu invented the name, and must be forgiven. But why Inspiration Point? If this is in the nature of an instruction that in this particular place some measure of inspiration will be in order we resent it, having a preference for home rule in such matters. Bridal Veil and Virgin's Tears are equally objectionable, and the author's appeal to "a dignified department of the national service" ought not to go unheeded:

Another instance of this ostensive suggestion occurs in the name of Artists' Point. I imagine an artist arriving unexpectedly (as an artist should arrive on the scenes of his successes) at this spot, whence he sees with rejoicing a most true and perfect landscape, without fear and without reproach. Eagerly he seizes upon it and marks it for his own: and with hasty fingers he prepares the instruments of his craft, calling upon Winsor and Newton. He sits down and begins those operations which answer to a preliminary survey in engineering. Suddenly he perceives, close by, an object that looks strangely like a sign-post. He reconnoitres it in the manner of the woodpecker in the story: "Looks like a sign-post; ugly enough for a sign-post; blamed if I don't believe it is a sign-post." Hurriedly he rises and approaches it: it is a sign-post; and it informs him that this is the spot from which, as a matter of course, artists are expected to paint the valley. "Good heavens!" he cries, "am I to be Number Four Hundred and Seventy-Three?" and he loathes the stale sweetness like a man who might discover that his bride had been three times divorced.

The Indian names that abound in the valley are euphonious, but the author was baffled in his attempt to discover their meaning. In the hope of getting some light upon this disputed point the author consulted an Indian guide, Miguel, who was highly intelligent, willing to impart whatever information he had, and confident of its accuracy. But after five minutes of conversation "my hopes faded, and in ten died":

My faith in Miguel's ability as an interpreter was badly shaken early in our interview when he averred that many of the Indian words which I propounded to him had no meanings whatever. One after another of them was declared to be "just same, all same your name: not mean nothing." In vain I labored with him, refusing to believe that it could be as he said, and almost feeling the sincerity of Hiawatha himself to be hanging on the event. Now and then he would verify one of my examples, with an air so frank that I could not suppose him to be deliberately misleading me when, the next moment, he declared some supposed interpretation to be "White man story; no good." When I argued that even white men's names meant something he was vastly interested, but became skeptical when I was at a loss to expound my own at his request. And it was not reassuring to be told, when I put it to him that, after all, the versions I proposed to him had certainly been given by some of his people, "Some time white man fool Indian; some time Indian fool white man maybe." This sounded so alarming at the end of our lengthy debate that I thought it best to retire with what few corroborations I had secured, for fear that a fuller revelation might come; and I did not in the sequel act upon my friend's cordial invitation, "You come 'gain, I tell you some more."

The author has much to say about the psychology of burros in general and of his own in particular, a praiseworthy animal rejoicing in the name of Adam. He advances a theory that the centre of intelligence in the burro is about the middle of the back. First comes a slight elevation of that region, and this is followed by a downward jerk of the head: the ears wag responsively, and last of all the legs receive the percussion and the tough cylinder of the trunk lurches forward. We have a paragraph devoted to one special idiosyncrasy of the worthy Adam:

It was now past sundown, and I hurried the animals down the long descent. I really believe that, as burros go, my good Adam came as near perfection as could well be. He had but one fault, and even that I am willing to believe arose from a physical ailment—his nose appeared to be afflicted with a chronic itch. Fifty times a day he must stop to rub the sensitive organ upon some convenient object (often myself), and his countenance when thus employed expressed a degree of enjoyment which was highly irritating when I desired to make quick progress; though, after all, that occurred but seldom. I recall that David Copperfield's aunt was marked by the same peculiarity, but with her the action seems to have been involuntary and a symptom of perplexity of mind, while Adam made his irritably an excuse for securing a pleasurable titillation.

While near Lake Tenaya the author met a party of Indians, two men, a young woman, and two little girls. His salutation was barely acknowledged by the two men and was entirely ignored by the woman, who was crouching on hands and knees over a smouldering fire, which she was endeavoring to coax into a blaze:

It was difficult to read hospitality into the general situation, and I allowed a minute or two to elapse while I absorbed the pictorial elements of the scene. But I was too well aware of the native taciturnity of the Indians to feel it as a rebuff, and, moreover, I have a genuine liking for them, based, I confess, more upon indirect than upon first-hand knowledge.

The offer of tobacco is today as ever the friendliest advance one can make to an Indian. For that matter, it is understood in the same light by Mexicans and whites also; and I have often been thankful that nature has provided this universal medium of friendly exchanges. It now supplied me with the means of an introduction, and walking forward I tendered my pouch to the older man with a friendly gesture and a word of appreciation of the fire, which was now burning brightly. It was at once accepted, and when at my invitation the younger man and the woman also shared my long-cut, the way was open for a friendly powwow, and in a minute or two we were all seated and smoking sociably. As I used a pipe I was able to abandon the pouch to them, and as cigarette followed cigarette it passed from hand to hand with a rapidity that would have defied the intelligence of a detective.

On taking leave of his new friends for the night Mr. Chase missed his tobacco pouch, a nickel-plated affair, but a feeling of delicacy forbade inquiry or search. In the morning the Indians had gone, so he walked over to their camp in order to search for the pouch—an old friend—in case it had been overlooked in the darkness, but no pouch was to be found:

While I sat at breakfast I saw the older Indian loping down the meadow toward me on his pony. As he came up and we exchanged "Buenos dias!" he held out the pouch to me, explaining that the "muchach" had taken it because it was bright. He was sorry, and he had "heatum good." I thanked him for returning it and asked him to keep it for his trouble, but I could not persuade him to accept it. While we fraternized over the coffee-pot I learned that they had started at sunrise and he had actually ridden back several miles to restore my property. I had known that these Indians bore a high reputation for trustworthiness, but I own I was astonished at this scrupulous honesty, and was heartily ashamed of my suspicions. With some difficulty I got him to accept a small canister of tobacco, and he rode off to overtake his party, under pledge not to "heatum muchach" any further on my account.

The author speaks of the giant sequoias as inspiring not so much admiration as a real and positive awe. One in particular, the Grizzly Giant, he saw first of all at nighttime, and he says that huge as is its bulk by day, it was multiplied tenfold in the peering light of night, when details were obscured and only size and shape were left to possess the imagination:

To me that night it was an awful tree. I felt much as one might who, walking among the gray ruins of Babylon or Thebes, should come on some primeval man, ancient as the very earth, who, overlooked by death, had lived on from age to age, and might now live to the last day of time. Its great arms were uplifted as if in serene adoration, and all around, the lesser forest stood aloof, like the worshippers in an outer temple court, while this, their high priest, communed alone. And when I reflected that on the night before the Crucifixion when Christ stood in Pilate's hall, this tree was standing much as it stood now, lifting its arms, ancient even then, to the hushed sky, it seemed to take on in truth the character of an unconscious intercessor, a representative of the awe-stricken mute creation.

Mr. Chase hopes that no effort will be made to postpone the fall of the Giant when his day shall come. Props or bolsters would be almost an indecency:

No conception whatever of the majesty of the great sequoias is possible to be conveyed by statements of their size. What idea of Charlemagne would you get from his tailor's measurements? I myself always feel that, as illustrating the wonders or beauties of nature, processions and columns of figures (like the well-meant but desolating chatter of cathedral guides) detract from instead of adding to one's vital impression. Speaking in terms of phrenology, I imagine that the "hump"—excuse the inept word—of veneration, for instance, would be found retraced into the farthest possible corner of the cranium from the one that revels in mathematics. When they told me that the Washington tree was a hundred and one feet in circumference and two hundred and forty-five feet high, I only found that I suffered a painful relapse, for I had just been seeing it infinitely greater. One needs to see such things with the spirit: the mind sees them about one-tenth of their size. Lying down at the foot of the pedestal of Grizzly Giant for an hour of enchantment, seeing and hearing invisible and inaudible things, a plague on the gawk who hunders into my dream with "Half a million feet of lumber in that tree, sir!" Is that all there is in that tree? I assure you, my friend, I can see vastly more in it if you will but leave me alone.

The human element is by no means omitted. We are told of a boy musician and his father whom the author met in the Sierra foothills. The man had lived there five years, having come from Guadalajara. His wife was dead and the boy was consumptive and had no other recreation than his music. "Play, Rafaelito," said his father; "the caballero does not know how you can play":

The boy drew his hand from mine, and after a few preliminary chords launched into the most original and brilliant variations on the same air which I had heard him play before. It was astonishing to see him, and would have been almost weird but for the extraordinary beauty of his expression. He lay, rather than sat, facing the little window, which was somewhat high in the wall on the same side as the door, and looked toward the south. The sun shone clearly in upon the lad, broken by the hurried, flickering shadows cast by the slow-moving leaves of the cottonwood. His eyes were fixed upon the sky, and shone with the steady, calm radiance of the evening star; while in strange contrast his sunken chest rose and fell as he played, with the painful agitation of a woman's breast when she sobs. The boy was rapt, ecstatic. The little room, with its humble household contrivances, took on the enchantment, and glowed with the spirit of the pulsating music. José, the father, crouched gazing at the floor in a dream, his elbows on his knees, his hands hanging down and twitching, one foot heating time. Such passion, such freedom, were in the boy's playing—it was not a child playing a toy; it was a Paganini, but a heavenly Paganini.

Two years later Mr. Chase was once more in the vicinity of the cabin and heard once more the music before he came in sight of the player. But it was the father who played. The boy was dead. "He made me learn; he was very patient, my Rafaelito. And was it not fortunate that I learned, señor? It is as though we played together."

Later on we are told about Bodie, whom the author met in the Tiltill. Bodie had once played the part of good Samaritan and had played it well. He had befriended a dejected party of settlers, directing them where to get work, with the result that they had found a permanent home:

"Well, sir, I was over that way a year or so after, to old John's. I'd forgot all about them people; never give 'em another thought. There was a girl about the yard, and when I looked at her I kind of thought I'd seen her face somewhere before, but I couldn't just place her. And then she goes in, and out comes a woman and another girl. It was them same people, clean, tidy, prosperous, and smiling all over their faces and round to their backs with good living and kind feelings. They knew me. Why, that man, he said he'd struck luck right from the time they'd met me, d'you believe it? He'd had good crops, and potatoes were worth ten and twelve and a half cents a pound that year, paid right there at his own dooryard. And flour was twenty dollars a hundred then, too, and he'd got potatoes and flour to sell, and a plenty to eat besides. And that old cow, say, she'd have took a prize; she was a Holstein, and milked like an artesian well as long as she got her wages. And that's how it was with them; I had to go over and eat supper with them that night, and they gave me the whole song and dance."

Bodie had some unusually good bear stories to tell. One in particular related to a man whom he knew who had killed five bears in one night. He was sleeping in the sheep corral and had set up his bed on four posts about ten feet from the ground, "just on account of the bears, they was so annoying":

"Along about eleven or twelve o'clock—moonlight it was, and clear—a bear hops into the corral, and he ups with his gun and he hits him the first shot and wounds him. The bear rolls over and commences to holler and scream outrageous. Then another bear jumps over to see what all this hollering was about, and the Mexican lets drive again and gets him: that was number two. About that time number three happens along, and he plugs him. Then along comes number four and passes in his checks, and pretty soon number five chips in and catches his."

"The Mex. had been doing considerable shooting, on account he'd plugged them half a dozen shots apiece all around, so as not to make no miscue when he got down on the ground. His ammunition was pretty near gone, and he couldn't tell but what there was more bears out on the warpath looking for a scrap. So he waited for half an hour or an hour, maybe, but no more bears come along; and he climbs down at last, pretty much excited, and without so much as waiting to put his boots on he starts down to the ranch-house, three miles away, and wakes up all the men on the ranch and tells them what he'd done."

"Of course they all thought he was lying; but young Neale (that was the son of one of the owners of the ranch), him and some more of the men concluded to go up and find out how much of a liar he was. So they went and looked, and sure enough there was the five bears dead in the corral, and as many as a dozen or fourteen sheep lying around trampled and suffocated."

Another good bear story is about Old Joe, whose many depredations had incurred for him the enmity of the ranchers. Half a dozen of them lay in wait for him in a corral with a couple of dead sheep as bait. Having staked their mules out in the meadow, the men gathered around the fire and passed an hour or two in a symposium of verbal bravery:

When darkness fell they stopped talking and lay down quietly with rifles ready to hand, and waited for events. About nine o'clock the jacks came tearing into camp with their tails to the fire, their necks stretched forward, and their ears working like metronomes, gazing out into the darkness. Presently Old Joe arrived and walked up into the light of the fire, while the mules bolted back into the meadow, where they stood shivering and snorting, their terrified eyes shining greenly in the firelight. But Old Joe was not the hear to take tough mule when there was fresh-killed mutton hanging in plain view. After a few moments of what looked like ostentation, but may have been only indecision, he walked up to the tree where the sheep were hanging, reached up and took down a carcass as if he were a butcher, and walked thoughtfully away. And all the while Hadick and his merry men lay watching, and no man durst put finger to trigger.

Old Joe was never caught, but if he is dead it was the opinion of the narrator that he died with his boots on.

Here we must leave a delightful book, one that is redolent of forest and stream and good companionship and of everything that makes life worth living. It is a book that should help to make Yosemite trails better known among holiday-makers who still have yearnings for nature undefiled.

YOSEMITE TRAILS. By J. Smeaton Chase. With illustrations from photographs and a map. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

In Jamaica there is a premium on the head of every mongoose. Like the English sparrow, the Indian mongoose was imported to Jamaica to drive out snakes, but the agent became, in turn, a pest itself, and the mongoose, in addition to killing snakes, killed chickens and practically every small thing that came within its reach. Consequently, its doom was sealed and a price set upon its head. The United States was forced to follow, and the mongoose can only come into this country by the smuggling process unless it is directed to a zoo.

England's national memorial to King Edward will be erected on a site to be prepared in St. James's Park near Marlborough House and immediately in view of Marlborough Gate. The memorial will consist of a bronze statue of King Edward raised upon a pedestal, with allegorical figures in bronze. In order that the monument may be seen to advantage important changes must be made in St. James's Park.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Human Greatness.

Mr. J. N. Larned has written the kind of book that provokes criticism. At heart we are all hero worshipers and our heroes are all great, but it is quite another thing to define greatness and to agree upon a standard. Mr. Larned's citation of Jesus may be allowed to pass without comment.

The author selects four men for the purposes of his study, Napoleon, Cromwell, Washington, and Lincoln. A plebiscite of the world would, he admits, give to Napoleon the laurels of preëminent greatness, but by the new analysis now offered to us Napoleon becomes "a prodigy without greatness." By the same process Cromwell is found to be somewhat deficient, while Washington and Lincoln alone measure up to the true standard.

There are three things for which we must look in the great man. There must be superlative natural endowment, there must be opportunity for its exercise, and there must be right motive. Napoleon failed at the point of motive, while Cromwell lacked intellectuality. Washington and Lincoln had all three.

But by what "superlative natural endowment" of his own is the author able to judge the motives of the hero? If there is a mystery that is wholly inscrutable it is surely human motive. It is easy to throw opprobrious adjectives at Napoleon, for example, and so relegate him to the ranks of prodigies, but in so doing we only display our own bias, in other words the manner of our hero worship. The verdict that Cromwell lacked intellectuality, that intellectually he was not remarkable, is no more than a personal opinion, and, it may be said, a personal opinion that most men would wish to have forgotten. If Napoleon had succeeded in his avowed project of knitting together the European states under one government he would be hailed today as a beneficent hero and not as a "scourge." If Washington had failed, the estimate of his greatness would be lower than it is.

It seems, then, that Mr. Larned's test must fall, as we are wholly in the dark as to its chief factor, that of motive. There is, indeed, no standard of greatness except the one rejected by the author—that of the general plebiscite. A consensus of intelligent opinion throughout the world is our best indication of greatness, and that one is great whom all others believe to be great. Greatness may exist elsewhere, but at least it exists there. There is such a consensus regarding Napoleon, Alexander, Caesar, Washington, and Lincoln. Such an opinion may not rest upon definitions, but it is none the less unerring. At least it is the best that we have, and infinitely preferable to any method that demands an estimate of the motives of others. We can not estimate even our own.

A STUDY OF GREATNESS IN MEN. By J. N. Larned. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Compensation.

We may be grateful for at least one fine character among many who are either sickly or had. Juliet Steele has married Senator Steele on a mutual basis of good-fellowship and esteem, and when she awakes to the fact that she loves her husband she awakes also to the other fact that it is too late. Senator Steele is thirty-nine, and therefore somewhat old to fall in love with Kathleen Warrens, a girl of nineteen, however deeply read she may be in political economy and however stimulating her influence on the cause of reform. Juliet heroically accepts the situation, and redoubles her efforts to help her husband, who is beset by the "sinister" interests that object to an eight-hour law for the whole country. And so for about three hundred pages the triangular situation continues, the husband and the girl full of a sort of maudlin self-reproach and the heroic wife doing her whole duty to a man whose affections are set elsewhere. There are many telling and pathetic pages, but we feel that the author wants us to admire Senator Steele and we simply can not do it. We can forgive Kathleen because she is only nineteen, but how differently a French writer would handle such a plot and how delightfully he would shock our conventions.

COMPENSATION. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Under the Roof of the Jungle.

Charles Livingston Bull tells us that he was tempted to undertake a journey into British Guiana by a perusal of the book written by Charles Waterton a hundred years ago. The old traveler says that it is a "noble country," and so after the lapse of a century there are still those who take his advice and go to see for themselves. Mr. Bull went to Demerara with sketch book and colors. He went up and down the great rivers, watching silently for the timid wild things—and some that were not timid—to come from their hiding places. He agrees with Waterton that the "amazing landscape" was worth the trouble, and he is to be congratulated on his success in recording his experiences.

The author writes unusually well, but his

illustrations are a pure delight. They prove how immeasurably superior is the brush to the camera, and the selective eye of the artist to the mechanical and indiscriminating lens. There are sixty of these full-page plates and minor decorations galore, and they give a fine idea of the wild life of British Guiana. Certainly Mr. Bull was fortunate in some of his adventures. Not to every one would it be given to witness a fight between a jaguar and a tapir, a fight that comes to an end only when the maddened tapir jumps into deep water and is at once torn to pieces by hundreds of ferocious fishes, the dread perai or caribes.

The author tells us that he very seldom used a gun, preferring live bodies to dead ones. Perhaps that explains his power of vivid description and his success alike with the pen and with the brush.

UNDER THE ROOF OF THE JUNGLE. By Charles Livingston Bull. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$2 net.

Alarms and Discursions.

If Mr. Chesterton ever resents anything he must consider it as an affront to be regarded either as a jester or as a maker of mechanical paradoxes. The average man can conceive of no higher literary mission—nowadays, at least—than to amuse him after the day's work, and so he enjoys Mr. Chesterton even when that genial essayist is explaining to him what an ass he is. For Mr. Chesterton is a humanitarian, first, last, and all the time. There are burning convictions under his paradoxes and a note of indignation behind his jests. Or at least there were. There is a suggestion of discouragement about his later writings.

Chesterton is a lover of London, and therefore lives in the country and so gains perspective and the delights of a metropolitan holiday. It is in the country that he meets the village photographer, who tells him in the monotone of rustic despair of the foul wrong done him by the lord of the manor and then drones out his memorized platitudes on the blessings of hereditary aristocracy. He asks us to laugh with him at the scientist who measured the skull of Charlotte Corday to ascertain the criminal type. Alas for the learned men who know so much about skulls and so little about minds and souls. And there is the criminologist who labels the portrait of Robespierre as showing "deficiency of ethical instincts." As well, he says, might we so describe John Bunyan. Robespierre may have been morbid, unbalanced, mad, but it was because he thought too much about morality, not too little, "if he was mad, he was mad on ethics." And as for the criminologist "I do not know whose heads are criminal, but I think I know whose heads are imbecile."

Mr. Chesterton's mission is certainly not to make us laugh, but rather to shake us off our mental rails, to prove that our truisms are often false and our axioms untrustworthy. He has never done so more winsomely than in his latest book.

ALARMS AND DISCURSIONS. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50.

The Wastrel.

The wastrel is John Peter Assenovich Cullayne, and he is called the wastrel because he is one. His father is a gentleman of fortune, a fighter for lost causes, an adventurer in Cuba and in Turkey. Times being comparatively dull, he has settled in Rhode Island, where he amuses himself by smuggling and shipping contraband of war to Cuba. Somewhere in eastern Europe he has a mysterious wife, and his neglected boy wonders passionately about his mother, and is all the more passionate because his little sweetheart Marjorie has the kind of mother that boys love. Then the elder Cullayne is killed in a fight with revenue men, and after a few years the boy finds that he has the means and opportunity to go in quest of the mother of whom he knows nothing.

Of his adventures in Turkey the book must speak for itself. Perhaps there are feudal castles in eastern Europe whose ragged retainers are ready to welcome an American as their hereditary chief and to win his aid in the struggle against Turkish oppression, but we feel that we are suddenly transported into a kind of "Zenda" atmosphere of which we were unwarned. Moreover, an army of 30,000 men seems an amazingly large force for the reduction of one half-ruined mediaeval castle that could be knocked to pieces by artillery in ten minutes. The author's romantic exuberance ran away with him here, but the story is really a delightful one, in spite of its concluding extravagances.

THE WASTREL. By Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30.

The Bolted Door.

The author selects a plot that is already somewhat service worn. Uncle Oliver leaves his fortune to Natalie Judson and Brooke Garriote on condition that they marry each other. Naturally they hate each other forthwith and with a religious fervor. But they need the money, and so they patch up an arrangement and summon the clergyman. It need not be said that the "bolted door" is to be found behind Brooke's study and Na-

talie's bedroom. Nor need it be said that the bolt is not allowed to rust in its socket.

The story is prettily told, although if we should find Natalie straying outside the covers of a book we should shake her into common sense. It is often so with heroines. They take advantage of their shadowy inaccessibility.

THE BOLTED DOOR. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

From the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, comes a "Dictionary of Musicians," by W. J. Baltzell, containing concise biographical sketches of musicians of the past and present with the pronunciation of foreign names. Price, \$1.25.

Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott tells the whole story of the historic attempt to steal the English crown jewels in a little volume entitled "Colonel Thomas Blood, Crown Stealer, 1618-1680." It is published by the Yale University Press, New Haven. Price, \$1.

"The Book of Roses," by Louis Durand (John Lane Company; \$1), is the best treatise on the queen of flowers now in sight. It contains twenty chapters on the various departments of rose culture, its many illustrations are admirable, and it has a certain scholarly touch that distinguishes it among gardening books.

"Deuteronomy," by W. G. Jordan, has now been added to the Bible for Home and School series, issued under the general editorship of Professor Shailer Mathews (Macmillan Company; 75 cents). This series is intended to place the results of the best modern biblical scholarship at the disposal of the general reader and to do so without duplicating other commentaries to which the student must turn.

"Fighting with Fremont," by Everett McNeil (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50), is a story for boys and one that introduces most of the historic figures in the conquest of California. Kit Carson, of course, plays his part, and his omission would be unjustifiable from the youthful point of view. There are adventures galore and of every legitimate kind, and historical accuracy is never forgotten.

Those who expect to find a display of truculence or ferocity in "Anarchism and Other Essays," by Emma Goldman, will be disappointed. In exceptionally good language and without passion the author attacks some of the evils of modern society, but she fails altogether to show that the remedy for bad government is no government at all. The book is published by the Mother Earth Publishing Association, New York. Price, \$1.

"The Antigone of Sophocles," by Joseph Edward Harry (Robert Clarke Company), is a new acting version of the drama with a full analysis of many scenes of King Œdipus, an outline of Œdipus at Colonus and of the Seven Against Thebes of Æschylus. Professor Harry is a competent translator not only because of his classical knowledge, but also because of a certain enthusiastic sympathy that shows itself in an unflinching choice of word and expression.

"In the Early Days," by Adelaide Hickox (Broadway Publishing Company; \$1.50), is an attempt to put the story of the life of Christ into a form conveniently simple for teachers and Bible readers. It might be thought that the narrative as found in the New Testament has already the virtues of convenience and simplicity, but on the other hand there may be those who prefer that narrative translated into a pedagogical style and in the irritating form of question and answer. It is a matter of taste.

Those who want a delicious idyll of a country village in Wales should read "The End of a Song," by Jeannette Marks (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.15). We may wonder if all Welsh villages are so full of the milk of human kindness as was Bethel and whether it is really quite so easy to dispose of a family of twelve orphan children as was done there. Why even Shon, the richest and the meanest man in the place, who gave only seven shillings when the Morris cottage was washed away in the flood, was persuaded to adopt one of the children, and when his wife cast a yearning glance toward the baby he took the baby, too.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Justice of the King.

Those whose conception of the character of Louis XI. of France is derived from "Quentin Durward" should read this fine story by Hamilton Drummond. We lose nothing of Scott's picture of cruelty, revenge, and cunning, but we gain a new idea of the king's subtlety of intellect, a power of will that defied weakness and disease, and a passionate patriotism that provoked ruthlessness, but never self-indulgence.

The text of the novel is the king's jealousy of the dauphin and his willingness to murder his own son, and by the most shameful of means, rather than that the remnant of his life shall be shadowed by treason. The king is at Valmy and the dauphin at Amboise, and to Amboise go Commynes and La Mothe in order to ferret out the suspected conspiracy and to enmesh not only the prince, but his companion, Mlle. de Vesse. But La Mothe is young, he does not realize his villainous errand, and so he succumbs to the beauty of mademoiselle and becomes a partisan of the dauphin, saving his life on two separate occasions. It is all most charmingly told, without the affectation of ancient speech and with a careful attention to the characters of the actors that satisfies and convinces. The author is able to inspire us even with a certain respect for Louis XI and with a recognition of underlying virtue that has more usually been denied to one of the greatest kings of France. The concluding chapters of this most successful romance are especially worthy of praise.

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.20.

American Oratory.

It is to be wished that Professor Edwin Du Bois Shurter had given us some definition of oratory as a preface to the one hundred and sixty illustrations that he draws from the ranks of living public speakers in America. For oratory seems to be something more than the power to speak effectively in public, or to write notable sentiments and to read them aloud from a manuscript as one reads from a book, or even to learn them by heart and recite them as one recites a poem. Otherwise every acceptable writer would also be an orator potentially. Oratory seems to imply some peculiar fineness of public speech and to suggest inspiration, like poetry or art. It springs from the emotion of the moment rather than from premeditation. It must surely have an element of impromptu.

We may therefore wonder if there are one hundred and sixty orators in America or in the world. Ancient Rome had only one or two at a time. Is Mr. Carnegie an orator? It seems so, as he is quoted here. Is Charles J. Bonaparte an orator, or Jacob Riis, or Ray Stannard Baker? They all appear in this volume, with many other names of men who have made striking public utterances and speeches of great practical value, but who are not orators unless the word has lost the fine meaning that once belonged to it.

AMERICAN ORATORY OF TODAY. Edited by Edwin Du Bois Shurter. San Francisco: South-West Publishing Company.

A Gentleman of the Road.

This is an English story with a plot laid about a hundred years ago, when the highwayman was an institution and ladies were abducted from their homes by the bold villains that pursued them. Indeed, there is an abduction at the beginning of the story, and we are surprised to find how easily such things could be done. The villain is foiled for the moment, but he continues his pursuit all through the story. There is also an interesting young highwayman for whom we could wish a better fate, and the final chapter that shows us the horrors of Tyburn we could spare altogether.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD. By Horace Blackley. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Colonel Todhunter.

Mr. Ripley D. Saunders has drawn for us a picture of the Missouri gentleman that will be remembered pleasantly after the book is read. Colonel Todhunter is honorable, garrulous, and humorous. He is always ready to make a speech and to fight like a hero for his political friends. And when it comes to saving his daughter's lover from a charge of murder the colonel plays the hero. "The next best thing, suh, to livin' victorious," he says, "is dyin' game," a sentiment that is not exactly new, but that certainly can never be old.

COLONEL TODHUNTER OF MISSOURI. By Ripley D. Saunders. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

When Half-Gods Go.

The author, Mrs. Helen R. Martin, is a woman and presumably knows what she is doing when she makes her heroine Edith marry Rohert, Newhold and continue to tolerate and to love him after she discovers his real nature. With his conceit, his hypocrisy, and his infidelity, he is certainly the most insufferable jackanapes that ever found his way into a novel. Another hateful creature is "affinity," Dorothea, who comes to help

Newhold and his wife in their music conservatory. She talks "higher life" twaddle until we are sick, alienates husband and wife, reduces Rohert to a state of infuriated imbecility, and we are evidently expected to regard her as brilliant, sincere, but misguided. We diagnose Dorothea's ailment as soon as we meet her, and it is a bad case of suppressed matrimony and the moral paralysis that follows it.

The story, which is told in the form of letters, has the fault of character exaggeration and of a lack of sympathy between author and reader. Newhold and Dorothea are too bad and Edith is too good, and we can not quite accept the author's view of either of them.

WHEN HALF-GODS GO. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. New York: The Century Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

It is an odd thing, but the present-day public will not favor a fortnightly publication. The *Ladies' Home Journal*, with all its capital and prestige, could not make the twice-a-month issue successful and will give up the attempt.

"Beatrice Fairfax," who in real life was Miss Annie Winifred Scatterd, died in New York on March 27. Miss Scatterd had written for the *New York Journal* over her pseudonym for twelve years, and her intimate paragraphs for women had made the pen-name widely known. Even in musical comedy the song, "Write to Beatrice Fairfax, whenever you're in doubt," struck a popular chord.

Two California stories are being brought out by Richard G. Badger. They are "The Dawn Meadow," by Miss G. A. Dennen, and "Don Sagasto's Daughter," by Paul H. Blades.

One of the most persistent traditions of history is shattered in "The Real Captain Kidd," which Duffield & Co. are to publish on April 25. There is no buried treasure awaiting some lucky explorer, and Kidd himself was no bloodthirsty pirate, but a much-abused gentleman whose sole fault was a gallant attempt to do his duty. Various great personages being in need of a scapegoat, Kidd was selected for the part. So thorough was the work of condemnation that not only was the poor man hung, but also his memory blackened for centuries. Now Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton has taken the trouble to investigate the case from the standpoint of a modern lawyer. The trial itself he finds a farce, the evidence at best flimsy and at times almost openly perjured. The whole affair, the author makes clear, was a judicial murder. It is rather a pity to lose such a picturesque figure as the mythical Kidd, but the real man that Sir Cornelius sets before us is, in his way, fully as interesting.

M. Jules Claretie's latest novel has been translated by Miss Mary J. Safford and will be published soon by D. Appleton & Co., under the curious title, "Which Is My Husband?"

The Hon. John Bigelow, now in his ninety-fourth year, is in Europe to rest from his prolonged labors on his "Retrospections," of which the first three volumes were published last year by the Baker & Taylor Company, and of which the later volumes are now nearly ready for the press. Mr. Bigelow has just been honored by a formal critique of his work, which has been read before the French Academy. On his return from Europe Mr. Bigelow expects to complete his great book.

One of the successes of the New Theatre this season, Mary Austin's "Arrow Maker," will be published in book form almost immediately by Duffield & Co.

Edmund Clarence Stedman's kindness to young writers is the burden of a brief paper of reminiscences by William H. Rideing in the *Book-News Monthly*. A mere acknowledgment, "I shall read it with great pleasure," or the old equivocal, "I shall lose no time in reading it," is usually as much as the trembling neophyte expects. "Imagine, then, what it meant to him to receive one of Stedman's letters, as he was sure to do if he had any promise or gift at all, showing that the book, moist from the press, had been read from the first line to the last, and sifted for what was good in it, and not for what was bad, and that a master high on Parnassus had caught in 'it the gleam of a jewel, the scent of a flower, or the ripple of melody.'"

Fifty years have elapsed since Henri Murger's death, and according to law his works today have become public property. The event is recorded throughout France. If in no other way Henri Murger's name would be saved from oblivion in that it was he who first brought into life the word "bohemian," applied to people who take a free and easy view of life and attach no importance to so-called conventionalities (says a writer in the *Gentlewoman*). Poor himself, Murger had formed a kind of club of young artists and authors similarly situated. They christened their association "Bohemian" and themselves "bohemians," little thinking that this denomination would one day become famous in general literary history. Murger contributed a great mass of "copy" to numerous periodicals.

He also published two volumes of poetry, "Ballades et Fantaisies" and "Les Nuits d'Hiver." He even wrote dramas for the Luxembourg Theatre and tales for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; but he only made his reputation by his "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," with which his name is so intimately connected.

Frederick Taher Cooper, who has contributed many critical studies to the *Bookman*, has written a volume on contemporary American authors which Henry Holt & Co. will publish. The writers whose work is considered in this volume are Marion Crawford, Robert Herrick, Robert W. Chambers, Winston Churchill, David Graham Phillips, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Ellen Glasgow, Gertrude Atherton, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Johnston, Edith Wharton, and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Dallas Lore Sharp is an admirer of John Burroughs and in his collection of essays published by the Houghton Mifflin Company under the title, "The Face of the Fields," he gives an estimate of Burroughs's work. "Others," he says, "have written of nature with as much love and truth as has Mr. Burroughs, and each with his own peculiar charm: Audubon, with the spell of wild places and the thrill of fresh wonder; Traherne, with the ecstasy of the religious mystic; Gilbert White, with the sweetness of the evening and the morning; Thoreau, with the heat of noonday; Jefferies, with just a touch of twilight shadowing all his pages. Take Mr. Burroughs's work as a whole, and it is beyond dispute the most complete, the most revealing, of all our outdoor literature."

New Books Received.

THE RECORDS OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787. Edited by Professor Max Farrand. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; Three vols., \$15.

MARY. By Winifred Graham. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35.

A MAN OF TWO COUNTRIES. By Alice Harriman. New York and Seattle: The Alice Harriman Company; \$1.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Louis C. Alexander. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50.

A POET'S ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

THE DOMINANT SEX. By Annie Nathan Meyer. New York: Brandeis; \$1.

"A distinctly able play," says William Archer.

THE EVOLUTION OF LITERATURE. By A. S. Mackenzie. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$2.50.

An attempt to show how the evolution of literature has gone hand in hand with that of society and civilization.

BUTTERED TOASTS. By Fred Emerson Brooks. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

"Every toast new and original. None dry."

AMERICANS ALL. By John Merritte Driver. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.20.

A novel of the Civil War.

REGULING THE CRESCENT. By F. G. Afalo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.

A survey of the reform movement in Turkey. With twenty-four illustrations from photographs and a map.

GLEANINGS FROM FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA. By Archibald Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

BELL AND WING. By Frederick Fanning Ayer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A collection of new poems.

OLD RELIABLE. By Harris Dickson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

THE HIGH HAND. By Jacques Futelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

THE HAUNTED PAJAMAS. By Francis Perry Elliott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

THE STOLEN SINGER. By Martha Bellinger. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

THE BROWN MASK. By Percy Brebner. New York: Cassell & Co.; \$1.20.

Philadelphia people are talking over the engagement of the Rev. F. Percival Farrar, rector of Sandringham and domestic chaplain to King George, and Miss Nora Davis, only daughter of the late L. Clarke Davis, long of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. The Rev. Mr. Farrar is the son of Canon Farrar, and when the noted English divine was visiting George W. Childs, nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Childs asked Canon Farrar to give him one of his boys, for there were eight of them, and Mr. Childs had none. In response F. Percival Farrar came into the Childs home in 1892 as a member of the family, and began work on the *Public Ledger*, first as a reporter, and then as private secretary to L. Clarke Davis, the managing editor. Farrar was invited to the Davis home, and became a great friend of the only daughter, who was then twenty years old. Canon Farrar later asked his son to come home and study for the ministry, and he has had a successful career in England. He never forgot Miss Davis, and now they are to be married in London in July. Mr. Childs, Canon Farrar, and L. Clarke Davis have all passed away. The Rev. Mr. Farrar is now about forty years old, and Miss Davis, a sister of Richard Harding Davis, is a few years his junior.

A Case of Mutual Benefit

Comparatively few of the fifty or sixty thousand regular daily patrons of the street-cars in this city have more than a faint idea of the vastness of the enterprise, the capital involved and the night-and-day thought devoted to bettering the system for the mutual benefit of public and owners alike.

It is only natural and human to consider that corporations must spend large sums annually for equipment, extensions, repairs, etc., but only when it is considered that the United Railroads have spent nearly \$12,000,000 during the last four and one-half years on improvements—track, buildings, and equipment—the thought is convincingly driven home in a most pleasing manner that the company is working with all haste to give San Francisco the finest street-car service in the country.

Rome was not built in a day. No great enterprise developed full-fledged and perfect at once. Neither is it within the bounds of human possibility to give every portion of the city an ideal car service at once. All other conditions being considered, however, San Franciscans have reason to feel proud of the manner in which the work of street railway extension has been carried on, when business inactivity is observed about the Bay.

Approximately twelve million dollars carefully paid out for general improvements in the period mentioned tells in a nutshell of the great faith expressed in San Francisco's future. And plans are under consideration for still further improvements of a permanent and beneficial nature.

In the end the public benefits from every additional rail laid, from every new piece of work accomplished, and from every improvement in cars and service. It is well known that this is a straight business proposition on the part of the operating concern, but it is a business proposition which results in agreeable benefit and satisfaction to public and company alike. As the steam roads opened and developed new countries and reduced distance to practically nothing, benefiting millions of people in millions of ways, so it is with street-cars. Railroads are not perfect, but they are day by day exercising every effort to increase their growth and give quicker and more efficient service. Street-car service is not perfect, but it is becoming better every day, as lines are extended throughout the city, new cars added, and every effort made to meet conditions and advance for the swiftly coming future.

That quite an army of trained men is required to operate the cars day and night in this city is evidenced by the fact that in round numbers 1800 conductors and motormen are regularly employed.

Since April, 1906, 77 1/2 miles of track have been reconstructed and 22 3/4 miles of new track built; two hundred and fifty new cars of the larger type have been put into service, twelve suburban cars on the San Mateo branch, in addition to the building of eighteen of the larger cable cars for the Sacramento Street and Castro Street lines. On top of all that comes the advent of the large, comfortable, pay-as-you-enter cars. A number of them are now in operation, and it will be a matter of no great time when the entire eighty P-A-Y-E cars, costing over half a million dollars, will be added to the passenger-carrying service of the United Railroads.

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ACTING AT THE ORPHEUM.

Sidney Drew has always found it difficult to come out from the shadow of a great name, but his misfortune, if so positive a word may be used, rests more in errors of judgment concerning his vehicle than in any lack of technical equipment or temperament. In other terms, if he did not resemble and suggest John Drew, and if he could oftener have a part with some depth and color in a good play, he would be considered one of the best light comedians of the day. He is at the Orpheum this week in a well constructed dramatic sketch, and there are few faults in his work to be pointed out by the critical. He is easy but forceful, never obviously comic, but enjoyably prompt and direct, and, with all the restraint of an artist, his every word and gesture are weighted with expression. The playlet, "The Yellow Dragon," is a leaf from experience in China, when a demonstration against the foreign residents seems to threaten an American household. Mr. Drew, as a Secret Service officer, comes on the scene in time to share and finally to avert the danger by signaling an American warship in the harbor. It is a credit to vaudeville audiences that there is so little melodrama in the sketch. There is no exhibition of weapons, and no rescuing party of marines to fill the background at the close, but these elements are skillfully suggested, and it could not go better, unless perhaps with the gallery, were they brought into view. Mr. Drew is supported by a capable little company, including his wife and son. Mrs. Drew is hardly less effective than her husband, and altogether pleasing. The young Mr. Drew makes up very well as a Chinese official, and shows good training. In spite of its serious situation and tense action the sketch is a little comedy of suspense, well worthy of its principal figures.

Another dramatic offering in the long and remarkably well-balanced bill is Claude Gilligwater's adaptation of the Pygmalion and Galatea complication, under the title "The Awakening of Minerva." Mr. Gilligwater is not subtle, either as author or actor in this effort. He does not have a high regard for his audience, and in this he makes a mistake. The first-class vaudeville houses now attract a really critical and appreciative class. There is nothing too good for them. They may not be in the majority, but they will be soon, and their approval is the thing worth striving for. Mr. Gilligwater is a versatile comedian. He has had good parts in pretentious musical comedy and carried them successfully. In vaudeville he lets himself down half a tone or more. He is still amusing, but with obvious effort and mediocre methods. One of the members of his company, Carlyn Strelitz, is a distinct contrast. She has but few lines, but they are read with sincerity and expressive art. One could well believe that Miss Strelitz would shine in more distinguished company and in more trying circumstances.

Elsie Faye in her singing and dancing act is clearly the pick of the basket this week. It would seem that Miss Faye might easily have a place among the few brightest and highest-priced stars of vaudeville if she would find a way to dispense with the services of her two chummy and cheerful male companions. They are out of harmony with the choicest features of her specialty, and add nothing to any part of it. It is granted that they are well-groomed young men, and clever hard-soled dancers, but they are not needed as foils by so well equipped an artist. Miss Faye is piquantly attractive in face and figure, a gifted mimic, has a small but tuneful voice which is used with admirable discretion, and dances like a sprite. She has the vivacity and un-studied grace of youth, with the acquired ability to make certain her appeal to the audience in song or pose. Twenty minutes of Miss Faye *solus* would be none too much in any bill, and her applause would be even more generous at the end than now.

The time is not auspicious for Mlle. Bianci Froelich. Theatre-goers have had nearly a surfeit of dancing of the classical and symbolic types. Mlle. Froelich feels this in the atmosphere, and is a bit haughty and disdainful. But she is a pretty woman and thoroughly schooled in her art. She deserves a clearer field and a less jaded appreciation. Her dances are chosen with discrimination and executed with skill and precision. Her assistant, M. Ivan Bankoff, is characteristically Russian in style, and not altogether an ideal partner in the dances for two. In earlier

years much less accomplished and finished classic dancing on the Orpheum stage has stirred enthusiasm. Other standards have been established since.

There are many old boys, with silvered hair and without, who wonder why the "minstrel show" no longer has the mirth and melody of thirty-five years ago. Coakley, Hanvey, and Dunleavy are certainly as good singers and comedians as the average in old-time companies, but what an empty echo of the black-faced wizardry that is gone but can not be entirely forgotten! The fault is not with the painted rows of Shrinola countenances that fill the places of the missing members in these "Town Hall Minstrels." Even in the old days there were many figures in the semicircle that might well have been painted on the back-drop. The fashion in fun has changed. Just the same goods are furnished, but we longer like the way they are made up. The jokes are just as old, the songs, when they are not rag-time, are just as good, the huck and wing, and the essence of old Virginia, are still offered, rhythmically grotesque; but it is a sad business after all. There never was but one Emerson—that is in this line—but one Birch and one Backus, and they happened to come on the stage at just the right time.

On the programme Miss Irene Romain has a single line—"versatile artist." That is a lot in two words, but one wonders why the resourceful press agent restrained his impetuous eloquence. That is, one wonders until Miss Romain has come and gone. Briefly, and kindly, he it said that Miss Romain is for the parlor, and among friends. She is a pretty girl, with intelligence, elocutionary longings, and some little skill at the piano, but she labors under a grave misapprehension concerning song as entertainment. It requires a skill that she has not yet acquired to talk successfully verse set to music. And the feat never rises to par with the best performers in that exercise. An unqualified victory comes to those who can not sing only when they do not try.

Hoop-rolling and diablo-juggling are no longer novelties, but the four Konez Brothers are not tiresome in their act made up of these specialties. They have some original team-work, and are quick and sure of hand.

M. Helsey introduces the white French poodle "Dick," as the canine penman. A fountain gush is strapped to the dog's right fore-foot, and when he rests it against the paper pad on an upright easel some agency moves the brush in conventional lines. A triangle, a square, a circle, a donkey's head, and a hold signature are in succession drawn on the large sheets. And while the art work is going on Dick looks over one shoulder or the other at his master with a whimsical expression of unconcern or mild apprehension. He is evidently modest, and almost distressed with the idea of displaying his culture before a miscellaneous gathering. Dick understands the French language only, but he draws in American. Almost inexpressible isn't it. Ah, these dumb intelligences are some mysterious, surely. But M. Helsey, in spite of his fragmentary English, is easily understood.

Summing up, there are at least five acts on the Orpheum bill this week which offer entertainment of a good standard. They are actually creations of the class of theatres of which the Orpheum is a fine example. They are acts that were unknown to the variety stage of twenty years ago, brighter, more carefully elaborated, and free from any taint of vulgarity. Some of them are permanent in nature; they will persist, and he improved. Others will change or be lost in the progress of this wonderfully and deservedly popular idea of varied attractions brought together in one programme. It is not what vaudeville was, but what it is going to be, that should divert the theatrical writers. One thing is certain: it will not go the way of black-face minstrelsy, which was a hybrid in the beginning and has failed to reproduce.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

The new play by Eugene Walter, founded on a theme by Walter Hackett, has been changed from "Homeward Bound" to "Mrs. Maxwell's Mistake." This production will have its New York premiere at Maxine Elliott's Theatre next Monday night. Margaret Illington will be featured in the title-role of Mrs. Maxwell.

Anna Pavlowa, the Russian hallerina, had a farewell in New York last week at which Mordkin did not appear. The two will return to America next season, however, and travel with their own company of dancers. It is said they will not again appear in grand opera here.

Arthur Cunningham is playing a sort of George Monroe rôle at the new Winter Garden Theatre in New York, and his partner is Harry Fisher, who worked with Monroe in "The Midnight Sons."

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

F. Ziegfeld's famous musical revue, "The Follies of 1910," begins a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre Easter Sunday night, April 16. During the stay of the "Follies" in San Francisco there will be matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mr. Ziegfeld, who is well known in the West through his association with Anna Held's big productions, is bringing his original Jardin de Paris-New York cast of celebrated players, chorus, and production. The presentation here of the "Follies" will mark the first of any of Mr. Ziegfeld's famous revues west of Chicago. The 1910 work, which is by Harry B. Smith, Gus Edwards, Maurice Levi, Julian Mitchell, and numerous others, is in three acts and sixteen scenes. The cast is made up of such talent as Bickel and Watson, Bert Williams, formerly of Williams and Walker, Bohly North, who appeared here in the original Kolth and Dill productions at the old Fischer's Theatre, Billy Reeves, W. Wania, the imperial Russian dancer, William C. Shrode, Quigg and Nickerson, Peter Swift, Charles Hessong, Miss Lillian Lorraine, Fanny Brice, Shirley Kellogg, Evelyn Carleton, Florence Gardner, Arline Boley, Margaret Morris, Vera Maxwell, Fawn Conway, Lottie Vernon, Daisy Virginia, and seventy-five Anna Held girls.

Lew Dockstader and his merry minstrels will hold forth for the last times at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday and Sunday nights, and commencing Monday evening Olga Nethersole will begin a brief engagement. Ever since Henri Bernstein's play, "The Thief," had its great success a few years ago, that dramatist has been held in high esteem in this country. Consequently the new play from his pen, "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray," which Miss Nethersole will present for six nights only, is looked forward to with much pleasurable anticipation. "Le Bercail," the original French title of the play, was a great success at the Gymnase in Paris. George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., saw the play there and pounced upon the American rights. He turned it over to Louis N. Parker, author of "Rosemary," "Pomander Walk," and "Disraeli," and adapter of "Chantecler," "L'Aiglon," and "Cyrano de Bergerac," to be Englished and prepared for our stage. Then came the hunt for a woman to play the leading rôle. Liebler's stellar forces included several emotional actresses of power, but in one case there was an aversion to playing the part of the woman who erred, and in others plays of tried popularity were keeping their players busy. So it was not until Olga Nethersole joined the fold that "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray" saw the light. This is Miss Nethersole's first year as a Liebler & Co. star. Hitherto this actress has managed herself. It is believed that the new conditions will widen the scope of her achievements. "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray" has been staged under Mr. Parker's supervision, and the cast will be a strong one, made up of both English and American players. During the second and last week of her engagement at the Savoy Theatre, commencing Monday evening, April 24, Miss Nethersole will make her first appearance in "Sister Beatrice." This miracle play by Maurice Maeterlinck was a great success when it was first presented in this country at the New Theatre.

Six of the acts that compose next week's Orpheum programme will be entirely new. An original feature will be a one-act play entitled "The Suspect," which has only recently been produced in this country, although it has a record of over three thousand performances in England. W. A. Brady, the famous theatrical manager who presents the drama, has given it a thoroughly adequate cast, which includes Walter Green, Westcott B. Clark, John Goodall, and Laura Lemmers. Mysterious is the most appropriate adjective to describe the Spirit Paintings that will be produced by P. T. Selbit, on behalf of Dr. Wilmar, the discoverer of the process. Mr. Selbit places two canvases upon easels, after they have been carefully examined by the audience, then a committee selects two pictures from a collection of forty-eight of the world's most famous masterpieces, whereupon portraits of the chosen ones appear on the canvases, faintly at first and then gradually growing more distinct, till they become perfect in coloring, detail, etc., as the originals. This astounding development takes place in full view of the spectators, and the canvases are not touched or in any way meddled with during the progress of the paintings. The completed pictures are passed among the audience for inspection. Taylor, Kranzman, and White, three clever soloists and comedians, will appear in a skit called "Musical Foolishness," which is a series of melodious hits. Bedini and Arthur, who style themselves the "Jovial Jugglers," will manifest their quality. The Five Satsudas are the latest quintet imported by the Orpheum Circuit from Japan. During their engagement here they will display their dexterity as gymnasts and equilibrists, and a feature of their act will be K. Mankicki, the famous Japanese comedian. For their farewell week Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will present for the first time in this city a dramatic episode entitled

"The Still Voice," by George Cameron, which is the pen name of Mrs. Drew. Next week will be the last of Elsie Faye, assisted by Joe Miller and Sam Weston, and Dick, the canine penman.

At the Columbia Theatre, following "The Follies of 1910," comes Sarah Bernhardt; David Belasco's production of "The Lily," with Nance O'Neil and others; John Drew in "Smith," and Billy Burke in "Suzanne."

Pauline Hall is prominent in the cast of "Love and Politics," a musical comedy now playing in Chicago, and sings the lullaby from "Erminie" as a melancholy memory.

Art collectors and admirers of the late Clyde Fitch, the playwright, paid more than \$50,000 for his effects at the sale last week in New York.

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VANITY FAIR.

A pretty mess they have made of it in the grand duchy of Oldenburg, good, stolid, justice-loving Germans, too, who should have known better than to walk into such a bramble hush. They are short of money in Oldenburg, and the maiden aunt of the president of the financial committee of the Diet said she thought it was a shame—"eine scham"—that unmarried people should pay no more taxes than married ones, and that if she were the president of the financial committee of the Diet, instead of only his maiden aunt, she would find a way to raise the money. She said "unmarried people" because it made her blush to say bachelors, but she meant bachelors all the same. Now that set the president thinking, and as a result he introduced a bill taxing all "unmarried people" between the ages of thirty and fifty. The worthy man thought that was what his aunt really meant, whereas of course she was thinking of men only, as maiden aunts often do.

Then the storm broke, and the Diet was divided into factions. On one side were the married members, who said it was a burning shame to tax women because they were not married. Misfortune and calamity, they said, should be exempt from such unworthy discriminations. Are women, they asked, responsible for their single state? Have they not moved heaven and earth to avoid it? Shall misery and disaster henceforth be scheduled as taxable in the grand duchy of Oldenburg? If it could be proved that any woman had remained single through cussedness—"Halsstarrigkeit"—that would be another matter, but it could not be proved. It was opposed to the known facts. It was contrary to reason and experience. And even if there were such women, how could the offense be proved against them? Must the government appoint a commission to decide in each case whether reasonable efforts had been made? Moreover, how could the authorities tax an unmarried woman until they themselves were satisfied of her guilt by presenting her with some willing victim and offering her the alternative of marriage or taxation? There would be no such women, and therefore there would be no revenue. It was Dr. Mithler who voiced these objections, and he was heard with enthusiastic but inaudible and invisible applause.

But they seem likely to tax the unmarried men in Oldenburg. Some daring member did indeed suggest that the same objections would apply as in the case of the women. How could they be sure that the wretch's disgusting condition of singleness was due to indolence or indifference and not to misfortune? What proof could be offered that he was lacking in energy and initiative? But of course it was easy to answer him, and he was answered on the spot. In our vulgar American slang he got it in the neck. So long as there was one unmarried woman in the grand duchy of Oldenburg there was one recalcitrant and impenitent bachelor, and no claim of lack of opportunity could be entertained for a moment. His plea would be a transparent subterfuge and should be forthwith taxed into contrition and reform.

It is strange that the eugenic people can not see their own foolishness, but then who can? We are all painfully conscious of one another's shortcomings, but not of our own. Now falling in love—and it is about the only fun we have left to us—is so purely delightful because it is so wholly unreasonable. It is the only thing we do from unguided instinct, and as a result the moment we begin to reflect about it, to weigh pros and cons, ways and means, heredity and environment, germs and hygiene, we either don't do it at all or we make a hideous mess of it. What on earth is the use of inciting a man toward deliberation and foresight in the matter of marriage except on the principle of imploring the thief to reflect on the jail before he commits the burglary? If he exercised deliberation and foresight he would never commit either matrimony or burglary. When nature provides some essential duty that must be well done she makes it a matter of pleasurable and unreflecting impulse. She knows very well that if we direct our alleged minds towards it we shall make a hopeless failure. What happens to the hungry man who refuses to eat because it is not yet one o'clock? He becomes a hypochondriac and a dyspeptic, and both hypochondria and dyspepsia are created by the hygienists who compel us to use our minds when we ought to use only our instincts, impulses, and appetites.

Sir James Barr, a celebrated English physician, is one of these eugenic cranks. He says a friend of his advised a young man not to fall in love with a girl until he had seen her mother, but he, Sir James, would advise him to examine the family tree a generation or two further back. Ye gods and little fishes! As well advise a man not to fall over a precipice until he had examined the rock formations at the bottom. Fancy deciding to fall in love, or deliberately hunting up the girl's mother. Why, the girl's mother will show up in good time, and her father. We don't go hunting trouble that way.

No, we don't intend to fall in love by eugenics. The old way is good enough yet. We are generally much too far gone

before our footing is good enough to turn up at the house with callipers or to be allowed to examine the fair one's back teeth. And as for the family tree—no, thanks. By the way, the staff poet of the *Daily Chronicle* puts the thing into verse, pretty poor verse, but then it's a pretty poor subject. He says:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That to the witchery
Of thy bright lustre I am blind,
Or that from thee I flee.

True, a new quarry now I chase—
Thy mother I would see,
And back at least to Noah trace
Thine ancient pedigree.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not lineage more.

When Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin begins to talk about finance we feel that he is straying from the corral. He does it rather flagrantly in *Everybody's*, and we may as well warn Mr. Martin that the Postmaster-general will put up the magazine rates if this sort of thing goes on. Mr. Martin says that the country is about to have an adjustment "that will shake the financial and business world to its foundations." And of course Mr. Martin is right there behind the scenes, and he ought to know.

But Mr. Martin is a sociologist rather than a financier. He knows all about the "idle rich" and their automobiles and chorus girls, and all the other delightful things that they can afford to buy. He is an authority on pink teas, marriages, and divorces, and when he talks about these things we want to crowd around and listen. But here, too, his voice is the voice of Cassandra and he prophesies of tribulations. The social changes of the next decade, he says, can hardly be accomplished "without a cataclysm." The "poison of gold" has debauched and corrupted American society. Armies of parasites are within our gates, and "it has led to a degree of ostentation and of luxury, and even of vice and profligacy, comparable with that of the Roman Empire under Heliogabalus."

And so Mr. Martin will spend the rest of his life in "bridging the social chasm." He will do it himself, and the four hundred will have to do it too, or cease to be four hundred. The new bridge movement has been formally started by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at a "sumptuous banquet" given at her house on Fifth Avenue, to which only millionaires and their wives were invited. It was an auspicious occasion. It was the dawn of social regeneration, and how could it be more fitly begun than by a "sumptuous banquet" at which millionaires were presumably seated according to the number of their millions.

But the real bridge business began afterwards. The guests filled a number of automobiles and, in full evening dress, invaded the Bowery. They shook hands with the tramps and the unemployed, they kissed the babies, they flashed their jewels into the dazzled eyes of the outcast, and then they had some speeches and Mr. Martin announced all the other details of the bridge. There was great enthusiasm.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is going into the same line of business. There was a time when it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to get an invitation to Mrs. Vanderbilt's house. But times have changed. Even actresses may be seen within those chaste portals nowadays. There is another well-known hostess who gave a ball to her own servants and herself waited on them, while Miss Andreine actually donned the dress of a waitress and assisted the butler at a dinner given by her parents. Was ever such condescension seen before?

But we may well be skeptical about the Bowery experiments. Millionaires and jeweled ladies in automobiles are more likely to produce flunkeyism than fraternity. If philanthropy would but try to think in terms of human happiness, instead of in terms of dollars and cents, it would be much more productive, and no extremism is needed to believe that there is probably more happiness in the Bowery than there is in Fifth Avenue. What the over-rich man has to ask himself is not how best he can give the poor man more money, but how he himself can attain to some of the happiness that so often accompanies poverty. When he can answer that question he will find that he has "bridged the social abyss."

A part of the festivities at the English coronation is to be a Fair of Fashions. Thirty ladies are to take part in a series of tableaux vivants representing various aspects of fashionable life, such as a night at the opera, church parade, and so forth, as a demonstration both of the coming fashions and the skill of the dressmakers.

But to select the thirty ladies is no easy task. A perfect costume to be seen to advantage must be put on a perfect figure, and where is such a thing to be found nowadays in these times of corsets and steel construction? For the matter of that, what is a perfect figure? Nature does not seem to have been explicit on this point.

Five experts have been appointed, and who would not wish to be one of them? Imagine having nothing to do all day long but interview beautiful women and decide if they are beautiful enough. Mr. Sandow is the measurement expert, and he has drawn up a set of figures that express his ideal of the beauty of form. All candidates must conform to them, although it may be that the judges will have to take the best they can get, seeing that out of three hundred applicants only ten have been allowed to pass. But here are the measurements laid down by Mr. Sandow:

	Inches
Round neck (top).....	13
Round neck (near shoulders).....	13½
Chest.....	36
Waist.....	23½
Across shoulders (back).....	12
Neck to waist (front).....	15½
Shoulder to elbow.....	14
Elbow to wrist.....	11
Outside arm.....	25
Inside arm.....	20
Wrist.....	6½
Middle of neck (back) and middle of waist (front).....	23
Length of back to waist.....	15
Length of skirt (front) to floor.....	44
Length of skirt (side) to floor.....	45
Length of skirt (back) to floor.....	45½

Mr. Sandow has no use for the floppy kind of girl, "who with a loose, shapeless blouse and turn-down Peter Pan collar has been conspicuous for some time past." The thirty fortunate ladies will be shown on a stage with scenery appropriate to the various parts that they will play, and they will have to do a certain amount of acting so as to give verisimilitude to the exhibit and to allow a thorough inspection of their costumes.

A little dispute among English suffragettes is being quoted in evidence of the contention that a woman's standard of honor is not the same as a man's. The dispute was between Lady Selborne and Lady Constance Lytton. These ladies have exchanged a number of letters on the subject of the militant suffragette tactics, and at last Lady Selborne appealed to the *Times*, that last resort of the heavy-laden, and published a letter purporting to have been written to her by Lady Constance Lytton. Now it appears that the letter was not written by Lady Constance at all, although it bore her name. It was a sort of a digest of a number of letters that she had written, a little from one letter and a little from another, the whole being strung together so as to form a presentation of her case. None the less it was sent to the *Times* as a letter that had been written to Lady Selborne, and with no indication of the curious way in which it had been prepared. It would seem that some one must have remonstrated with Lady Selborne on this curious procedure, for next day she wrote again to the *Times* and explained how the letter had been prepared, and then comes the most curious part of the whole performance. Lady Constance hastened to explain that she really saw nothing to object to in Lady Lytton's action, and that as a matter of fact she thought her quixotic in explaining so natural a proceeding. So there the matter rests, but what a new horror would be given to life if our correspondents should feel themselves at liberty to make their own epitome from series of letters and publish them over our signature as a single and original letter. But to these distinguished ladies it seemed a natural and a proper course.

Sir Hiram Maxim has a good word to say for pork and beans as a producer of good looks, bright eyes, and a peach-like complexion. It is a curious fact that pork and beans is almost unknown in England, and Sir Hiram has devoted himself to the removal of this cloud of deplorable ignorance. He has a factory down in the country somewhere, and as he employs a number of girls he is able to make experiments and to provide object lessons. As a result he "points with pride" to his bevy of beauty and gives the praise to pork and beans. When the London *Daily Express* heard the glad news they selected a young reporter who is an authority on both complexion and figure—has made a special study of them—and sent him down to see if Sir Hiram spoke the words of truth and soberness when he said that he had a special and exclusive line of beauty in factory girls. The reporter came back and said that it was so. He was a conscientious young man, was that reporter. He could be trusted not to fall down upon a job of that kind. Now some young men would have neglected an assignment of that sort. They would have sneaked off to a public library and put in the time reading congressional reports, or whatever corresponds with congressional reports in England, and then have come back with some non-committal and inconclusive story. But this one was not that kind of a reporter. He had been sent down to ascertain if Sir Hiram's young women had beautiful faces and figures, and he did his work thoroughly. And that settles the matter. He knows a pretty girl when he sees one. Doubtless he has burned the midnight oil in studying this very quest, and he has our confidence. But now we want some evidence that these good looks are due to pork and beans. Is it possible that

Sir Hiram selects only pretty girls for his factory and is trying to cover up his tracks, as it were, by these eulogies of pork and beans?

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old offender was introduced to a new country justice as "John Timmins, alias Jones, alias Smith." "I'll try the two women first," said the justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."

Some little time ago, when the hishop suffragan of Thetford was opening a hazaar at Norwich, apropos of "hleeing" people in a good cause, he told a story of a man who was ordered by the doctor to be bled by leeches, and whose wife, on a subsequent visit of the medico, said: "Those little worm things were no good, so I got a ferret and put it on him, and it did him a power of good."

Justus Miles Forman once in writing a story for *Harper's Magazine* used the name of an artist friend for the character of a chap who fell in love with a peasant girl in the Milanese. "It made all his friends roar with glee," said Mr. Forman. "But he got even with me by making a large twenty-four sheet poster for a musical comedy. There was a lady, the star, stepping out of a stage door and a long line of Johnnies waiting for her with silly smirks and hunches of violets. And every Johnnie was a portrait of me."

This account of an incident was related by a missionary in his attempt to convey to his youthful audience some idea of the vastness and loneliness of the Australian continent. At a wooden house he called at (far from the heaten track), occupied by a man, his wife, and little daughter, the mother related how when a neighbor called to see them some time previously her little girl ran into the house excitedly crying out, "Mother, here's another thing like daddy!" The child had never seen any man but her father.

The old man had given his son a very fair education, and had taken him into his shop. The young fellow was over-nice about a great many things, but the father made no comment. One day an order came in from a customer. "I wish to goodness," exclaimed the son, "that Gihson would learn to spell." "What's the matter with it?" inquired the father, cheerfully. "Why, he spells coffee with a 'k'." "No—does he? I never noticed it." "Of course you never did," said the son pettishly. "You never notice anything like that." "Perhaps not, my son," replied the old man, gently; "but there is one thing I do notice, which you will learn by and by, and that is that Gihson pays cash."

A Dublin eccentric a short time ago entered a purveyor's shop and bought a ham. Having paid for his purchase, he requested that it should be hung outside the shop door, saying that he would call back for it. The customer then paced up and down outside the shop till a policeman came in sight, and just as the man in blue caught his eye he grabbed the ham and bolted. The constable, however, soon collared the thief, as he thought, and hauled him back to the shop. Having explained the nature of the alleged crime to the shop assistant, he asked the latter to charge the offender. "But," said the assistant, as he realized the joke, "it's his own ham! He was quite at liberty to take it in any circumstances he chose."

The late David Moffatt of Denver once made a trip to Chicago alone, and when he stepped from the Pullman into the crowd on the platform a sweet, fluffy young thing threw herself into his arms. "Oh, dad!" she cried, with a series of ecstatic hugs. "Oh, papa, dear, I'm so glad to—oh!" She perceived her error and blushed painfully, but gloriously. "I—I beg your pardon," she stammered. "I—I t-thought you were my papa. I—"

And she tried to escape into the throng where she could hide her confusion. But the gallant empire builder would have none of such. He still held her firmly in a quasi-paternal embrace. "I am not your papa, it is true," he whispered, tenderly, "but I am going to play that I am for a while. Don't try to get away from me, my dear. I'm going to play papa to you until the police come." When the police came they restored Mr. Moffatt's watch and diamond scarfpin to him and led the struggling hroiler away.

When the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg was opened, an old peasant determined to take a ride on it to "Mother Moscow." The down express and the up express met at Bologoe—half-way between St. Petersburg and Moscow—and the passengers of both trains were allowed half an hour for supper. Among the people who alighted from the other train, the old peasant recognized a friend whom he had not seen for a long time. They had a delightful chat together over their tea in the restaurant, and then, without any thought of what he was doing, the old peasant hoarded his friend's train instead of his own. The talk was very merry for some time, but at last the old man became grave and silent, and appeared to be puzzling deeply over something.

At last he broke out: "Ah, Ivan, what a wonderful thing are these railroads! Here we sit in the same car, I going to Moscow and you to St. Petersburg!"

Lessons of Statuary Hall.

Statuary Hall in the capitol at Washington is the place where the States set up statues of dead statesmen as a warning to the living (says the *Kansas City Star*). A statesman who ever had any aspirations to be great usually is cured after one look at the statues there. No matter how loudly the call of fame sounds in his ears he is apt to think twice before he takes a step that will put him on a pedestal in a pair of haggry trousers and a coat that hikes up in the collar.

In an age when statesmen wear a different style of clothing than is now the fashion, a statue, when turned out by a skilled union statue huilder, frequently was not only a work of art, but looked something like the person it was intended to represent. In the days of togas and such like flowing raiment, when statesmen went hare-legged and two-hutton vests and swallow-tail coats were unknown, statues were all right; and it was worth a statesman's while to conduct himself in such a manner as to win one after he became cold in death. Julius Cæsar, for instance, looks all right in a statue, with a spear in his hand and his shield thrown gracefully over one shoulder. Most any Roman or Grecian gentleman who isn't hopelessly how-legged looks well in a statue—James M. Hercules, Ezra H. Pericles, Simon K. Thierius, and others are examples that could be cited. They were hrawnny-chested citizens with lumpy shoulders and gnarled, knotty knees; and doubtless had the sculptor dressed them in frock coats, patent leather shoes, and long pants, they wouldn't appear any different from an American citizen hewn out of New Hampshire granite, but being dressed in tallecloths with a little insertion around the edges they can get away with it.

With all due respect for the late framers of the Constitution, they were not, as a rule, built on physical lines adapted to being gracefully reproduced in cold marble, particularly when the sculpturing is done by infant prodigy home talent. We have the greatest admiration for the five-pronged intellect possessed by the late Mr. Sam Adams of Massachusetts. He spoke some of the best pieces ever heard in Boston at a time when every patriot was working overtime thinking up sassy things to say about the King of England. It is to Mr. Adams that American history is chiefly indebted for the notion that George III was a deep, wily, clever tyrant, when as a matter of fact he was a harmless old gentleman subject to fits, and passed most of his time tied up to the hedpost counting the huttons on his vest. But, to get back to the point, Mr. Adams, while endowed with an intellect that would give an ordinary man a headache, was not exactly an Apollo in form. Pondering over state questions had given him something closely akin to a double chin, and even the tongue of flattery would hesitate to ascribe to him anything that could be described as a waistline. Had Mr. Adams been a Roman proconsul the sculptor would have represented him in a bathrobe, with a hatleaxe in his hand, and such little physical defects as have been pointed out would not be noticed. But attired as a substantial citizen of Boston, at a time when tailors were still proceeding on the theory that the masculine form was a thing of beauty, and adorned in knee pants, a spike-tailed coat, and a frilled shirt, the Massachusetts patriot does not look to the average spectator like a man capable of teetering the throne of England until the occupant is ready to shin down and crawl under the royal bed for safety.

Some improvement in the general effect of Statuary Hall might be produced if the sculptors did better team work. A convention of Statuary Hall sculptors which would adopt rules and regulations and some sort of uniform specifications undoubtedly would make for good. The first thing such co-operation should strive for should be a standardization of statues as to size. As it is, no two are executed on the same scale, and as a result what might be called the sky line of Statuary Hall is very bad. Artistic consideration aside, the conclusion invited by comparisons are most unjust to the statesmen represented. Some are giants in size and some are dwarfs. Uniformity of style in the matter of clothes also would work improvement. It is not too harsh a criticism to say that the average fit of clothing in Statuary Hall is very poor, and a good consulting tailor would not be a had addition to the staff of sculptors. No matter how powerful a statesman's intellect may be, he does not appear to advantage in a coat that binds under the arms. It gives him an irritated look. Any one who has dug a dress suit out of the closet that he has not worn since he read his graduation essay and attempts to put it on knows exactly how these marble statesmen feel.

Still, as has been pointed out, Statuary Hall has its uses. Aspiring congressmen who pass through it every day derive therefrom a wholesome chastening effect such as could be conveyed in no other way, except perhaps by

the reversal of the majority in their districts. Viewing thus the reward of greatness and realizing what may be coming to them when they are no longer here to protest, statesmen not only straightway resolve to live as long as possible, but to live in such a way as to precipitate a deadlock in the legislature when the proposal comes up to provide statues of them in the capitol.

THE MERRY MUSE.

What Mary Had.

Mary had a Thomas cat;
It warbled like Caruso.
A neighbor swung a baseball bat—
Now Thomas doesn't do so.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Mary had a little pug;
'Twas sleek, and fat, and round.
One day it chewed a Persian rug—
Now puggies' in the pound.
—*Chicago Tribune*.

Spring Arithmetic.

It was the busy hour of 4,
When from a city hardware store
Emerged a gentleman who bore
1 hoe,
1 spade,
1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went
Into a seed establishment
And for these things his money spent:
1 peck of bulbs,
1 job lot of shrubs,
1 quart of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way
And if he's fairly lucky, say,
He'll have about the last of May
1 squash vine,
1 egg plant,
1 radish.
—*Washington Herald*.

The Hikers.

We moved in last November
And distinctly I remember
'Twas the steam heat that she wanted
And she said:
She was crazy in addition
For a dining-room in mission
And the den was simply perfect,
Being red.

Now she's weary of the mission
Dining-room. It's her ambition
To serve ham and eggs in one with
Paneled walls;
And she wants a bedroom pink,
And a wider kitchen sink,
And some blue and yellow paper
In the halls.

Every autumn, every spring,
Just like birds we're on the wing,
For a change in decorations
We go hiking;
And I'll gamble when she dies
That her mansion in the skies
Won't be finished just exactly
To her liking.
—*Detroit Free Press*.

Clarefied French.

There was once a young person named Clare,
Who adopted a Frenchified air.
She drank café noir,
And when told "Au revoir,"
Would always reply, "Pomme de terre!"
—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Social "Rattler."

He can prattle tittle-tattle, like the most agreeable rattle,
With a host of stories that'll raise your eyebrows, and your hair,
Though their truth is no great matter, and it's only idle chatter,
Yet his gossip serves to shatter reputations everywhere.

With a sniggle, and a giggle, he will, quite delighted, wriggle
If some scandal extra big'll open wide his hearers' eyes.
But the chance is he romances, and the tales he tells are fancies,
Or their interest he enhances by a few well-chosen lies.

When you meet him you must greet him—though you'd much prefer to heat him—
And no matter how you treat him his complacency's sublime.
He's so spiteful, it's delightful, and with gratitude we're quite full,
When he gets that kicking frightful which he's earning all the time.
—*New York Globe*.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,580,518.99
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The number of engagements announced this week has alone made it notable, as the last days of the Lenten season this year are marked by unusual social quiet. A wedding or two have marked the passing days, and with the exception of a few luncheons and teas of the most informal nature and a small number of theatre parties, the season's social activities have practically ceased during Holy Week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Chapman, to Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss, son of Governor Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts. Miss Chapman is a niece of Mr. William Sherwood and a granddaughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Sherwood. Her fiancé is a graduate of Harvard with the class of 1908. The wedding will take place in the early winter and the home of Mr. Foss and his bride will be in Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney have announced the engagement of their elder daughter, Miss Mary Keeney, to Mr. Talbot C. Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, and a nephew of Mrs. Ira Pierce.

The engagement has been announced in Philadelphia of Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins and Mr. William Delaware Neilson of Philadelphia. Mrs. Elkins is the daughter of former United States Senator Charles N. Felton.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mollie Merle and Mr. William Regan of Boise City. The wedding will take place in June.

Mrs. Georgie McLoughlin, mother of the bride-elect, has announced the engagement of Miss Dorothy Willis Bryan, and Mr. John Griffith Roberts of Madera. The wedding will take place after Easter.

The wedding of Miss Anita Parker and Mr. Vigo E. Bird took place Monday evening at the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. W. K. Guthrie officiated at the ceremony. The bride attendants were Mrs. Coleridge Ertz, Mrs. W. R. Landran, Mrs. T. L. Parker, Miss Anita May Parker and Miss Gertrude Landran were the flower girls, and Dr. George McChesney, Mr. Rudolph Bundschu, and Mr. Harvey Seargent acted as ushers. The home of Mr. Bird and his bride will be in Fall River, Massachusetts.

The wedding of Miss Susan Tuhls and Mr. Lorraine Langstroth took place Saturday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hall, in East Oakland. Miss Florence Henshaw was maid of honor. The bridesmaids were Miss Georgie Creed, Miss Susette Greenwood, and Miss Gladys Wilson. Mr. Lovell Langstroth was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mr. Tyler Henshaw, and Mr. Frank Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott entertained on Saturday evening at their home on Buchanan Street in honor of their daughter, Miss Ruth Scott. Their guests were Miss Violet Cook, Miss Inez Mooser, Miss Ruth Brenner, Miss Helen Wright, Miss Jeanette Hannon, Miss Ruth Freeze, Miss Carmelita McDonald, Miss Adele Bogart, Miss Nitta Gladding, Miss Alice Barbat, Miss Alma Birmingham, Miss Lucile Bresse, Miss Marian Baldwin, Mr. Ruehen Hill, Mr. Carlos Harrison, Mr. C. Mooser, Mr. John Beck, Mr. Ralph Hager, Mr. Lawrence Cook, Mr. James Hamilton, Mr. Roswell Miller, Mr. Joseph Cross, Mr. H. Frank, Mr. K. Masten, Mr. F. Masten, and Mr. Wendell P. Hammon, Jr.

Mrs. Seth Mann was hostess at a bridge party on Saturday, at which she entertained in honor of Mrs. William Devlin of Sacramento. Among her guests were Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Mrs. Charles Gibson, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Felton Taylor, Mrs. Churchill Taylor, Mrs. Frederick V. Stott, Mrs. E. N. Short, Mrs. Samuel Naphthal, Mrs. Noble Eaton, and Miss Elyse Schultz.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a tea on Monday in honor of Miss Anna Peters of Stockton. Her guests were Mrs. Jack Spreckels, Mrs. Laurence P. Fuller, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Marian La Tourette.

Miss Helen Hihls was hostess at a tea on Monday complimentary to Miss Gertrude Casey. Among those present were Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Marie Payne, Miss Helen Glenn, Miss Gertrude Warren, and Miss Florence Warren.

Mr. John McMullen was host at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, at which he entertained his sister, Miss Eliza McMullen, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Esther Denny, and Miss Moreland.

Mrs. Warren Murray gave a bridge party on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. J. W.

McClymonds, who returned recently from New York. Those present included Mrs. W. B. Cochran, Mrs. Robert Christy, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. A. W. Thomas, Mrs. J. F. Young, Mrs. Charles Day, Miss Day, Mrs. Satterlee, and Mrs. Charles Bredhoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belshaw entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shotwell, Dr. and Mrs. James Black, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Gray.

Miss Innes Keeney was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday in honor of Miss Maud Wilson. Her guests included Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Marian Miller, and Miss Eliza McMullen.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a tea in the laurel court at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday, at which her guests were Miss Helen Dean, Miss Marie Vane, Miss Esther Denny, Miss Moreland, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Jane Hotelling, and Mrs. Harry Willard.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry was hostess at an informal luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Friday.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess on Tuesday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel, at which she entertained Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Ruth Noyes, Miss Marian La Tourette, Miss Jeanoe Gallois, and Mrs. Laurence P. Fuller.

Mrs. Caroline Van Vorst was hostess at an informal luncheon on Saturday, at which she entertained a dozen guests.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a theatre party on Monday night in honor of Miss Anna Peters. Her other guests were Mrs. Laurence Muller, Miss Marian La Tourette, Mr. Willard Barton, Jr., and Mr. Carl Wolf.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Broadway. The Misses Joliffe assisted her in receiving her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. E. de Los Mages celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding on Monday evening with a reception at their home on Green Street. They were assisted in receiving the several hundred guests by Mrs. George Bates, Mrs. Frank Howard Paine, Mrs. J. H. Godell, and Mrs. William Gorrell.

Mrs. John Polhemus was hostess at a tea on Monday, at which she entertained Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Josephine Horgan, Miss Emily Johnson, and Miss Frances Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained at a dinner in honor of Mrs. George Marye, Jr., on Monday, prior to her departure for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair entertained at luncheon on Monday at their apartment at the Hillcrest in honor of Miss Ethel Moreland. Those invited to meet her were Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Joe Hotelling, Miss de Young, Miss Esther Denny, and Miss Anna Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moreland entertained at dinner at the Palace Hotel on Friday. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Richardson.

Elks' Show at the Valencia Theatre.

The rare opportunity of seeing the frolics of the jolly members of San Francisco Lodge of Elks will be given the general public on next Friday and Saturday nights, April 21 and 22, at the Valencia Theatre, when one of those famous minstrel shows, staged under the direction of "Billy" Hynes and John Morrissey, will be offered by the drill team of the lodge. The Elks have long been known for these entertainments, which they often give within the confines of their own jinks-rooms for the members only, and now, as for the first time in years their efforts will be displayed to the public, a warm response is expected. There are many names well known in local club and social circles among the participants, and many semi-personal quips and jests will be forthcoming during the evenings. The comedians will include Ed Healey, M. T. Donigan, George Murphy, and Billy Webster; song solos will be rendered by W. J. O'Brien, M. D. Sullivan, Leo Baldwin, and many others, and a picked chorus of seventy-five voices, trained to the minute by Billy Hynes, will assist. A complete orchestra will be under the direction of Jack Hynes. The stage will be under the direction of Leslie Tuhls. Following the first part a strong aggregation of vaudeville talent will hold the boards. Among the volunteers are Charles Bulotti, the tenor; Roy Folger, whose powers of entertainment border on the hilarious; the charming little dancer Alma Tucher; the new California Quartet, comprised of W. J. O'Brien, James Lewis, Al Newman, and Roy Joachim, and the entertainment will be brought to a close with a drill by the California Grays.

Tickets can be had of all members of the drill team, at the lodge on Powell Street, and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The exchange for reserved seats starts on Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Foster (formerly Miss Mae Gibson of San Rafael) was gladdened by the advent of a son on April 4, 1911.

"Wasn't the orchestra too loud for the voices, aunt?" "No; I heard you distinctly all through the opera."—Life.

Mello Cream Chocolates.

"Mello Cream" spells chocolate cream perfection. Made in a variety of flavors, and sold only in 1/2, 1 and 2-pound Chocolate Colored Boxes. 60c a pound. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores.

The Russian Symphony Season.

All the wonderfully fine programmes for the series of seven concerts by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, commencing Sunday afternoon, April 30, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, have been arranged, and Manager Greenbaum promises the greatest series of orchestral festivals ever heard in this city. The Russian Orchestra Society is now in its eighth year, and is the most interesting orchestra in the country. It plays with the irresistible quality so evident in all talented Russians—shown in Elman's violin playing, in Hofmann's piano playing, and in Pavlowa and Mordkin's dancing.

Fifty accomplished players constitute the organization, which is under the direction of Mr. Modest Altschuler. Four eminent vocal soloists accompany the orchestra to lend variety to the programmes and sing selections from rarely heard Russian operas.

The afternoon concerts will be given on Sunday, April 30; Saturday, May 6; and Sunday, May 7. Evening concerts are announced for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, May 1, 2, 3, and 5.

That wonderful hoy pianist, Pepito Arriola, has been engaged to play the Liszt E flat Concerto at one of the concerts.

Among the novelties promised are the selections from the Richard Strauss music-drama "Salomé," numbers from the much-discussed opera "Natoma," Humperdinck's "Children of the King," the ballet suite "Nur and Anitra," by Ilyinski, which Pavlowa created in Moscow, Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, and dozens of others. The standard works will not be neglected.

Complete programme hooks will be ready at all the music stores, and the box-office will open Wednesday, April 26, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where mail orders may now be sent. There will be season tickets at a reduced rate.

The Russian Orchestra has been invited to give two concerts at the Greek Theatre, under the auspices of the University of California, on Thursday afternoon, May 4, and Saturday night, May 6. The first of these will be a Russian programme and the second will be divided between Russian masters and the works of Richard Wagner. The offerings will be different from the concerts in San Francisco. In addition to the vocal quartet, Mr. Bentley Nicholson has been engaged to assist in the rendition of the quintet from "Die Meistersinger," which is considered by many critics to be the finest piece of vocal ensemble work ever composed.

Seats for the Greek Theatre concerts will be on sale at the usual places in this city, Oakland, and Berkeley.

Manager Greenbaum has assumed an enormous responsibility in bringing this aggregation of sixty artists to the Coast, and deserves the support of every intelligent citizen.

Peter Pan, a fanciful creation of Mr. Barrie's, and given to the world in his inimitable "Little White Bird," is to have a statue in Kensington Gardens, London. Sir George J. Frampton, the sculptor, is at work on it, and it will be given to the public by Mr. Barrie. Peter Pan is seen standing in a hollow tree, from which he is coaxing a procession of rabbits, squirrels, and fairies. The Peter Pan of the stage was a disappointing figure, in comparison with the Peter Pan of the story.

"Ariane et Barhe Bleue," a lyric story in three acts, by Maurice Maeterlinck, the music by Paul Dukas, was performed for the first time in this country at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York March 29. Whether the opera will enjoy a prolonged popularity is doubtful. The opera-going public is not noted for its poetic imagination, and both Maeterlinck and Dukas ask for it.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keuchler (formerly Miss Mary Foster of San Rafael) was gladdened April 2, 1911, by the advent of a son.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Jesse Grant of San Diego is a guest at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bishop are planning to spend the summer at their ranch at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Ralston and Miss Helen Hinckley have gone to the Ralston ranch for a few weeks. Mr. Louis Brewer, who has been in Mexico for a number of years, has joined his daughters, the Misses Elena, Marie, and Ysobel, at their home in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Theodore Payne is in New York, where she will visit briefly before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Ethel Roosevelt are enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, who have been visiting Mrs. Walter MacGavin, have returned to their home in Shasta County.

Mrs. George T. Maye, Jr., accompanied by her sister, Miss Doyle, and her niece, Miss Moreland, have gone to Santa Barbara for several months.

Mrs. W. L. Elkins, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, and Mr. Felton Elkins left for Philadelphia on Tuesday, after having spent the winter here.

Mr. Temple Bridgman and his sister, Miss Bridgman, left for their home in the East on Tuesday, after a visit at the Hellman home here, following Mr. Bridgman's return from Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Welbore S. Burnett returned to their home here, after an absence of several weeks in the East.

Admiral Richardson Clover has been visiting briefly in California at his ranch in Napa County and in San Francisco. He will join Mrs. Clover and his daughters in Washington, D. C., the last of April.

Mr. Eugene Brésse and Captain William Matson returned on Tuesday from Honolulu.

Miss Ruth Noyes, the daughter of Mr. Theodore Noyes of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Myra Hall, returned East on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Amweg, with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott, will spend the summer at Menlo.

Mrs. Frank Johnson left this week for Boston, where she will spend several months with her son, Mr. Maurice Dore, who is a student at Harvard.

Miss Leonore Wuest has returned from Southern California, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Isaac Erwin, and is at the quarters of her brother, Lieutenant Wuest, at the Presidio.

Miss Laura Baldwin and Miss Mildred Baldwin, chaperoned by their aunt, Miss Wright, sailed for Europe on Wednesday.

Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis will leave next month for Europe in order to be in London for the coronation.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst left Monday for Watsonville, where she will visit her mother, Mrs. John G. Porter, for several weeks.

Governor John McCullough of Vermont and Mrs. McCullough, accompanied by their daughter and a party of friends, arrived here Sunday for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. Charles D. Pierce and her nephew, Dr. Raymond Russ, left Sunday for Europe. They will join Mrs. John Russ, who has been abroad for a year, and will return in September.

Miss Gertrude Ballard, who has been East for a number of months, has returned to her home here.

Mrs. E. A. Sturgis, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. A. S. Montgomery, sailed this week for Manila.

Mrs. Eugene Shadd has gone to Southern California for a brief visit before joining Colonel Shadd at San Antonio, Texas. They will go later to Colonel Shadd's new station at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Alfred J. le Breton returned this week from the East, where he spent the winter in Boston with Mrs. le Breton and Miss Marguerite le Breton.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger has opened her home at Woodside, where she will spend the summer.

Bishop Sydney C. Partridge and Mrs. Partridge are expected here shortly from Japan, en route to Missouri, where Bishop Partridge has accepted the bishopric of Kansas City.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank B. Freyer (formerly Miss Engracia Critcher), accompanied by their small daughter, arrived on Tuesday from Guam, where Lieutenant Freyer has been naval attaché to the governor of Guam for the past two years. They will visit here several weeks before continuing their journey eastward.

Mrs. Isobel Strong, who has come up from Santa Barbara, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Russell Cool.

Mrs. Mary C. Runyon, who returned recently from Europe, will remain in San Francisco for several months.

Miss Alice Rising has arrived in Rome, where she will be the guest for six months of her sister, Mme. Carredo Mendecanti (formerly Miss Ruth Rising).

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from a trip to the East which included a visit with friends in New York and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) have returned to their home in Portland, after a visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy.

Mrs. John I. Sahin, who spent the winter at the Bellevue, has opened her San Mateo home for the summer.

Mrs. James Wilder sailed Saturday for her home in Honolulu. She has been visiting relatives in Berkeley since her return from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Boericke have gone to Berkeley to reside. They will be joined in a few weeks by their daughter, Miss Dorothy Boericke, who has been spending the last six months in the East and who is now in Riverside.

Miss Beatrice Campbell, sister of Princess Kawanakoa, arrived from Honolulu this week.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Mr. Everett Bee, have concluded their tour in Egypt and are now in Paris.

Mrs. Joshua Rhodes, Miss Rhodes, and Mr. W.

B. Rhodes, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, with Mrs. George D. Russell, have taken apartments at Del Monte, planning to remain for some time.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and Miss Harriet Alexander sailed from Paris on Wednesday.

Miss Elizabeth Sihley has been the guest of Miss Marion Zeile during her visit here from the East.

Mrs. James King Steele has returned from a visit of several weeks in Mendocino County.

Miss Katibel McGregor is expected home June 1 from Vassar to spend the vacation months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McGregor.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell have given up their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel and gone to Southern California.

Mrs. Bowman McCalla and Miss Stella McCalla have gone abroad for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are spending a few weeks in Southern California.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Bruce Bradford (formerly Miss Elsa Hinz) are spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Mrs. Albert J. Raich, Miss Lulu Raich, and Miss Aimee Raich left Friday for a week's visit to Coronado.

Mrs. George Carlton Mullen (formerly Miss Olga Atherton) has returned to Palo Alto, after a visit with friends in town.

Mr. Frank M. Wilson and Mr. J. W. Havens of Berkeley were among the week-end guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson have returned to their home in Belvedere, after spending the winter months in the city.

Mrs. Cowles Myles Collier of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. George W. Gift, and her niece, Mrs. George Draper Stratton, at their home in Piedmont.

Miss Lillian Goss spent the week-end at Del Monte as the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott and her son, Mr. W. Prescott Scott.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, included Mr. John A. McGee, Mr. Christian Bauer, Mrs. E. F. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Baxter, Mr. H. I. Solomon, Miss Solomon, Miss E. Laux, Miss Ester Merriman, Mrs. Charles Hartigan, Mrs. J. Williams and son, Mr. Charles R. McCormick.

Heinemann, Favorite of the German Court, Next.

Alexander Heinemann, the famous exponent of German lieder singing, and one of the royal court musicians of the imperial German household, will be Manager Greenhaum's next attraction. Heinemann is best described as "a Dr. Wullner with a beautiful voice." He makes every "lied" a comedy or romance as the text indicates, and his sway over his audiences is said to be remarkable. In addition to exceptional interpretative powers he possesses an exceptionally beautiful baritone voice which is admirably trained. He is considered one of the greatest living masters of singing, and students of the vocal art will find a Heinemann recital worth half a dozen lessons.

Three programmes will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the first on Sunday afternoon, April 23, when groups of works by Schumann, Loewe, Schubert, and Hans Heerman will be given. The second concert will be given Wednesday night, April 26, with Beethoven, Brahms, Loewe, Schubert, Hermann, and Hugo Kaun offerings, and the last concert on Thursday night, April 27, with a list of works by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Loewe, Franz, Mendelssohn, and Schubert.

In order that all may enjoy the beauties of these masterpieces Manager Greenhaum will provide librettos with German and English words gratis.

Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday, and mail orders may be addressed to Will L. Greenhaum. Programmes may be obtained at all music stores.

In Oakland Mr. Heinemann will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, April 28, at 3:30, repeating the offering of the night before in this city.

The question of removing Lamartine's remains to the Pantheon has come up again in Paris. His expressed will, not quite as strongly worded as Shakespeare's, hars the way. He wished his bones to be laid with his father's in the family chapel. Since the entrance of Victor Hugo's corpse drove the church from the Pantheon, there can scarcely be a place there for a poet of Lamartine's religiosity; and his family, which numbers one of the most "intransigent" French bishops, was sure to veto the project.

Richard Pockrich, an Irishman, was the inventor of musical glasses—ordinary drinking glasses tuned by selection and played by passing wet fingers over the rim. He showed his invention first in Dublin, and took it to London about 1750.

CURRENT VERSE.

How Much of Godhood.

How much of Godhood did it take—
What purging epochs had to pass
Ere I was fit for leaf and lake
And worthy of the patient grass.

What mighty travails must have been,
What ages must have molded me
Ere I was raised and made akin
To dawn, the daisy, and the sea.

In what great struggles was I felled,
In what lives had I labored long
Ere I was given a world that held
A meadow, hutterflies, and song.

But oh, what cleansing and what fears
What countless raisings from the dead,
Ere I could see Her, touched with tears,
Pillow the little weary head.

—Louis Untermeyer, in the *Delineator*.

The Lover.

Fame journeyed down the way with him,
Was like a hrother kin,
Nor loath was Fame to stay with him,
To dwell and enter in;
But, though no spirit holder is,
He turned away to sing:
"God wot,—how white her shoulder is
And how her kisses cling."

Then Wisdom came and lent to him
Her mysteries profound,
And subtle knowledge sent to him
That all the years had crowned;
No solace to relieve his plight
Nor reason could he see,
But velvet arms that weave at night
A languid threnody.

And last came Peace, essaying him
With promises of sleep,
With hooding glamour praying him
Her offerings to keep.
Though arthier of pain and rest,
He made her pleading cease:
Upon a fair unstained breast
Would he discover Peace.

—Alan Sullivan, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The Message of the Blossoms.

Once again the hills are covered with a cloth of gold,
Once again the Lenten lilies their white leaves unfold;
Once again the happy orchards wear their bridal veil and dress,
And the bluest blue heads over California's loveliness.

How can any soul be wicked, any heart be sad,
With all Nature gayly singing, be ye good, and glad?
O ye wan and weary-hearted, weary of man's creeds and crazes
Kneel down in the meadow grasses, hear the whispers of the daisies.

Everything is looking forward to the bud and bloom,
Every little thrush is building for the brood to come
Every wilding rose that opens its sweet heart unto the light
Hath a message written in it if you know to read aright.

O ye winsome world of Nature, if man's world would turn
From its grinding discords your deep harmonies to learn—
Warfare, plunder, and possession; gold will crush a soul to naught
Till its only sense of pleasure is the kind that can be hought!

Would they listen, could one tell them of their awful loss—
All the joyousness of living changed for soulless dross—
Blow your fragrance in their faces O my roses, as they pass,
Call and call to them my lilies, speak to them my good green grass.

Beckon them my tall trees tangled in a cloud of lace;
One may long for halm of healing, wounded in the race—
O, if yonder waiteth heaven fairer than the world today,
In these howers of bloom and fragrance we are sure to find the way.

—Eufina C. Tompkins, in *San Francisco Star*.

It seems only a few years since the great rush to Alaska began, yet the oldest of Alaskan guides, Jack Benson, who piloted the first prospectors over Chilcoot Pass, is retiring on account of age.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore (formerly Miss Rebecca Seeley of Galveston) has been brightened by the advent of a son, born April 2, 1911.

Mischa Elman—Farewell Sunday Afternoon.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian master-singer of the violin, will give a special farewell t'bis Easter Sunday afternoon at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, offering a programme that has never been equaled in this city for interest, beauty, and variety. The opening number will be Mozart's Sonata for violin, in B flat, and this will be followed by the seldom played Concerto in D minor by Max Bruch. For those who love the brilliant virtuoso works there will be the "Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saëns, and Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," and a charming group of very old classics will be a "Menuet" by Dussek, "Badinerie" by Bach, "Gavotte" by Gretry, and "Tambourin" by Gossec, and by special request Tchaikowsky's "Melodie" will be added to the list.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after ten a. m., when phone orders will receive courteous attention.

From the itinerary, in booklet form, it is learned that Mary Garden, on her "first concert tour in America," will reach San Francisco May 21, and sing that afternoon in the Valencia Theatre. Two other performances are promised, on May 23, at the new Masonic Hall, and May 28 at the Valencia Theatre.

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Thrice-a-Week New York World (Dem- ocratic) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....	4.15

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mabel—That story you just told is about fifty years old. Maude—And you haven't forgotten in all that time.—*Toledo Blade.*

"I hear your rich uncle is dead." "Yes, he is." "What did he leave?" "A widow we'd never heard of."—*Milwaukee News.*

"You say he's a professional man?" "Yes." "But I thought he followed the automobile racing?" "He does. He's a doctor."—*Talea Blade.*

"I've took the pledge, Bill. I'm never goin' to touch another drop as long as I live." "Oh, well, cheer up! Maybe ye won't live long."—*Life.*

"Dear me! I don't know where to put my bathing suit to keep it until the season opens!" "Why don't you hide it in your stamp box?"—*Baltimore Sun.*

"How do you like this grand opera, Bill?" "I can't understand what they are saying." "That's all right. You aint missing no jokes."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"Are you troubled by the Black Hand?" asked one New Yorker. "Frequently," replied the other; "every time I fill a fountain pen."—*Washington Star.*

"How old, colonel, does a man have to be before he can vote in Georgia?" "That, sah, depends altogether, sah, upon which way he intends to vote."—*Life.*

Doctor—Take this medicine after each meal. Patient—But my meals comes un-reg'lar, doc. Doctor—Well, take it before each meal.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Who gets the custody of the automobile?" "I told my wife she might have it. I can't keep up a machine and pay alimony, too."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Do you mean to say that you married for money?" "In a way I did. I got married because I couldn't afford to stay engaged any longer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"It took that racing automobile twenty minutes to pass this house." "Impossible." "Fact. I could hear it ten minutes before it got here and I could smell it ten minutes after it passed."—*Toledo Blade.*

Fair Critic—Oh, Mr. Smear, those ostriches over there are simply perfect! You should never paint anything else but birds. Artist (sadly)—Those are not ostriches, madam. They are angels.—*London Opinion.*

Professor—The result of our investigations for the past half-hour is that man has freedom of will. I regret that I can not continue the subject today, as I have to go shopping with my wife.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Pop, tell me some conundrums." "Conundrums? Why, I don't know any conundrums, my son." "Oh, yes, you do! I heard mother tell Aunt Mary the other day that you keep her guessing most of the time."—*Puck.*

"A man is very absurd when he proposes," said Mrs. Flimgilt. "I don't see how we keep from laughing." "I suppose," replied Miss Cayenne, "that more of us would laugh if we didn't admire his courage."—*Washington Star.*

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."—*Christian Register.*

"Did you cast your vote, aunty?" "Oh, yes! Isn't it grand? A real nice gentleman with a beautiful moustache and yellow spats marked my ballot for me. I know I should have marked it myself, but it seemed to please him greatly."—*Life.*

"You have kept my nose to the grindstone, Serepta," spoke her husband, nerving himself to say something at last, "for fifteen years." "I've done more than that, Volney," snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn; "I have made you turn the grindstone."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Yes," said Nagget, "a woman usually treats her husband as the average servant treats bric-a-brac." "Go ahead," said the wise Mrs. Nagget. "What's the answer?" "Why, the more he's worth the more she tries to break him."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"The ancient Romans had a catapult that could hurl rocks more than a mile." "Now I understand it." "What?" "My landlord told me this house was a stone's throw from the depot. He must have had it on his hands since the time of the Caesars."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Three dollars a minute," said the youth who had asked the long-distance telephone rate between him and the lady fair. "Yes, sir," said the telephone clerk. "I guess I'm not on speaking terms with her," sighed the youth, sadly counting out \$2.50 in his purse.—*Detroit Saturday Night.*

"We have come, sir," said the utility man to the stage manager, "to ask that a portion of the part played by Mr. Brown be cut out." "Which portion?" "The one where he bor-

rows \$5 from the disguised duke. Every time he thinks one of us has any money, he calls a rehearsal."—*Boston Traveller.*

"He has about the strangest walk I have ever seen." "Yes. You see he was engaged to a girl who wore a hobble gown and just when he had got so he could keep step with her she threw him down, and now he is engaged to a girl who wears a harem skirt and he is trying to learn to keep step with her."—*Houston Post.*

"Try that, madam," said the serpent politely, as he offered Eve an apple. "You can raise four hundred barrels of them to the acre on one of our irrigated orchard farms in the Bezingo Valley. Your husband can purchase a forty-acre tract on easy payments." Shortly afterward the family moved from Eden to seek the new home.—*Chicago Post.*

A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters. When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read: "G. T. M. wants house." The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager." "All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics, so can I." So he wired back: "G. T. M. can G. T. H." Two days later he received a despatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer. "Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind." "But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?" "It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel; "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

Tired and dusty, a party were returning by rail from a holiday trip. Simkins, a little bald man, seated himself to read, but dropped off to sleep. On the rack was a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up, and finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful investigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack. Down it fell, alighting on Simkins's shoulder, where it grabbed the man's ear to steady itself. The passengers held their breath and waited for developments, but Simkins only shook his head and said: "Leggo, Sarah! I tell you I've been at the office all the evening!"

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Roosevelt's Campaign Tour.

Mr. Roosevelt's potentiality as a figure in contemporary politics has certainly not been augmented by his Western tour. He attracted attention, drew large audiences everywhere, just as Harry Lauder or Jack Johnson might have done; but he did not in any respect enlarge his position before the country. On the other hand, by his intemperate denunciations, by his vehement self-praise, by his startling inconsistencies, he has added to the number of his critics. Mr. Roosevelt now appears, if not to everybody, at least to large and increasing numbers, as a man distinctly wanting in mental and moral balance. While as before there are many to commend his energy and enthusiasm, there are more than before to see in him a precipitant, inconsiderate, unwise, and unsafe counselor. Mr. Roosevelt no doubt would still claim for himself character as a Republican; but he has so identified himself with an extreme faction as really to have lost respect and character with the great mass of Republicans. What the great future may hold for Mr. Roosevelt in the way of public favor, only time can tell. But it is obvious that at this time he is a man practically detached from effective political connection. Even the faction

with which his affiliations are closest does not recognize him as an authoritative leader. The so-called "progressives" of California who made so much of him during his recent visit will not attempt to send a delegation to the next Republican convention in his behalf. His tour, regarded as a personal political campaign—and it was intended to be just this—has been a failure.

The British Budget.

There are many reasons why the approaching budget statement of the British chancellor of the exchequer should be awaited with some curiosity. The struggle with the House of Lords, still undecided, had its origin in the budget proposals of the present chancellor, while the financial statement that he is about to present will be based on the methods of taxation that were then so hotly disputed. The budget is the indication of national prosperity or its reverse, and the test of the financial prudence of the chancellor himself. It corresponds with the commercial balance sheet, showing the precise fluctuations of revenue and expenditure, with recommendations for meeting a deficit or expending a surplus. While the chancellor is responsible for the accuracy of the statement that he presents, he can do no more than offer his recommendations as to the way in which a deficit should be met or a surplus expended. Those recommendations are embodied in a bill known as the budget bill, and they are accepted or rejected by the House of Commons after a full debate. An adverse vote means, of course, the fall of the government and a general election to determine the will of the people.

The budget is usually a model of financial lucidity. Its proposals may be vicious, but there is no ambiguity about them. The proverbial schoolboy can see at a glance the detailed and total revenues from all sources, the way in which those revenues to a cent have been expended, and the balance that must be carried to surplus or deficit. If there is a surplus, the budget will provide either for the remission of existing taxation or for some new scheme such as old-age pensions. If there is a deficit there will be suggestions for fresh taxation. And every detail must be submitted to the House of Commons as a whole and fully and publicly debated in front of the whole country. With the exception of a trifling sum for the secret service, there is no possibility of concealment with regard to any item of the national bookkeeping. Any one who can buy a daily newspaper is as well informed as the chancellor himself.

The necessity of providing for the expenditure of the forthcoming year necessitates, of course, a forecast of what the revenue for that year is likely to be, and this forecast forms an important part of the budget speech, which usually lasts for several hours. The expenditure is already determined by the demands of the various branches of the public service, army, navy, etc., and these demands have been previously submitted to the House serialim, publicly debated, and either accepted, rejected, or amended. The first duty of the chancellor is to revert to the budget of the previous year and show how far its expectations of revenue have been fulfilled or falsified. This will give him a favorable or an adverse balance as a basis for his new calculations. The expenditure for the forthcoming year being already known accurately, he must estimate if the revenue will be sufficient to meet it. With the figures of past revenues to guide him and with a knowledge of the general drift of trade and of probable fluctuations in the productiveness of special taxes, the forecast is by no means difficult. From the three factors of last year's balance, ascertained expenditure, and estimated revenue the balance for the new year is readily struck.

This process is made clear by the figures that will be included in the approaching budget. The expenditure estimates have been passed already by the House of

Commons and they amount to £180,912,218. Last year's revenue, which naturally forms the basis for next year's forecast, was £176,000,000. If no increase in revenue could be counted upon there would be a deficit of £4,912,218, but an increase can be counted upon. Revenue increases normally about two per cent per annum, and as trade will be unusually good as a result of the coronation Mr. Lloyd George is known to expect an increase in revenue from this source of about £3,500,000. Then there is the new taxation imposed by the last budget, for which the returns are not fully complete, and this will be estimated to produce another £3,000,000. There should therefore be an estimated surplus of £1,000,000, hardly enough to justify a remission of taxes and certainly not enough for any great social scheme. Probably it will be carried over or applied to debt extinction. Before the 1912 budget it will be possible to estimate more accurately the revenue that may be expected from Mr. George's pet schemes, while the effect of those schemes upon trade and capital will also be more apparent than it is now.

It may be said that the prevailing note of the British budget system is its publicity and the insistence of the House of Commons upon just such a system of definite and simplified bookkeeping as would be found in any reputable business house. The book-keeping must be not only definite and simple, but it must be black-boarded before the whole country in such a way that the whereabouts and disposition of every penny of the national funds may be clear to every inexperienced mind that is curious on the subject. And not least among the merits of the system is the fact that there is time between the introduction of the budget and the final vote to allow of full discussion throughout the country and the feeling of the national pulse as to its provisions.

Another Manufactory Shuts Up Shop.

The last California woolen mill has closed down. During the past week the San Jose woolen mill was sold at auction. There were but two bidders. The building is to be razed, the machinery has been sold for junk, the land will be cut up into building lots. Thus endeth the chapter of woolen manufacturing in California.

This mill was started in 1869. During the last ten or twelve years it has not been making money, and in 1908 it was decided to close. For two or three years the owners have been making futile attempts to dispose of it to capitalists desiring to enter the manufacturing business in California. But such capitalists are shy—in California. Every other woolen mill in this State, one after another, has closed its doors and gone into liquidation.

What is the reason of this? Why is it possible to manufacture woollens profitably in Europe and not in California? Why is it possible for Eastern woolen mills to pay large dividends when California woolen mills must close their doors and liquidate? It is not lack of protection—the woolen industry is the most highly protected of any form of manufacturing in the United States. It is so highly protected that during the last session of Congress even Republicans attacked the woolen schedule, and President Taft, head of the Republican party, has said in public that the woolen schedule is "indefensible." Why, then, can not California capitalists manufacture woollens at a profit when they are protected against the world's competition? The answer is simple. It is on account of the high price of labor on this Coast, and its artificial forcing-up by the labor unions.

If any capitalist feels inclined to invest in woolen manufacturing in this vicinity, let him go and look at the abandoned woolen plants around the bay. That will cure him. For that matter, if any capitalist desires to invest in manufacturing of any kind in this vicinity, under present labor conditions, he had better take his money, go down to the sea-wall, and fling it into the bay. In that way he will at least be secure from

his cash instantaneously, and without the long and painful process of running a manufacturing plant, and letting the labor unions separate him from it.

Close shop, slack shop, shut shop.

William Keith.

In July, 1907, nearly four years ago, Mr. William Keith suffered a fall which for a time threatened to destroy his vision. It appeared that he might never again be able to pursue his artistic labors. Noting the accident and the menace involved in it, the *Argonaut* spoke of the deprivation which California and the world would suffer if the worst fears should be realized. There was added a brief note in appreciation of the man and his work. A month later Mr. Keith, happily recovered, called at the *Argonaut* office. "I have come," he said to the editor, "to tell you how deeply appreciative I am of what you had to say about me after my fall. All the pain that the accident has caused me has been more than compensated by reading your comment upon it. Now I want to make a request. It is this: If I don't do anything between now and the time I die to discredit my name, I want you to print again the article which appeared in the *Argonaut* last month. Nobody ever has or ever can say anything about me so entirely grateful to my mind and spirit. I want it to stand as my eulogy and my epitaph." And so, in obedience to this command and in fulfillment of a promise, we reprint from the *Argonaut* of July 27, 1907, this paragraph:

The sympathy of the community, and, indeed, of the whole art world, will go out spontaneously to Mr. William Keith in the accident that is likely permanently to impair his vision. Such a misfortune is terrible enough for any man, but for an artist it is the crown and the coping-stone of all possible disaster. It can only be hoped that the earlier diagnoses may be modified and that the damage will not be so irreparable as is now feared. If Mr. Keith's artistic activity is indeed at an end, the deprivation, so personally distressing to himself, will be shared to no measurable extent by California and the world. He found here a beauty of nature which was his heart's whole desire, and by his pictures he has translated that beauty to the world in a way that is possible only to art in its highest and most exquisite forms. His reputation was, of course, long since assured and his work will be known and treasured as long as the canvas endures, but we are unwilling to believe that to his losses in the fire—a great many pictures were destroyed at that time—must now be added the most irreparable loss of all in the impairment of his vision. If that should indeed be so, Mr. Keith may rest assured of all the consolation that is possible to him in the recognition of the hearty sympathy that will be extended to him by every part of the community. It will be a sympathy evoked in equal measure by his genius as an artist and by his character as a man. Art has not always found its expression in the personality, but it has done so in the case of Mr. Keith. He has lived among us for nearly half a century without reproach and illustrating his own high conception of good citizenship by an unbroken high-mindedness, kindness, and good-fellowship. Sympathy for such a man, under such a calamity, is an affair of the heart and not of the lips.

What was thus said of Mr. Keith at a time when, though wounded and suffering, there was still before him the promise of many years, gains emphasis by his death, which occurred at his home in Berkeley on Thursday, 13th instant, at the age of seventy-two years. Truly California and the world have suffered a loss irreparable—a loss which leaves us indeed poorer because it robs us of a heart, a mind, and a hand which have contributed perhaps more than any others among us through the interpretation of truth and beauty, to mental and moral elevation.

Similarly in appreciation of Mr. Keith and his work, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, while still Mr. Keith's powers were at their height, wrote:

All bottomless his well of Beauty seems:

For years his golden buckets have been drawn
From out its depths, yet on, and yet still on,
They rise full-brimmed with jewels of his dreams—
Jewels whose infinitely colored beams
Reveal each way that Nature's feet have gone
In blossoming joy from dawn to dewy dawn,
Through skies and mountains, meadows, woods, and streams.
Ah, could the creatures he has painted stir
With languaged voice, what poems would they raise
To this deep-loving, great interpreter.
How feel, then would seem man's loudest praise
For him who keeps bright youth within his heart,
Who newly lustre his unaging art.

Of Mr. Keith's art and his lifelong service in it, there is a world to be said by pens more expert. A volume may be written—and surely will be written—in commemoration of a genius so fine and rare. An amazing fact in connection with Mr. Keith's long and eminent career in California is the relative solitariness of his artistic life. He was not without elementary schooling in art, the highest and best; but his working life was practically apart from associations which commonly count for much in any special career. He wrought in a new country, in a country whose spirit was essentially commercial, and he wrought practically alone. The period of his greatest activities in California was that of material exploitation. The energies of the country, broadly speaking, were given, not to things of the spirit, but to the interests of material life. Of the feverish "progress" all about him Mr. Keith was as unmindful as if he had lived in another sphere. His mind and heart maintained a serene search for beauty and for truth, and his hand wrought unremittently in their interpretation.

Under stress of labors Mr. Keith's powers developed steadily. He never ceased to be what in the practical world we call a growing man. He made his own standards and he made them higher year by year. He was not without the artist's love of sympathy and appreciation, yet he never strove for mere reputation. What came to him had to come of its own motion—by the compulsion of a genius which disdained the arts and devices of self-advertisement. And when reputation came, generous and world-wide, it served only to stimulate his higher energies. Years ago fortune gave him security and, if he had wished it, a life of ease. But he labored on as little regardful of the drain upon his waning vitality as if his daily bread had depended upon his labors. The destruction of his work by the disaster of five years ago—some two thousand or more canvases in the aggregate—further stimulated his energies, for he was impelled to renew in so far as he might the work which had been swept away. And so he labored on to the last under the inspirations of an eye which saw beauty in all things, and of a mind which saw truth in all things. The world is richer for his life, poorer for his death.

The "Shearwater" Incident and the Monroe Doctrine.

In considering the landing of a military force on the Mexican coast from the British man-of-war *Shearwater* last week it will be well to remember that the element of accident does not cut much of a figure in the operations of the British navy. There was no serious reason for the landing of troops in the stress of British subjects; there was no serious danger to British interests of any kind. Obviously an act done nominally for the protection of British persons and property was done actually for another purpose. And as to what this purpose was we can only guess. England and the other European nations are letting us have our way in dealing with Mexico just now, being glad enough no doubt to see that we consider ourselves responsible for the general security of matters Mexican. But at the same time England doesn't intend to abandon even by implication any rights or privileges which she has been in the way of exercising on her own account. She is willing enough that we should hold ourselves bound by our Monroe Doctrine to maintain security and order in Mexico, but she does not intend to concede to us exclusive jurisdiction even in Mexico under that doctrine. It is a fair guess that the landing of troops from the *Shearwater* was designed as an assertion of rights—intended to indicate that when England chooses for any reason to put her finger into any pie she will do it upon her own motion and without consideration of our Monroe Doctrine.

In former discussions the *Argonaut* has pointed out that we do not ourselves quite understand what we mean by the Monroe Doctrine; that we have never thought it worth while to strictly define that doctrine; that we have on the other hand carefully avoided definite and un retractable definitions or acts under it. And as a matter of fact we have been discreet in this course. We have perhaps the right, under the practice of nations, to exercise certain prohibitions in relation to the countries immediately south of us. We have done it practically in the case of Cuba; we shall undoubtedly do it if occasion shall arise in the case of Mexico. Probably we should do it down to and within the regions immediately beyond our Panama Canal zone. But we believe the common sense of our own country

and the interests of the European world would resent an effort on our part to apply the prohibitions involved in the Monroe Doctrine to the countries of South America. We have no more right, nor as much, to say what Germany may or may not do in Brazil or the Argentine or Patagonia, as England has to say what Germany may or may not do in Asia Minor or Africa. We should by any movement of interference be going far from home to meddle in matters which do not concern us. There is nothing in the narrow geographical connection between North and South America which authorizes us in political or moral logic to claim any rights in or over the remote and alien countries of South America.

Furthermore, interference in affairs so distant would be impracticable if not impossible in a military sense. How could we, in no sense a military nation, carry ourselves in warlike operations in a field so remote? And by what arguments other than those drawn from a quixotic whimsicality could we justify a policy of meddling interference? The truth is that our Monroe Doctrine, assuming for it the ordinary interpretation, regarded in its military implications and responsibilities, is a thing out of all reason, an impracticability, a nullity. And the sooner we abandon the Monroe Doctrine as related to other fields than those of our immediate neighborhood, the sooner we shall cease to amuse ourselves with braggart and indefensible pretensions.

Dr. Hill's Retirement.

The retirement of Dr. Hill from the German ambassadorship is cited as an indictment of the deficiencies of the American system of representation in foreign countries. Dr. Hill is described, and quite properly, as a man eminently qualified by general education, knowledge of the law, acquaintance with international affairs, and powers of expression, for diplomatic work; and he is presumed to be abandoning fine opportunities and a brilliant station and returning to his own country because he can not afford the expense which the ambassadorship entails.

Now the fact is that Dr. Hill, while no means a rich man as wealth is counted these days, is nevertheless in very comfortable financial circumstances. He saw his way to accept service at Berlin some three years ago, his knowledge of its requirements being then practically as complete as it is now. That he did accept is sufficient proof that he regarded himself as able to meet the costs of diplomatic life at Berlin.

It is well known that the German emperor is attempting to build up a brilliant court. He makes no secret of his wish to establish conditions comparable with those which obtain at the British capital. On more than one occasion he has pointedly made it understood that he would like foreign representatives at Berlin to maintain themselves in a style illustrating high consideration for the German empire. In plain terms he would like ambassadors and ministers to his court to maintain a high degree of ceremony and elegance; and he would particularly like the United States to sustain an embassy as brilliant as that by which it is represented at St. James. This ambition was fairly well gratified by the service of Mr. Charlemagne Tower at Berlin; and the fact that Mr. Tower lived in notable state was obviously one of the reasons why he and his family were again and again during their residence at Berlin accorded special attentions and honors. When Dr. Hill first appeared at Berlin there were some evidences of dissatisfaction at his appointment. Matters were smoothed over and the doctor made comfortable, but the emperor has not gone out of his way to pay to him or to his household anything in the way of personal attention outside of the diplomatic routine.

It has been suggested that the real trouble in the case of Dr. Hill relates not to him personally, but to his establishment and the style in which its domestic and social economies are maintained. Naturally the household of an ambassador to a European court cuts an important figure in his service. The wife of an ambassador may embody everything that could be named on the score of the private and domestic virtues, and at the same time be anything but an engaging figure as the head of a diplomatic household. It has been gossiped that Berlin does not think it becoming in the mistress of a diplomatic establishment to make the rounds of the markets in the morning hours on a bicycle or to wear clothes that make even the Germans sit up and take notice. There have been whispers that Berlin would like the wife of an American ambassador to represent not merely the domestic virtues, but some-

thing of the grace, tact, and dignity which befit high diplomatic character and match the pretensions of an ambitious court.

All of which may be taken as suggesting if not explaining why Ambassador Hill has asked to be relieved.

The Doctors in Manchuria.

We of today are prone to think that the Middle Ages are gone, but occasionally we are reminded that they still project down into the twentieth century. When we read DeFoe's "Journal of the Plague Year in London," we are shocked at the stories that he tells; we seem to hear the rumble of the corpse-carts through the deserted streets, with the cry of the drivers: "Bring out your dead!" We see the terrified rich fleeing from the city, the panic-stricken poor throwing out their dying and their dead. We think of the monasteries which shut their gates against the plague and threw holy water to the dying over the walls. We recall the scene in which Boccaccio set his "Decameron," a mountain retreat whither some idle rich had fled to escape the plague, their boredom regaled by story-telling. We read of the doctors, masked and hooded, and bearing boxes filled with potent essences which they carried to their noses to ward off the plague. And at these last, modern physicians have often laughed.

Yet today these happenings of the Middle Ages have been repeated in plague-stricken Manchuria. There today are also taking place the strange extremes of cowardice and heroism of which our curious race is capable. European doctors are hastening to the plague-stricken district intent on saving lives. What lives?—those of humble Chinese peasants, foreign to them in faith and blood. Repeating history, these doctors of today are masked, robed, and hooded; following in the footsteps of the ancient medicos with their essences, they wear over their faces masks of iodoform gauze, and thus equipped they sally forth to save lives or to lose their own. One young European doctor, leaving a comfortable diplomatic station at Peking, went to Harbin, was seized with the dread malady, and died two hours after his arrival.

It is not alone the European doctors who brave the plague. There are now new and old Chinese doctors. The new, of course, are graduates of American and European colleges. The old-style doctors are the veterans who laugh at innovations, and whose *materia medica* largely consists of snakes' livers and the like. But the old-style doctors are showing equal bravery with the new ones.

If the Chinese doctors show courage, inspired by their European colleagues, it is not so with the Chinese peasants. We have all heard of the calmness with which the Asiatic meets death. We heard something too much of it at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. Fatalists as they are, it can not be gainsaid that the Chinese look on death more lightly than do the Occidentals. But the awful mortality of this pestilence has driven them into a state of panic-terror. Like our forebears in London centuries ago, they cast out their dying as well as their dead. Among the many curious photographs from the plague district there is one showing a poor wretch thrust out in the snow, leaning against the locked and barred door of his house; his terrified family have cast him forth, and he stands shivering there, waiting for the death-cart and for death. The expression of this victim has been so seized by the camera that the play of emotion on his dark face can be plainly seen. These photographs appearing in the European pictorials are in one case—that of the Paris *L'Illustration*—so horrible that the editor prints them in a detached supplement, warning his squeamish readers not to look at them. They are indeed horrible. The most hideous imaginings of the seventh circle of hell, as set forth by Dante's pen, translated by the pencil of Gustave Doré, seem weak and ineffectual beside these photographs of human misery—scenes taking place on our planet today.

Not to dilate on these dreadful photographs of charnel-pits, it may be said briefly that outside of Harbin there were a few weeks ago uncoffined bodies in a heap a quarter of a mile long. The correspondent who describes this tells also of a single pile of coffined bodies, in a more aristocratic quarter, in which his count ran over two thousand. These bodies, coffined and uncoffined, were waiting for new charnel pits, so terrible, so rapid had been the death roll. And another rooted Chinese belief has been forced to yield to the plague. There is no coolie so humble in California that his bones are not transported back for sepulture in the

ancestral land. But in the Manchurian plague district today, with mountains of dead piling up, the Chinese have been forced to accept the dictum of the doctors in Europe, and burn the bodies with petroleum. Five thousand died of the plague at Harbin in two months out of a population of about fifteen thousand.

It is not to brood on horrors that we have written these lines, but to point out the heroism of the European doctors. As to the Chinese doctors, it is natural that they should be interested in their own kith and kin. But consider the devotion of the foreign doctors, who have always been despised and spit upon by these same peasants whose lives they are trying to save. It is a curious trait, that of the healing instinct in doctors, and it is well set forth by Stevenson when he paints the two camps on Treasure Island—the loyal crew, with captain and doctor, on high and dry ground, the murdering mutineers in the marsh. When the mutineers are stricken with fever they send a flag of truce for Doctor Livesey, and the doctor hastens to their camp with his pills and powders; he inspects each mutineer's yellow tongue, and gives him his bolus. When they ask anxiously what his verdict is, he replies cheerfully, "Oh, I'll save you, my lads, for King George and the galleons. I'll see you hanged in chains at Execution Dock." And he meant it.

It is the instinct of the true physician to save life—to prolong life—any life, no matter how humble, how feeble, how vile, so that it be life. As to what the results of prolonging useless or vicious lives may be—why, that is not the physician's province. Nature creates, but also she destroys—calmly, ruthlessly, "red in tooth and claw with ravin." If she destroys, perhaps it is logically, and with reason; she does not like the unfit to survive. But it is the physician's instinct to save, whether the fit or the unfit, even at the risk of his own life.

Some pessimists might think that it would not greatly matter if several of China's redundant millions were to die. Nature seems to think so too. But the doctors disagree.

Alden Anderson and the Shasta Bank.

In connection with the suspension of the Bank of Shasta County there is an obvious effort in the interest of cheap politics to besmirch the record and character of Mr. Alden Anderson, late superintendent of banks. Although the failure has come two months after Anderson was thrust out of office by a shabby political trick, there is an effort to so cloud the record as to make him appear responsible for it—responsible in the sense of having connived at improprieties which amount practically to defalcation. The truth of the case is that a deputy representing the superintendent of banks discovered in his semi-annual inspection of the Bank of Shasta last July that the bank had been lending its funds without regard to the limitations of business prudence or to the requirements of law. There was nothing, however, to indicate that the bank was in an unsound condition. By way of caution Mr. Anderson in November asked for a special report, which was furnished him in falsified form by an officer of the bank. Smelling fraud, Mr. Anderson summoned the president and directors to an interview at his office in San Francisco, and as the result of information thus developed the president of the bank was forced to resign his working authority, although from motives of diplomacy he was permitted nominally to retain the presidency. An agreement was entered into between Mr. Anderson and the directors, by which the latter were to make up a fund estimated to be sufficient to put the bank on a safe basis, with the idea of conserving securities which though "slow" were thought to be sufficient. The bank was permitted to go on doing business under close supervision.

This was the condition when Anderson went out of office. It was explained in its details to his successor, Mr. Williams, who accepted the situation as it stood and continued the same policy with the same purpose. This acceptance was a practical justification on Williams's part of Anderson's course; and that it was the best practicable course under all the circumstances is obvious to anybody who has examined the facts as they have been set forth in a published statement by Mr. Ben F. Wright, former chief examiner under Anderson and later under Williams. What has happened neither Mr. Anderson nor Mr. Williams could have prevented. There appears to have been a shrinkage, due to connivance on the part of the bank officials, of assets represented as sound and available. The facts have not been fully developed, but somebody has manifestly com-

mitted a crime. It is at this point that the banking law or any law governing banking must be weak, for, however careful the inspection, the department of banks can not "sit on the lid" day by day. The banking department can not take over and administer the affairs of a bank. There is nothing to prevent acts of dishonesty between inspections any more than there is to prevent arson or theft. These acts are criminal under the law, but they may be committed by banking officials of criminal intent precisely as a desperate outlaw may set fire to a house in spite of the law.

All the facts go to show that Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Williams after him, took proper precautions and that the wrong that was done was done surreptitiously and criminally. The effort now making to put blame upon Anderson is a political trick designed to discredit an official who had ceased to be responsible and to clear one who, though blameless, was in an official sense responsible. Even yet the situation of the distressed bank is not clearly defined. But the evidence thus far exhibits Mr. Anderson in the light of one who, under circumstances of embarrassment and delicacy, did everything that could be done under the law and in business discretion to save an ill-administered and tottering institution. Superintendent Williams will gain nothing by attempting to evade a responsibility which fairly and legally attaches to the period of his administration; nor will the politicians back of him gain anything through an effort to besmirch the character of a notably capable and openly honest official.

Editorial Notes.

Milwaukee elected a Socialist mayor last year, but is not giving his projects the support which presumably should go along with political favor. The main Socialist project was a suburban railroad line to cost \$1,000,000. Submitted to popular vote, this project has been rejected by a large majority. By way of illustrating its capacity to discriminate, Milwaukee in the same election voted for a half-million-dollar bond issue for new public school buildings. This incident, like many another, recalls the famous remark of Sir Edwin Arnold that while the Americans always appear to be "going wrong" they infallibly "come right."

The interesting letter from the *Argonaut's* Paris correspondent helps to explain the state of revolt now existing in the wine districts of France. The government having declared that the Department of Aube must no longer be considered as a part of the ancient province of Champagne, it follows that the wine-makers must no longer label their product with the name that has been socially and effervescingly consecrated for so many years. Marne, on the other hand, being still on the official map of the Champagne province, may continue to use the coveted label. But the Aube manufacturers are trying to circumvent the new decree. Maintaining that it is the place of manufacture that counts, and not the soil that grew the grapes, they are building their factories just within the frontiers of Marne and importing the grapes from Aube. Against this contention the people of Marne argue quite convincingly by burning the factories, while the people of Aube retaliate against the government by refusing to pay their taxes and by the composition and singing of revolutionary hymns. The refusal to pay taxes is quite an old expedient in Europe, but the hymn-singing is a danger signal that the government will do well to observe. Only desperate men do this.

How profoundly San Francisco is interested in the next mayoralty is manifest in the fact that the "slate" is already in process of making. P. H. McCarthy, incumbent, will stand as the candidate of the labor faction. Mr. James Rolph, Jr., has been named by a municipal convention representative of many elements earnestly opposed to McCarthy and everything that he stands for. Mr. Charles Curry, late Secretary of State, has for several months been an open candidate, but it is not yet known if he will make the run. Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr., who, with strong backing, had been groomed for the race, has retired in the interest of Rolph. Gossip is busy with several other names, but definite announcements are yet to be made. It looks as if it might come to a closely drawn primary fight between Rolph and McCarthy. In addition to the ordinary motives of interest in the mayoralty there are this year special considerations due to the fact that under a recent change in our municipal charter the man elected this year will hold through to January 1, 1916, a period including the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A highly educated Chinaman now resident in London has issued an appeal to the "Bibliolatrous missionaries" to withdraw from China and to leave her people to themselves. Otherwise, he says, the day may come when there will be a terrible reaction resulting in the expulsion from China of all Western religions.

Mr. Lin Shao-Yang, the Chinaman in question, couches his appeal in the form of a bland inquiry. He wants to know many things, but so far there is no eager competition to reply to him. He asks if white men who are not earnest Christians have been found to lead worse lives than those who are. He asks if the missionaries really believe that the people of China—that is to say half the population of the world—have been doomed to eternal damnation. If they do not believe this, then why do they preach it? If they do believe it, then why do they believe it? He asks the missionaries to explain in terms of ordinary intelligence why they think their religion to be better than Buddhism or Confucianism which do not condemn half the human race, or indeed any one, to eternal damnation. Finally he asks why missionaries preach quite a different kind of Christianity to Chinamen than to white men, and why antiquated and repulsive dogmas are taught abroad and not at home. China, he says, does not want a "cast-off theology," nor does it want the "absurd, contemptible, and demoralizing medley that forms the stock in trade of missionaries."

The Speaker of the English House of Commons is a Conservative of the most rigid kind, but he was elected by the unanimous vote of a House overwhelmingly Liberal. But it was not until comparatively modern times that the Speaker ceased to be a partisan, nor was his position always one of its present dignity. In the time of Pitt the Speaker was accustomed to solace himself with a draught of porter:

Like sad Prometheus fastened to the rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock.
In vain the effects of strengthening porter tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies.

Manners were somewhat looser in those days than they are now. Pitt himself on one occasion showed signs of a too copious libation to the gods, and this gave rise to the celebrated couplet:

I can not see the Speaker, Hal; can you?
What? Can not see the Speaker? I see two.

It is said that on one occasion Mr. Disraeli arrived at the House somewhat "under the influence" and was so indiscreet as to attack Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, upon some point of foreign policy. Mr. Gladstone replied wittingly that "the right honorable gentleman evidently has sources of inspiration from which her majesty's ministers are debarred."

The ancient ceremony of weighing the king against masses of gold and silver will be duly carried out during the approaching royal visit to India. The bullion is subsequently coined and distributed among the poor. The total cost of the ceremony is estimated to be about \$100,000. This custom will doubtless inspire the poor to unusually fervent prayers for the king's health as an emaciated monarch would mean a serious diminution of revenue. On this occasion the weighing will be done in Calcutta.

Mme. de Navarro, better known as Mary Anderson, still preserves her interest in the stage, as is shown by the fact that she has just written a play in collaboration with Mr. Robert S. Hichens. The text of the play is not yet available, but it is the story of a priest who leaves a monastery, goes back to the world and marries. When the wife learns that her husband was a priest she refuses to live with him, although she loves him, and sends him back forever to the monastery whence he came. It is not apparent whether the play is intended to enforce the sanctity of monastic vows, but if this is actually its purport even its illustrious author can hardly make it acceptable to English-speaking audiences, who have a way of placing domestic fidelities in the front rank.

We are somewhat apt to look askance at the methods of European criminal courts and to suppose that the dice are usually loaded against the prisoner, although it may be a matter of opinion if this is not preferable to loading the dice against justice. However that may be, it would seem that the Camorristi now on trial in Italy will have no valid complaint to make on the score of judicial prejudice. Every prisoner has the fullest opportunity to establish his innocence in any way pleasing to himself, in fact a much better chance than he would have in America or in England. The first impulse of the accused man everywhere is to tell his own story and in his own way, an impulse that can not be gratified under our system, where evidence must be given according to lawyers' precedents. But the Camorristi seem at liberty to say what they like, how they like, and when they like. They may rebut damaging evidence on the spot, and seem to be encouraged to give their version of incidents then and there and without waiting upon any special procedure. In fact the judge acts with common sense, not like a judge at all, and as though he really wanted to get at the truth in the readiest way. Evidently Italian judges are not yet educated in the noble prerogatives of the law.

A bill of much interest to Germans living in other countries will soon be introduced in the German Reichstag. Germany has always been unwilling to relinquish sovereignty over emigrants from her shores, and according to the new bill she will do so only temporarily and will resume it at once and automatically should the emigrant leave the land of his adoption, even though he should have taken out papers of citizenship. Whether this means that Germans returning temporarily to the land of their birth would be expected to fulfill

the military obligations of German subjects is not clear, but the bill would certainly bear that interpretation. Moreover, the bill provides that the children of a German who has been naturalized in another country may assert their German citizenship by the mere expression of a wish to this effect. The same rule is to apply to German women who have married citizens of other countries and who have then been widowed or divorced, and in this case their children who are minors will also become German subjects. If this bill should pass it would seem that a man could be a citizen of two countries at the same time. In the eyes of the American law a man who becomes an American citizen remains so even though he should leave the country, unless he formally repudiates his citizenship. At the same time he will automatically resume his German citizenship.

The governments of the world are showing an extraordinary activity in the purchase of war aeroplanes. Russia has decided to spend nearly five million dollars in this way, and she will at once acquire a fleet of three hundred machines, all of them to be delivered before the end of the summer. She has already bought eight Bristol biplanes, five Farman biplanes, and forty Bleriot monoplanes. Bleriot's manager states that his company has now orders for eighty aeroplanes for the French government and thirty single and double-seated monoplanes have already been delivered. The French government has also bought a number of Bréguet biplanes, constructed almost entirely of steel, and that can be taken to pieces in half an hour. A number of Farman military biplanes have already been bought by the French, Italian, and Spanish governments. The British government is still far behind in this particular arm, only ten machines standing to its credit, but negotiations are in progress for several others. It is estimated that France can now put three hundred aeroplanes into the field, or rather into the air.

Although we hear more of the plague in Manchuria than in India the disease is showing a much greater ferocity in the latter country than in the former. The Indian mortality is now between 20,000 and 30,000 a week. The official returns for the eight weeks ending February 25 showing a death total of 131,543. For the week ending March 4 the plague deaths in all India were 28,113, an increase of 6000 over the record for the previous week. Very few white people are attacked either in India or China. In fact it would seem that no white person who takes reasonable care of himself is in much danger. There are sixty thousand white people in the infected area in Manchuria, but there have been only about fifty deaths among them, nearly all preventible. Dr. Mesny, the French doctor, was examining, unmasked, a dying man when the patient coughed in his face and infected him. The Russian, Dr. Michel, believed himself to be immune and neglected even the simplest precautions. Several of the Russian laborers of the sanitary corps were found to be drinking the alcohol given them to disinfect their hands after moving the dead, and they paid for the debauch with their lives. Père Delpal kissed a dying friend and died himself three days later. In India it is considered almost an axiom that the man who leads an abstemious life and keeps himself and his clothing rigidly clean has reduced the danger almost to the vanishing point.

The Japanese have opened a national theatre in Tokio that at American prices would be worth about \$500,000. Every modern improvement has been installed, and it may be said that absolutely nothing is lacking except the audience. Theatre-going is not yet a popular amusement in Japan, partly owing to the fact that the stage acquired a bad reputation during the Tokugawa period when it was supported only by the lowest elements. As soon as the Japanese realize that theatre-going is an essential part of Western civilization they will probably attend as a patriotic duty. One peculiar feature of the new theatre is an arrangement by which actors while awaiting their cues may have an uninterrupted view of the stage and so participate more intelligently than might otherwise be the case.

SIDNEY G. P. CORNS.

Irishmen have long contended that their own St. Brendan the Navigator in his voyages of the sixth century was the first to bring back accounts of the land beyond the western edge of the world, and the enthusiasts of the Celtic revival insist that there is more literary support for the legendary discoveries of their hero than can be mustered in support of the claim that Leif Ericson's Vinland is identical with the New England coast. Although the mildewed and rat-gnawed Lismore manuscript was first brought to light nearly a century ago there have never been more than meagre notices of it until the recent translation made at Oxford. No description of the Island of Brendan is contained in the Book of Lismore except its attributes as an earthly paradise, "a land odorous, flower-smooth, blessed. A land many-melodied, musical, shouting for joy, unmoorful." There is, however, a passage describing their welcome which has been seized by the claimants of an Irish discovery of these shores as a contributory evidence that Brendan reached at least one of the outlying islands of the West Indies. Unfortunately for the purposes of controversialists, the chronicle omits any further reference to the Island of Brendan and gives no account of the voyage back.

The suggestion has been advanced by President Crooks, of Albany College, Oregon, that there should be erected in San Francisco, fronting the Golden Gate, a statue or some memorial to Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific. Balboa first sighted the waters of the Pacific on September 25, 1513. On September 13, 1913, there will occur the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery.

A GREAT COLLECTION OF AMERICANA.

A few days ago in New York Mr. Henry E. Huntington bought the private library of the late E. Dwight Church of Brooklyn, which was collected during more than half a century at an expenditure estimated at \$1,250,000, and which is rated among the finest private collections in the world. The price paid for the collection was \$1,300,000.

Mr. Huntington has been among the most ardent collectors of art in this country. He is a resident of Los Angeles, where he has many large financial interests, and his villa at Pasadena recently was enriched by the hanging of the Boucher tapestries, which he had purchased for \$1,000,000. Among Mr. Huntington's benefactions to New York City are the Hispano-American Museum, the Numismatic Museum, and the new building of the Geographical Society, all situated in Audubon Square. Many of the treasures of his latest purchase, the Church collection, will be brought to California to find a home in Mr. Huntington's Pasadena residence.

The Church library consists of two parts. No other individual collector in the world's history of literature and art had ever accumulated such a complete collection of the early editions and folios of great English writers. The collection of English literature, which comprises the smaller of the two parts, has every variety known, with one exception, of Shakespeare's four folios. This single lot has been valued at upward of \$200,000.

The second and larger part of the library is the collection of Americana, of which two lots stand out in value and historic worth above the rest. These are the original manuscript of Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, once owned by John Bigelow and valued at \$35,000, and the First Laws of the Colony of Massachusetts, for which the Bay State several years ago offered Mr. Church \$25,000, which he refused, as he placed a much higher valuation upon the document.

Speaking of the manuscript of Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, Worthington Ford, librarian of manuscripts at the Congressional Library in Washington, recently said that, next to the Declaration of Independence and the final draft of the Constitution, it was the most valuable historic paper in the world. It is believed that this great masterpiece of the philosopher and statesman will be purchased by the government.

E. Dwight Church, collector of the library which bears his name, was one of the most prominent business men and residents of Brooklyn. He was a man of great wealth, a scholar, and devotee of the arts and literature, and he lived for the most part in retirement. Mr. Church commenced his business career and first started to collect old editions of the world's great writers at the close of the Civil War. He died in 1908, when he was seventy-two years old. In his will he named as his executors his widow and his two sons, Charles Church and E. Dwight Church, Jr.

Collectors and bookmen in this country and England have watched closely for an announcement that the Church library would be offered at public auction. Before the volumes and manuscripts were placed in storage Mr. George D. Smith, an authority on books, had been called in to appraise the collection, and for more than a year he had sought to form a combination of wealthy Americans to purchase the library. Coincident with his activities the Church Catalogue, a work of seven octavo volumes, was completed.

The Church Catalogue, as it is called, was compiled by Paul S. DuFord and George Watson Cole, and was published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Mr. Church had seen the start on this great task, which extended over more than three years, and it has been said that the cataloguing of the library cost the owner in the neighborhood of \$40,000.

One hundred and fifty copies of the catalogue were printed on Holland hand-made paper, and one hundred and forty of these were placed on sale for \$240 a set. Five of the large volumes are devoted to Americana and two to English literature. All abound in engravings and prints of title pages and plates from the Church library.

When Mr. Smith began to look over the field of prospective buyers he found it extremely limited. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was greatly interested in the collection, and was desirous of procuring certain lots from the whole. It is probable that he will be one of the largest purchasers of certain old editions when Mr. Huntington's selections from the collection are placed on sale. After several months of futile effort Mr. Smith consulted with Henry Edward Huntington of California, and the sale was the result.

Because of the almost priceless historic documents which constitute the bulk of the Church library the United States government probably will be the largest buyer of parts of the collection. Parchments and early records of the laws and treaties enacted and entered into by the thirteen Colonies will be purchased probably by the different States.

In a recent message to the State legislature by Governor Gilchrist of Florida, the following occurs: "The anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, a native of Kentucky, has been made by legislative enactment a legal holiday in Florida. It is recommended that the anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, a native of Kentucky, President of the United States, be made by legislative enactment a legal holiday."

"EVERYWOMAN" IN NEW YORK.

Walter Browne's Modern Morality Play, Its Lessons and Art.

Although "Everywoman" has been running in New York since late in February, I only got to see it a few nights ago. I had read much about the play in the newspapers, but I hadn't really a very good idea of what it was like until after I saw it. Mr. Savage, the manager and producer, calls it a "modern morality play." There are people captious enough to put an "in" before the second word. Compared to "Everyman," there is no suggestion of the old morality play, except perhaps in the names of the characters. In the first place, in the matter of scenery, it is as far from the old morality play as is possible to imagine. Mr. Savage is reported as having spent sixty thousand dollars on the production of this play. One must always allow for exaggeration in such statements; at the same time, I am quite confident that the production was a costly one; but even thirty thousand dollars would be a good deal of money to spend in this way. When Mr. Savage accepted the play, he said that he felt that "it would be either a craze or a flat failure." It is not a flat failure, and it is very near being a craze. After nearly two months' run, and on a Monday night, I saw the play, and the house was packed and by a particularly good-looking audience.

There is a pathetic interest attaching to this play, for on the very day of its first performance in Hartford, just before the curtain was rung up, the news was received of the death of Walter Browne, the author. Mr. Browne, who was a journalist, brought the play to Mr. Savage in February, 1910. He wanted to read it to the manager; but, like all managers, Mr. Savage would rather take a whipping than have a play read to him. So he persuaded Mr. Browne to leave the manuscript in his hands. This he did. Mr. Savage read it and accepted it. He had his own ideas of how the play should be done, but they were not the author's. Mr. Browne had worked on this play on and off for ten years; his idea of the production was the simple one of "Everyman": almost no scenery, three plain interiors, a cottage, a theatre stage, and a woman's apartment. We have all these in the present production; but they are not plain! Mr. Savage's idea was to give the play the benefit of every resource of the modern stage and "to bring to it that lavishness of detail which is characteristic of life in the great cities of today." He won the author over to agreeing with him that all the characters should be modern, excepting Nobody and Truth.

As to the production, it is one of the most elaborate that has ever been seen in New York. The supper scene and the street scene are "marvels of realism," and I might add, of ingenuity; for while the street scene shows part of upper Broadway, for the sake of an effect, the "Little Church Around the Corner," which is in a side street, is conspicuous in the foreground!

In the supper-room scene, in the third act, there is a lavishness of detail that would make Shakespeare turn in his grave with envy. The knives are all gold plated, and the food is not "property" food; but real oranges and real chicken are served. The oranges are served as grape-fruit, to open the meal; and the actors eat them with a relish, as they also do the chicken. Mr. Savage says that this "is not so much because of its effect on the audience, but for its influence on the players." I can readily understand this. I can imagine from the way they ate the oranges and the chicken that they thoroughly enjoyed the repast.

Perhaps the most ingenious stage effect in the play is the mirror arrangement in the first act, in which Flattery's image is reflected. This, I am told, is a German invention. It is composed of two plate-glass mirrors set parallel to each other and back to back. Flattery stands in front of the rear mirror, and by double reflection his image is seen by the audience in the front mirror, where Everywoman discovers him. When Flattery speaks, he speaks through the two plates of glass.

"Everywoman" is not a great play, but it is an interesting play, and it is exceedingly well acted; and as for the dancing girls, they are unusually good-looking and graceful. Mr. Savage has said that he took great pains in selecting his cast; and I can well believe it. He searched Europe and America for an actress to play "Everywoman" before he decided upon Miss Laura Nelson Hall. Miss Hall is a most attractive looking young woman whose figure is as handsome as her face, and she plays the part exceedingly well. As for Miss Patricia Collinge, who plays Youth, she is a dream of beauty. Beauty, Modesty, and Conscience are as pretty as peaches; and Miss Stella Hammerstein, who plays Vice in green (which for some reason or other is supposed to be a vicious color), makes herself as alluring as Vice.

The finest acting in the play is done by Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne as Truth. Mrs. Le Moyne is an actress who lends dignity to any part that she may play; and in her hands, "great is Truth and mighty above all things."

There is undoubtedly a moral lesson in this play; and that it is acted in the way that it is, that it is produced in the lavish and realistic manner that it is, it seems to me gives the moral a stronger emphasis than if it had been done in the way that the author originally intended. At least I think that more people of the class that need the lesson will see the play in

its present dress, or undress, than would have seen it if the author's first plan had been carried out.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

The High Tide at Gettysburg.

[July 3, 1863.]

[EDITOR ARGONAUT: I am going to make of you a singular request: I respectfully ask you to publish, at your earliest convenience, in your "Old Favorites," or otherwise, the poem "High Tide at Gettysburg." Many years ago you published it; and I saved it, as I do most of the copies of the *Argonaut*, to which I have been a subscriber for nearly twenty years. I lost my library by fire some years ago, and one of my most regretted losses, in the periodical line, was the *Argonaut*. Yours very respectfully,

GALVESTON, TEXAS, April 14, 1911.

A. PAGET.]

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,
A cry of tumult runs:
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
And Chickamauga's solitudes:
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed,
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
In hindling flame and strangling smoke,
The remnant through the batteries broke,
And crossed the work with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works today!"
The reddest day in history.

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the hayonet;
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the hayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell, who set the hars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears,
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—Will Henry Thompson.

Samuel Loyd, the maker of the "15 block," the "pigs in clover," the "donkey," the "get off the earth," and scores of other puzzles which generations have tried to solve, and which yielded him a fortune of millions, died April 10 at his home in Brooklyn. He was born in Philadelphia seventy years ago, and was educated as a civil engineer. He also studied languages and mathematics at Heidelberg, and took courses in drawing and painting. But he found that in his personal diversion of setting queer tasks for others to do there was a good source of income. When he was twenty he invented, drew, engraved, and printed the "donkey puzzle." Since then 1,000,000,000 have been sold. His others were not so financially successful, but many of them were equally well known.

The Department of Agriculture has proved, through experimentation, that \$150 worth of denatured alcohol can be produced per acre from the fruit of four years' growth of the cacti (tunas). This means that a quarter section of now arid land can be made to yield a gross income of \$24,000 almost perpetually.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. D. K. Pearson, the Illinois millionaire who has distributed nearly \$8,000,000 among the smaller colleges, saying that the amounts that he dispensed were in payment of his debt to the community, will increase his payments by \$300,000 this month.

M. Eugene Armand Duquesne, an architect from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, who recently arrived to enter upon his duties as professor of architecture at Harvard, is expected to mark the beginning of a new era of artistic construction in America.

Eugen Sandow, whose feats of strength and system of bodily training have long made his name familiar, has been appointed professor of scientific physical culture to King George of England. For twenty years Sandow has been England's foremost advocate of physical training. He is a man of considerable wealth.

The Rev. Dr. Jowett, the new English pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, has provided himself with an automobile instead of an assistant, to enable him to call personally on his 2500 parishioners. He believes that church fashions change, and is convinced of the convenience of the automobile in facilitating pastoral work.

Mme. Curie, co-discoverer of radium, wishes to have her daughter follow her father's footsteps in the field of science, and believes that the more serious education imparted to boys is most appropriate to her. Recently Mme. Curie created quite a stir among the professors of the Lyceum Lakanal by the request that her daughter be admitted to the regular course of study followed by young men. Her request was refused.

Mrs. Catalina Violante MacManus, who recently became the bride of Seumas MacManus, the writer, in New York, is from a distinguished family. She is the daughter of General Ramon Paez, and granddaughter of President Jose Antonio Paez who broke the Spanish yoke in Venezuela and became the first president of the young republic. He died in exile in New York. The city gave him a magnificent public funeral and a United States warship conveyed his body to Venezuela. MacManus himself is a native of Donegal, Ireland, and still has his home there, but does all his writing and lecturing in this country.

The Rev. A. J. Burns, who founded the Oneida Baptist Institute in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, in an effort to end the feuds and the illiteracy there, began his work eleven years ago, assisted by twelve mountaineers, seven of whom were unable to write their names to the charter. Now he has 524 students in the kindergarten, primary, and academic departments. His father was a mountaineer, who was forced to leave with his family in 1855 to escape the Strong-Amy feud, which had wiped out many members of the Burns family. The son, after growing to manhood, resolved to devote himself to destroying the illiteracy which has been the real cause of so many bloody feuds. His task has not been easy, nor has it been without danger.

The Rev. George Woodfield Paul, M. A., vicar of Finedoo, Wellington, and Honorable Canon of Peterborough Cathedral, who recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday, is one of the few living members of the clergy who are interestingly linked with Dr. Johnson. He knew Dr. Routh, president of Magdalen, who was proud to mention that Dr. Johnson came to University College and greeted him personally. Canon Paul recalls with pleasure recollections of a journey to Oxford by coach, which picked him up at Finedoo. He was at Oxford during the early part of the Oxford movement and frequently heard Dr. Newman preach at St. Mary's. In 1844 he was ordained deacon, and the following year received priest's orders from Dr. George Davys, Bishop of Peterborough, a preceptor of Queen Victoria. Upon ordination he acted as curate of Finedoo, under his father, who was vicar of the parish from 1810 until his death in 1848. In the latter year Dr. Paul was appointed vicar, an office which he still holds.

Dr. Hans Richter, a native of Hungary, for years recognized as the greatest conductor in England, has made his farewell appearance in London as leader of the Symphony Concert. He leaves, it is said, no able successor, and great traditions will henceforth be only memories. Dr. Richter was born in Raab, Hungary, April 4, 1843. He attended the Lonenburg school in Vienna, and studied under Kleinecke and Sechter at the Conservatorium of Vienna. In 1876 he directed the Bayreuth Festival, and in 1879 commenced orchestra concerts in London, though he first conducted there in 1877 at the concerts given by Wagner. He began his orchestral work as a horn player. At Munich, when Bülow was at his zenith, Richter conducted his first opera, and there he also made his only appearance on the stage, singing the part of Kothner in "Die Meistersinger." He was chosen by Wagner to conduct the first performance of "Das Rheingold" in 1869, and on May 5 of that year he conducted his first Richter concert in old St. James Hall, London. With August Manns and Charles Halle, he is credited with having taught the English people to care for "classical" and good music. Not only was he a conductor bred in the orchestra, able to play any instrument, but he often conducted whole concerts without a score, so extraordinarily was his memory. He was created Doctor of Music by the University of Oxford in 1886.

THE RINGS OF BEATITUDE.

One Case of American Intervention.

San Carlos and Granada lie side by side. They are nations. Their people are twins, their products are the same, their territory was cut from one pattern. The capitals lie a hundred miles apart. San Carlos's flag is a tricolor: red, green, and yellow. Granada's is yellow, green, and red.

From these similarities a community of interest might be supposed—if you had never heard of Central America. Yet these powers—minor, but insistent on the term—were at war.

Some day a Napoleon of the tropics will arise, leave one capital, take the other, and instead of two small stamps on the map there will be one the size of a special delivery sticker.

El Presidente Juan Francisco Lerida of San Carlos, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, imagined himself that man of destiny. Carlos Luis de la Santa Maria Mataro, the equivalent in Granada, was in process of reaching the same faith in himself. But Lerida had been in power eighteen months to Mataro's twelve; he had ripened first. Hence he had upheld a luxurious tradition by marching to the gates of his rival's capital, Jimena.

The artillery—one gun—of the red, green and yellow was trained on the men, trenches, and metropolis of the yellow, green, and red, and the besieged town was under martial law when the tramp ship *El Almirante Espanol* nosed lazily around the heads to stop in the Bay of Jimena.

No such ship ever before dropped anchor off the custom-house. Three men and a girl in pink tights hung in the rigging. Three vaudeville tramps stood arm and arm in the open side hatch. Half a dozen clowns danced about a ringmaster on the main deck, and in the bow, perched atop a white horse, a ballet dancer steadied herself with a hand upon the rolled foresail. In the stern a five-piece band blared abominably. And on the bridge, silk-hatted and frock-coated despite latitude and sun, stood Peter J. Davenport, manager and press agent of the Royal Pan-American Circus.

El Almirante Espanol warped to a berth at the one pier tediously and with bad grace. Davenport lighted a cigar, saw that the miniature stars and stripes was fast in his buttonhole, and started for the gangplank. At the rail he was met by a brace of barefooted gendarmes and a soldier—the latter recognized as of the army by epaulettes and a rifle. The three blocked the way.

"Good-morning," said Davenport, in Spanish.

A group formed about him, with the clowns for a nucleus. The steward, at his side, vouchsafed a guess—correct—as to the situation.

"They told me above this war was likely to pop," replied Davenport. "But it'll take more'n this to stop the circus: watch me."

About to advance, he called to the ringmaster, "Sit tight," and then opened negotiations. The gendarmes and the soldier spoke at once. From the fraction he gathered, the American confirmed the steward's hazard. "To el presidente," he ordered, tapping his boutonniere flag. "Muy pronto."

A fine air of dominance carried the day; he led the three up the pier rapidly, checking a current of browned humanity hurrying—for Central America—toward the ship of the strange crew.

President Mataro, in sash and uniform, he found at the presidential palace, distinguished from the custom-house only through familiarity. Davenport awaited no audience.

"I must thank your excellency," he opened without parley. "It was more than I expected. You Southrons know true hospitality. The beauty of your city is reward enough for coming, but to be welcomed with a guard of honor, to be brought immediately to an audience—ah, that is more than my due, señor."

"But the—"

"Don't say it, your excellency: the occasion really doesn't warrant it. It was charming of you. Will you have a cigar? And here—I must repay you to the best of my humble resources—here is a box to our circus. You have never seen a circus?"

"It is—"

"Ours is really—I speak between friends—the most wonderful ever organized. Think of a circus on the West Coast! And such a circus!"

"It must—"

"You merit it, true. You have been neglected. But now you are to have a spectacle that has been seen—"

He rushed on with his patter steadily, insistent as a steam triphammer, splintering Spanish occasionally in his fervor. He lugged in New York, Paris, Berlin, and Madrid in proof of the Royal Pan-American's success. He drew for testimonials on the Kaiser, Edward VII, Echegaray, and Nietzsche. He drew a picture of the biggest show ever seen by a press agent in a pipe dream.

At the fourth attempt, Mataro, accepting the situation, explained the existence of martial law. Davenport scarcely hesitated.

"But what of that? Here is the chance to show that Granada can appreciate the higher things of life. Have you ever had such an opportunity? Are you likely to have it again? Act while you have time. Proclaim a holiday and your people will bless you. Your excellency has a duty. The Royal Pan-American Circus

can not come every year. And where else are you to see all the splendid features we have? Where else, indeed, is the like in the world? The war can wait; one can always fight. Here is an opening to earn again the gratitude of your faithful populace."

Davenport missed a move by trying to rekindle his cigar and the generalissimo took his opening to interpose: "There is much truth in what you say, señor."

"Truth? Why, man, it's gospel! Who can deny it? Do you want to compel us to go on south to Tavora, and proclaim to your enemy's capital Granada's inability to take advantage of this chance? No: I answer for you, general, knowing your spirit and progressiveness."

"It might be arranged," said Mataro judicially. "But I fear for your success. Our country is at war and the people have little money. To fight for honor is expensive. Also our exchequer is depleted. . . . We need funds. . . . But it might be—"

He paused. Davenport put his thumb under the beflagged buttonhole.

"At Acapulco," he volunteered, "we paid a tax of two and a half per cent of the net receipts."

In turn, he paused. El presidente looked blandly out of a window. After a moment he inquired casually: "Which was?"

"Fifteen dollars, gold."

Mataro, calm as a ward politician who knows the force of his toll demand, examined a wrinkle in his tricolor scarf.

"Granada," he began impressively, "is a great nation. It would be beneath the dignity of any nation except San Carlos to accept a tax, in such a case, of less than"—a trifling hesitation gave Davenport one anxious instant—"of less than twenty-five dollars."

The American met him.

"I can guarantee twenty dollars," he replied. "The ship goes out tomorrow; today is our only chance to show. Twenty. Is it yes or no?"

El presidente recognized an ultimatum.

"It is possible. But before lifting martial law the tax must be paid."

Davenport carelessly dropped a hand into his pocket. A jingle was simultaneous with acquiescence.

Within an hour the town was plastered with a proclamation restoring civil order for the day. By each placard was a poster of the circus—old "paper" abandoned by the shows of the States, with advertising in bad Spanish.

The generalissimo on his right and the alcalde on his left, Davenport, from his headquarters in the bar of the Splendid International Hotel (free translation) despatched couriers to the quickly accessible settlements in the country unaffected by the war, gave orders to his men, dazzled a crowd of cholos at the door, and listened sympathetically to Mataro.

"Ah, señor," complained the general, "those dastardly dogs of San Carlos—what do you think they did? We were preparing for the war and would have marched on their capital, but it rained. It rained and we could not march. And while we were waiting for the sun to come out, that most despicable of all crawling things" (another free translation) "came from Tavora with his followers. One can not call them an army—pouf! Terrible, was it not? But we are ready? Our trenches are prepared and they will enter Jimena only when every one of my brave fellows is dead. San Carlos can never conquer Granada, by all the saints! We are a proud nation, señor; we die but do not surrender."

"How many are they?"

"We are besieged by five hundred. They claim but three hundred, true, but my scouts report more."

Davenport cogitated. Three hundred: were that many spectators to be sneezed at? Not by a long shot.

"Your excellency is valiant," he began tentatively. "But you can be magnanimous. Think of those poor fellows—for they are human after all—lying out there waiting for a chance to pot you. Would it not be the part of superiority to invite them for the day into your city, that they might share in the delights of witnessing the Royal Pan-American Circus? I, as intermediary, could make sure for you that your capital would be safe while the foe is your guest. A truce could be arranged. Come, here is a thing worth while. It will establish a new international law—the code of circuses in war—of which you will be known as the author. You would be known in history—the history not only of America, but of the world—as the only commander who had ever shown the generosity to invite the enemy to a spectacle. You would be unique. Nothing like it has ever happened. I will see that the press of the United States hears of this; the whole country will talk of it up there. What do you think of that? It will be carried to Europe and in all the capitals they will tell of the consideration and heroism of General Mataro in Jimena. Splendid! You could do nothing better for the fame of yourself and your exquisite country. Crown your great career with this. Send an aide with me, and I will go to the San Carlos camp. I come as Fame asking you to have a drink. Leave it to me."

Even Napoleon succumbed to the theatrical at times: who would scoff at the chance of having his name heralded over two continents? Mataro listened with increasing willingness.

"A truce? Good idea. Yes."

"He looked at the sky."

"It looks as if it might rain tomorrow," he said gratuitously. "Hm! I believe it would be the part of strength to do as you suggest. Do you not?" he asked the alcalde.

The alcalde did.

"But if the enemy should not agree?"

"Then, your excellency, you will have the satisfaction and the reputation of having been superior to your opponents. All great generals are that way."

Carlos Luis de la Santa Maria Mataro looked at his scarf, finished his drink, frowned at the peons, and summoned a colonel.

The aide received his instructions and credentials at the moment the circus parade was forming by the custom-house; a stone's cast from where the tent was already going up.

On the back of the elephant—the one elephant—Davenport posted the envoy, taking a place at his side under the swaying canopy. With the band's roar and to the cracking of the clowns' slapsticks and bladders, the procession began the turn around the town. Jimena stared. Mataro, with his guard of honor about him, stood before the presidential palace and reviewed the line while the populace yelled "Viva!"

Three times the parade traversed the main street. Then Davenport, waving his silk hat at el presidente, gave the order that started them toward the enemy's camp.

Three miles beyond Jimena's edge, strung along the bank of an arroyo, lay General Lerida's forces. All morning the soldiers had listened to occasional whiffs from the band; scouts had reported strange doings; officers and men knew that something unusual was within Jimena. What was it? The question had begun to agitate. In the ranks was more than a touch of dread—the dread of the unknown. Hour by hour it grew: by noon terror was thriving. Eighteen men quit their jobs.

It was at this juncture that Lerida, unable to stand inaction, decided that, mystery or not, the time had come for a decisive blow—the blow that would give him his place in the roll of conquerors.

There was a council of war, an inspection, and the forming of skirmish lines.

Lerida was donning his scarf—who would fight without a ribbon?—when a scout arrived with word of a strange review in Jimena. Details could not be made out at a distance of two miles, and the scout, anyhow, had been in a hurry to get back and report.

The commander was making fast his green plume—what conqueror would lead without a plume, white or green?—when another scout came to pant out a tale of fourteen devils leading a dragon and a thousand strange beasts like men.

The general was polishing the handle of his sword when a third brought word that three dreadnoughts and a troopship had arrived at the enemy's capital to aid in repulsing the brave army of San Carlos.

"Summon a second council of war," commanded the resourceful Lerida.

While the officers increased their fears from the recountal of the courier's tales the other half of the army added terror to terror as the scouts repeated their reports with variations and enlargements.

At the end of the council, Lerida, more valiant than ever, stood before the ranks to harangue them.

"Men of San Carlos," he began. "Your nation's honor, history, and your own welfare hang in the balance."

The troopers listened without animation. From afar there came the strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," played with martial verve.

"Our traditional enemy is at our mercy. We will avenge the slights of eighteen months and enlarge the income of San Carlos. If we win you'll get paid."

The ragamuffin crowd craned for a glimpse down the road toward the beleaguered town.

"This is a time for patriotism and heroism. Lads, show your mettle."

Officers sauntered from their posts to points of vantage under pretense of silencing, steadying, straightening the lines. "A Hot Time" gave way to "Yankee Doodle"; the noise momentarily became louder.

"The hour has come. We will not be deterred. Follow my plume to Jimena and victory and glory!"

Lerida wheeled and drew his sword.

"Forward!" he cried so that all heard, from flank to flank.

Behind him there was a mighty scuffle and the clink of arms.

At his third stride, Lerida hesitated. Slowly around a turn in the road there came a bearded woman. At her side walked an impossibly thin devil in red tights and a Panama hat. Four men in pantaloons, with white and red mottled faces, cavorted wearily and cracked bladders and slapsticks. Behind them in a barouche, escorted by the vaudeville tramps, rode three men and a girl in pink tights, waving merrily. On the seat with the driver was the fat woman. The band, in purple and green, followed, and next, the gem of the circus, lumbered the elephant. On his forehead squatted a red-haired mahout clad as a Hindu and clinging to the seat were Peter J. Davenport and Mataro's colonel. In the latter's hand was a flag of truce—a handkerchief tied to a stick. Its simple note was quite lost in the gaudiness of the procession.

Lerida stood still. But behind him the scuffle and the clink of arms rose, though almost drowned in yells. But all, scuffle, clink, and shouts, diminished. When Lerida looked, there was none to follow his green plume of San Carlos. It was a rout.

Yet the circus still advanced. The snake-charmer coiled a pet around her neck for coolness as she sat beside the ossified man, the armless wonder, and the Circassian beauty; they had Jimena's second barouche

to themselves. A mangy tiger dreamed in his wheeled cage and the girl dressed like a ballet dancer clung limply to her white horse.

On the march continued, while Lerida held his ground in dumb wonder, till the elephant came abreast him.

Davenport leaned over the rail of the rocking seat, the glad hand extended.

"Hello, general," he cried. "How are you? This is the Royal Pan-American Circus. A wonder, aint it? Allow me to present Colonel Cosalda, the aide of General Mataro. Colonel Cosalda, General Lerida; General Lerida, Colonel Cosalda. We want to talk business."

The red-haired mahout lowered the elephant and its crew alighted. As he bowed, Cosalda waved the handkerchief ceremoniously. Lerida struggled to save his face.

"My forces have deployed," he explained.

"We saw them deploy," retorted the envoy. "They forgot to stack those guns on the ground there."

"General Mataro invites you to Jimena for the circus, under a truce," Davenport put in. "With your troops."

"My troops are engaged in manœuvres," Lerida answered sadly.

"Sailed under sealed orders, as it were?" suggested the American.

Lerida was grateful: "Yes; I do not expect them to return today. Their task is preparatory."

"But, general, you can't afford to miss this circus; nobody can. Call the war off for the time being. The other side's willing. It's an eye-opener."

The three hundred extra spectators were gone, but Davenport saw possibilities for Tavira. To enter that town with the war hero of the republic riding at his side—there was a start for a two-day stand with the S. R. O. sign dug out of the hold of *El Almirante Espanol*. He led Lerida aside and put the case squarely.

"You are without men; make an armistice and return to your capital with us, escorted by our band. I'll start a courier after your men, if you think they can be caught, telling them to go home. Though they must be pretty far on the way already. . . . How about it?"

"Would it be honorable?"

"Honorable? Why, man, I'll propose your name for the Nobel peace prize! Mataro has the fear of God in him. Tell him you'll spare the town and turn back your reinforcements. There's your chance to turn defeat to victory. And think of the effect of your return to Tavira with a band, riding on an elephant! The city would go wild. Are you on?"

Lerida looked at the waiting circus line, at the scattered rifles, and the empty camp. He smiled wanly.

"Your arguments have force," he commented. "I will treat with the enemy."

Silently he walked to the elephant and clambered into the basket. Cosalda followed. Davenport put himself between them. The elephant rose, the band struck up an air, the parade turned around, and Lerida's march on Jimena entered its final stage.

As the mahout piloted his beast down the road, Davenport passed cigars to his companions.

"You have no idea," he began, "what a really tremendous thing this circus is for the West Coast. This aggregation has won the praise of Paris, Berlin, London, and New York. It has—"

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1911.

Memorials to dogs are not uncommon, but Luneburg is probably the only town to boast of a public monument to a pig. A conspicuous object in the entrance to the town hall of Luneburg is a granite pedestal surmounted by a glass case. Inside the case is a ham, withered almost to nothingness, and on the pedestal a slab of black marble inscribed in letters of gold: "Passerby, here you behold the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

The gray wagtail is a striking example of the undeviating flight of certain bird species. This bird passes its winters in the heart of Africa and in summer it is seen everywhere in Europe, in Asia, and even in Greenland. It has never been known to travel to North America from Greenland. It goes to Greenland by way of England, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland. The bird does not know and will not know any itinerary that has not been laid out by the birds of its species in the past.

The smallest completely equipped fire "brigade" in the world may be seen at the Beckenham fire station in London, England. The machine, which is a motor-propelled tricycle with two seats, one for the driver and one for the fireman, is furnished with all necessary requirements, scaling ladders, fire extinguisher, hose, etc., even to a first aid outfit. This little vehicle has already been instrumental in giving much service in fires. It has a speed capacity of forty miles an hour.

Sealed bids are used in auctioning property in Japan. There is no shouting. The auctioneer announces to the audience that he has such and such a piece of property for sale and invites bids. Those who wish to bid write their bids and names on slips of paper. The paper is folded and placed in a box. When the auctioneer sees no more bids coming he opens the box and sorts out the bids. The highest bid takes the property.

THE BATTLE OF THE WINES.

A French Quarrel of Interest to Lobster Palaces.

M. Monis is probably converted to the old French belief that the Evil One has a working partnership in the making of champagne. As the successor of M. Briand in the premiership he has had troubles enough in forming his ministry, and now his official career is endangered by the wine that cheers and also inebriates. Diners who regard the cold bottle as an essential feature of a night out will sympathize with the new French premier and also with themselves. For the troubles of M. Monis are theirs too. Accustomed now to "pure food" protection, they are no doubt anxious to secure every assurance that they get what they pay for, especially as the grim suspicion has penetrated even to lobster palaces that all is not champagne that sparkles and "moveth itself aright" in the cup.

Whether alarmed by the mellowing process which is going on in California vineyards, or urged to action by the big wine merchants, the fact remains that for several years past the French government has been making valiant efforts to distinguish between things that differ. Consequently some three years ago the Chamber of Deputies passed what is known as the delimitation decree, which played havoc with French geography. In the ancient kingdom of France there was, it will be remembered, a large province known as Champagne, which has for many years been replaced by the four departments of Marne, Haute-Marne, Aube, and Ardennes. All these departments produced champagne. But not the same kind of champagne. So, at least, it has been argued. Marne scoffed at the vintage of Aube, and Aube ridiculed the pretensions of Marne. The *vignerons* who owed allegiance to their capital of Troyes would brook no slur upon their grapes or their juice. It was a pretty quarrel, which by and by spread to café and restaurant and divided dinner parties.

Hence the delimitation decree. By the simple process of a vote, the chamber wiped the Aube off the champagne map. For all time coming that department was no longer to be recognized as producing grape-juice worthy of the wired cork and the tinselled neck of the cold bottle. It might continue to cultivate its vineyards and cask its grape-juice, but henceforth no wine of the Aube would be honored with "champagnization." The Aube might call it what it liked, but not champagne.

Never was a cork so clumsily pulled. Whether statecraft under any conditions would have been equal to the task of cutting the wire of centuries and deftly opening the bottle without the loss of a drop, is a problem which must remain unsolved; the point is that the enforcement of the chamber's delimitation decree has jerked out the stopper of the Aube and spilt the effervescence over all France. "It cuts out half of the old champagne country," cry the *vignerons* of the Aube, "and we won't stand it." It looks as though they won't. And there are enough of them to make their determination a serious matter for the government. For it should be remembered that in all the champagne districts the hulk of the wine is made in vineyards belonging to small peasant owners, and that such an interference as the present affects, not a few big wine merchants, but a large and widely scattered population.

So the Aube is in revolt. Peacefully up to the present, but none the less earnestly. For one thing the mayor and council of Troyes have resigned office in a body, and that example has been followed at Bar-sur-Seine and nearly forty of the neighboring communes. Such a strike of officials, mayors, councillors, and all kinds of functionaries is without precedent. Nor is that all. The late representatives of government are urging the people to refuse payment of taxes, burn their assessment papers, and generally throw everything out of gear. They are appealing to a sympathetic audience. Criers are marching round the villages and exclaiming, "Cover your doors with crape"; local committees are being formed and urging the gathering of arms, or even spades, shovels, and pitchforks, as in the turbulent times of the Counts of Champagne.

But it is at Bar-sur-Aube that matters have reached a climax. That quaint old town on the right bank of the Aube has never witnessed such popular effervescence since the days of the Napoleonic wars. Through its narrow streets the other day there surged a great crowd of wine-growers and vineyard laborers from eighty communes, all the latter bearing their grape baskets on their backs, and carrying inside those baskets bundles of official assessment papers. There were banners in endless variety inscribed with defiant phrases, such as, "Hunger justifies the means," "The lambs will become wolves," "Prussia for the Prussians and Champagne for the Champenois," "Injustice breeds revolt," "Liberty is rot," "Equality and fraternity are lies." And as the *vignerons* moved on their way with their grape baskets and assessment papers and flaunting banners they sang every little while stanzas of the "Hymn of the Vignerons," that doggerel revolutionary ditty which goes to the tune of the "International." The favorite verse was that which commits the singers to the defense of their cause with their lives:

Depuis trop longtemps on nous berne,
On nous endort avec des mots.
Contre cet or qui nous gouverne
Dressons nous et clamons bien haut:
"Champenois nous serons quand même,
Nous lutterons contre vos loix.
Au prix, s'il faut, de la vie même,
Nous ferons triompher nos droits."

Vineyard laborers were not the only singers; the strain was taken up in all seriousness by ex-mayors and all the other resigned officials. In the great meeting of the afternoon and in the parade which followed, those late representatives of law and order were still to the fore, leading with *cûres* the way to the Hôtel de Ville, where the assessment papers were piled high and burned to ashes. Nor were they all that was burned; an effigy of M. Monis was consigned to the flames with equal enthusiasm. To cap the proceedings a red flag was hoisted on the belfry of the Hôtel de Ville and a black flag sent up immediately afterwards to keep it company.

Of course the Marne has not been slow to answer this ebullition. As a counterblast to the spectacular proceedings at Bar-sur-Aube a mass meeting was called at Rheims, long recognized as the chief town of the champagne country, and the speakers seemed to revel in their task of denouncing the agitation in the Aube as fomented by those who have practised fraud in the past, and had been cleared beyond the limits of the champagne country by a wise and just decree. Where this neighborly love of the rival departments will end, and how Monis will save his ministry from being drowned in champagne does not yet appear. Some of the wine-growers of the Aube are open to a compromise, for while they are determined to resist the chamber's geographical innovations they are willing to inscribe their bottles with "vin de l'Aube," allowing the Marne product to be labeled as "champagne de la Marne." But the crux is that the growers of the Aube also demand that they be allowed to continue importing their grape-juice into the Marne, which would effectually prevent drawing a distinction between Marne wine and wine from the Aube. Really it looks as though lobster palaces must come to the aid of M. Monis, or the dining world at large be canvassed for a solution, for, after all, this rivalry between the departments is an international affair. No doubt the immediate outcome of the squabble will be an enormous increase of assumed connoisseurship in *caféland*; the gilded youth will wax eloquent over the superior merits of the Marne brand, its dryness or its sweetness and the rest, and Tottie Footlights will marvel at the profundity of his knowledge. Which goes to show that after all the agitators in the Aube have made some contribution to the intellectual advancement of mankind.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, March 27, 1911.

Professor George A. Reisner of the Harvard archaeological school says that he has solved the mystery of the Sphinx. He is certain that the great stone statue is a portrait of Chephren, a pharaoh of the fourth dynasty who ruled in 2850 B. C. The Harvard archaeologist states that the Sphinx temple was the tomb of Pharaoh Chephren, and that the monster is made to represent the body of a lion with the head of the king, who built the second pyramid. Professor Reisner says that his contention is correct and bears out the opinion held by Egyptologists for some time. The memorial stone on the breast of the Sphinx, which was put in place by Thothmes IV of the eighteenth dynasty, says the head is that of the man who ruled a thousand years or two before him, but this testimony has been doubted by some.

Rubens was paid £4000 for his painting of the ceiling of the banqueting house, Whitehall, London, and received besides a chain of gold from Charles I. As the painting covers a space of about 400 yards, the artist's remuneration was £10 a yard. An English artist, who felt that his own labors had been underpaid, recorded in his memoirs that an Italian had received £2000 for decorating the salon of the Duke of Montague, and had been lavishly entertained, together with his friends, at the duke's house during the two years that the work lasted.

English newspapers tell of an organization of two hundred farmers of Hawarden to revive the ancient water-wheel grist-mills in their vicinity and grind there all the wheat reserved for their own use. Numbers of old country mills are elsewhere being put to a similar use. It is declared that the flour thus produced is "nutritious and fragrant beyond any other in the world."

The Maderos, one of whom is leading the Mexican insurrection, are the richest family in the country, being worth from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. It seems hardly possible (remarks the *Springfield Republican*) that they are in reality, fighting the economic and social system that has made them so rich.

The United States leads the world as an exporter of tobacco, having supplied over \$41,000,000 worth of tobacco and manufactures of tobacco which entered international markets last year. In the exportation of manufactured tobacco Cuba is at the head of the list.

It has taken nine years to erect New York's \$8,000,000 library, and the beautiful building is about to be thrown open. It is intended to show the city's respect for architecture as well as its love of knowledge.

Louisville, Kentucky, has a new grand hotel, and it has been named after the nationally famous and admired editor of the *Courier-Journal*, Henry W. Hutton.

REGILDING THE CRESCENT.

F. G. Aflalo Gives a Bird's-Eye View of Revolutionary Days in Turkey.

Mr. F. G. Aflalo disclaims any attempt at cynicism in his choice of a title. He would not have us infer that the Turkish revolutionists were merely tinkering a bad job when they overthrew the late Sultan and imposed the semblance of a constitution upon a people who do not know the meaning of the word and would abhor it if they did know. None the less Mr. Aflalo is not enthusiastic. Writing during the present year, he still preserves "an open mind on the probability of success," and this can hardly be said to betoken a sanguine expectation. Moreover, he selects as a sort of motto for his book the warning of Edmund Burke "to innovate is not to reform." However desirable it may be to change the government of the Turks, it would be still more advantageous to change the Turks themselves, and this is not to be accomplished by sonorous declarations nor by parliamentary debates.

The author gives us ten comprehensive chapters on the general situation in Turkey immediately before and immediately after the revolution. Without going deeply into the intricacies of Turkish politics, he yet shows us the main divisions of the forces that operated to produce the change. They seem to have an individual and party rather than a general and national bearing. The abominations of the Sultan had compacted his enemies into a mass, while the discontent of the army made it a ready instrument in the hands of the plotters. With a more tolerate ruler than Abd-ul-Hamid it is not likely that the public tranquillity would have been disturbed by any general yearning for forms of government unknown to the Turks in general and foreign to the spirit of a thousand years. But Abd-ul-Hamid tortured and goaded a few victims into resistance. The resistance was momentarily successful, but the Turk, as a Turk, remains pretty much as he was before.

Of the Sultan's peculiarities we have many examples. Some are fact and some are probably fiction, and of the latter the following may be quoted as an example:

So unkingly was the last act in the drama of his reign that those who cherish the divinity that hedges kings should find comfort in a wild story which, for all its improbability (improbability is never an obstacle to belief in that country), is accepted by many as the truth. It seems that the ex-Sultan had a foster-brother named Ismet Bey, so exactly like him in manners and appearance that the two were by many regarded as actual brothers and could be distinguished only with considerable difficulty. Ismet therefore had his uses. When the Padishah, obsessed by the phantom of assassination, dreaded the ordeal of having new clothes tried on by the tailor, it was Ismet who took his place. When the Padishah felt unequal to attending the Selamlık, again Ismet drove in his stead, in a closed carriage, and received the homage of the crowd. In the spring of 1906, Ismet died suddenly, and a little mysteriously, and it has been rumored ever since that it was in reality Abd-ul-Hamid who died, the camarilla, for very good reasons of his own, putting Ismet in his place with a view of keeping Mehmet from the succession.

In the career of Abd-ul-Hamid it seems impossible to find an extenuating circumstance. He was wholly and irredeemably bad, and without even the elements of a personal courage that sometimes throw a sort of unreal halo around the heads of the most depraved:

It has generally been given to the ingenuity of historians to discover some redeeming feature in the most debased of tyrants. One loved his mother, another patronized the arts, a third displayed bravery in battle. Yet Abd-ul-Hamid will tax their utmost resources. He despised his mother and lost no opportunity of persecuting the race to which she was said to belong. As for his children, he shot a little girl in the palace (the evidence as to whether it was a child of his is unsatisfactory), only because he found her playing with his coffee cup and thought she was putting poison in it. His patronage of the arts was restricted to the engagement of stars from the houses of entertainment in Montmartre for his private theatre. As for bravery in battle, he did not once take the field, and rarely indeed showed himself outside of Yildiz. When he did, it was in a coat of mail and with his faithful Albanians about him.

That the Sultan had some foreboding of the fate awaiting him seems likely enough. His habit of storing jewelry and ammunition within the palace would be natural to a tyrant who was determined to resist an inevitable attack and at the same time to be prepared for flight, but his method of hiding his tracks is suggestive of Captain Kidd rather than of a twentieth-century European ruler:

As an instance of the ex-Sultan's cruelty, the writer had a curious story from an ex-agent of police, which, without vouching for its truth, he gives only for what it is worth, but much stranger stories of him are believed in that amazing country. It seems that a gang of workmen were summoned from a distant quarter of the city to dig a hiding-place in the grounds of Yildiz in which Abd-ul-Hamid desired to bury some treasure or ammunition unknown to others. The work was satisfactorily done under his own eyes, and he then had a good meal provided for the men. Then, in a freak of his fiendish humor, he ordered double pay and had the money handed to them on the spot. They never spent it. A few minutes later they were mustered in another part of the grounds and filed into an outhouse, the flooring of which suddenly gave way beneath them. Thus they died, and the secret went with them. Whether there is any truth in this grewsome story or not, the ex-Sultan certainly had a mania for hiding both valuables and ammunition in the precincts of the palace. Early in 1909 a number of rifles and a million rounds of ammunition were found in the cellar, and next morning's papers contained a significant paragraph to the effect that the minister of war had ordered the immediate removal of this material to a spot where it would be "more useful to the military authorities than if buried away in the dark corners of the palace." It is notorious that during the last weeks of his reign he was kept under very strict surveillance, so much so that, after one of the Selamlıks, he is said to have asked for news of the outer world from one of the ambassadors.

"These people," he complained querulously, "do not even know what is going on in Turkey!"

A story of the Sultan's parentage is too good to be omitted, although it can hardly be said to extenuate a series of crimes without a parallel either in ancient or modern history:

The one reproach brought against him for which he can not be held responsible is that he may not have been his father's son. The story goes that Sultan Mejid was walking in the palace ground one day on the arm of Riza Pacha, his favorite seraskier, in the best of tempers, when a courier dashed up on horseback, dismounted, and, with a low obeisance, announced the birth of a son.

"And who," asked the Sultan, "is the mother?"

The messenger named a beautiful inmate of the harem, a Georgian or Armenian (opinions are divided as to her nationality), who had been abducted as a child and forced to embrace Islam. The Sultan's brow grew black as thunder and, having curtly dismissed the bearer of these tidings, without the present which he had good reason to expect, he turned to his favorite and said, "By Allah! It must be two years since I set eyes on that woman!"

The Sultan made a last despairing effort to dominate the situation by placing himself at the head of the revolutionary party. But it was too late. His reputation for perfidy was too well established to permit of the smallest reliance upon his word:

What an inspiration some great historic painter might have drawn from those last furtive council meetings at Yildiz, held at dead of night and with closed doors! There sat the old autocrat, cornered at last like a boar in his lair, and round him his fawning courtiers, only one of whom dared to breathe the forbidden word "Constitution," and he an aged astrologer whom, true to a lifelong hankering after the occult sciences, Abd-ul-Hamid held in reverence. Only a few hours earlier, news had reached the palace of the revolt at Monastir and Resna. Once the dread word had passed those privileged lips, the others admitted that it was the last hope of saving the palace from the people. But he knew it already; he, the cleverest statesman in all that assembly, knew he must either put himself at the head of the popular party or be put beneath its feet. With curious success, he did both, for, though nominally the foremost champion of the new régime, he was henceforth, to the moment of his deposition, nothing else than a puppet in its hands, retained temporarily for the sake of his profound knowledge of foreign affairs and diplomatic chicanery. A small price was this insignificance for his bodily safety. He who, all his life, had killed and tortured, reckoned no price too high for the guarantee of his life. He was cruel from boyhood. His father is said to have expressed the conviction that if he should ever come to the throne Turkey would suffer. "For," said Abd-ul-Mejid, "when the lad had nothing better to do, he goes into the stables and sticks pins in the horses." Of enemies he had as many as he deserved, and many of them regret that he got off so easily. The Young Turks knew better. Europe, never friendly to regicides, would have resented his execution or assassination.

The author has something interesting to say about the Armenians, who have figured largely in the story of the last few years and who have probably received a certain amount of sympathy not belonging to them. There are about two and a half million Armenians under Turkish rule, and while they are of a high order of commercial intelligence they have been credited with other virtues that they do not possess. They seem to be a cowardly people, incapable of self-defense, and are thus an almost irresistible temptation to the predatory Turkish soldier:

Physical cowardice is perhaps their strangest attribute, though even here it is necessary to distinguish between the effeminate Armenians of the cities and the hill Armenians, who, particularly in Russia, are exceedingly brave. It was as impossible to estimate their want of courage in the old days, when they had to go unarmed, as the bravery of the Kurds, who could use their revolvers on helpless victims. Yet even now that they can carry arms with the best, they show a curious reluctance to defend themselves, and the writer heard of one case in which, after fourteen of these unfortunate people had been shot down in a loft by a single Turkish soldier, who stood on a ladder and fired through an open window, it was found that their bodies were lying across loaded rifles!

The author attributes much of the material supineness of the Turk to the influence of the Koran. Not that the influence of the Koran is actively evil, but rather that it is too spiritual and produces an indifference to mundane affairs. The Turk must realize that his sacred writings, however infallible a guide to the realms of bliss, leave much to be desired as a handbook of political wisdom. They need to be supplemented, as it were, by something more in tune with modern improvements and progress:

First and last comes the conviction that the Koran is not a digest of practical politics and that the Law of Sheriat is not applicable to the present day. Penalties such as stoning a culprit to death are no longer permitted in Europe. This ancient code permitted evasions which, even in the East, are no longer admitted in law. Thus, the drunkard goes free if he will but swear on the Koran that the alcohol was taken medicinally! It takes time to remove these anachronisms. Even in modern England, religion and law are not kept distinct. Only recently Mr. Justice Darling, giving judgment in a case in which a clergyman refused to solemnize a marriage with a deceased wife's sister, solemnly pronounced that what, until a year or two before was against the law of God, was now (by act of Parliament) no longer so!

Turkey is accustomed to be governed by force and understands no other persuasion. The military revolution was the only one that could have succeeded, and we may well believe that the new order of things must depend upon the sword if it is to be permanent:

In spite of the praiseworthy efforts that have been made to prove it otherwise, the Turkish Revolution was essentially a military movement. This does not imply that its details were not hatched by civilians, in Paris or elsewhere, but they would have been powerless to give effect to their dreams of liberty without the aid of the army. Parliamentary institutions, as we understand them in England, if not actually distasteful to the majority of the Turkish nation, are at any rate unintelligible to them. The rabble of Galata shouts "Liberty!" when it merely means license. Its stomach determines its political attitude, and the slightest rise in the price of bread would create a revulsion of feeling against the constitution, which would be held responsible for this and every other evil. The crowd of Constantinople is a cowardly one. During the street fighting on April 24, shortly after poor Bonham, Graves (of the *Times*), and some others had gone by,

carrying Booth to the French hospital, the present writer saw an immense crowd held in check by a single cavalry officer, who, with drawn sabre, drove them back like sheep. In one of our Lancashire towns, they would have walked over his body to get a better view of the beleaguered barracks. If, in its respect for force only, the mob of Constantinople is a fair epitome of the whole nation—this, by the way, would probably not apply to the fiercer population of Asia—then it is at least evident that none but a military revolution has any chance of popularity in that land.

A revolution instigated by the army is always liable to failure from the same cause. The Turkish revolution nearly met catastrophe as the result of a reaction from teaching that seemed to threaten the basis of Mohammedan morals. The revolt of the Chasseurs and later on of the men of a warship nearly succeeded in overthrowing a constitution only just beginning to walk on its infant legs:

The fleet was equally disaffected with the army. The captain of the *Assar-i-Tewfik*, a loyal supporter of the constitution, was marched up to Yildiz by his men. They arraigned him under the windows of the palace, and the ex-Sultan looked down upon them.

"What do you want, my children?" asked the paternal Abd-ul-Hamid.

"Here," they replied, "is one who would have fired on Yildiz. What shall we do to him?"

"Send him to the Second Division!" was the Padishah's injunction, which sounds innocent enough, but which, as most of the officers of that division had been murdered, could have had only one meaning. The marines, acting on the royal hint, bayoneted the unfortunate man on the spot. We were subsequently edified by the spectacle of their corpses dangling from gallows in the public streets, a punishment which they perhaps richly deserved, yet assuredly not more so than the coward who instigated the crime.

It need hardly be said that the liberty of the press was no more than a name in unregenerate Turkey. The restrictions imposed by Abd-ul-Hamid are of so curious a nature that they deserve preservation:

According to Yussuf Fehmi, however, a far more rigorous press law was in use at Yildiz. According to Article 12 of the Constitution of 1876, "The press is free within the limits of the law." It was a happy idea of the ex-Sultan, after he had suspended the constitution, to respect this particular article, but to interpret the law in his own fashion. With this object he drew up nine clauses, some of them amazing even under an absolute monarchy. One of these prohibited serial articles, with the customary announcement, "To be continued in our next." Another forbade the leaving of blanks or printing of dotted lines, "because they are apt to trouble the reader's peace of mind." A third made it a punishable offense to publish the news of the assassination, or attempted assassination, of a reigning sovereign, "as it is not good that such matters should be made known to our loyal and peaceful subjects." A fourth of these wonderful clauses interdicted all historical or geographical terms, including (of course) the word "Armenia." Finally, editors of newspapers were commanded not to print the text of the new law in their papers, "because it might provoke criticisms or undesirable observations on the part of evil thinkers!" Such was Abd-ul-Hamid's conception of the liberty of the press, and it can only be said that it was worthy of him. Cervantes could hardly have conceived anything more pleasing for the press of Barataria.

The emancipation of the Turkish woman is not yet an affair of tomorrow, and for the simple reason that she does not much want to be emancipated. And yet the Turkish woman has not very much to complain of. Indeed we ourselves might do worse than imitate some of the Turkish laws for the protection of the sex:

The trouble is not so much that the average Turkish woman is actually disgusted with her empty and purposeless existence as that she ought to be. In some matters, indeed, though this may be news to English readers, the Mohammedan woman is in better case than her Christian sister. Her property is her own, before marriage and after, and she can not be divorced without having her dot returned in full. On the other hand, her inferiority is somewhat emphatically established by the fact that, in the Turkish courts, it takes the sworn evidence of two women to balance that of one man. Yet Judge Bacon recently declared (at Bloomsbury) that when a woman goes into the witness-box she will swear to anything! The Koranic view therefore seems to have some justification. Moreover, though a Mohammedan may marry a woman of any other faith, the woman is deprived of the privilege, for fear that she might be converted. Yet it was Mohammed who declared that a man's paradise is at his mother's feet!

The author has a good word to say even for the harem, which is simply the quarter of the house set apart for the women, and by no means "the theatre of domestic orgies unfit for mention":

There is no doubt much to be said against treating women as caged birds. Is there not, on the other hand, something to be said against the unlimited freedom, as mirrored in modern fiction and the drama, that permits married women to spin down the ringing grooves of change? I do not expect the ladies to acquiesce in this sentiment; but on the other hand I do not expect them to honor me by reading this book at all. Mohammed did not advocate polygamy. He countenanced it, which is a very different matter. What else could he do, if his ambition was to convert half-barbarous Arabs from the still worse practices of infanticide? But for this licensed plurality of wives, would they have rallied to his banner? The foolish Western idea of the harem pictures the suffering women as petted one moment and flung into the Bosphorus the next. Since man is vile, this, figuratively at any rate, will probably be the fate of some dear women till the end of time, but these extreme privileges of the husband belong rather to the dark ages of a religion which is, after all, only thirteen centuries old. Even Christendom has had its Amy Robsarts. Polygamy is not, as commonly supposed, the general rule in the East. Statistics are unreliable, but it is said that less than five Turks in every hundred practice it. They are a poor nation for one thing, and whether, as Plautus said, two women are worse than one, they unquestionably are more expensive.

Mr. Aflalo has done a useful piece of work and in an interesting way. He shows us the actual situation in Turkey and how little present occasion there is for the usual enthusiasm over the "sinner that repenteth." Turkey has achieved a great reform upon paper. We have yet to see if it can flourish in a soil rendered ungenial by centuries of an approved despotism.

REGILDING THE CRESCENT. By F. G. Aflalo. With twenty-four illustrations from photographs and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

China's Story.

Dr. Griffiths has written a valuable book about the Chinese. It is valuable because the author starts from the strange assumption that the Chinaman is a human being with a nature not unlike our own, and that he is, in fact, just about what we should have had been isolated for thousands of years, consuming our own smoke, so to speak, and allowing immemorial tradition to be distorted into hindering observance and law. He knows China well enough to present to us the opinions of intelligent Chinamen and their own explanation of customs and rites, and so he is easily able to wave his wand and dissipate many of the absurdities that are often enough the only things that we care to notice in the national character. For example, the extraordinary animal forms that the Chinese so delight to picture are not more grotesque than the heraldic devices so common in Europe, and, in fact, they are often identical in meaning. We have only to go back a few hundred years in the history of Europe to find superstitions just as dense as China can furnish today, cruelly even more rampant, and an outlook upon nature just as dark.

Dr. Griffiths does indeed give us a new conception of the land of the dragon. He gives us enough history to show that it is a great one full of heroes and admirable deeds, enough of art and literature and religion to show the underlying ideas and that some intelligent theory may be found under even the most hopeless rubbish heap. Nor are we allowed to believe that China has been hopelessly stagnant. It seems that commercial trusts became a problem in China a thousand years ago, and that the resulting misery to the people produced an experiment in socialism which made the misery worse. Then the brothers Cheng pondered deeply on "the nature of man and God," and so caused the return to a more tolerable system. Our modern reformers might try the same silent methods with much profit to themselves and others.

Too many hooks about China have been written by those who have visited the country in very much the same spirit of inquiry that they would visit a menagerie of wild beasts. We have to live in the same world with the Chinaman, and the Pacific Ocean is growing narrower every day. Therefore it is as well to understand him, or at least some of him, and Dr. Griffiths helps us to do it.

CHINA'S STORY IN MYTH, LEGEND, ART, ANNALS. By William Elliot Griffiths. Illustrated with photographs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Glamourie.

Perhaps more human love is given to Paris than to any other city on earth. Probably there are more foreigners who live from choice in Paris than in any other city. It is Paris that makes the deepest impression upon the traveler. He turns his back upon the great white city and has a sense of exile forever.

No book has for many a year so well expressed the witchery of Paris as "Glamourie." It is to be understood only by those who themselves are under the spell and who have felt the city's effervescence in their veins. "Glamourie" has but two male characters, and neither is French. John Dwight is a New Englander, and Sir Michael Burke describes himself as an Irish-English-Parisian. They meet over the chess tables of the Maison Bonvalet and then begins the friendship that ends so gloriously. The story is told by Dwight, who worships the strange and lovable genius inclosed in the dwarfed and deformed body of his companion. There is hardly any more successful portrayal in modern fiction than that of Sir Michael Burke, who adores Paris as a goddess and finds a revelation of a pagan divinity in every sight and sound of her streets and river. Sir Michael has a sane philosophy, too, and he elaborates it in his exquisite way and by exquisite deeds. "Ten Commandments?" he

asks: "There is only one: *U'brate, thou nerve.*" And again: "The old commandments are rules of psychic hygiene, a crude catalogue of acts that impair vibration." And still again: "Whoever says 'God bless it!' deep enough, creates an eternal Thing." There is a lovely girl in the story, and she is kept by no means in the background, but so long as Sir Michael Burke is on deck we have no eyes for any but him. The author is to be congratulated for his achievement in building an exquisite story with such scant use of material that lesser writers consider so essential.

GLAMOURIE. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20.

Conrad in Quest of His Youth.

Conrad is only thirty-seven, but, being persuaded that his youth has departed, he starts in search of it. His method is to revive acquaintance with his old sweethearts, but, alas! how disappointing they are. They are fat, or fifty, or vulgar, and never a thrill can he get from any one of them. It can hardly be said that the author has written a novel. He calls it an "extravagance of temperament." None the less it is humorous and amusing and the work of a well-trained pen. Here and there we get a good story, as, for example, that of the man who brought his wife to an Ostend hotel and when he went upstairs to bed she wasn't there. After he had searched high and low for her he went to the bureau and asked the clerk if he could tell him where she was. The clerk hadn't an idea, but said that a married lady came to him a little while ago in a fix—she didn't know the number of her room, and she had forgotten the name of her husband. Decidedly it is a book to be read in an idle hour—a very idle hour.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.20.

Blake's Visions of the Book of Job.

We may doubt the author's success in reading the riddle of Blake's art, but we may at least be thankful for his admission that there is a riddle to read. The charge that Blake was insane he dismisses with the contempt that it deserves and as belonging to that habit of mind that attributes everything not understood to disease of mind. None the less he seems to have some sympathy for the contention that Blake's work is so good explained that it is better to leave it in that nebulous state.

But if the author's elucidations may seem conventional and churchly, we may at least be grateful for the twenty-one plates of Blake's drawings and for the biographical matter. The illustrations to the Book of Job can nowhere be found in so convenient a form as here, or executed with greater fidelity. And if their interpretation seems unconvincing, it may be remembered that the work of a mystic can be interpreted only by a mystic, and not in the light of a theology or of any ethical system from which mysticism has been carefully excluded.

BLAKE'S VISION OF THE BOOK OF JOB. With reproductions of the illustrations. By Joseph H. Wicksteed, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The Imprudence of Prue.

The central idea in this capital story seems to be not quite a new one. Lady Prudence Wynne, a court beauty of the time of Queen Anne, is overwhelmed with debts and her creditors are pressing. Just at this time a notorious highwayman, Rohin Fremantle, is under sentence of death, and it occurs to Prue that if she can persuade Rohin to marry her he would become legally responsible for her debts, while she, as his widow, would escape all liability. So she marries Rohin in his cell—and Rohin is at once reprieved through powerful intercession and set at liberty, and there you are. Lady Prudence Wynne is the wife of a young and healthy highwayman who may have a long and predatory career ahead of him.

Something like this has been done before, but never half so well or with so romantic an ending.

THE IMPRUDENCE OF PRUE. By Sophie Fisher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

The Silences of the Moon.

The essays of Mr. Henry Law Webb are marked by the severe simplicity of style that accompanies classic reading and the mental strength that comes to those who make a comrade of nature. He says he lives like the birds and the beasts, "having wilfully abandoned all that is held to be true and right in religion and ethics," and so he no longer covets his fellows' wealth nor hankers after their creeds. It is a bold avowal, and one that springs from the kind of contemplation that ceaselessly questions and learns. To look for personality in "dumb" nature is one thing, but to find "that the crocus and violet can tell us of other things beside spring is not always easy," nor is it a small thing to watch for individuality in every breath of wind. All wickedness, he tells us, will one day be summed up in one sin—the sinning against nature. "Out of 'dumb' matter we derive all purity of color and most beauties of line; and to the visible materializations of nature

belong the accumulated wisdom and song of all the world since the Chaldeans first felt their kinship with the stars; she is the Pallas Athene, in wisdom eternally in her prime, in beauty immortally fair." It is nature that gives the only permanence to thought. Whatever is falsely founded must pass away: "A dominant religion and a sartorial craze pass away in about the same length of time—the latter in a few weeks, the former in a few centuries; in eternity the difference is non-existent. Only by a departure from nature comes misery, by a separation of our thought from natural intention. As we are happy, so is the good we do in the world; no miserable man ever benefited the race."

Probably we all have our periods of animistic thought, those of us who think at all, but Mr. Webb would have it habitual to us. Mind should be the one dominant fact in nature, the one thing that is supremely and eternally visible, self-evident, and compelling. Matter is but the garb that is tinted and textured to appeal to senses as impermanent as itself. Mr. Webb's book is a masterpiece of its kind, a refreshment and a delight.

THE SILENCES OF THE MOON. By Henry Law Webb. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The Fire Opal.

The government of Russia is so mysterious, the motives of her revolutionists so obscure, that the novelist may almost be pardoned for an over-elaboration of complexities. We feel that there is some over-elaboration in this case and that the story loses something of the effectiveness that an energetic style and narrative skill should give to it. The conspirator who attempted to assassinate Prince Melnikoff in England and who did actually assassinate the unknown Russian woman would hardly have made his escape so easily—indeed, no one seemed to be much interested—nor would the prince have been able to abduct a peer and his son in Russia merely to get his own way in a love affair. Russian princes are often had enough, but they can not do this sort of thing. Nor would the Czar—this, or any other—annul a lawful marriage in order that an aristocrat might marry again.

THE FIRE OPAL. By Robert Fraser. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Brierley Reviews.

Twenty short poems about Ireland make up the little volume by Helen Lanyon entitled "The Hill o' Dreams" (John Lane Company; \$1). In spite of a certain dirge-like quality the verse has much merit. It is strong, sincere, and musical.

From the South-West Publishing Company, San Francisco, comes a volume of the complete orations and speeches of Henry W. Grady, who stands, by common consent, as the representative Southern orator since the Civil War. Some of his speeches were contained in a memorial volume not now obtainable, while others were printed in pamphlet form, but a separate edition of all his orations has not before been published. The price of the volume is \$1.50.

Professor J. E. Spingarn's valuable lecture on "The New Criticism," recently delivered at Columbia University, has been published by the Columbia University Press. The author argues that the creator and the critic are necessarily at one, inasmuch as taste must reproduce the works of art within itself in order to understand and judge it. Aesthetic judgment and artistic creation must be instinct with the same vital life, as without this identity criticism would be impossible.

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THE ACME OF PROTECTION

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The six best-selling novels last month, according to reports to the *Bookman*, were "Molly Make-Believe," "The Rosary," "The Phantom of the Opera," "The Root of Evil," "The Broad Highway," and "Mary Cary." There seems little occasion to criticize the choice of the masses in this regard, for at least four of these hooks are distinctly worth while.

Under the title "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," George Hamlin Fitch has brought together a number of his recent essays, and Paul Elder & Co. will publish the volume next month. Mr. Fitch has been the literary editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* for thirty years, and there have been few numbers of the Sunday issue of that journal which have not carried, at the head of the book reviews, some genial, appreciative, and illuminating reflections from his pen. Mr. Fitch has been much more than a reader and reviewer of books. His taste is for the best in literature, and his sustained purpose has been to guide his readers along pleasant paths, with discriminating praise for the flowers of rare beauty and fragrance along the way. There have been few guides so clear of eye, so sound in judgment. In the hook to come from his study will be papers on the Bible, Shakespeare, the Arabian Nights, "Don Quixote," "Paradise Lost," and other great works down to the time of Boswell's unique biography, and in each essay the motive is that expressed in the title Mr. Fitch has chosen for the volume.

From Missouri, laboriously but plainly written on commercial statement paper of extra length, and lacking a title at the beginning, came to the *Argonaut* a rather striking short story, which held the reader's attention in spite of its unattractive dress. At the end, however, was this naive explanation: "This has been in a magazine before. It is '—' by Bailey Millard. I hope it will be satisfactory. I am a pupil of the Press Syndicate." It is to be noted that the copyist did not claim to be a graduate.

Ellsworth Huntington, whose new hook, "Palestine and Its Transformation," is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company this week, is now making studies in the south central part of New Mexico as research associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. He is comparing the Otero Basin, with its peculiar hills of white gypsum sand, its ruins, its soda lake, its high mountains, and its Apache Indians, with the natural features and people of Palestine, Persia, and Chinese Turkestan, which he described in his book just published and in his previous volume, "The Pulse of Asia." Mr. Huntington is assistant professor of geography in Yale University.

There has grown up a kind of impression (says the *Bookman*) that literary piracy is a sin exclusively practiced by Americans. Bret Harte was a victim of flagrant piracy on the part of English publishers, and in 1873 he was forced to bring suit for an injunction to restrain the importation and sale of pirated editions of his works. Another sufferer was Mark Twain, who upon one occasion wrote a most scathing letter to the *London Spectator*. This comment is brought out by the rehearsal of Dickens's wrongs at the hands of American publishers, which seems intended to justify the issue and sale of the memorial Dickens stamps, a movement altogether worthy and particularly pleasing, but on other grounds.

Henry Holt & Co. have arranged with Lieutenant Arthur A. Clappe, of the Royal Military School of Music and sometime teacher of music at the United States Military Academy, West Point, for a hook on "The Wind-Band and Its Instruments," which will be fully illustrated.

John Galsworthy, whose novel, "The Patrician," has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is now in the prime of life, being forty-four years old. He is an Englishman of high social position by birth, a man of education who has devoted his entire life to literature. In this country he is best known for his play "Strife," which, dealing with the questions of capital and labor, was produced a year or so ago at the New Theatre, and made a strong impression on all who saw it. Its theme was typical of the writer—he has given his powers mainly to pointing out the defects and weaknesses and evils of social institutions. Probably the heaviest blow he ever struck in this direction was through "Justice"—a drama which so forcibly presented the evils of modern punishment of criminals as almost instantly to bring about reforms in the English prison system. But in "A Motley" and in "The Patrician" Mr. Galsworthy's "purpose" is so unobtrusive that it need not offend even those who dislike fiction that has a purpose beyond the telling of a story.

A list of "Fifty Best Books of 1909" has been made up by reference to the choice of the librarians of the State of New York, and A. C. McClurg & Co. are pleased to find that twenty of their books are included. The books

which attained this distinction were Mrs. Conger's "Letters from China," Miss Arnold's "A Mother's List of Books for Children," and George P. Upton's "Standard Concert Repertory."

A second posthumous volume of O. Henry's stories is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. for publication in the fall. The title will be "Sixes and Sevens." Although the volume "Whirligigs" is the last of which the late short-story master had the personal selection, it is interesting to know that the title "Sixes and Sevens" was chosen by Mr. Porter. This forthcoming collection will comprise the final volume of his stories, but will be followed somewhat later by the publication, also by Doubleday, Page & Co., of a volume of O. Henry material; including letters, documents, essays, and other papers, as well as a sketch of his life.

"To make a good woman interesting in fiction which does not depend upon the mere story to carry it," said Gertrude Atherton, speaking of Marie Hay's "The Winter Queen," "is about the hardest task a novelist can set himself. Marie Hay's achievement in this book is curiously like that of Berta Morena's portrayal of Elizabeth in 'Tannhauser'; she makes that usually colorless maiden as seductive as Venus—plus virtue. . . . Marie Hay has put far more life, audacity, and truth into these people dug out of dusty archives than is to be found in many of the best of modern novels."

Louise Closser Hale, who has sailed for Algiers, has told her friends and her publishers that "The Married Miss Worth" is the last novel she will ever write about the stage. She also says that she will never act again. Her friends say, possibly—but a long rest after a double shift of acting and writing "The Married Miss Worth," which was published by Harper & Brothers a few days ago, may change her mind. "A woman friend and myself," says Mrs. Hale, "are going out just as far as we can into the desert from Algiers in an automobile, and the only male thing that will go along is a chauffeur who hails from Roxbury, Massachusetts, and who hasn't been out of Massachusetts in his life."

After nearly forty years of secret existence, the autobiography of Richard Wagner is to be published this year by Dodd, Mead & Co. Its appeal will by no means be confined to music-lovers, for, quite apart from matters of art, Wagner was one of the most striking personalities of his century. Wagner dictated the whole of the memoirs, the manuscript of which covered some 1200 pages. Much was transcribed by King Louis of Bavaria, a circumstance which Wagner mentions in a letter. The work of correcting the proofs was undertaken by his then fervent disciple, Friedrich Nietzsche. Throughout the 900 pages of the book the human interest is extraordinarily powerful. Wagner tells everything—his hopes, fears, disappointments, griefs, joys, follies, triumphs. One striking incident which he narrates tells how he was summoned from school to the bedside of his dying father. On arriving, he was taken aside by his mother, and told to play the piano for the dying man. He did so, and as the strains died away, his father turned on his pillow and whispered, "I wonder whether he will ever develop a talent for music?" The book is an eloquent revelation of the soul of a prodigious artist.

New Books Received.

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER. By Eden Philpotts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.35.

MARIE CLAIRE. By Marguerite Audoux. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20.

The translation by John Raphael, the introduction by Arnold Bennett.

THE FIRE OPAL. By Robert Fraser. New York: Edward J. Clode.

BURIED ALIVE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20.

'LIZBETH OF THE DALE. By Marian Keith. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20.

SOME FORERUNNERS OF ITALIAN OPERA. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

The purpose of the author is to show that the revival of the theatre in Europe in the Middle Ages began with lyric drama, constructed in a form containing many of the elements of opera, but lacking in the fundamental method of musical communication.

PIANO TEACHING: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

WORLD LITERATURE AND ITS PLACE IN GENERAL CULTURE. By Richard G. Moulton, M. A., Ph. D. New York: Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

CREATIVE EVOLUTION. By Henri Bergson, Member of the Institute, Professor at the College de France. Authorized translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50.

THE MAN AND THE ROSE. By Alanson Tucher Schumann. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

PALESTINE AND ITS TRANSFORMATION. By Ellsworth Huntington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

By years of observation of his own dreams, of comparison with the experiences of others, and by a wide reading of the literature on this perplexing problem of psychology, Mr. Ellis has collected an

astounding number of examples of dreams of all kinds.

WAGNER AT HOME. From the French of Judith Gautier by Edmé Dunreith Massie. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50.

THE WAR MAKER. By Horace Smith: Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50. This is the true story of the adventures of Captain George B. Boynton, a famous soldier of fortune, who died recently in New York City. Mr. Smith has written the reminiscences exactly as they were given him by the captain himself.

THE HOUSE OF ORCHIDS AND OTHER POEMS. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.25.

THE HUMBLER POETS. By Wallace and Frances Rice. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50. Second series. A collection of newspaper and periodical verse, 1885 to 1910.

THE RANGE RIDERS. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.25.

INDUSTRY AND PROGRESS. By Norman Hagwood. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.25.

Lectures delivered before the senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.

A CAPTAIN OF RALEIGH'S. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

GERARD, OUR LITTLE BELGIAN COUSIN. By Blanche McManus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

ARGENTINA AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

An account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history, and advancement of the Argentinians, and the development and resources of their country.

OLD COUNTRY INNS OF ENGLAND. By Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

THE LAND CLAIMERS. By John Fleming Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

THE PATH OF GLORY. By Paul L. Haworth. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

THE GRAIN OF DUST. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30.

CAMP ST. DUNSTAN. By Watten L. Eldred. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

The second volume of the St. Dunstan series of books for boys.

THE BOOK OF LOVE. With an introduction by Madison Cawcain and drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda. New York: Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

ON EVERYTHING. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

THE BUSTAN OF SAD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents.

Translated from the Persian. Issued in the Wisdom of the East series.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By L. H. Bailey. New York: Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Issued in the Rural Outlook set.

QUICKSANDS. By Fannie Heaslip Lea. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.20.

LOST ON THE TRAIL. By Pansy. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

WHAT HAPPENED AT QUASI. By George Cary Eggleston. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

A story for boys. The scene is laid in South Carolina.

AN ETHICAL DIARY. Selected and edited by W. Garrett Horder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents.

HOGARTH. By Edward Garnett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents.

Issued in the Popular Library of Art.

TAINE'S LES ORIGINES DE LA FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE. Edited by J. F. L. Raschen. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

SCHNEFFEL'S ECKEBARD—AUDFACH UND HADUMOTH. Edited by Charles Hart Handschin, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

ROCKY FORK. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25.

MAISIE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.

A story for children from six to twelve.

DAVE PORTER AND HIS RIVALS. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25.

A tale of boarding-school life.

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.60.

"A study in atmospheres."

SOUTHERN FIELD CROPS. By John Frederick Dugger. New York: Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

Issued in the Rural Text-Book series, L. H. Bailey, editor.

MISS LIVINGSTON'S COMPANION. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30.

A love story of old New York.

THE KING OVER THE WATER. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

HOW THE WORLD IS HOUSED. By Frank George Carpenter. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

THE INCAS OF PERU. By Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

THE KING'S CUSTOMS. Vol. II. By Henry Acton and Henry Hurst Holland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An account of maritime, revenue, contraband traffic, the introduction of free trade, and the abolition of the navigation and corn laws, from 1801 to 1855.

AN OLD MAID'S VENGEANCE. By Francis Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

THE EDUCATION OF A MUSIC LOVER. By Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

CONVERGENCE IN EVOLUTION. By Arthur Willey, D. Sc., M. A., F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

MISSION TRIP TO BEACH

Seven miles of the most picturesque and historically interesting scenery in San Francisco, with a splendid ocean view and sandy beach at the end, for five cents, is sufficient to make the Ingleside ride one of the most favored of all the sightseeing trips which the United Railroads has to offer.

Take a Mission Street and Ingleside car at Fifth and Mission and every block out unrolls interesting bits of scenery and presents a happy surprise. Historically alone Mission Street is worth the trip. In the early days of San Francisco it was the main highway leading west and south, being known as Mission Road.

The United States Mint first arrests attention on the right. A little farther out is the handsome postoffice building. Beyond the fire-swept area of 1906, the car traverses real old San Francisco, remnants of which are so dear to the heart of every resident. Quaint and squat, with its own theatres and busy business blocks, it is a city by itself.

Passing the car harns a little valley with gracefully sloping sides is crossed. Through the centre gurgles a tiny stream. Valley and slopes are covered with thrifty vegetable gardens, supplying in part San Francisco's needs. Turning off Mission Street into Onondago Avenue, the scene becomes truly rural. Cozy homes, pretty yards, and large gardens of crisp vegetables. The truck gardener thrives. Away out there is room for untold thousands of home-seekers without cramping.

The big repair shops of the United Railroads are shown as the car passes. Off to the right is seen the county jail, behind high whitewashed walls. Ingleside track is at the left a little farther on, once the most famous in the West. Now instead of stalls full of blooded horses, grandstands filled with cheering thousands, it is occupied by the county hospital.

The extensive holdings of the Spring Valley Water Company follow on the left thenceforth to the ocean. Sloat Boulevard offers an easy way for drivers to the beach and is an ideal highway. Once Barney Farley, noted trainer of athletes, owned a cottage in the centre of what is now Sloat Boulevard. The spot is still pointed out, and the blue gum trees which Farley planted in the early 'sixties, now tall and full-branched, remain a memory to his labors. Early-day residents will remember the old True Blue racetrack, out beyond Ingleside. It is now but a memory, hut outlines of it can still be traced.

Quite suddenly the beaving Pacific comes into view, with great, long-rolling, lazy breakers tumbling shoreward, tossing a veil of lacy spray high in the air. The warm sandy beach stretches away to the south and as far north as the Cliff House, three and a half miles distant. On the bank above is the smooth ocean boulevard. To the south one sees the South End life-saving station and the wireless station as well.

These halmy springtime days, days of sunshine, with perfume of blossoms in the air, when the country calls the city folk, are ideal for this splendid trip. The visitor in San Francisco will find it one of the most interesting side excursions he can possibly make. The memories of what he has seen in this historic section of San Francisco will ever remain among his most happy recollections.

The long stretch of warm beach at the car line terminal is thickly peopled with sightseers every fair Sunday, affording as it does a delightful spot for a day's outing, and the surf, less treacherous than at other points, proves very attractive to bathers and waders. Last Sunday hundreds took advantage of the perfect day and remained on the beach till evening.

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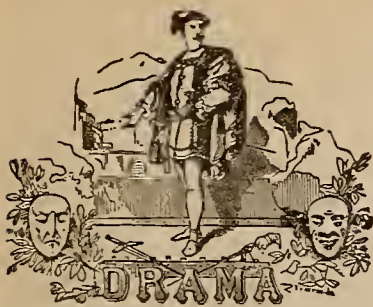
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CHORUS GIRLS IN THE "FOLLIES."

"To the pure all things are pure." There was a joyous, giggle-bubbling young girl near my seat at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night who, judging from her whole-hearted, single-minded, admiring comments on "The Follies of 1910," was innocent and pure. Her escort seemed to be a very nice young man. But we must slowly, sadly, unwillingly judge him to be impure. For he seemed constrained during certain of the scenes, and surprised the laughing girl at his side by his apparent lack of appreciation. The young man evidently felt that he had made a mistake in taking his best girl with him, for in the midst of breathless dancing, harmless fun, and gorgeous spectacle there were interludes of hald vulgarity, the intention and appeal of which could not fail to be recognized by a man, and by most women who had attained the age of reason.

There were droves of men in the audience who had not made the mistake of bringing their women friends. For "Follies of 1910" is the apotheosis of the chorus girl in her most lightly robed guise. Now we must not be prudish. The body, properly framed, delicately tinted, gracefully moving, is a beautiful thing. It can be poetry personified. It can suggest beautiful ideas, symbolize fine abstractions. But, on the stage, everything is in intention, and effect. If the intention is to appeal to the grosser side, the effect is toward moral debase ment.

There are quantities of beautiful girls in "Follies of 1910" whose perfectly formed bodies are the great drawing card. The glad tidings, by some esoteric means, had come along the road, preceding them, that there was "something doing" in "Follies of 1910" worthy of the attention of "the boys." So there is.

The production is an expensive one. There are high-priced specialties, done to a turn. There is Bert Williams, the singing monologist, who makes a specialty of dull melancholy and a mournfully expressive physiognomy. There is Billy Reeves, who can give the inebriated totter so skillfully as almost to deceive the elect, and who can fall into anything, from footlight flashes to a stage tank, with the dextrous blunderingness of a vaudeville acrobat.

There is Harry Watson, master of silently humorous pantomime, who draws down gales of laughter, both as a piano mover, and a prize-fighter who owns the earth and the championship thereof.

George Bickel can do neat character work. His clever sketch of a German hand leader was one of the best things on the programme. So was the work of the German band. It was joking in music instead of words, and tickled the laughers under their pet rihs.

Then there is Lillian Lorraine, the beauty of the troupe. At least she is so considered, although there are battalions of beauties who are all trained, white-teethed smiles, and pink flesh, and whirlwind grace, and who wear infinitesimal scraps of gorgeous costume that leave absolutely nothing in the way of curves to the imagination. But Lillian Lorraine has a prize figure, all curves without a suggestion of bone, and a rather pretty young voice, which delivers itself of the peculiarly idiotic songs, characteristic of this type of entertainment, with the smiling confidence of the stage beauty to whom the whole world joins in offering incense.

In one of their banner scenes, Miss Lorraine is the central blossom of pretty girlhood in an entire group of deliciously pretty creatures who swing in garlanded swings, Miss Lorraine's being gradually projected well toward the centre of the house. The smiling, singing beauty swings aloft, followed by the fascinated gaze of hundreds, to whom she tosses one by one the blossoms from her bouquet. It was a pretty sight, at which no one could cavil.

Then why cavil at the almost equally pretty apple-blossom grove? Simply because of the intention with which its transformation was effected. All of a sudden those smiling, pink and white symbols of youth and springtime had thrown aside their robes of innocence and were revealed in the briefest of hatching suits. In a trice they were splashing in the tank, and their beautiful bare-seeming limbs gleaming with moisture.

The scene was an open, bare-faced, crude, obvious appeal to sensuality. And again I was struck, as the outside, unprejudiced observer often must be in pieces of this kind, at the curious insensibility of the average

play-goer, so quick to take offense at plays, sometimes of moral intention, in which the moral law is broken, to the evil of the coarsening suggestion.

Such a spectacle is meant to be just what it seems to be. It is plainly and noisily vulgar. So is the medley song sung by Bobby North. So are the Apache dances, which, tabooed by the law in the red-light district, nevertheless take place with every adventitious aid to startle and affect the animalistic susceptibilities, in the Café de l'Opera scene. True, they were most skillfully done; the back-throws, the up-leapings, the chin-on-shoulder glide, the collar and elbow grip, all were rendered with a realism that was more than startling, and just as offensive in the ideas they convey, as those on the Barbary Coast.

These are the things that stand out in the breathless, unceasing rush of sensations that fly by with scarcely a pause. If one were asked to sum up in a phrase that special element that makes the drawing power of "Follies of 1910," it is the glorification of the fleshly attractions of woman. In "Follies of 1910" the chorus girl is the *ne plus ultra* of her class. They must be high-priced beauties, indeed, these, judging from their youth, their beauty, their symmetry, and their dancing ability. But they inevitably suggest the Oriental female chattel, whose youth and beauty are her commercial assets. Everything is done to make the chorus girls of this production allure the eye of man. The sumptuous beauty of her costumes, the all-revealing scantiness of them, the trained graces of her, her inviting smiles, her postures, all are aimed at the least ennohling, least chivalrous side of man's susceptibility to womanly charm. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Alexander Heinemann, Royal Liedersinger.

Alexander Heinemann, the favorite liedersinger of the Imperial German Court, and one of the greatest living singing-masters and interpreters of classic songs, will give his first concert at the Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, April 23, at 2:30, offering a programme of masterpieces by Schumann, Schubert, Loewe, and Hans Hermann. Mr. Heinemann has been described as "a Dr. Wullner with a voice of exceptional beauty," and his concerts are said to be fascinating in every way and worth a dozen singing lessons to any student of the vocal art.

The second concert will be given Wednesday night, April 26, with a programme of Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Loewe, Hermann, and Kaun songs, and the farewell concert will be given Thursday night, April 27, with another splendid list of works and including, by special request, Loewe's remarkable ballad, "Archibald Douglas."

The box-office is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday at the hall after ten o'clock.

In Oakland Mr. Heinemann will repeat the Thursday night programme on Friday afternoon, April 28, at 3:30. Seats for this event will be ready at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Monday, April 24.

The board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has sent out a circular to subscribers saying it has decided to increase the price of seats in the orchestra and orchestra circle from \$5 to \$6. There will be no increase in the prices charged for the dress circle, balcony, and family circle. The circular says: "In former years the public was satisfied if the performance presented included some leading stars, and the production of opera involved consequently little expense aside from the outlay for soloists. But the opera-goer of today demands the best performances from every point of view. To give performances measuring up to the standard now required necessitates the engagement of the most eminent orchestra conductors, the training of a well equipped orchestra composed of high-class artists, a thoroughly drilled chorus of the best obtainable material, all of which, with the cost of labor and materials, has caused an enormous increase in the expense of the production of opera as now given at the Metropolitan Opera House."

"Augustus Thomas, by the writing of his play entitled 'As a Man Thinks'—a great comedy which, in many respects, is greatly acted, in its current presentation at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre—has provided an occasion for earnest, thoughtful, grateful praise," writes William Winter in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*. The story is one of domestic troubles, and of the eight prominent characters four are Jews. The play is not, however, a tedious disquisition upon race prejudices, but a far more forcible effect is obtained by "the adroit use of intercurrence and contrariety between members of the different races." "It is not in novelty of ethical ideas, right and good though his ideas are, that Mr. Thomas has gained his magnificent stage victory," says this author, "but it is as a dramatist, making a grand use of representative types of human nature to enforce the ascertained principles of true philosophy and instill them into the public heart." Mr. Thomas would have even higher praise were he not an American author.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Olga Nethersole will make her last appearances in "The Redemption of Evelyn Vaudray" Saturday afternoon and evening, on Sunday she will rest, and will make notable the second and last week of her engagement at the Savoy Theatre by presenting for the first time Maurice Maeterlinck's miracle play, "Sister Beatrice." Originally produced at the New Theatre in New York a year ago, the play proved an artistic success. Miss Nethersole has already been identified with another play of Maeterlinck, and the director of the New Theatre did her the signal honor of inviting her to come to that playhouse to create the titular rôle in the Belgian dramatist's version of "Mary Magdalen." It was her wonderful performance in this play that induced the management of the New Theatre to authorize Miss Nethersole's appearance in "Sister Beatrice," and the presentation of this drama at the Savoy will mark its first production outside of the precincts of the New Theatre. Maeterlinck's play is based on an old Dutch legend, which has also been used by John Davidson in his "Ballad of a Nun" and by Adelaide Procter in her "Legend of Provence." In addition to "Sister Beatrice," Miss Nethersole will also appear in "The Enigma," a short play which Paul Hervieu wrote for the Comédie Française. Two of his plays, "The Labyrinth" and "The Awakening," were first made known to American playgoers by Miss Nethersole, and in "The Enigma" he presents a peculiar problem which he allows his auditors to solve. The play has been pronounced a masterpiece of dramatic construction and it is certain to provoke endless discussion.

With such a galaxy of stars as Lillian Lorraine, Bickel and Watson, Bert Williams, Billie Reeves, Bobby North, Fannie Brice, and the others leading the high cast in evidence, there could hardly be anything but a big success attached to the presentation of "The Follies of 1910." The company is perfection, the stage effects massive and beautiful, the Anna Held Girls strikingly handsome, and the comedians provoke more fun than has been offered in any half-dozen comedies seen here in seasons past. It is a rapid-fire entertainment which moves so fast that one has hardly time enough to appreciate the merits of one big act before another is brought to view. "The Follies of 1910" will be seen up to and including Sunday night, April 30. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Seats for all the remaining performances are now on sale and the demand is enormous.

The Orpheum programme for next week will be headed by Bert Coote, who returns to this city after an absence of several years. He is just back from London, where he and his company have been meeting with great success in a sketch entitled "A Lamb on Wall Street," which is described as an episode of the New York Stock Exchange and is to be his offering here. Mr. Coote has a style which is quite individualistic. Adequate support is given him by Miss Russell and Gordon McLeod. Arthur Deagon, who for the past four years has been one of the stars in F. Ziegfeld's "Follies" has been enticed into vaudeville by Martin Beck for a special tour of the Orpheum Circuit. He will tell a number of stories in various dialects and will also sing a few songs in his own style. The reappearance after quite an absence of Clay Smith and the Melnotte Twins in the diverting musical skit entitled "Artistic Nonsense" is sure to be cordially welcomed. The twins are attractive in appearance and sing and dance exceptionally well, while Mr. Smith excels as a rapid-fire comedian and composer of songs. Goleman's European Novelty, consisting of a number of the cleverest canine and feline actors, will make its first appearance here. This act has been specially imported by the Orpheum Circuit. Next week will be the last of Selbit's Spirit Paintings; Taylor, Kranzman, and White; Bedini and Arthur, and of the powerfully realistic third degree drama, "The Suspect."

Mme. Bernhardt will come to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, May 1. The regular seat sale for the week's engagement will open on Thursday, April 27, promptly at nine o'clock, at the box-office of the theatre. Mail orders, accompanied by check or postoffice order, and a stamped envelope, will be filled in order of receipt. Mme. Bernhardt returns under the management of William F. Connor, who piloted her throughout her previous American tour. But unlike her last trip, she has brought all her own scenery and properties, many of which are said to be historical. She has also brought her own company of forty players from the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, many of whom are considered eminent artists in their own country. The principal names are M. Lou Tellegen, M. Decœur, M. Maxudian, M. Deneubourg, and Mme. Saylor, Mme. Boulanger, Mme. Duc, and Mme. Desreches. Of the plays selected for San Francisco, five are those which have proved the most popular during the present triumphal tour of the United States, but on Sunday, May 7, Mme. Bernhardt will present for the first

time in the United States "Sister Beatrice," by Maeterlinck. The repertory for the week is as follows: Monday, May 1, "L'Aiglon"; Tuesday, "Camille"; Wednesday, "Madame X"; Wednesday evening, "Jeanne d'Arc"; Thursday, "La Tosca"; Friday, "La Sorciere"; Saturday, "L'Aiglon"; Saturday evening, "Madame X"; Sunday evening, "Sister Beatrice."

Blanche Ring, America's foremost singing comedienne, in "The Yankee Girl," will follow Olga Nethersole at the Savoy Theatre.

"My Lady of Dreams" is the title whereby Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine" will be known when, next season, it is acted in English in this country by Mme. Simone (Le Bargy). Louis N. Parker has made the English version—a service already performed by him for three others of Rostand's plays, "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon," and "Chantecler." His translation of the first-named was made for Sir Charles Wyndham and has never been used in this country.

Maude Adams has closed her season in "Chantecler," but will resume it next fall.

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In a double bill—"SISTER BEATRICE," by Maurice Maeterlinck, and "THE ENIGMA," by Paul Hervieu
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Two Special Programmes

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Steinway Piano.
Comitz—MARY GARDEN.

VANITY FAIR.

Mr. Harry Furniss, the artist and cartoonist, is the latest champion to enter the lists on behalf of the harem skirt, or rather the ankle skirt, as he prefers to call it. He thinks that if a few prominent portrait painters could persuade their sitters to be painted in the new costume, so that every one could see for themselves how becoming it is, the public objection would soon disappear. "In the name of common sense, comfort, and hygiene," he says, "let us adopt the ankle dress as a permanent muzzle to the silly, changing, uncomfortable, and microbe-gathering costumes the ever-designing dressmaker invents."

English women, he believes, object to the harem skirt because they have been told that they have large feet, but the feet can be as effectively hidden by the harem skirt as by any other. It is probably hopeless to try to persuade women that reasonably large feet are not a disfigurement, but perhaps the spirit of athleticism will do this for us in time. It is a part of the old idea of feminine subjection, the old idea that women were captivated in proportion to their helplessness and dependence. The Chinese go the whole way and prevent their women from walking at all, and this is found to discourage overmuch gadding about and gossip. White women have the same idea, but they don't carry it so far. They like to have the semblance of helplessness without the reality.

It is strange how women will enthuse about the physical perfections of, say, the Venus de Milo, and yet refuse to imitate either her large feet or her substantial waist. All the classic beauties of the world have had large feet. Triby's feet were her glory, and they were large. The best artists always err, if at all, in the direction of largeness when painting the feet of women. Rodin always gives large feet to his figures, and a prominent art critic said recently that second rate work was usually to be detected by an indifference to the feet that were too small and too ineffective to express character.

Mr. Marcus Stone, R. A., is another artist who breaks out into periodical lamentations over the decadence of the female form. It has proved nearly impossible to find the requisite thirty women who are beautiful enough to take part in the pageant of dress at the forthcoming Fair of Fashions in London. Mr. Stone says he believes that women have never carried themselves so badly as they do now, with their elbows out, their shoulders up, and their necks pushed forward. When do you meet a woman who carries her head and neck nobly or who allows her arms to fall simply by her side? Arms, he says, were not made to stick out on either side like jug handles.

And here Mr. Stone lets us into a secret of the studio. He says that the corset has so destroyed the outlines of the figure that artists have great difficulty in obtaining models capable of the bending, graceful postures that they may require, and therefore they employ a male model when drawing the position, action, and so on, and correct the outlines from a female model afterwards.

It seems that a lot of American money will be left behind in England after the coronation. There is hardly a limit to the sums that are being offered for accommodation in the favored localities, for of course to live outside of those localities would be to prove one's self a nobody. Mr. Hammond, who will act officially as American representative, will pay \$10,000 a week for the house owned by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Another American is said to have offered \$85,000 for three months' tenancy of a house. Another offer of \$50,000 for a house for six weeks was refused by a liberal peer, and the mother of the two grandsons of the late Marshall Field intends to spend a million dollars in entertaining. This is the lady who recently lost jewels worth \$150,000, but evidently she is still able to offer tea and cakes to her friends.

It is only silly people who laugh at the great expenditures incidental to a ceremonial of this kind. It is a pity that there are not more of them and that we have to go to Europe to get them. It is noticeable, too, that we never laugh at even the most reprehensible ways of getting money, but when it comes to spending it in some rather unusual manner we are dissolved in merriment. We may indulge in some cheap sneer when an ultra-rich man squanders his wealth on a chorus girl, but if he spends that same amount of money in order to see a gorgeous pageant full of historical significance we rise up unanimously and splutter our indignation at his snobishness. If he wants to meet distinguished people from all over the world, the men who have done great things, to offer them civilities and to receive civilities from them, we simply foam at the mouth in rage at what we call his toadying to royalty. If he had stayed at home and cornered the wheat market and raised the price of living for a few thousand poor people of his own country he would be a good citizen, but the moment he breaks away from his sordid, miserable, disgraceful, and colorless existence in

order to see some of the few things that still make life worth living we pour out on him the vials of our wrath and attack his patriotism. We have yet to understand that sentiment, romance, color, pageantry, and the like are not the frills of life, but life itself, and so far from abusing those who yearn for them we should take counsel with our own poor, pitiful, starved souls, and see if we ourselves can not creep back into sanity in somewhat the same way.

Never before have the chaste precincts of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia been invaded by the woman smoker, but she arrived last week, she smoked, she was forbidden, she persisted, and she won. Of course she did. It is needless to say that she was not a Philadelphian, but even Philadelphia can not preserve the perpetual atmosphere of a pious Sunday afternoon with the wicked metropolis only three hours away. The lady smoker came from New York.

She was a luncheon guest of Mrs. Charles Wright and herself "a matron of social prominence." Of course that makes all the difference. If Mrs. Wright and her guest had been just women they could have been bundled out into the street or clubbed by the police or whatever it is they do to women who are un-Philadelphian. The smoking began after lunch, and then there was a flutter in the dovecotes. The manager came running and the recording angel dipped his pen in the ink and turned up the fair white page of Philadelphia in his debit ledger. Mrs. Wright was asked to stop the horrible proceedings on the part of her guest and she refused to interfere. What could he do? Obviously nothing. A "matron of social prominence" can hardly be treated like a woman, and especially when she is the guest of one of the local bright and shining ones. So she smoked her cigarette to the end and next morning the horrid news was all over town. Other ladies prepared for a descent on the Bellevue-Stratford, and then the manager partially capitulated. He said he would allow smoking in private dining-rooms, but not in the Palm Room.

Really there is something almost grotesque in an hotel manager daring to say what a lady shall or shall not do. It is still more grotesque to find these same ladies clamoring for a vote with one hand, so to speak, and meekly obeying with the other. An hotel manager is only a glorified butler, a butler with a halo. If a few ladies would have the courage to call the bluff they would win in ten minutes, and it would be interesting to see what would happen if a manager ventured to use force to a lady of reputation because she persisted in smoking a cigarette in a quiet, unobtrusive manner. It would be easy to predict what would happen to the manager if the lady's escort knew his trade.

They have the tax on bachelors craze down in New York. Give an idea time enough and it is bound to reach New York some day. They have a society up State somewhere that looks after dependent children, and the secretary is a lady. She says that a tax on bachelors would provide for all the dependent children there are. No doubt it would, but are we to understand that the bachelors are responsible for the dependent children. We thought better of New York than this. If not, then why are the bachelors singled out. We do not know what may be the idea behind this suggestion, and perhaps it is as well not to ask. We lead the simple life out here in California and are naturally slow to understand innuendoes, but in our innocence born of the soil we had supposed that if any one were responsible for dependent children, or independent children, it certainly was not the bachelors. Then why tax them? We ask to know.

By the way, talking about babies, they have a silly senator in Illinois who has introduced a bill for what he calls the endowment of maternity and who says that "in the craze for luxury maternity seems to have gone entirely out of fashion." He would not only tax bachelors, but he would give a bonus to every woman who has a baby within two years of her marriage.

Now obviously the hundred dollars would be no temptation to the woman with a "craze for luxury," and women without the craze are liable to have babies anyhow. But is it not about time that we ceased to lecture women about the duties of maternity? It seems indelicate somehow. If there is any point whatsoever upon which a woman has a right to make up her own mind it is as to whether she wishes to be a mother, and she has a right to make up her own mind without the vociferously shouted aid of senators or ex-Presidents. It is easy enough to settle down in our snug bachelor quarters of an evening with a cigar and a glass of something heating or cooling and vapor about the glories of maternity. But just try it. At least one thing is certain. If maternity meant one hundredth part as much pain to the man as it does to the woman there would be no babies at all. Not a baby.

There is still another point of view. We are told that it is the vain, silly, and heartless women that have no babies. Now if there is anything in the law of heredity let us thank

God that they don't have any, and so pass on and mind our own business. Call it what it is—a dispensation of Providence, and one that should not be interfered with by hundred-dollar bonuses. But, says the senator, the State of Illinois will be depopulated if this sort of thing goes on. Well, what of it?

The report from London says that the authorities of the British Museum have decided to abolish the desks that for fifty years have been reserved "for ladies only"; that is to say, they will abolish the restriction and allow the sexes to mingle just as freely as they do on the bathing beach. The reason is simple. Ladies refuse to use the desks. They prefer to sit among the men.

There seemed to be quite a psychological puzzle hidden away here somewhere, but a casual lady visitor with an advanced and acutulated mind explained the whole thing in a moment. She said that of course the ladies' desks were placed in a part of the reading-room where light, comfort, and convenience were at their worst. And thus were the shadows of perplexity banished by a single ray of feminine clairvoyance.

It seems that the British crown jewels are all to be packed and sent to India for use at the ceremony when King George will be crowned as emperor. But fine as undoubtedly they are, they will be insignificant in comparison with the jewels that will be worn by the princes of India. Indeed it is said that never in the history of the world has there been such a display as the city of Delhi will witness at the coronation. No one knows and perhaps no one will ever know what treasures the Maharajahs actually possess nor how they got them, although a grim imagination will partially answer the latter question. The finest of them will be on show at Delhi, although there are said to be other stones of almost unimaginable splendor that are consecrated to religious purposes and must never be shown to the uninitiated public. And jewels form but a small part of the wealth of these princes. India is said to be the ultimate home of all the gold in the world and the present storehouse of the gold of antiquity. The Indian princes have never put much trust in banks, preferring the time-honored way of storing their wealth in vaults and secret hiding places. Probably some of those places were so secret that their whereabouts have been lost in successive floods of revolution and war, but the known receptacles must hold incalculable wealth. Presumably its owners have some purpose at the back of their inscrutable minds, but they are not a garrulous people and they know how to keep their own counsel.

But India will produce nothing like the Kohinoor, or at least nothing of such significance. The Kohinoor, to the eye of the Hindu, is the symbol of sovereignty. Whoever possesses it may rule India. It came to England after the Sikh war, and the man who brought it carried it in his waistcoat pocket, and when the waistcoat was sent to the wash the diamond went too. Presumably the wash was honest or else the stone was missed in good time. The Kohinoor once belonged to the great Moguls, but at that time it weighed 787 carats. A clumsy stone-cutter hacked it down to its present size of 186 carats and nearly paid for his blunder with his life. The Hindu mind will be impressed with the symbolism of the diamond much more than with its weight, and for this reason the Agincourt ruby will be seen with interest in the foremost place of the imperial crown. Then there is the great sapphire that belonged to Edward the Confessor and that was taken from his tomb in Westminster Abbey. And last of all the Cullinan diamond will make its first ceremonial appearance.

But all the rest of the world put together can not compete with India in pearls. The Prince of Gwalior will certainly make a brave showing with his thirteen-row necklace of pearls as large as filberts and the sash that reaches from his shoulder to his knee and that is absolutely covered with similar gems. The Maharajah of Travancore is said to have an even finer collection.

The Rev. Herbert S. Johnson is described as "one of the wealthiest clergymen in Boston," and this naturally gives a peculiar weight to his opinion on religious and social questions. Mr. Johnson seems to be disturbed in his mind because young women no longer blush or look coy and demure. He disagrees entirely with the German professor who said that the majority of girls still blush when they get proposals of marriage. Business conditions, he thinks, have banished the blush, and if we want to see it in perfection we must go to the girls' schools and institutions where men are not to be found.

Of course a blush is a highly decorative article, but it shows absolutely nothing except a momentary embarrassment caused by an unusual situation. Boys are just as prone to blush as girls, but a wider area of contact with the world has lessened the occasions for embarrassment. A girl can hardly be expected to blush when she meets a man in the evening after she has been talking to men all day long.

"How old is he?" "He must be close on fifty. Anyhow, he's started to learn golf."
—Detroit Free Press.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The chief of the clan of McIntosh once had a dispute with a cahhy over the fare. "Do you know who I am?" the Highlander asked angrily. "I am the McIntosh." "I don't care if you are an umbrella," retorted the cahhy. "I'll have my rights!"

Two bricklayers had a disagreement, and in a few minutes were fighting furiously. One finally got the other down on the ground and began jumping on his opponent. "Here, Bill," gasped the latter, "that ain't fair! This is a fair fight—it ain't football!"

Dr. Victor Kutchen told about a collie dog, which he bought from a German family, in the course of a lecture before the Social Economics Club. "The dog was like some college students I have heard tell of," said the doctor. "He could understand German perfectly, but he couldn't speak it."

Charles Smith, a jovial negro, was arraigned before Judge Fawcett, in the county court, Brooklyn, on a minor charge. "Smith," asked the court, "did you ever commit a crime before?" The negro pondered for a moment. "Well, yo' honah," he answered slowly, "Ah can't 'zactly say, but Ah done got married one time."

The Fieldings are an ancient race, and the Denhigh earldom dates from 1622. The author of "Tom Jones" was one of the race, and the then Lord Denhigh said to his relative: "Why don't you spell your name 'Feilding,' as the rest of us do, and not 'Fielding'?" The writer made answer: "Because I am the first of the family who learned to spell."

The professor of shorthand in a Boston business college adduced this unanswerable argument in an address to a new class the other day: "We are told that it took Gray, author of the well-known 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' seven years to write that famous poem. If he had known stenography he could have done it in seven minutes. We have graduates who have done that same poem in that length of time."

Stringent laws prevent the serving of liquor even in dining-cars on trains in North Dakota, but the waiters have exact knowledge of the State boundary lines. They had been rolling through that interminable State a long time, when the W. C. T. U. delegate from the East came into the car for her dinner. Casting her eye out of the window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she remarked to the waiter: "Are we still in North Dakota?" "No, ma'am," answered George alertly, with a hospitable grin, "what'll you drink, ma'am?"

Sir Charles Dilke once spoke with admiration of an American he had met in San Francisco. The American told him he would be coming to England in a year. Dilke invited him to lunch, and gave him a day fourteen months later, assuring him he would give him a distinctively English lunch, heaving him at the same time to be punctual. "If you will give me an hour I'll be on hand," replied the American. Dilke gave one o'clock. As the clock struck one on the day in question fourteen months afterward Dilke walked downstairs to the dining-room, which was on the ground-floor of his house, just as the American walked in.

They were very young, and very happy, and very foolish, and very newly wed. And they kept a kitchen garden. "Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?" She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture and didn't want to "let on." If she went alone she might commit some egregious blunder. "I tell you what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl-wife enthusiastically, "we'll go out together. You shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder!"

Jacob Hope, Philadelphia's famous bird and animal expert, was strolling out Walnut Street when a bird faker accosted him. The faker drew from his pocket the usual painted sparrow—a gorgeous thing of blues and golds and green—and, evidently taking Mr. Hope for one of the millionaires of Rittenhouse Square, he said: "I jest nabbed this bird off that there walnut tree. Can't I sell her to ye cheap? Look at her—aint she a beauty? I never seen nothin' like her before. What kind of a bird is she, do you know?" "Young man," said Mr. Hope, "if it's true that birds of a feather flock together, then I should say that, undoubtedly, she is a jailbird."

The hurglar came into contact with a chair and overturned it. A sudden movement above, a hurried descent of stairs, and Sikes found himself staring into the business end of a revolver. "Now, then, hands up!" cried the housed householder. "What have you

stolen?" "Only your wife's pug dog." "If that's all, you may sneak out quietly." "Your mother-in-law's parrot." "You don't say so? Here's some money for you. Nothing else?" "Your daughter's phonograph." "Good! Here's a dollar for you!" "And your son's punching bag." "Splendid! I shall have peace in the house at last. Will you have a cup of coffee with me before you go?"

Senator Tillman tells of an old man he used to know who drank too much. He said: "He was a fine old fellow in other respects, and it was pitiful to see him disgracing himself. One day I read him a long lecture on the sin of drunkenness. 'Water,' I said, 'is the thing. Stick to water, James.' 'Well,' the old man answered, 'there's only one place in the Bible where a man asked for water, and I guess you know where he was.'"

Bishop Chatard of Indianapolis and Bishop O'Donoghue of Louisville compared watches once upon a time. "It is just three minutes to nine," said Bishop Chatard. "It is exactly four minutes and a half to nine," retorted Bishop O'Donoghue. "I know the exact time," exclaimed Bishop Chatard, "for my watch is one in which I have the utmost faith." "Ah, bishop," replied the prelate from Louisville, "we must not hope to succeed through faith alone. I have not only faith in my watch, but I know of its good works."

Many exclusive clubs do not have so ingenious a test: "How," the president of the Fat Man's Club was asked, "did you prevent fraud among your applicants for membership? Didn't some men try to get in that weren't up to the standard weight?" "Yes," the portly officer replied, "but it was no use. Applications had to be presented in person at the Polk Building, fifth floor. There was no elevator. The applicant climbed the five flights of stairs. At the top he met a man who asked, 'Were you looking for the Fat Man's Club?' 'Yes.' 'The main office is on the first floor,' the man said. 'Your application is rejected. We receive no man who can climb five flights of stairs.'"

The insurance company's doctor had reported that the man seemed to be all right, and the man himself had certified that he was not engaged in any dangerous occupation. "I lead a sedentary life," he told them. "I work in an office and we have no danger or excitement." "How about sports?" asked the examiner. "Do you play football? Baseball? Do you box? Belong to an athletic club?" "No—none of that stuff. I guess I'm a safe risk." "Do you scorch?" "What do you mean?" "Do you drive your car faster than the speed limit?" "I have no car." "What? how do you get about?" "I walk." "Risk refused. A scorcher is a dangerous risk, but a pedestrian has no chance at all. Buy a car, old chap. Sorry—good-night!"

A Pennsylvania sportsman was recounting the experiences of his latest hunting expedition. "The guides up in Maine where I went gunning last fall," said he, "formed a kind of union to keep the reckless hunters from potting them for deer. The uniform they wore was of striped goods, the same as mattress ticking. 'Surely,' they said, 'no one will potshot us for deer in these striped suits.' But one day a city huntsman heard a noise in the bushes and let drive, and when the rest of the party investigated they found one of the guides lying in the underbrush. At the inquest the coroner asked the man who did the shooting: 'Tell me, in heaven's name, man, how you mistook that guide for a deer when he was dressed in a striped suit?' 'I didn't take him for a deer,' said the prisoner. 'I thought he was a zebra.'"

The two brothers had been apart for years, but Jack had contrived to return from the colonies in time for the family reunion. After the dinner, which was of such a kind as to make the wanderer realize that there is indeed "no place like home," Jack drew his brother aside, and over a big cigar produced a photograph and said somewhat sheepishly: "You see that group? You see that little girl in the front row? Well, it's on her account that I've come home. Man, she's perfect. Her face has been before me in all my wanderings, and I determined that I would make a fortune and then come home and lay it at her feet. Yes, I know it was an odd fancy to take, but there, I am like that. And now that I've made the money I've come to you to help me to find her." "My dear fellow," said Fred, kindly, "don't take it to heart; but—" "She's married?" "It's not that; but that is a photo of young Tom Mason. He's a member of our amateur dramatic club; and when that was taken he was filling a gap by taking a girl's part."

"Raisin Day"—Saturday, April 29th.

In keeping with the sentiment of the day, Geo. Haas & Sons have manufactured delicious Raisin Candies. Boxes containing a full variety are now on sale at all four of their stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Impossible.

'Twas out at sea; the wind
Most fiercely blew;
He hung across the rail,
And people heard him wail
As seasick people do:
'This statement I will make—
You can not eat your cake
And have it, too."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Impression.

Beneath the moon, he told his love;
The color left her cheeks;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up plain for weeks.
—The Club-Fellow.

His Crime.

She stood before the grated cell,
And shed a glistening tear;
'What have you done?' she asked; 'pray tell
What was it brought you here?'

His voice shook as he made reply,
With sighs of unwonted sentiment:
'I'll tell you, Miss—'twas due to my
Artistic temperament!

"As harpist grandsire uster star,
My father played the flute,
An' Brother Bill, he played guitar—
But I—preferred the loot!"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Over the Asphalt Sea.

O, sail with me o'er the asphalt sea,
The tide doth favor us;
Though the waves heat high, both snug and dry
Is the good ship *Motor Bus*.

Like a racer brave she takes the wave
That would her course disturb,
From her upper deck we count each wreck,
A-rotting on the curb!

As down she sinks from billows' hinks
She quivers to the keel;
Thank God for the hand that's in command
And the stout heart at the wheel!

There's many a shoal to try the soul
And many a depth unplumbed;
Our course we mark by the noble hark
That to the sea succumbed.

O, sail with me o'er the asphalt sea
In this gallant craft of mine;
The harvest choose the avenues,
Let cowards sail the brine.
—New York Times.

Why He Came.

There was a young woman named Strong,
Much given to slang, which is wrong;
When the grave parson said:
'Will this man you wed?'
She said: "Sure, Mike! That's why he's along."
—Detroit Free Press.

Not Qualified.

The Poets' Club, in session, was discussing ways
and means
Of lifting to a higher plane the croppings of the
heans,
And candidates for membership worked hard to
qualify,
Reciting lifts of weary tank that tear-dimmed
every eye;
When up there spake an ancient bard who quips
and quorks did grind
Out daily in a high-brow sheet for panting human
kind:
'Elect me as a member to this fretful-footed frat—
I never wrote a parody on 'Casey at the Bat!'

"Who have we here?" the chairman hawled, with
dark and troubled mien.
'An offside player,' said the sec., "one Dick Le
Gasoline;
Who recks of paddocks mightily; forlornly ever
sings
Of legislatures tying cans unto 'the sport of
kings.'
Inventor of a jargon that is far beyond our
reach;
A paraphraser by the way, a philosophic peach,
Who strums the Scotch and cockney strings that
twang beneath his hat,
Yet stands aloof from parodies on 'Casey at the
Bat!'"

"He don't belong," the chairman said. "Right
here I call his bluff!
His parodies on parodies I deem but paltry stuff.
Small wonder Pegasus clects to balk at such a
load,
And hucks and limps most painfully along an
unhazed road.
His monicker can not be scrolled upon our list
of hards;
We trust him for his 'saving grace,' although we
cut the cards.
He can not be admitted to our ranks, my word
for that,
Until he writes a parody on 'Casey at the Bat!'"
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week has been marked by a record number of engagement announcements. The Vigo-Bird wedding was the only formal event of the week, with the exception of Mrs. Homer Bousley's luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday in honor of Mrs. Frank B. Freyer. The engagement of the sister of the hostess, Miss Mahel Gregory, was announced at this luncheon. Society assembled in its entirety Monday night at the vaudeville performance for the benefit of the Polyclinic, and a number of brilliant dinners preceded the affair, the largest of which was presided over by Mrs. Henry T. Scott at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gregory have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mahel Gregory, and Dr. John Murrieta of Los Angeles. The wedding will take place Saturday evening, April 22, at the Fairmont Hotel, and the home for a time of Dr. Murrieta and his bride will be at Jerome, Arizona, where he is chief surgeon for Senator Clark's copper interests.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Farrish have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mahel Farrish, to Mr. John Colbran, son of Mr. H. Colbran of Denver. The home of the young couple will be in Pyeng Yang, in China, where Mr. Colbran is engaged in his profession of mining engineer.

From Panama comes the news of the engagement of Miss Katherine Devol, daughter of Colonel William Devol, U. S. A., and Mrs. Devol, and Mr. Albert G. Bates, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Gerherding. The wedding will take place this summer at Panama, where Colonel Devol is stationed.

The engagement of Mrs. William L. Elkins, daughter of former United States Senator Charles Felton, and Mr. William Delaware Nielson was announced last week in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John A. Simpson has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Amalia Simpson, and Mr. William Hough, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hough. The wedding will take place in the late summer, after the return of Bishop Sydney Partridge and Mrs. Partridge (formerly Miss Ethel Simpson) from Japan.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Dorothy Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, and Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss, son of Governor Noble Foss of Massachusetts. The wedding will take place this summer at Trinity Church, and the home of Mr. Foss and his bride will be in Boston.

Captain and Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anita Meyer, to Dr. Franklin Dray.

Mrs. Elizabeth Haley has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Grace Haley, to Mr. Roy Folger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alyn Folger of this city.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Leigh Stafford and Mr. John Evan Foulds.

The wedding of Mrs. L. M. Rouse and Mr. Joseph Eastland took place in Chicago on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Eastland will make their home in Paris.

The wedding of Miss Anita Parker and Mr. Vigo Bird took place at the First Presbyterian Church on Monday evening. The Rev. William Guthrie performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Bird will reside in Boston.

The wedding of Miss Anne Foster Barstow of San Jose and Mr. H. Bishop Clapp of Goldfield took place Saturday at Grace Cathedral.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Delos Magee celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage with a reception on Tuesday evening at their home on Russian Hill. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Mrs. Frank Howard Payne, Mrs. George Bates, and Mrs. J. H. Goodell.

Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney was hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Georgia Hammon.

Mrs. Walter Martin entertained at a supper at the Hotel St. Francis following the society vaudeville on Monday night. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Jennie Crocker,

Mr. Willard Barton, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Raymond Arnsby, Mr. Gordon Arnsby, Mr. Laurence McCreary, and Mr. Richard McCreary.

Mrs. Charles Gibson was a luncheon hostess on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. William Devlin of Sacramento. Among the guests were Mrs. Seth Mann, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. Walter Scott, Mrs. George Schultz, and Mrs. Walter Gibson.

Mrs. John McClellan presided at a dinner Tuesday evening in observance of the birthday of General John McClellan. The guests included Major and Mrs. McKnight Williamson, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Dietrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelleher, Mr. George Marye, Jr., Mr. Dodsworth, and Miss Rose McClellan.

Mrs. Edward Van Bergen entertained at a tea on Friday afternoon. About twenty-five guests were present.

Miss Marian Marvin was hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon, at which she entertained a score of the younger girls.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess at a tea on Wednesday in honor of Miss Amalia Simpson.

Miss Ernestine McNear was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis, which she gave in honor of Miss Lucy Haskins. Her other guests were Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Vera Havemeyer, Miss Ethel Havemeyer, Miss Jane Selby, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marian Miller, and Mrs. Harry Jackson.

Mrs. Charles Page was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) entertained Monday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel for Miss Mary Keeney. Her guests were Miss Margaret Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, and Miss Agnes Mack of Philadelphia.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge entertained at a dinner at their new home on Clay Street on Wednesday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Miss Virginia Joliffe, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

The Friday Night Dancing Club gave the last dance of the series on Friday night, which was attended by a large number of the young set that have not yet been introduced to society. The guests were received by the patronesses of the club, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, Mrs. Frank Dudley Bates, Mrs. Frederick Thompson, Mrs. Maurice Casey, Mrs. Eugene Breese, and Mrs. Robert Bentley.

Mrs. Andrew McCarthy (formerly Miss Bessie Dargie) entertained at a luncheon on Saturday at the Francesca Club in honor of Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith and Miss Anna Peters.

Mrs. Charles M. Ray entertained at her Mare Island home on Saturday in honor of Mrs. Arthur Dodds. Mrs. Ray was assisted in receiving the fifty or more guests at the reception by Mrs. Dudley Knox, Mrs. Randolph Dickens, Mrs. Ray M. Sallady, Mrs. A. M. Blow, Miss Ruth Haskell, Miss Virginia Dickens, Miss Ames, and Miss Emily Simons.

Del Monte Carnival.

Dates for the annual carnival of sports have been definitely taken and announcement is made by H. R. Warner, manager of the Hotel Del Monte. In addition to the regular "Month of Sports," which has come to be recognized as the premier event in amateur sports on the Coast, a number of other features have been added. The first event will be the National Electrical Supply Association interstate golf tournament, April 25, 26, and 27. Next will come the National Holiday Tournament, which will be held July 1 to 5, inclusive. Following this will come the annual fall dog show, which is the first event in the schedule of the "Month of Sports." This will be held August 25 and 26. The annual fall golf tournament, at which the amateur championships of the Pacific States, the Del Monte handicap, and the championships of the Pacific Golf Association are decided, will be held September 2 to 9, inclusive.

The annual tennis tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association will probably follow the golf games, although the dates have not yet been definitely decided on.

An unusual collection of rare jewels, with Roman and Egyptian antiquities, is that of Signor Perera, who occupies space for a few days at the Paul Elder & Co. art rooms. Signor Perera was at one time consul for Italy, but he resigned that position to take up the work of collecting Egyptian antiques. Every year he makes a trip to Egypt, where he gathers some of the finest specimens. These gems he has set from his own designs into jewelry, each piece having a particular individuality, the historical association, as well as the artistic points, being taken into careful consideration in the setting. The collection is quite different from anything of the sort ever seen here before.

Here is Mme. Jeanne Jomelli's breezy view about opera in English: "I was born in Holland and educated in Germany. I studied in Italy, was naturalized in America, and then I married a Frenchman. I am equally at ease in Dutch, English, Italian, German, and French, and therefore I am very partial to opera in the vernacular. When in New York sing as New Yorkers do."

A man was praising the improvements made by a friend in his dwelling. "Your house looks a lot better now that it has been painted." "Well," the man who had been re-decorating admitted, gloomily, "it does look a bit better; but we shall have to clean the windows more frequently to keep in harmony with it."

Lieber & Co. will have the New Theatre in New York next season.

William Keith.

The late William Keith, whose fame as an artist is so intimately associated with San Francisco, was entered, much against his will, in a lawyer's office in youth, but quickly turned to wood engraving. He was fond of painting, even as a child, and his first creation was intended to represent a pot of flowers. He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, November 21, 1838, and was a member of that branch of the Keiths which claimed the great Earl Marshal Keith. In 1851 Keith came to the United States, entering the employ of Harper Brothers, and until 1859 he turned out most of the engravings for their publications. San Francisco first saw him in 1859, when he left New York, owing to trouble with his eyes. The first Keiths, a collection of woodland scenes, were purchased by J. P. Avery, United States minister to China. To perfect himself in his art, Keith went to Europe in 1872. Success following this effort, he made another trip to Europe and studied portraiture. His first real start, however, came through his acceptance of the offer of the Northern Pacific Railroad to paint mountain scenery on its line. This undertaking finished, he opened a studio in San Francisco. It was destroyed with a large collection of his finest paintings in the fire of 1906. For many years he had been the dean of California artists, and his works have had an appreciation and value that is seldom accorded to paintings during the lifetime of the painter. After a lingering illness, which it was hoped was not dangerous, William Keith died on Thursday, April 13.

Germany is still the home of instrumental music, but even there artists from the outside world are appreciated. From a recent letter in the *Musical Courier*, written in Berlin by Arthur M. Abell, this notable tribute to a Californian is taken: "Olga Steeb, that slight girl from Los Angeles, has set up a record for her sex in Berlin by playing nine piano concertos with orchestral accompaniment within a space of two weeks—something no woman ever did before. We are accustomed to extraordinary feats; for instance, Busoni played fourteen piano concertos during one season, and this winter Marteau has played no less than eighteen violin concertos in six concerts; but these are mature, experienced artists, whereas Miss Steeb is a girl of twenty just beginning her career and she is, moreover, almost wholly inexperienced in playing with orchestra. One would not have thought so, however, on hearing her at her third concert, when she played the Brahms D minor, the Mozart D major, and the Tschai-kowsky B flat minor, concertos. She played these three works with all the certainty of a veteran artist, revealing nothing at all of the novice."

Turner's "Pas de Calais" has been sold to an American collector for a sum said to be near \$200,000. This is the fifth Turner imported from England within the year past. The others are "Dutch Fishing Boats," bought by Mrs. W. W. Kimball, "Looking Across the Grand Canal, Venice," and "Keelmen Heaving in Coals by Night on the Tyne," owned by P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, and the "Battle of the Nile."

Denman Thompson, author of and for many years actor in "The Old Homestead," first called "Joshua Whitcomb," died last week at his home in West Swanzy, New Hampshire. He was seventy-seven years old. Before his starring experiences in rural plays he had made a name as a character comedian.

A valuable souvenir of early times in New England is possessed by Mr. Francis Smith of Santa Clara. It is a piece of Continental currency for \$35, which was given to Mr. Smith's grandfather for services in the War of the Revolution. It has been in Mr. Smith's possession for seventy years.

Bragg—I know a thing or two. Scapely—You sly dog.—Life.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesbrough (formerly Miss Elizabeth Newhall) have returned from their honeymoon trip in the East.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, have returned to their home in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna have returned from a motor trip in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Currier are in New York, where they expect to remain for a month.

-Mrs. Philip Young (formerly Miss Ella Bender), who has lived in Boston since her marriage, will spend the summer months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender of Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have gone to Mill Valley for the summer.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker spent Easter in Rome. They will join Prince and Princess Poniatowski in Paris a little later.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum (formerly Miss Gertrude Guerin) are the guests of Mrs. Drum's parents in Chicago.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall joined Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Sydney Cushing, and Miss Jennie Hooker in Rome for the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee are in Paris.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Mr. Everett Bee, who have been in Paris until recently, are en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and their daughters spent the Easter season in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker (formerly Miss Helene Irwin) are enjoying an automobile tour of France. They will be joined in Paris by Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, who will arrive there the last of this month.

Mr. Frank Mackey is at Coronado, where he will take part in the polo contests. Mrs. Mackey is at the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

Mr. Clark Van Fleet will accompany his aunt, Mrs. Fanny McCreary, on her European trip. They will leave early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hough will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have taken a house.

Miss Alice Herrin will spend the summer months in Japan.

Mrs. George Ashton and Miss Bessie Ashton, who have passed the winter at the St. Xavier, have gone to Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Towne and Miss Grace Towne will leave shortly for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder left this week for their country home in San Luis Obispo. They were accompanied by their daughter, Miss Edith von Schroeder. Miss Janet von Schroeder is in Italy with Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Isabel Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin will spend the summer at St. Helena.

Mrs. Laurence Kauffman (formerly Miss Elsa Draper) has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Kirkwood Donovan, at Santa Barbara, and is visiting Miss Enid Gregg here.

Mr. John McMullen sailed on Saturday for Tahiti, where he will spend several months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their daughter, Miss Marian Miller, have taken the Emory Winship house at Ross for the summer.

Mrs. Alexandra Hamilton has been spending the with Miss Louise Boyd at San Rafael.

Colonel Frank Denny, U. S. A., and Mrs. Denny and their daughter, Miss Esther Denny, are preparing to spend the summer in Berkeley.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Spalding Baker sailed Saturday for Europe. They will go first to Germany and tour the Continent later.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss will return this month to their home at Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. William S. Wood, who has been abroad for a year, has returned to America and is visiting in the East.

Miss Anita Maillard is the guest of Miss Bridgman, sister of her fiancé, Mr. Temple Bridgman, at Carmel.

Mrs. St. John Chubb has closed her home at the Presidio and gone to Long Beach, where she will remain while Colonel Chubb is with the troops at Tia Juana.

Mrs. Charles Hartigan has gone to Panama, where she expects to join her husband, Ensign Hartigan, who is attached to the *Yorktown*.

Princess Kawanakoa arrived from Honolulu on Thursday and will spend only a few days in San Francisco before continuing to New York and London.

Miss Hazel Pierce is in Portland for a few weeks prior to her departure for the East with Miss Crocker, who has been her guest in San Francisco.

Mrs. Louis H. Long is here from Santa Barbara and is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns. Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Miss Doyle, and Miss Esther Moreland have returned from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wertheimer and Miss E. Wertheimer are at the Glenwood in Riverside for a stay.

Miss May McLean, who is visiting in the East, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given this week by Miss Alice Longfellow at the old Longfellow home at Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hart have gone to Panama, where they will remain about a month.

Mrs. Russell Bogue has returned from New York, where she spent the winter, and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Eugene Freeman.

Miss Dorothy Chapman has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Miss Gamble for several weeks.

Mr. Gustave Pabst of Milwaukee arrived at Del Monte Thursday in his private car, accompanied by his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Hammer were among the week-end guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Cockroft and their two daughters are at Del Monte.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado,

Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. George H. Meyer, Mr. Wilson Meyer, Miss Marie Meyer, Mr. C. H. Chilcote, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Crothers, Mrs. A. J. Raich, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Ruff, Mr. John Tunicliff, Mr. H. Levi, Miss J. Levi, Mr. Henry Levi, Miss Bergstrom, Mr. John A. McGee.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra's Season.

One week from next Sunday afternoon the renowned orchestra of the Russian Symphony Society will commence a series of seven festival concerts at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. This is the most elaborate and expensive musical attraction of the year, and few managers would dare attempt what Will L. Greenbaum has succeeded in accomplishing, in securing such an aggregation of artists without the backing of any committee, patrons, or musical society.

There are just fifty players in the orchestra, and each is an artist and many are famed as soloists. Nikolai Sokoloff, a Russian violin virtuoso, who was specially engaged to play at the recent Gould-Decies wedding, will act as concert-master. Four eminent vocal artists, forming a quartet of mixed voices, will lend variety to the programmes. In addition, Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have that marvelous boy pianist, Pepito Arriola, appear as soloist at one of the concerts, and it will be a novel sight when the mere child appears surrounded by half a hundred grown men and plays one of the most difficult of concertos for piano and orchestra.

Modest Altschuler, the conductor, is one of the most gifted musicians in this country, and has that indefinable power of imparting to his men every thought of his mind, and the result is that the Russian Orchestra plays like an amalgamation of virtuosos. These will certainly be the finest orchestral concerts ever heard in this city.

At the opening concert, Sunday afternoon, April 30, the special features will be the first performances of Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2, Liadov's symphonic sketch "The Enchanted Lake," a tone-poem by Sibelius called "Finlandia," a vocal quartet entitled "Night," by Tschaiakowsky, and some smaller numbers. By request, Tschaiakowsky's "March Slav" has been added to the programme.

Monday night, May 1, the principal numbers will be Schubert's Symphony No. 1, Musorgsky's "Sunrise on the Moskva River," Ilyinski's suite, "Nur and Anitara," in five descriptive movements, and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie."

Tuesday night, May 2, Dvorak's "From the New World," Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsody," and Tschaiakowsky's "Theme and Variations" will be the more important numbers.

Wednesday night, May 3, the music from Richard Strauss's music drama "Salome" will be heard here for the first time, as will also Glazounow's symphonic suite, "The Middle Ages," and Arensky's variations on a theme by Tschaiakowsky, which was inspired by the "Christ, when a child, a garden made and many roses planted there."

Friday night, May 5, might be termed California night, for two of the feature numbers will be the prelude to Act III of the new Victor Herbert-Joe Redding opera "Natoma," and the Chinese suite, "Aladdin," by Edgar Stillman Kelley, and for which the composer gathered the themes in our Chinatown. The symphony on this night will be Beethoven's immortal No. 5, and the Russian works will be by Rimsky-Korsakow and Kayanus.

Saturday afternoon, May 6, Pepito Arriola will play the Liszt Concerto in E flat, and the orchestral numbers will include Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Borodine's overture, "Prince Igor."

The farewell programme on Sunday afternoon, May 7, will be a glorious offering. Tschaiakowsky's Symphony No. 4 will be given here for the first time, as will also the prelude to the new opera "Koenigskinder," by Humperdinck, the ballet music from Glinka's "My Life for the Czar," and a suite from "Child Life" by Conus.

The box-office will open next Wednesday, April 26, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for both season and single tickets. Mail orders will receive careful attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, and complete programme books are obtainable at all music stores or will be mailed to any address free upon application.

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CURRENT VERSE.

A Lament for Youth.

From the forests of the night,
From the palace of the day,
He hath winged a distant flight;
No more looms he on our sight,
No more bows he to our sway.
He was cunning in the mart,
He was mighty with the sword,
He was skilled in every art,
Like a king he dwelt apart,
And we fathomed not his word.
Weep for him, each denizen
Of the valley and the bill,
Of the forest and the fen!

For he cometh not again
To our glory or our ill.
Wake the echo of the lyre
And the melody of song
With a full and tragic fire!
For our yearning shall not tire
Till it mourneth sweet and long,
Till the weary desert's verge
And the shaggy mountain's head
And the quiet-crooning surge
Hear, and answer to the dirge
Of our Youth that now is dead.

—R. T. Chandler, in *Westminster Gazette*.

Love's Dreams.

Worn as the world love's themes are,
Yet it is ever true
That blossom-sweet love's dreams are,
And love forever new.

Happy the lass and lover,
For all the tales be old,
Whose hearts the dreams discover
Still waiting to be told.

There is but once to find them,
Fresh as they were of yore:
Love's night of dreams behind them—
Love's day of dreams, before!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Song of Wandering Aengus.

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called to me by name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the sun,
The golden apples of the moon.

—W. B. Yeats.

My Lady.

My Lady o'er my heart hath cast her spell,
And never can another charm me so;
Since first I saw her I have loved her well,
And up to her I gaze with heart aglow.

Fairer is she than daughters of the earth;
Her equal in this world may not be seen;
She dominates all those of royal birth;
Her rank is higher than the highest queen.

Her beauty is deep-mirrored in the waves;
Her brilliancy is far beyond compare;
She holds all mortals as her willing slaves—
Ah, she was made for love, My Lady fair.

Her head thrown back as resting on a cloud;
Her parting lips inviting lover's kiss;
To steal just one? ah, no, My Lady proud!
How could I dare to dream of such rare bliss?

Bright temptress! it is sweet to know her fair,
Although above my station she doth soar;
I kneel in adoration, not despair,
And muse on her forevermore.

She came upon my vision in the night;
Her beauty is not that which passeth soon,
For it will live forever, dazzling, bright—
My Lady is the Lady in the Moon.

—From "Songs," by Florence Isabel Chauncey.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"That fellow Jawley is a broker, isn't he?"
"Yes." "Has he got any money?" "Yes; he's
got mine."—*Life*.

"You women bear pain more heroically
than men." "Who told you that—a doctor?"
"No, a shoemaker!"—*London Opinion*.

Sarah—She's worth a million, and just the
right age for you. *Jerry*—Any girl worth a
million is the right age for me.—*Detroit Free
Press*.

He—The other night, at the dance, I took
the same girl down to supper three times.
She—She was very accommodating, wasn't
she?—*Truth*.

"There is a period in a woman's life when
she thinks of nothing but dress." "What
period is that?" "From the cradle to the
grave."—*Puck*.

"Doctor, I am feeling worse today." "Then
stop taking the pills I prescribed for you."
"But I haven't taken any yet!" "Then take
them."—*Sourire*.

Reporter (at front door)—There is a rumor
that Mr. Greatman has just died. Is this
true? *Butler*—Yes; but he has nothing to say
for publication.—*Life*.

"Started saving up for your summer vaca-
tion yet?" "I had started, but we ran out
of coal, and now I shall have to begin all
over again."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Ferdie struck Cholly with the sugar-tongs
at the club last night." "Shocking!" "Oh,
very. Both were under the influence of a
strong tea."—*Washington Herald*.

"Does that Mexican general follow the
Spanish custom and keep saying 'tomorrow'?"
"No; he has improved on it. He says 'day
after tomorrow'."—*Washington Star*.

Her Dad—No, sir; I won't have my daugh-
ter tied for life to a stupid fool. *Her
Suitor*—Then don't you think you'd better let
me take her off your hands?—*Boston Trans-
cript*.

Usher—Ladies, the audience wishes you to
keep still during this performance. *Ladies*—
Heavens! Is it possible that the audience
hasn't heard this old opera before?—*Toledo
Blade*.

Radical Guest—By the way, duchess, if we
abolish the Lords this session, won't the duke
be awfully upset? *Duchess*—Oh, I expect he
would; but I shan't let him know, you know.
—*Punch*.

"Have you anything to say before we eat
you?" said the King of the Cannibal Isles to
a Boston missionary. "I have," was the re-
ply; "I want to talk to you awhile on the ad-
vantages of a vegetable diet."—*Bazar*.

"Mrs. Upperten says I may present you.
You are fortunate. She does not care to meet
many strangers." "Oh, she always allows me
to be presented. I have been introduced to
her a great many times."—*Washington Herald*.

Castleton—What, old man, you are not
reading the Bible, are you? *Sandstone*—Yes,
I am. *Castleton*—What for? *Sandstone*—
One of my relatives sent it to me for a wed-
ding present, and I've got to tell them how I
like it.—*Truth*.

"Does your wife ask you for things she
knows you can not afford?" "She hasn't
asked me for a thing since we were married."
"Great! How do you manage it?" "When
she wants a thing she does not ask me; she
tells me."—*Houston Post*.

The Lady—What are you carrying so care-
fully, Colonel Blood? *The Colonel*—Whisky,
ma'am; old Rooster whisky. *The Lady*—Oh,
that's had, colonel—very bad! *The Colonel*—
I shall be pleased to learn the brand you
recommend, ma'am.—*New York Sun*.

"You deceived me," protested the woman
at the washtub. "When you married me you
said you had a job on the road." "And so
I did, my dear," rejoined her husband, who
was hitting the pipe in an easy chair, "but it
hasn't arrived yet."—*Chicago News*.

Young Wife (to house decorator)—I hope
you will get this finished this afternoon.
Painter—Well, mum, I can do yer swallers
and roses right enough; but I must tell yer,
if yer want the panels finished this afternoon,
it won't run to Coopids.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"This is a good anecdote about George
Washington," remarked the editor, "but it
seems strange that it has never been in print
before." "Not at all," explained the occa-
sional contributor, "I only thought of it a
few days ago."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"John, didn't you tell me that all savings
banks are run in practically the same way?"
"I believe I did. What's wrong now?" "Oh,
nothing, only if they are all about the same,
why did I have to go to a certain one today
when I wanted to draw some money?"—*Bu-
falo Express*.

Mrs. De Sham—Excuse me for being late,
my dear Mrs. Peppery. I was detained down-
town while my hair was being washed. *Mrs.
Peppery (whose luncheon has been kept wait-*

ing)—And you had to go all the way home
to get it? That was too bad, my dear Mrs.
De Sham.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Chollie—Don't you think it would be a
noble thing for you to do with your wealth to
establish a home for the feeble-minded? *Miss
Rox*—Oh, Mr. Sappe, this is so sudden!—*In-
dianapolis Journal*.

Maude—We had private theatricals last
evening. They went off first-rate, only the
folks would laugh in the wrong place. *Uncle
Henry*—There is no such thing, Maude, as
laughing in the wrong place in private the-
atricals.—*Boston Transcript*.

"What you see in that creature to admire I
can't see," said Mrs. Duhleigh. "Why, she's
all made up. Her hair, her figure, her com-
plexion—every bit of her is artificial." "Well,
what of it?" retorted Duhleigh. "If the
world admires self-made men why shouldn't it
admire a self-made woman?" — *Harper's
Weekly*.

First Amateur—You spoiled the whole
show, Maud. *Second Amateur*—How? I
thought I did well. *First Amateur*—You did.
eh? What the dickens induced you to speak
my lines in the third act? The best lines I
had, too. *Second Amateur*—But, my dear
Jack, I'd forgotten my own. I had to say
something.—*Bazar*.

"Dis," said Dismal Dawson, after a long
drink at the farmer's well, "reminds me of
when I was a little feller." "Oh, you was
raised on a farm, eh?" said the good woman.
"Naw, I wasn't raised on a farm; but what I
mean is dat it was de water I was t'inkin' of.
I used ter drink de stuff reg'lar when I was a
kid."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The Maid (in Boston)—If you please,
ma'am, Master Jimmie has busted th' parlor
window, and Miss Jane has hit Mr. Jingles
with a stone, an' Master Bohhie has hit a
strange little girl in the arm. *The Mother
(wearily)*—That will do, Jane. It is not well
to take the inconvenient activities of normal
children too seriously.—*Cleveland Plain
Dealer*.

"Now," said the intrepid explorer, after he
had shown the guileless native the inside
workings of the brass watch and had noted
his naive wonder at the mysteries of the
mechanism, "I will let you have one of these
for two tusks; then you can be the envy of
the whole tribe." The native gentleman
yawned. "I traded a second-hand war-club
for a hushel of those things when I was at
the World's Fair in St. Louis," said he, "and
there was not a one of them that ran for more
than a week. Got any chewin' about your
clothes?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Armament Syndicates and War Scares."

As an outgrowth of the suggestions of Mr. Bowie's letter on the Japanese war bogey, we have this week a notable article from Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, on "Armament Syndicates and War Scares." Dr. Jordan deals with a phase of what we may term the war-scare business which has too long escaped the notice of the general public. War and preparations for war, like other vicious things, have in addition to their evil side an important economic side.

They contribute to the profit of considerable numbers of persons and of vast aggregations of capital. Of course whatever may be done to keep the ball in the air is artfully and persistently promoted by those whose personal and financial interests are involved. That our Japanese bogey has had this kind of promotion is made plain by a multitude of circumstances; we are forced to the conclusion that there are elements and interests which make no scruple of agitating and inflaming the public mind that thrift may follow.

Dr. Jordan's presentments are most impressive, most timely. They are worth the attention of thoughtful men at home and abroad. And as directly applied to the Japanese situation they are worth special consideration in conjunction with the important testimony given by Mr. Bowie through the *Argonaut* in its issue of April 15.

Ortie McManigal's Story.

It would not be the part of judgment or fairness to hurriedly convict the persons who are named as actors and participants in the Los Angeles *Times* outrage in the alleged confession of Ortie McManigal. This confession is a product of the "sweating" process; it comes, furthermore, from a man who by his own statement is a remorseless criminal—one who would find it as easy to tell a lie as to commit a murder. Under any circumstances the testimony of such a creature must be regarded as doubtful; when given under pressure and as the price of personal immunity it becomes doubly questionable. Here in San Francisco we have too recently observed the workings of the criminal sweatshop and the immunity bath to estimate at any very high value testimony produced through these agencies.

But there are more reasons for accrediting McManigal's story than for doubting it. The fight of unionism against the Los Angeles *Times* long ago became general and national. All elements of unionism became involved in it; all elements of unionism the country over have contributed to sustain it. In one "campaign" following another unionism tried to break down the *Times* by methods which often proved successful with less determined and resourceful institutions. But the *Times* grew stronger with the fight and has undoubtedly contributed above all other causes to holding Los Angeles to the rule of the open shop as distinct from the closed shop. The *Times* has been the one unconquerable force, as union leaders themselves have often openly declared, which has prevented them from bringing Los Angeles and the Southern California region under the yoke of radical unionism.

The blow-up of the *Times* office was accompanied by circumstances of unmistakable significance. Coincident with it an attempt was made by means of an infernal machine to destroy the house and with it the life of General Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the *Times* and an uncompromising foe to laborite aggression. There was also a coincident attempt to destroy the house and life of Mr. Zeelandelaar, secretary of the Los Angeles Manufacturers' Association, and like General Otis a determined enemy of radical unionism. All the circumstances and all the direct evidence tend to fix the crime upon the agents of or sympathizers with unionism. Nobody of candor and common sense has for one moment doubted it. Even while organized labor has felt it necessary to pile denial upon denial, candid and honest men within the ranks of unionism have all along conceded the fact, even while disclaiming responsibility for it.

McManigal's story, despite the circumstances which shadow it, is probably true. It matches certain known facts and gives a key which will probably unlock a secret door. And if it is the truth, it will easily provide a way for proving itself. It will not be accepted as conclusive by those who, like the *Argonaut*, are inclined to caution, but it suggests lines of inquiry and investigation by which we believe it is likely to be sustained.

gation by which we believe it is likely to be sustained.

The story itself is revolting enough. It exhibits John J. McNamara of Indianapolis, secretary and treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, with his brother, James W. McNamara, as the managing agents of a wholesale scheme of assassination and destruction, against two classes of men—first, non-unionists antagonistic to the unionistic principle of labor monopoly; second, to unionists who do not stand for violent radicalism, and who in particular compete with the bridge and structural iron brotherhood. Buildings, bridges, structures of any kind erected under the open-shop principle have been regarded by this conspiracy of wreckers as fair game; and if the destruction of open-shop work involved assassination and murder it did not matter. Half a score or more blow-ups were effected last year, involving all told the death of 112 persons. The crimes were deliberately planned and remorselessly carried through, McManigal, according to his own confession, being a confidant and agent in the cruel business. While not participating in the blow-up of the *Times*, being at the moment engaged in "other work," McManigal seems to have known all about it and has given the names of those who did it. Those whom he names as the doers of the deed have long been under suspicion in connection with it, many circumstances pointing directly to them. Probably McManigal is telling the truth; certainly it sounds like the truth. Yet it will be fair to suspend judgment, to wait for the uncovering of corroborative and confirmatory evidence.

The fact which above all others lends credence to the terrible recital of McManigal is that it is in precise line with the methods and history of labor-union warfare here and elsewhere during the past dozen years or more. Colorado, Idaho, Utah, California, and pretty nearly every other State afford in their recent history numberless examples of destruction and assassination done by unionism in promotion of its scheme to monopolize labor and to establish arbitrary terms in connection with it. The whole idea of unionism, even in its more respectable aspect, is that of destruction of its enemies. Wherever its demands are denied, it seeks to break down and destroy. If this can not be accomplished by the boycott, then it proceeds to other measures. If terrorizing processes fail, it resorts to something worse. Only a few months ago twenty-one men, whose only offense was of operating street-cars, were murdered in the streets of San Francisco. This record has been duplicated again and again all over the country. Destruction, we repeat, is the fixed policy of aggressive unionism wherever it meets opposition. Its demand is for monopoly of labor, for the crowding out—the destruction—of every man or every business which will not accept its scheme and work under its lash.

The *Argonaut* has often appealed to the manhood of San Francisco to rise in resistance to the destructive force which, having destroyed the virtue and respectability of our municipal political life, is now strangling our industries and business. It points to the disclosures of the week as illustrating even more directly than before the bitterness, desperation, and utter wickedness of the radical unionistic scheme. If something shall not be done to relieve San Francisco of this incubus it will destroy alike community integrity, community self-respect, community interest. It would appear that the conditions ought by this time to be generally comprehended; and it would seem that a community which boasts of its civilization and the traditions of a free and generous life should know how to redeem itself from a domination so galling and ruinous.

The Mayoralty.

If the *Argonaut* were picking a mayor for San Francisco it would not name Mr. James Rolph, Jr. as its first choice. We should like sterner stuff in the mayor's chair in especial view of the fact that labor

troubles are likely to come to a head during the next two or three years if not sooner. But the *Argonaut* has not been commissioned to pick a mayor. Its part is to fall in with the respectability and decency of San Francisco in the effort to put a worthy man in the place of the unspeakable McCarthy. At this writing it looks as if choice had fallen upon Mr. Rolph. He has been nominated by a committee of citizens representing entirely worthy purposes; he has been indorsed by other groups of good citizens. It looks now as if the better elements of San Francisco would unite upon him. If this shall come about, if Mr. Rolph shall be selected as the representative of what is legitimate, worthy, and decent, as opposed to what is illegitimate, unworthy, and indecent, there is nothing more to be said. Every man of respectable character and purposes ought to get behind him. When the alternative is between decency and indecency, there can be no justification in hanging back because one's particular preferences or whims have not been consulted. It is a time rather when every citizen of character should bring his efforts to the support of what is worthy, and against what is unworthy.

Mexico and Her Troubles.

Mr. Victor Berger, who represents in Congress a Socialist minority of one, has presented a monster protest against the presence of an American army on the frontier of Mexico. The army, he suggests, is intended to overawe the rebels, to bolster up the tyranny of Diaz, and generally to set back the hands upon the dial of reform in the southern republic. Therefore he, the said Mr. Victor Berger, with a large assortment of the uninformed and uninformable persons who are always ready to sign anything in the nature of a public document, demands the withdrawal of the American forces and, presumably, the extension of a general *carte blanche* to the contending Mexican bands to fight on either side of the line that suits them best, and to make themselves at home with American lives and American property.

Mr. Berger and his protest may well be ignored, and this is precisely what Congress will do to them. At the same time there are many well-intentioned people who have no time or inclination to acquire facts and to place them squarely side by side and who are readily misled by their sympathies whenever the cry of liberty is raised. The idea that it is only good men that rebel against authority is an old one, perhaps even a generous one, but it is as fallacious now as ever it was. Equally fallacious is the theory that insurrectionists have a monopoly of patriotism and their enemies of tyranny.

That the American army is intended to discourage the rebels or to sustain the Mexican government is patently untrue. Since the mobilization of the force and its arrival upon the border there has been engagement after engagement. Sometimes the advantage has been with the rebels and sometimes with the Federals. There has not been a word or an act of partisanship on the part of our army officers. Some of these engagements have been fought within sight of the frontier and even within a stone's throw of it. Mexican bullets have swept over the line and many Americans have been killed and wounded without provoking the smallest sign of retaliation. On the contrary wherever it has been possible to aid the wounded such aid has been given instantly to both sides without hesitation and without inquiry, and whenever refugees have sought shelter it has been given in the same indiscriminating way. Neither the Federals nor the rebels have complained of incorrect behavior on the part of American officers or men, and they would have been quick to do this if cause had existed. Nor do the rebels seem to feel themselves menaced by the presence of the army. At least they have not said so, and so far from the Mexican government looking to us for support the tone of the few communications from Mexico City has been haughty and disagreeable. To charge the army with a partisan mission is merely to misuse words for the purpose of securing a little cheap applause from ignorance. It is contradicted by every available fact.

The actual status of the rebels, the extent to which they represent any one but themselves is, of course, a far wider question, and one that can not be definitely answered until the atmosphere shall have cleared somewhat. But even here there are some useful considerations that ought not to be overlooked. A European statesman once advised his critics never to discuss foreign affairs unless with a map open in front of them,

and a glance at the map and at the statistics of Mexico helps to show how preposterous is the idea that the republic as a whole is in a state of insurrection. We are fairly well informed as to what is going on there. We hear of a few hundred men here and a few hundred more there, of a miniature army in one place and of some other insignificant little "force" somewhere else. So far as the reports serve to show the actual state of affairs, there seem to be some few thousand men under arms widely scattered over an area of no less than 767,005 square miles, or about one-fourth as large as the United States. These few thousand men are drawn from a population of nearly fourteen millions of people, whom they are supposed to represent and who are being saved—so we are told—from a ruthless tyranny. Now the government of Diaz is by no means an ideal one. If it were exercised over an educated and progressive people it would be a distinctly bad one. There need be no question about that. But to suppose that these fourteen millions of people are in a revolutionary state, to picture them as struggling against a grinding despotism, to compare them with Italians in revolt against Austria or Poles against Russia, is a mere naked absurdity. If Mexico really needed a revolution we should see something vastly more formidable than a few bands of tattered and half-bandit fighters who so far have found their chief enemy in mescal. That they have had a measure of success proves nothing of their inherent strength. Great Britain needed nearly half a million men to capture a few hundred guerilla Boers, and it may easily happen that the insurgents will so far paralyze the central government as to render it impotent. But that will not prove that they have the good-will of the nation behind them. Nothing will prove that except a general insurrectionary movement, and of this there is not a sign.

There is no reason why Americans should wish such a thing. Before seeking to overthrow any existing institution it is always well to ask what will take its place, and it is hard to understand why any sane human being should wish to destroy Diaz in order to set up Madero in his place, even with the coöperation of that distinguished Mexican patriot Ricciotto Garibaldi. We know nothing about Madero except that he is a millionaire and has therefore endeared himself to Mr. Victor Berger, but it is hard to believe that he will give a better government than Diaz has given to a country where reading and writing are almost undiscovered arts. We know something of Madero's associates and their crazy schemes for a socialist republic, and they are not of the kind to attract Americans, who have learned that stability is the one essential to progress. It may be, of course, that the career of Diaz is ended, but if this be so we may congratulate ourselves that it has lasted so long. Diaz has been a good neighbor, and he has been so good a neighbor because he has been strong enough to suppress the turbulent and ambitious spirits who are now trying to drag him down. They may succeed, but their success will not mean better government for Mexico nor better relationships for the United States.

San Francisco's Bond Offerings.

The failure of this city to market its recent issues of bonds has much disturbed the present labor-union administration. They continually assert that public utility companies and big bankers are exercising a "malignant influence" with investors in bonds. This is absurd: any man who wants to buy a bond, who thinks the underlying security is sound, that the bond is legally issued, that the interest coupons will be duly paid, that the principal will be paid when the bond matures, and who believes that the interest is adequate—such a man will buy the bond if he wants it, regardless of "financial influences." The very banks suspected of "malignant influence" will buy such bonds themselves if they think they are sound, seasoned, and profitable.

The trouble with San Francisco's bond offerings is not local purely. Ever since the Roosevelt panic broke out in 1907, bonds have been slow of sale. All kinds of first-class securities have been difficult to market, stocks have declined, and business generally throughout the country has been dull. The attitude of the Federal government toward "big business" has been such as to affect unfavorably the sale of railway, industrial, and public-utility bonds. Municipal bonds are not in the same category, but they suffer with the rest. All the large cities are paying higher interest than they were five years ago, which is the same thing as saying that they are selling their bonds cheaper. New York City

is getting only par and a fraction for the latest issue of its 4½ per cent bonds running fifty years straight. San Francisco's 4½ per cent bonds are serials. All investors prefer long-term bonds to serials. How, then, can San Francisco expect to sell her 4½ per cent serials at par? Yet our charter forbids selling our municipals at less than par. Result: "nothing doing."

There are other reasons, however. San Francisco's credit ought to be good, for we did business without a bonded debt for half a century, and even now, with all our recent bond issues, our proportion of bonded debt to assessed valuation is lower than that of any other large city in the country. This low bonded debt, by the way, is not due to the reluctance of our labor-union rulers to issue bonds, but merely because they can not sell them when issued. If they could market bonds readily we should speedily have a colossal debt. So there is, it will be seen, compensation in all things. San Francisco's temporarily bad credit—caused by her subjection to labor-union rulers—prevents her from being swamped by an enormous bonded indebtedness.

The latest issue of San Francisco's municipals, the so-called Hetch-Hetchy water system bonds, has failed utterly—there are no bids from bond dealers, and only one lone bid from an optimistic private individual. When San Francisco acquires title from the Federal government to the contemplated water system in the Sierras—which title Congress seems disinclined to grant—it will be time enough for careful investors to buy these water bonds.

The Geary Street municipal bonds are faring better. Over \$200,000 out of the \$600,000 issue have already been sold by the treasurer "over the counter," mostly to private investors and to small country banks. For these bonds also the bond dealers have not been bidding, for reasons they do not give. It may be some irregularity in the issue deters them.

And right here it may be well to utter a word of warning to private investors who think of buying San Francisco municipals "over the counter." Nowadays practically all bond issues are "underwritten" by big bankers, or groups of bankers, or financial syndicates. Such bond dealers, before handling any issue of bonds, have the legality of the issue carefully investigated by firms of expert attorneys specially skilled in such matters. The fees for such expert examinations run all the way from \$20,000 to \$100,000—fees such as no private investor could afford to pay. These legal experts scan each detail in every stage of a bond issue, such as the calling of the election; the proper official to call it; his title to his office; the legality of his call; the advertising of the call; whether it was advertised in newspapers "legally issued"; whether the advertisement ran the proper number of times with no legal holidays or Sundays included; whether the election was legally conducted; whether there were no mismarked or improper ballots polled or counted; whether the election officers were legally appointed; whether the election returns were properly canvassed; whether the bonds when thus duly authorized were properly printed (the savings banks law in some places excluding lithographed bonds or bonds printed from type); whether the bonds when printed were properly signed by the officials designated; whether the titles of these officials to their offices were established beyond question.

These are only a portion of the details carefully scrutinized by the legal experts employed by regular bond dealers. Only last week in an interior California city an election for high school bonds was carried by a majority of two. At once accusations were made of numerous votes having been polled by persons not entitled to vote. Does the reader think that any established firm of bond dealers would buy bonds issued under such a doubtful election? If so, he is in error.

As a result of this careful scrutiny, all bonds handled by the regular bond dealers are as free from flaws as anything human can be considered to be. A private investor purchasing under these circumstances is practically certain that his bonds will not be repudiated through error in their issue. But what guarantee has the private investor who buys San Francisco municipals "over the counter"? It is true that the supervisors submitted certain questions to a firm of attorneys in New York who were paid a large fee to approve of the bonds. Naturally they approved of them. But no firm of experts, in New York or anywhere else, has been paid a large fee to find vital errors in the bonds. And that is the only kind of examination which is worth anything.

If any of these San Francisco bond issues should

prove to have a flaw in any one of the numerous details of which we have given only a part, that bond issue is void and the bonds are not worth the paper on which they are printed. However much the present labor-union administration or any which follows it should desire to honor bonds which are invalid, they could not do so. They could be estopped at once by process from any citizen. Furthermore, if they paid out any interest on bonds which were found to be invalid, the officials so paying out such sums would be held by the courts personally responsible for them out of their own pockets.

How great is the chance for error in so complicated a matter may be easily seen from this anecdote: When one of the first issues of bonds under the present administration was placed on the market, two of the high city officials filled out blanks bidding for bonds for certain institutions. Both of these bids were thrown out because they were not drawn according to specifications. If high municipal officials of the labor-union administration can not even draw up properly a bid on a bond, what are the chances for such an administration issuing bonds without any error in the long and complicated process of issuance?

It is only fair to say that during recent years San Francisco has successfully marketed one issue of bonds. This was during the non-partisan administration between the two labor-union administrations of Schmitz and McCarthy. Even with the labor-union blight temporarily removed, San Francisco had to pay 5 per cent to float these bonds. This is a higher rate than is paid by any large city in the United States except New Orleans. This latter city has been ruled for years by administrations which were either vicious or corrupt. Hence her credit is bad. Her morals are evidently bad as well as her credit, for New Orleans recently offered this bait with a new issue of 5 per cent bonds: to tempt investors, she promised to make the new bonds senior instead of junior securities—that is, to pay them before her older outstanding bonds. The feelings of the investors in the older bonds may be imagined.

Nothing in this article must be construed as reflecting on the absolute security which San Francisco—the real San Francisco, not the labor-union San Francisco—possesses as a basis for bonds. San Francisco is all right—or she will be all right when she gets over her labor-union nightmare. To prove her solid security, here is an apt illustration: the sea-wall of San Francisco—an integral part of her soil, constituting her harbor frontage, and skirting the downtown business section—is not controlled by the municipal officials. It is administered by the State board of harbor commissioners. It has been admirably administered. It has created priceless land out of muddy flats. To do its work the board has borrowed money on bonds. It has accumulated a large sinking fund for the redemption of these bonds, but these securities are so high class that the bondholders obstinately refuse to part with them in advance of maturity, and the harbor commissioners are forced to reinvest their own sinking fund.

Thus the difference between bonds running against San Francisco soil issued by the labor-union municipal officials, and those issued by the harbor commissioners, is marked.

Editorial Notes.

With all due respect to the authorities of Cornell University, we think they are mistaken in the policy which admits colored students to college dormitories on terms identical with those applicable to white students. We would not deny to ability and ambition under a black skin any opportunity which our public institutions afford. As human beings negroes have equal moral rights; as citizens they have equal legal right. But association ought to end at the line of equal opportunity. No good can come to either race by wiping out the "color line." Much harm must inevitably come to both races—as any one may see who will keep his eyes open—under any scheme of equal personal association. It is better for the negro race to live by itself, precisely as it is better for the white race to maintain the purity of its own blood. Mexico, Cuba, South America, and Spain sufficiently illustrate the mischiefs which follow when the "color line" is broken up—when races lose racial respect and racial integrity.

Thoughtful observers will not be deceived by the apparent strength of politico-socialism either in Berkeley or Oakland, even though in the former city the Socialist candidates were elected. The truth of the situation is

that in both Berkeley and Oakland discontented and opposing elements found in the Socialist candidacies a means ready at hand to illustrate their political and personal resentments. Neither Berkeley nor Oakland is a socialistic community. In a closely and fairly drawn contest between conservatism and socialism the former would win in overwhelming force.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Armament Syndicates and War Scares.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, April 24, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: It is a fact, more or less well known, that the arguments that "expansion of armaments is necessary to insure peace," that "big armies and navies are the insurance premiums of peace," and that "to insure peace a nation must always be prepared for war," all rest primarily on the desires of the armament syndicates to keep up their business. There is nowhere in the world a more powerful or better organized lobby than this one of builders of armament. Its operations are consciously and carefully planned. It is ably supported by an unconscious or semiconscious lobby of those aching for promotions and of that class, in business and in journalism, who as Burke once said "scent with delight the cadaverous odor of lucre." A typical utterance is the following in reference to the story that Japan is seeking a coaling station on Magdalena Bay:

This we have to say, and we mean every word of it—that we desire no trifling or tampering with a foreign power with our neighbors on the Western Hemisphere that may prove a menace to them or to us, or that may in any way interfere with the declared principles of the Monroe Doctrine. We should not heed this hysterical peace talk that Asiatic missionaries and other well-meaning but deluded fanatics are giving us. We desire peace, but the air seems full of war. The public safety demands that our coasts and possessions be promptly and adequately fortified at strategic points, that the regular army be increased to its full strength, that our State militia be organized, drilled, and equipped, and that we should possess a most formidable navy to be prepared at a moment's notice for any and all contingencies.

All this because some one has found an idiotic story "in the air," but it involves the serious menace at the end, that this nation shall follow the nations of Europe in the slough of national bankruptcy. The war debt of \$26,000,000,000 in Europe today, the interest due annually of \$1,150,000,000 mean nothing else. We hear much just now of the large sums invested abroad by England, Germany, and France. But these investments are not made by the people of these countries. They are the investments of the aristocracy, and especially of the huge syndicates which operate in all nations alike, which know no nationality, and which through war and militarism have already sucked the blood of the common folk in all three of these nations.

Hon. David J. Foster, representative from Vermont, puts this matter in a few words, so far as the United States is concerned:

I am absolutely convinced that there is a criminal conspiracy on foot for the purpose of bringing on a war between the United States and Japan. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are being spent to carry on this propaganda, and I am confident that the plans of these conspirators will unfold themselves before very long. I am convinced that this constant agitation for a war between the two nations is nothing but a subterfuge employed by those people who are determined that this government shall build not less than two battleships each year. To endanger the friendly relations of two great nations in order that certain selfish interests may be gratified is nothing short of criminal.

The Unseen Empire of finance has two rules of action, to make good its pledges and to "play no favorites" among its clients. It finances Russia and Japan, England and Germany alike and up to the limit of the interest charges which the traffic will bear. The credit of America is still good, and this, the most peaceful of all countries, without an enemy on earth, so strong, so rich, and so isolated as to be above all thought of attack, is still a most fertile field for war scares.

The sole reason why war between Great Britain and Germany is thought possible by anybody lies in the struggle between the two as to which shall have the larger armament. From time immemorial, by the dictum of its war syndicate, the sea power of Great Britain shall be two and one-tenth times that of any other nation. At the same time, by virtue of the greater number and wealth of her people (not of her bankers and dukes) and by her intenser industrial organization, Germany can build more ships than Great Britain without straining her people to the point where taxes become unbearable. The war debt of the two nations is about the same, \$3,800,000,000 for Great Britain and the like for Germany, including the debt of the individual kingdoms. In the last ten years Germany has spent about \$2,500,000,000 and Great Britain \$3,000,000,000 on the army and navy, besides the war interest money—about \$140,000,000 each per year in this whole time.

In a recent article in the New York Evening Post (April 1) there is a letter from London in regard to the "greatest of the unseen and pernicious forces with which economists have to contend." These are "the powerful companies which exist to produce armaments and which have been encouraged to increase their capital obligations within the last few years by the successive scares and naval programmes of the last decade." The capitalization of the six leading English firms is thus given in the London Morning Leader:

	Issued share capital.	Debtenture capital.
Vickers, Sons & Maxim.....	\$25,000,000	\$15,000,000
Cammell, Laird & Co.....	12,000,000	8,500,000
Armstrong, Whitworth & Co....	21,000,000	12,500,000
Wm. Beardmore & Co.....	10,000,000	8,500,000
John Brown & Co.....	16,000,000	5,000,000
Thames Ironworks Company.....	3,000,000	1,300,000
	\$87,000,000	\$50,800,000

Total capital, over \$137,000,000.

This list is by no means complete so far as England is concerned. "The importance of these figures," says the correspondent of the Post, "is evident. The country has encouraged private concerns to expend these sums so that they may be productive of profits year by year for the benefit of their shareholders. Any restriction in the building of armaments either by the home or foreign governments has disastrous results on the year's profits. It requires no stretch of the imagination to see that the enormous numbers of in-

vestors in every class of society scattered through the country exert a subtle influence in favor of the expansion of armaments. The numbers are not so much as the quality. According to the Investor's Review the social position of some of the leading owners of three of the principal firms is as follows:

	Vickers & Maxim.	Brown & Co.	Armstrong & Whitworth
Dukes	2	1	..
Marquis	2
Earl or Baron.....	50	10	60
Baronet	15	2	15
Knight	5	5	20
Members of Parliament.....	3	2	8
J. P.	7	9	3
K. C.	5
Military or Naval Officers.....	21	2	20
Naval Architects or Contractors..	2
Financier	3	..	1
Journalist	6	3	8

It is said that the plant of Vickers Sons & Maxim is prepared to lay down and complete three Dreadnoughts in three years without going outside its own factories.

At the meeting of the shareholders of John Brown & Co., in July, 1905, Sir Charles D. McLaren is reported to have said:

The appointment of Sir John Fisher at the Admiralty is a fact of some importance to a firm like theirs, and he was glad to see that Sir John was prepared to go in for building battleships because the heavier the work the more it went to their firm. They were makers of armor-plate, large marine shafting, and turbine engines, so that when heavy work was about they would get a share of it.

Whatever the final effect on Great Britain or on civilization, these great plants must be fed with government orders.

In referring to the standing army of 1,041,000 men now maintained by the British empire, Mr. G. H. Perris says ("Hands Across the Sea," p. 10):

This is the largest "peace establishment" in the world, with the exception of the Russian army, which is of about the same size. Those of Germany and France number only about 650,000 men. Of the million of our soldiery, 776,000 are British, 665,000 being located at home, and the remainder exiled mainly in tropical or sub-tropical lands. To this 776,000 we must add 185,000 men of the Fleet and the Naval Reserve. And behind this force of 961,000 able-bodied and middle-aged Englishmen there lie two bodies, also of adult men, most skilled and able-bodied, whose numbers can be only approximately determined: (1) Those engaged in the arsenals and dockyards and the numerous armament trades, and (2) Pensioners, small and large, possibly 100,000 of them, since their cost on the estimates is about £2,500,000 a year.

The probability is, then, that at least 1,500,000 adult able-bodied men—or one in six of the "occupied" adult males of the United Kingdom—share, to some extent, in the £65,000,000 a year which we spend on the twin "defense" services. Thus, even when we remember that many of these, like the "Terriers" and Reservists, get a mere allowance, while a large part of the regular army is paid for by India, it will be seen that we have here the most widely ramified of all our vested interests, a fearful drag upon reproductive industry, and an influence which must often diverge from the straight line of democratic advance. The big prizes, of course, all go to a small class of financiers and industrial magnates, who, in order to keep the game going, exert a thoroughly pernicious influence on Parliament and middle-class opinion. The higher officer ranks of the army and navy are an aristocratic preserve, and are highly organized for the advancement of their professional interests. This alliance of money power and class power, whose shibboleth and trademark is "Imperialism," includes the most determinedly reactionary elements in British society.

Again Mr. Perris pertinently says:

We are part of a world-wide movement against obsolete forms of servitude, savagery, and waste. The best of the civilization of today is on our side and the power of tomorrow is ours. Greedy contractors, silly scare-mongers, and their official friends, whether in Germany or in England, are not checked by warlike preparations on the other side—quite the reverse. Each country must get rid of its own parasites. The democratic parties in each land must cut the claws of the enemies of the people. This is the work of national defense—the only road to real national security, the only true patriotism.

It is the piling up of useless and dangerous armament paid for by borrowed money which constitutes the chief menace to the world today. "War," says the German Colonel Gadke, "is the father of other wars. The more we think of our own power and ability, the oftener we have tasted of the fruit of victorious war, the more are we surrounded by the evil spirit of Chauvinism and of imperialism. War is the father of other wars." And as Benjamin Franklin once observed, "Wars are not paid for in war time. The bill comes later."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Concerning "College Hoodlumism."

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, April 20, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I note with regret your editorial note in the issue of April 15, in which you refer to certain acts of "rowdiness" occurring on a Sunday train, and which you charged to a party of alleged Stanford men.

I have investigated the charges which you have made and I feel certain that your criticism was based upon a misconception of the facts of the case. I am, therefore, taking this liberty of presenting what seem to me to be the real facts.

So far as I have been able to learn, no group or party of Stanford students left Palo Alto on the day named. There were, however, several other groups, consisting of an amateur baseball team, composed of boys who have no connection whatever with the university, and of various high-school track teams returning to their home towns from the interscholastic meet.

Other parties who were traveling Sunday have informed me that several of these groups were guilty of the offensive conduct which you noted. It is, therefore, highly possible that it was the conduct of one of these outside parties which caused your just indignation.

If you still feel certain that the men whom you saw were Stanford men, I will consider it a very great favor if you will inform me as to the exact time of the day and the train upon which this performance occurred.

The university authorities heartily agree with you in condemning such actions on the part of college men, and it is the policy of this institution that students guilty of ungentlemanly conduct in public shall be dropped from the roll. We feel, however, that it is hardly fair that the university should receive criticism for the conduct of boys who are in no way connected with the institution. We therefore trust that you will take some step to correct the erroneous impressions which your readers have received.

Very sincerely,
ALMON E. ROTH,
Students' Adviser.

[The note in the Argonaut to which Mr. Roth refers was written in the friendliest spirit toward the university and was printed in the hope that by calling attention to the serious

breach of decorum by youths who appeared to be college students it might tend to reformation of manners. It ought to weigh with the college boy—or the college man, if that style be preferred—that at home or abroad he is regarded as a representative of his college and that his manners reflect either good or ill repute upon that institution. It is gratifying to learn that in the particular instance the offenders against propriety were not or may not have been Stanford students. And it is only just to add that the *Argonaut* and the public in general has observed with interest the effort on the part of the Stanford authorities to stamp out hoodlumism on the campus and away from it. If the work of reform is not yet complete, it is in the way of accomplishment; and the time is not far away, we trust, when similar effort will be made by the other colleges of the country. No young man who can not bring himself to a course of social propriety and decency, either on his college grounds or when he goes abroad, has any right to the advantages which State and private beneficence have provided for aspiring youth.]

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Are we upsetting the balance of nature by our efforts to destroy the animals that seem to us, in our wisdom, to be pests? The question is being asked in England, and by competent authorities. Why is it that the rat is now doing such incalculable damage to the agriculture of the world, not to speak of the threat of the still greater damage to our health? How comes it that rooks and starlings have almost destroyed the wheat fields of Hertfordshire and that in other English counties the fruit trees have been stripped by finches and sparrows? Mr. Matthews, the secretary of the Associated Chambers of Agriculture in England, believes he knows the reason of these many afflictions, and he says it is to be found in the senseless massacre of owls, hawks, foxes, and stoats. These animals are deadly enemies of the rats and the smaller birds. When hunting is poor they make up the deficiency at the cost of the farmer, but they never take a hundredth part of what they earn. Nevertheless their trifling misdemeanors are remembered against them and their many acts of virtue count for nothing. Foxes, owls, and stoats spend their nights in catching rats, and it is only under great temptation that the hen roost is raided. But with his enemies dead the rat can multiply without check, and this is precisely what has happened. Protect the fox, the owl, and the stoat, says Mr. Matthews, and the rat will find that his days and nights of ease and safety are over. Protect the hawks, and the starlings and finches will shrink in numbers. And if the stoats and the foxes and the carnivorous birds find it necessary to draw a small salary from the farmer, let it be paid cheerfully, as for work well done. Above all else, let the balance of nature be preserved. We must take no sides in the eternal war that is waged in the animal kingdom, at least until we can recognize our real friends more intelligently than now.

The German officers employed to drill the Turkish soldiers and to bring them up to the standard of murderous civilization have discovered that the Turk has his own ideas of dignity and that they are not the ideas of the German private. Colonel von Schlichting has just been shot dead by a young Albanian soldier for no greater offense than correcting the pose of the soldier's head by touching his chin with his riding whip. The chin being the seat of the beard is sacred to the Mussulman, and that a stranger should touch it at all is an unpardonable insult. Other German instructors will doubtless take the hint and confine the use of the riding whip to its legitimate purposes, at least while in Turkey. They will do well to remember also that the average Turkish soldier joins the army from a sense of a religious duty, and not because of the pay. This is realized by the Turkish officer, who invariably treats his men with deference, but it may take a few more assassinations to purge the German instructor from the ideas that he has acquired on his own drill grounds, where the private is simply a beast of burden without the value that is the beast's protection.

Among the myths about Japan that have originated in the small but fertile mind of Captain Hobson is one that can be easily dissipated. Japan is not turning out warships with the rapidity of a coining machine, as we have been led to suppose. In Jane's "Fighting Ships," that was published last year, we are told that "New construction in Japan at present appears to be proceeding very slowly." Quite recently Japan placed an order for a cruiser with an English firm, and when the good patriots of Nippon protested against the neglect of home industries—and how quickly Japan is picking up the jargon—they were told that it was necessary to secure a model of naval construction and that the home industries might wait until they had something reliable to copy. This should be reassuring news to those who have visions of Japanese warships pouring out of a hopper or who suppose that vast navies are being built secretly in the cellars of Japanese houses. The present strength of the Japanese navy is fourteen modern battleships, thirteen first-class cruisers, seven second-class cruisers, thirteen third-class cruisers, fifty-seven destroyers, fifty-nine torpedo boats, and thirteen submarines.

The Camorra, now so much in the public view, must not be confused with the Mafia or the Black Hand, although all three have an equal degree of criminality. The differences between them are mainly geographical. The Mafia works in Sicily, the Camorra in Naples and Southern Italy, while the Black Hand is an American product with headquarters in New York. While some have attributed the strength of these organizations to Bourbon misgovernment, it seems more reasonable to seek an explanation in the extraordinary number of homeless literates that are to be found in every great Italian city and whose hand is always against any kind of organized authority. The Camorra is recruited from the more

intelligent of these city bedouins, and it is always at the service of private vengeance. It has been said that in Naples it is easier to hire an assassin than a laborer, but the Camorrist in good standing must be ready and competent for any sort of villainy. He is not only a thief, forger, and murderer, but he is also a smuggler, gambler, and white slaver. He protects shameful vices, as a false witness he is always available, and he levies tribute from all the humbler avocations. He is the aristocrat of iniquity, organizing and drilling it as a commercial undertaking. And yet the Camorrist has a code of honor. He always carries out his obligations and he always keeps his word, and he will tell you that he prefers the knife to the revolver because he considers the revolver to be cowardly. A fight, he says, should imply physical contact, and the Camorrist is exhorted at his initiation to be both brave and courteous.

It seems certain that an income tax will be imposed in France. Strange to say, there is no opposition except on the ground of the inquisitorial provisions that encumbered the first proposals, and now these have been removed. M. Caillaux assured the premier that he would cooperate heartily in any scheme that contained the following five principles:

Imposition of tax on all incomes, without exception.
Imposition of a complementary tax on the total of incomes.
Discrimination between incomes derived from capital and those from personal effort.

Deductions in favor of taxpayers possessing only minimum incomes or on account of family burdens.
Introduction of a system of progressivity.

It is the general opinion in France that the amount of the income, with a system of reasonable deductions, is the surest indication of status and that taxes based upon income are the most equitable.

Herr Bebel, the German Socialist leader, states that the Socialists will contest every possible seat throughout the empire at the forthcoming elections for the Reichstag, irrespective of their chances of success. It is not the number of seats that counts, but the total number of votes cast, and he would rather see four million votes and fifty seats than three million votes and a hundred seats. Herr Bebel admits to being an old man in body, but in mind he is as young as ever and as full of hopes and enthusiasms.

The recent landslide at Aldeburgh in England carried away a hundred yards of shore and simply littered the beach with ancient coins of gold and silver, some of them over one thousand years old. The coast has long been of interest to antiquarians. The visitor is told that if he listens carefully enough, which he never does, he may hear the ringing of ghostly bells from the town of Dunwich, now far off and under the sea. There was a Roman camp at Dunwich and the Saxon city of Dummocastro, and here Sigebert, King of East Anglia, built a palace and a cathedral about 630 A. D. The cathedral was consecrated by Bishop Honorius and he had fifteen successors before the see disappeared. Dunwich had six churches in the reign of Edward III, but the ocean took five of them, and the fragments of the sixth are still to be seen with the remains of a monastery and a leper hospital. Dunwich must have been a thriving town in its day, and if we may judge from the treasure trove now exposed by the sea its inhabitants must have been accustomed to throw their money about freely.

One would suppose that in France, of all countries of the world, the "pale spectre of the salt" had disappeared between the dramatic profession and the public. But this seems not to be the case. M. de Villebrenie has just tried to sell his chateau at Saint Briac. The agent was authorized to accept \$32,000 for any purchaser who was "solvent and honorable," but when M. de Villebrenie found that Mlle. Lavallière of the Variétés Theatre was the would-be buyer he denounced the transaction, and the agent had to sue him for the commission that he had fairly earned. The court awarded him \$600 of the \$1600 that he claimed, and as there could be no suspicion of the lady's solvency, we must assume that in the eyes of French law as well as in those of M. de Villebrenie the profession of the actress is not an honorable one. And yet the French are fond of relating how Frederick Lemaître trampled under foot a silk cord that had been stretched between the stage and the chairs in an English country house.

Although there has been some relaxation of the Catholic prohibition of cremation it is still generally understood that the faithful are not to countenance the practice except where it is essential to the health of the living. Various reasons have been given for this. An English cardinal was reported as saying that cremation tended to remove the fear of death and that this fearlessness was undesirable, but at the present time the Catholic authorities are opposing a Prussian cremation bill on the ground that the dead must rest in their graves until the day of judgment. The contention is particularly unfortunate so far as Prussia is concerned, seeing that graves can not be bought in perpetuity save by the very rich. Ordinary people of common coarse clay must lease a grave for twenty-five years. At the end of that time the bones are removed and either thrown together into a common pit or actually burned. So that cremation is already the practice, and it can surely make little difference whether it comes at once or after a quarter of a century. Nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that we can seriously inconvenience the day of judgment by the adoption of sanitary measures for the disposal of the dead.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Although fifty years have elapsed since Darwin's "Origin of Species" was accepted, not a single variety or species of any wild animal or plant has been proved to have originated by natural selection.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Ella M. Boynton, said to be the only woman cashier of a national bank in the State of New York, succeeded in the position a man, who resigned owing to ill health. She receives the same salary paid her predecessor. Miss Boynton is not a suffragette.

Señor M. Teixeira Gomes, the new Portuguese minister to London, is a great traveler, an author of repute, and is recognized as one of the most accomplished art critics in Portugal. He has often visited England. His grandfather campaigned with Napoleon in Russia and was in one of the French squadrons at Waterloo.

M. Gueshoff, Bulgarian prime minister and minister for foreign affairs, is a prominent English scholar. He visited London in 1869 and 1885, when he pleaded the cause of the union of eastern Rumelia and Bulgaria. On several occasions he has held the highest positions in the government. Progressive, he hopes to win for Bulgaria the sympathies of the great powers.

Frank S. Cairns, an American, until recently collector of customs at the port of Ilo Ilo, Philippine Islands, has resigned and is now on his way to Persia, having accepted a position in the Shah's new financial cabinet. His official position will be director-general of taxation. Tender of the appointment was made through the recommendation of President Taft.

Georgette Leblanc, who in social life is the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Bluebird" and other noted productions, has frequently interpreted the principal parts in her husband's plays abroad. She believes it would be possible to devote the entire time of a Paris theatre to her husband's productions, and has begun plans for a Maeterlinck theatre for that purpose.

Princess Victoria Louise, only daughter of the Kaiser, was recently made honorary colonel of a German regiment. She is the youngest of the family of seven, and will be twenty years of age in September. Being the only girl in the imperial family, she is idolized by the German people. She is a very sensible girl and has been brought up in a practical way by her mother.

Enrico Caruso has returned to Europe, and it is estimated that the failure of his golden voice caused him a loss of fully \$78,000. He missed nine and one-half weeks of the Metropolitan Opera Company, besides a road tour of two weeks. He will not attempt to sing again until November, and meanwhile will enjoy himself in Florence, painting, doing some plaster work and relaxing generally.

Lord Lister, discoverer of the antiseptic treatment in surgery and the first member of the medical profession to be raised to the peerage, recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. He resides in a seaside cottage on the coast of Kent, and, it is said, seldom leaves his room. He was born at Upton, Essex, and graduated from London University in 1852. He was created a baron in 1897, having been previously made a baronet in 1883.

Richard Crichton, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, has lived in the reign of six monarchs, and in June will be able to read the coronation of five sovereigns, having reached the age of one hundred years. He is still keen of mind, and until recently lived an outdoor life. Until he was ninety-seven he played billiards daily. Much of his early life was spent in Australia, where he was a large sheep owner. He is now living in England, and at the last general election in January was probably the oldest voter to go to the polls in that country.

William Crosswell Doane, bishop of the diocese of Albany, New York, who refused to permit a woman to deliver an address in the cathedral at Albany on the ground that scripture directs women to keep silence in church, is the son of the second Bishop of New Jersey. He was born in Boston in 1832, was educated at Burlington and Trinity colleges, and is a D. D. of Oxford, England, and Dublin universities. For several years he was regent and chancellor of the New York State University. He has written several ecclesiastical works.

Mrs. Maria Kraus-Boelté, who recently celebrated her fiftieth anniversary as a kindergarten teacher, has resided in New York since 1872. For over thirty-five years she has been a leading figure in the educational world of this country, devoting her life to kindergarten work. She was born in Germany in 1836. Despite her age she gives an impression of youth and vitality. While still a young girl she went to Hamburg to study with Froebel's widow, later she taught in England, and in 1872 came to America. Since that time she has had in her classes over 2000 children and more than 1100 training students.

Ferdinand, Czar of Bulgaria, is practically a self-made king. Where once was chaos he has created law and order. He, the scion of two of Europe's noblest houses (Coburg and Orleans), had to live in a country where fifty years ago brigandage was rampant, the army disorganized, politics in the hands of a few wire-pullers. Today Bulgaria is foremost among the States of the Balkan Peninsula, its army efficient, railways extending, commerce flourishing, law and order prevailing. Sofia, the capital, boasts of the only zoological garden south of the Danube. The king, besides being a linguist and poet, is a thorough botanist, and took a deep interest in aviation when this was still in its infancy, being the only king-aviator.

A BOURGEOIS LITERATURE.

St. Martin Writes of the New Fiction Intended for Minds That Are Virtuous and Dull.

When we see the change that is passing over the character of French fiction we may well wonder if the common assertion that the soul of a nation is reflected in its novels is quite so axiomatic as it seems. Fiction reading is universal in America and in England. No class of society is neglected by the novel writer. There are practically no restraints even upon immature minds, and therefore the novel is peculiarly representative of popular sentiment. When Mr. Wells, for example, takes his gloves off and writes a novel of the sex problem and when half a dozen other novelists do the same thing, we are justified at once in assuming that the English people are passing just now through a phase of sex curiosity. We are justified because we know that practically every one that counts is reading those novels and talking of them, and that even the *jeune fille* need not necessarily hide the volume under the mattress or read it by the light of the forbidden candle. Where the novel is read by every one we may look upon it as an index to national character, as a gauge by which to measure the national pulse. And because we can do this at home and draw correct inferences therefrom we assume that we can do it abroad.

France has suffered much from this assumption at the hands of Anglo-Saxon critics who forget that novel reading is not universal on the continent of Europe and that fiction must not be taken as a universal gauge of anything. It would be too much to say that the French girl never reads novels, because, of course, she does, but it would not be too much to say that she knows far less of Zola and Maupassant than her English sister and that a story by Mr. Wells that would lie openly on the piano in an English drawing-room would be *anathema maranatha* in a French salon frequented by young people. The French girl who is living with her mother and who has any claim at all to be considered as *bien élevée* is as clay in the hands of the potter. She has no ideas of literary liberty, and would no more think of reading an uncensored book than she would think of flying. As a result she grows up without the fiction fever, and even when she reaches years of discretion she will allow the river of novels to flow past her almost unheeded.

The most notorious of French novels have been written for a class and have been read only by a class. To suppose, for instance, that Zola represents, or ever did represent, French sentiment would be ludicrous if it were not so unjust. He had a vogue amongst those who wished to read dirty things, unfortunately always numerous and always noisy, but the vast mass of the French people abhorred him, resented his use of the French name and language and were even disposed to deny his right to call himself a Frenchman. To suppose that France, or even Paris, was Zolaesque is to show ignorance of both France and Paris, for they are the antithesis of Zolaism. Zola wrote for a class, and he was ignored by all other classes, just as much as though he had written in another language. If any one is competent to speak for French literature it is M. Hanotaux, who says of Zola: "The future will remember his name, but future generations will not read him. Celebrated alike for his strength and his falsity, finisher of romanticism already in its decadence, Zola will figure as another Petronius, a Petronius sombre and lacking all sense of proportion." The class for which Zola wrote has had too many caterers who have thus assumed a sort of representative character that does not belong to them. Now it seems that another class is to receive attention, and if the *bourgeoisie* is not so interesting, because less adventurous morally, it has at least the advantage of numbers and wealth. Literary art can make even respectability interesting.

And the *bourgeoisie* is respectable, and with the kind of respectability that looks askance upon art even when draped and that regards emotion as something verging upon impropriety. Once more to quote M. Hanotaux, he speaks of the *bourgeoisie* as "holding aloof from the great intellectual awakening of generous souls, the emotions of thought and art, loving France but without comprehending that country." The *bourgeoisie* is supremely virtuous and supremely dull, and what a pity that virtue and dullness are usually concomitants. It is among the *bourgeoisie* that the home is to be found with all its secret sanctities, its clannish adhesions, a home of a privacy to be found in no other part of the world and of domestic virtues that are profaned even by the presence of a stranger. And now the *bourgeoisie* is to have its literature and its fiction, but its novels will be no more representative of France as a whole than were the novels of Zola. The writers have discovered a new field, that is all, but it is large enough and rich enough to pay them well.

There have been many signs of the change. The *bourgeoisie* is intensely conservative and warmly interested in what would, in America, be called the "uplift" movement, but always of an eminent propriety. There is no shock to *les convenances* in advocating temperance, for example, for even the most humdrum propriety may recognize an evil that every one else recognizes. The one dread of conventionalism all over the world is to be in a minority, in fact to be in anything but a large majority. René Bazin is called the pioneer among the *bourgeoisie* novelists. Of course Bazin knows better than to express any real opinions about any real things,

for opinions are always vulgar, so he began with a novel about wet-nursing, which it seems is an invention of the devil and responsible for all sorts of evils. That was a good safe subject and one to go straight to the heart of the good *bourgeoisie* who was thus provided with cause. Then Bazin touched delicately upon the persecutions of the church, and here he was on more delicate ground. But he never challenged the broad justice of the government policy. He was no crusader, championing a desperate cause. He pictured the sorrows of the dispossessed nuns, the shame of the Catholic soldier who must draw his sword upon a monastery. That was all right enough because the *bourgeoisie* was feeling just that way. With them the church and France were interchangeable terms, and the priest represented every conservative instinct in the land. The dispossessed nun did suffer, obviously, and visible to the sight of all men, and the young officer, himself of *bourgeoisie* family, did feel shame for his new duties. Bazin was on safe ground.

A whole flood of such novels followed, novels that painted the glories of old days, novels that did not exactly damn the republic as a vulgar and unconventional novelty, but that certainly did not bless it; novels that exacted all kinds of proprieties, the indissolubility of the marriage tie, the wisdom of obedience in religious matters, the beauty of everything mediæval, old-fashioned, of the ancient times. Let us above all things, say the new writers, be conventional. That the virtues are conventional is a fortunate circumstance for the virtues. That the Ten Commandments are old enough to be respectable is the justification for their appearance in *bourgeois* fiction.

M. Boysleve is the chief apostle of the new novel. His conventionality is unashamed, and is nowhere to be better found than in his "*La Jeune Fille bien élevée*." The literal translation of "*bien élevée*" gives no idea of the world of smug respectability that the words idiomatically indicate. To be "*bien élevée*" is to be *bourgeoisie*, it is never to have done an action nor had



Seymour Hicks, author of "Twenty-Four Years of an Actor's Life." John Lane Company.

a thought above, or below, the level of humdrum correctness. This particular story is of a young girl who has no *dot* and therefore not much chance of a husband. But she has musical ability and she proposes to use it for her own support. Then the parents are distracted at such a lapse from decorum. Never before has there been a professional musician in the family, and one might almost imagine from their consternation that the daughter had proposed to be an acrobat or to open a saloon. Their good, commonplace souls are moved to the depths by such an outrage on *bourgeois* decorum, and it is only at the last moment that they find a worthy, middle-aged architect who is willing to marry the young lady for nothing, so to speak. Now this is not a satire upon a senseless convention. It is in praise of it. This is not intended to show the absurdity of a prejudice, but to strengthen it, for after the marriage we find the mother impressing upon the bride that such good fortune would never have been hers without the inestimable advantages of having been "*bien élevée*." But imagine a state of mind that considers a girl to be disgraced because she earns her own living as a musician and that would rather see her married to a man whom she can not possibly love. That is the *bourgeoisie* of France, the respectable backbone of the nation that is now being provided with a fiction all its own, a fiction that will never allow an interference with marital bliss and from which "number three" will be rigidly excluded. It signifies no change in French sentiment. It means nothing more than that a class of French society hitherto neglected by the novel writers has now attracted the attention of a few unusually gifted writers who are prepared to beautify the conventions.

M. Boysleve is by no means alone. There is M. Henry Bordeaux and quite a galaxy of lesser writers. Their books will never bring a blush to the cheek of even *le jeune fille bien élevée*, who will never learn from their chaste but clever pages that serpents do sometimes find their way into marital Eden or that there is any other pursuit in life so desirable as a little dignified district visiting or gentle encouragement given to those domestic virtues that we all hope some day to possess.

PARIS, April 13, 1911.

ST. MARTIN.

ECHOES OF THE OPERA SEASON.

Miss Gilder Writes of Costs and Profits, and Contrasts New Conditions with the Old in New York.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who knows, if any man does, said, just before his departure for Europe, that the stories of profits from the opera season were mere nonsense. While there may not have been much by way of profits, I fancy that the season came nearer being profitable than any of its predecessors because of certain curtailments in unnecessary expenses. I have been told that during the season before there was a salary list of \$80,000 paid to singers who were not heard once during the season—understudies to be ready in case they were needed; but the principals took mighty good care that they should not be needed. The past season dispensed with this list and was none the worse equipped for that reason.

Unfortunately there was no competition in opera this year. There was no Oscar Hammerstein to shake things up, but he had set a pace that the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House could not ignore. They promised much, but did not give all that they promised. To be sure they gave three new operas, "*La Fanciulla del West*," "*Königskinder*," and "*Ariane et Barbe-bleue*," and the Chicago Opera Company gave others, so that there were more changes of bill than is the custom at the Metropolitan. Still the subscribers were not happy; they missed Caruso. There was no favorite tenor this season, though there were some that were far from being favorites. Even the favorite prime *donne* were not as popular as heretofore. I have never heard Farrar more severely criticized than she was this season. The absence of Caruso seemed to disconcert every one, and the season came and went without any enthusiasm. Now they say that Farrar is not coming back to opera, but will sing in concerts and let the Metropolitan directors whistle for a soprano.

Most people think that the dancers save the day at the Metropolitan Opera House. The biggest audiences were when Pavlova and Mordkin danced. Even these attractions did not stay in New York, but went out on the road and coined money. Fortunately they came back now and again and coined money for the opera house. Next season every manager in the country is going to import Russian dancers, believing that they will all prove Pavlovas and Mordkins. They may, however, prove caviare to the general, but hope springs eternal in the manager's breast.

Opera in New York has long since proved that it is only for the rich, the very rich, and it is going to be more than ever out of the reach of the mere music lover next season, for the directors have advanced the price, to all but speculators, from five to six dollars for orchestra chairs. Speculators are to buy seats for \$5.50, because they have proved to be such good friends of the opera and because so many people prefer to pay a slight advance rather than wait in line for tickets at the box-office. When I say speculators, I do not mean the men who stand on the sidewalk in front of the opera house and offer you their wares in husky voices, but the men who control the hotel supplies or have shops devoted exclusively to the sale of opera and theatre tickets. That people prefer to pay the advance and deal with them is not surprising, for it is almost impossible to get a good seat at a play anywhere else, and impossible for the opera. The struggle is not worth it. And what do you get after all? No good seats, they are already disposed of and the others are not worth having. Most of the three-dollar opera seats are on the side and so arranged that you can not see the stage. If you happen to be in the second or third row the people in front of you stand up and you are simply helpless. You can hear, but one wants to see the stage once in a while, and the desire is not unreasonable. The sooner we make up our minds, those of us who are not millionaires, that opera is not for us, the better for our peace. Let us forget it and understand that we must be satisfied to get our music at concerts. It was different in the old days of the Academy of Music. We could afford good seats to hear opera then. And there were no better singers. The Metropolitan Opera House has given us no soprano better than Christine Nilsson, or no tenor better than Campanini. We really loved music in those days. It was fashionable to subscribe to the opera, but the subscribers loved it. They did not turn their backs to the stage and talk during the performance. They faced the singers and applauded them with enthusiasm and without shame. And the singers were not imbued with the get-rich-quick spirit of the present day. Five hundred dollars a night was good money; nowadays it isn't any money at all.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, April 21, 1911.

Nantucket possesses what is believed to be the oldest windmill for grinding corn in actual operation in America. Nathan Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor, who had seen the busy windmills of Holland as he sailed abroad, built it out of timbers of wrecked ships in 1746. There has never been a day in all the 165 years since that time when the mill has not been busy. There is always a wind to turn its outstretched wings.

Shelton's translation of "*Don Quixote*" appeared in 1608. Besides this, six others, more or less complete, were published in England before the end of the eighteenth century. The Bible only has been more widely diffused.

THE ISLE OF BY-AND-BY.

How Its Monarch Lost To Win.

The trouble with Victor the First of Moragua and the Lesser Anguillenes was that his majesty lived and reigned in the nineteen hundredth odd years of our Lord. Had he ruled in the swashbuckler, ruff-and-doubtlet days of chartered companies and the Spanish Main, had he sought to dower his kingdom with doubloons, pistoles, pieces of eight, sequins of Venice and silver groat, could he have borne the Lady Amabel to his sun-kissed, palm-belted isle in a scarlet-and-yellow sailed galleon of seventy-two glimmer-brass guns, there would never have been the spirit of hesitation in the heart of his intended queen. But Amabel Clayton had her millions in her late father's Union Pacific 4's and Lackawanna first mortgages. She proceeded on her journey of investigation to the little-known island kingdom in her own crack, gilded, 3000-ton, 28-knot toy, the *Hamadryad*, accompanied by a cold, disparaging financial adviser and by her chaperone and only relative, Mrs. Allingham, who read Elinor Glyn and fondled a grumpy skye terrier all the way down. And as the trim, swift yacht cut the southern waters, she perused the New York papers with their full-capital write-ups and column-high drawings of the latest American queen. Therefore, she waited.

The daughter of old Alexander Clayton had plenteous pickings of dukes and archdukes, counts and viscounts, barons of the Rhine and baronets of Albion. She had trifled with some, run from others, and wavered to the point of definite newspaper announcements over his grace of Schwerinburg-Sterrin. But Jean Marie Francois Victor Alphonse Honore Sebastian de Tanquay was a king—though, I grant you, of an uncharted, unchronicled kingdom of his own making. The sonorous and hyphenated catalogue of his titles ran: King of Moragua and the Lesser Anguillenes, Duke of Capricornia and the Southern Seas, Lord of Tanquay, Most Puissant Chevalier of the Order of the Silver Cross of Moragua, Shelterer of the Oppressed, Patron of the Nobler Arts, etc. Three or four of the powers had recognized him. The newspapers exploited him almost respectfully. He possessed an army and navy, a royal opera, a palace, a capital, legation in Washington, a junta in New York.

As Amabel the First of Moragua, she would have her own glittering court, however small. There would be the high-bred, long-trained maids-in-waiting, the chamberlain in splendor of scarlet-and-gold, and a pleasant peerage of her own creation. There was the Order of the Silver Cross of Moragua, with the four ranks of Chevalier, Cavalier, Seigneur, and Crusader, for possessors of the royal favor.

About the king himself there clung an undeniable Old World glamour. In his delicate veins there flowed a strain of the unchanging Bourbon, a dash of gloomy Braganza, a drop of courtly Stuart. With the gemless, iron crown of Moragua upon his head, he appeared the reincarnation of an ancient Lombard.

His majesty had freely admitted his need of the Lackawanna millions to give his island sovereignty due prestige among the powers of the earth, to wrap his new-found court in the purple pageantry of emperors. The palace at Tanquay must hold its quota of Corots and Rembrandts. The capital city must boast its Unter den Linden, its Nevsky Prospect, and its Bois de Boulogne. There was a court circle that required a queen, regal in beauty, imperial in manner, æsthetic in temperament, gentle in blood—Just here the king had been too ardent. His dark, poetic eyes held too much flame of desire. There was abundant time for this—if—she became Amabel I of Moragua. Love and passion formed no essential part of a royal alliance. She was not certain that she could ever care for the king in just that way.

The brass signal gun of the *Hamadryad* boomed forth and she turned from a dream of coronation. Barkley, her financial adviser, was pointing toward the southeast. A gray-blue fringe showed on the sky-rim.

"Land," he announced.

A bustle of expectancy and preparation became manifest upon the yacht. Mrs. Allingham dropped her book and approached the rail. "Dear me, are we nearing the city?" she asked. "I'm so glad. It's been the most monotonous voyage. I'll never leave New York again."

The king approached noiselessly and bowed with Elizabethan stateliness. "Behold," he said reverently, "the kingdom of Moragua and the Lesser Anguillenes."

"When are we to have the twenty-one guns for royalty?" inquired Billy Barkley.

The king did not laugh. "The fortifications are not completed," he declared gravely. "At present we are at peace with the world."

The sea was placid as an Alpine lake. Enticing aromas wafted from the island. Cormorants, petrels, man-of-war birds swooped overhead. The blue-gray fringe resolved into a sky-line of majestic palms. Huge turtles could be seen sprawling upon the beach. The king had uncovered his head and stood in an attitude of reverence. Amabel Clayton experienced a strange exultant thrill. Somehow the picture of the discovery of America upon the 1893 postage stamps remained persistently in her mental perspective.

The yacht slipped around a point of jagged limestone and turned into a rockbound little harbor. A steep, barren hillside rose from the edge of the water. Upon the slope a score of undressed, unpainted structures huddled—the cheap, crude architecture of a frontier

mining town. Away up against the sky-rim the red-and-yellow standard of Moragua fluttered from the largest shack. White-clad natives, lounging in the shade of the houses, scrambled into activity at sight of the yacht. A straggling file of red-breeched soldiery advanced along an unsafe board pier, grinning, gesticulating, donning their uniforms as they marched.

"What kind of a fishing hamlet have you here?" asked Barkley. "The principal port of customs?"

The king frowned. "Tanquay," he answered proudly.

"Tanquay—my lord!" gasped Mrs. Allingham.

"Not the capital!" cried Amabel Clayton. "Oh, not the capital city of Moragua!"

The king nodded gravely. "The Rue Royale runs yonder from the Liberty Circle. The Place de la Concorde is to the left. Upon the crest are the royal opera and the palace."

Miss Clayton found herself tightly gripping the rail. Billy Barkley began to hum an air from "The Yankee Consul." The *Hamadryad* slipped up to the ramshackle pier and moored in front of a decadent tugboat, with the name *Ile de Moragua* painted over the words *Eliza Ellen of Gloucester* and a rusty smooth-bore pointing from the bow.

"Dreadnought ahoy?" sang out Barkley.

"The flagship of the royal navy," explained the king. "By and by—"

His voice was lost in the racket of a spluttering volley from the red-breeched zouaves. One ancient piece exploded, the amazed guardsman jumping wildly about in an agony of burns. The royal party descended



Mary Dillon, author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis." The Century Company.

to the pier and, followed by the nondescript army, proceeded to a green-rusted, plush-worn victoria that waited at the pier-end. The king, the queen-elect, the financial adviser, the plump Mrs. Allingham, Mrs. Allingham's grumpy skye terrier, and Don Miguel Alvanarez, minister of foreign affairs for the sovereignty of Moragua, commander-in-chief of the army and navy thereof, and chamberlain of the court, squeezed into the carriage of state. The scarlet-yellow army proceeded ahead. A score of wondering, enthusiastic, half-clad native men, women, and children followed the victoria. Another score lined the rough apology for a road and pointed to the occupants of the carriage.

"A triumphal entry," murmured Billy Barkley, attempting to catch Amabel's eye. The girl avoided his glance.

Don Miguel, a short, fat, much bewhiskered grandee, was delivering a spluttering address of welcome.

"But our army," interrupted the king. "How fares the military establishment?"

"Manuel Obispo is for measles—of sickness," answered the commander-in-chief. "The Capitan Rodriguez has lost his sabre. Yet we make the progress."

Don Miguel, jabbing his chubby forefinger into all quarters of the compass, explained things. "Here is it, the plaza grand," he announced as they skirted an open, weed-grown stretch. "Upon it the army—for reviews—afterwards." He indicated a wooden shack of little, red schoolhouse dimensions. "The cathedral of Saint Michael and Saint Paul. So is it for coronations." The chamberlain grinned suggestively at Amabel Clayton. The girl flushed and compressed her lips.

"Some day," began the king, with a pleading look

toward Miss Clayton. "some day the cathedral will be—"

"The palace!" shouted the chamberlain of the court. "The palace of his majesty of Moragua!"

"The palace!" exclaimed Amabel Clayton, Mrs. Allingham, and Billy Barkley.

"The palace," confirmed Victor of Moragua. "Some day—by and by—when Moragua comes into her own—"

The party stepped from the victoria upon the porch of a two-story, pine, sun-blistered warehouse, with a gorgeous frieze and a balcony. The red-and-yellow standard of Moragua fluttered from the flagstaff. An obsolete muzzle-loader loomed guard. More red-breeched zouaves lounged about, saluting slovenly as the visitors mounted the steps. A fat and shiny native woman in scarlet and mock-gold almost blocked the doorway.

"The mistress of ceremonies," announced the chamberlain of the court. "She will conduct for apartments." Amabel of Moragua, her dainty chin uptilted ominously, followed the mock-gold mistress.

In the afternoon of that day the king came into the audience chamber of the palace. In the centre of the half-darkened room by the table that served for the councils of envoys extraordinary and to support the brooms and feather-dusters of the mistress of ceremonial, Amabel Clayton sat, glooming out toward the placid sea. The king bowed sweepingly. His white, slender hand covered his heart. He was very solemn.

"You have seen?" he asked.

"Yes, I have seen—enough," answered the queen-elect, in a strange monotone.

A gladsome light shown in the king's dreamy eyes. He advanced impulsively. "Enough?" he repeated. "You have seen enough? Then you will take the iron crown of Moragua—you will become Amabel the First of a royal line—you will help me build a nation, glorious though tiny, where the chivalrous, the oppressed, the learned, the ambitious of the earth may come, multiply and prosper? You will be my queen—my Amabel?"

He dropped upon his knee, head bowed to the unfinished floor. Thus he did not see that the lady Amabel had arisen, her gray eyes a-light, her fair cheeks a-red with flame of anger.

"And is this all?" she cried, in a voice that had Victor of Moragua upon his feet, wondering. "Is this bare island of turtles and wild birds your Utopian kingdom to rank with the nations of the earth? Is this straggling hamlet your capital of magnificent distances? This wooden barn your palace where the art treasures of Europe shall hang—these rainbow-decked buffoons your court and courtiers. I wish to heaven that I had not come. The papers will scream the shame of it forever!"

"But consider—" said the king.

"Consider!" repeated the queen-elect. "Did you consider my feelings when you lured me here with your golden impossibilities?"

"But," deprecated the king, "the avenues—the court—the palace—all are here. It is time that shall bring them pomp and grandeur and magnificence. It is time that shall give my city her Champs Elysées, her Prater her Vatican and Campagna. It is time, Amabel." The king was silent for a moment. "And money," he added softly.

"Yes, money," retorted Amabel Clayton. "It is money that you foreign adventurers are always seeking—money—dower—dots—portions—settlements. But I wonder that you could think to fool me with this doll's castle and pasteboard trumpery." She sank into the high-backed chair of state and bowed her head upon the table.

The king straightened his slight frame. Brick-red spots were in his pale cheeks. "Mademoiselle," he said tremulously, "from the first I have not concealed from you that I—nay, that Moragua—needed your millions. I have not intended to deceive, though the fullness of my heart may have led me to anticipate—to rose-tint—to magnify slightly. But my fondest dreams, my dearest plans, must come to pass if I but have your help. Upon this palm-tufted hill shall sit a splendid city crowned by a palace of noble and stately proportions. Fair ladies and courtly gentlemen shall, by their deeds and attainments, spread the fame of Tanquay throughout the world. From the palace broad and sweeping avenues shall radiate, embellished with granite monuments of the earth's noblemen, patrolled by red-and-yellow zouaves of Moragua. In the harbor mighty ironclads shall ride at anchor and from the frowning fortifications great guns shall loom. This is the structure of my dream—these are the things that must be. Here at your feet is the beginning. Some day—somehow—I will complete it. I swear it."

The girl, lifting her head from the table, sat very straight in the high-backed chair of state. Brick-red spots, like those that flecked the face of the king, decked her cheeks. She would have interrupted, but Victor of Moragua began anew. The king's voice was firmer.

"Here, on this little island, mine by right of discovery, shall be the gentleman's paradise and the yeoman's dream-come-true. Here knighthood and chivalry, nigh gone from the face of the earth, shall be revived. Here is refuge for the downtrodden, opportunity for the hopeless, health for the racked in body. Here literature and art and science shall flourish under royal patronage. For this is the isle of hope. Can't you see, Amabel—oh, can't you see?"

The girl started up, would have spoken. But the

king, coming a step nearer, knelt again upon the floor and took her hand.

"For my country," he murmured, "for the red-and-yellow standard of Moragua, I would die a hundred deaths. For you, mademoiselle, for you—though you should be bereft of every golden dollar, friendless, shunned and scoffed at by the world, I would die gladly a thousand times."

A slanting ray of sunlight from the slit-like western window illumined the king's dark glossy hair. His majesty bent and kissed the shapely hand. The girl did not resist. She essayed to speak, but could not. The king remained motionless like a man suddenly stricken at prayer. A strange feeling amounting almost to fear took hold of her. "I—I—do not—did not—" she began; but the chamberlain of the court, bolting in, checked her words.

"My king—my king!" he bellowed. "The battleboats—she is outside—with soldiers so many!"

The king smiled with pleasure. "Ah, an official visit—more recognition. You see, mademoiselle?"

"No—no—no—not the visits offish," spluttered the chamberlain. "It is invade and conquest—oh, I alarm!"

The king, snatching a sword from the wall, hastened out. The girl, turning to the window, beheld in the offing a third-class cruiser flaunting his Britannic majesty's red-and-blue. A boatload of bluejackets were planting the Union Jack upon the beach. Another boatload was putting off from the ship's side. Edward the Seventh by the grace of God required a cable—or maybe a coaling station.

A bugle sounded defiantly from the grand plaza. Amabel, hurrying to the palace porch, saw that the king was attempting to muster the Moraguan army. Five or six half-clothed, half-armed zouaves had rallied to him. The chamberlain was running and shouting, making chaos out of what little order the king could establish. Farther up the hill she could discern a half-dozen of the stalwart soldiers fleeing the wrath of the Lion. Others peeped from the shacks, but did not venture forth.

"The third act of the opera bouffe, with a thumping finale," said a voice in her ear. She recognized Barkley, but did not turn. The king's meagre force marched down the slope, the lone bugle ranting discordantly. Drawn irresistibly, Amabel followed slowly. At a safe distance up the hill the cautious zouaves and curious natives watched. From the palace porch Mrs. Allingham called hysterically after her.

The king, unflinching, unwavering, approached the officer in command of the flag-raising squad. There was a brief parley, marked by the rapid flashing of the king's bright blade in the sunlight. The officer put out his hand as if in deprecation. He motioned toward the anchored *Northumberland*. His majesty turned to the red-and-yellow line. Even at that distance Amabel could make out the quick command: "Soldiers of Moragua—prepare to fire a volley!" The bluejackets scrambled into ranks. Three of the zouaves fled. The king, menacing the remaining three with his sword, cried "Fire!" Amabel gave a little cry as a ragged report followed. She cried again for very joy as the smoke lifted, disclosing the British ranks unbroken, unscathed. The remainder of the king's forces wheeled and fled. The chamberlain, withdrawing a slight distance, looked after the scurrying red breeches, looked back at his king, hesitated. The British officer advanced upon the king. The girl, filled with unutterable fear, picked up her skirts and ran down the hillside, through the frenzied retreat of the Moraguan war-footing, toward the invaders upon the beach. As she ran she saw that his majesty had slashed at the planted standard, rending the bright cloth in twain. The second boatload of bluejackets had landed and were hurrying up. The fat chamberlain danced about, praying, screaming, gesticulating. The British force closed in upon Victor of Moragua. His slender blade swooped, bright in the rays of the setting sun, above the heads of the invaders, once—twice—thrice. The sailors drew hack, seeming to look at something upon the ground. The fight was over.

She did not slacken speed until, breathless and be-draggled, she approached the excited group. They turned and looked inquiringly at her, but respectfully made way. Inside the circle upon the sand lay a dust-covered figure, rumpled and limp. Upon the right temple was a trickle of red.

"Oh!" she cried out. "Oh, God! You have killed him. Then kill me—for I jeered at the dream for which he died!"

She turned furiously upon the officer commanding. But the boyish ensign disarmed her fury with his frank smile. He pointed toward the prostrate figure.

"He, your lov—your friend—is not greatly hurt. Where would you have the men carry him? He resisted our occupation, made by virtue of a discovery of—"

She did not heed the explanation, but dropped upon the sand and, lifting his bruised head, cuddled it into her lap. "Victor, Victor—my king," she called softly.

The king's eyelids twitched, quivered, opened wide. "How—what—whither am I drifting?" he murmured, as his eyelids closed again.

"To the island," she whispered, "to the isle of good hope—the islet of things as they ought to be. For somehow, some time, somewhere we shall find it—safe from alien invasion—you and I—my king."

Then she indicated that they should carry him to the *Hamadryad* in the bay.

STUART B. STONE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1911.

ENGLISH BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

"Piccadilly" Looks Over the Shelves and Finds Some Good Workmanship.

The book exchange between England and America is now so brisk and so well organized that whatever has real importance or common interest is as well known on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. The more important publishing houses are continually on the watch for whatever may be acceptable to their particular *clientèle*, and at this moment the representatives of some half-dozen American houses are in London arranging for the production in America of English works. Conan Doyle probably has an equal popularity in both countries, and the same is probably true of Robert Hichens, Marie Corelli, the Williamsons, and others who may be said without derogation to write with an eye on the transatlantic market. Whether Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw are as popular in America as they are in England may be doubted. With one or two exceptions, no American novel writer has yet ventured into the physiological and pathological fields that these gentlemen have made their own, and we may therefore assume that there is no particular demand for this sort of thing in America. But the wholesome, honest novel of sentiment or action has an immediate international scope, and no one knows or cares anything of the country of its birth. For example, how many of Mr. Hichens's American admirers know that he is an Englishman?

Although the problem novel has flourished in England there have been some loud protests. For example, the headmasters of Eton and Winchester colleges and Westminster, Rugby, Repton, St. Paul's, and Shrewsbury public schools, together with a number of other notables, have just issued a warning against the novels that "are not only unfit for perusal by any modest girl or right-minded lad, but likely to do untold harm to the moral character of all readers." That these novels are not of the cheaply licentious kind that are always to be found in the back streets of our civilization is shown by the further statement that many of them "are



John Reed Scott, author of "The Impostor."
J. B. Lippincott Company.

not indecent in the ordinary sense of the word, but their whole tone and tendency is debasing and demoralizing." There is no need to ask whom these educational gentlemen have in mind. They mean Mr. Wells and some two or three others of lesser power, but it takes something stronger than the eye of faith to see such a "strengthening of the law" as would be needed to suppress Mr. Wells. It may be unfortunate that these authors write as they do, and still more unfortunate that they should be read by school children, but we can hardly see ourselves appointing a board of literary censorship composed of schoolmasters endowed for the purpose with police powers.

But when we have put upon one side the large and increasing number of books that become at once international it is evident that there still remain a good many that would hardly bear the expense of republication or that treat of subjects that are mainly of local interest. Among the latter we may number Sir William Butler's autobiography, just published by Constable. The average American reader will hardly identify Sir William Butler or remember that he was in command of the South African forces immediately before the outbreak of the Boer War. The fact that he must have known all that was to be known about the situation, that he resigned because he would not tolerate what he knew, and that his resignation was accepted with suspicious readiness gives his autobiography a peculiar interest at a time when the majority of his countrymen seem to share his opinion that the war was a colossal mistake. His own story makes it clear that he resigned as soon as he saw that the war party was in the saddle and that the facts of the situation were the very last things wanted at home.

Another important hook about South Africa that the American ethnologist ought not to overlook is Dr. Theal's report on "The Yellow and Dark Skinned People of Africa South of the Zambezi" (Swan Sonnenschein). Speaking of the Bantu, Dr. Theal found that in intelligence and quickness to acquire knowledge their children were the equal of white children so long as they were in the elementary branches of learning, but that after that point their powers were arrested. The children of educated natives could go somewhat further, but in no case was there much capacity for ab-

stract thought. They could remember, but they could not think.

History is well represented among the new books. "The Cambridge Modern History" is perhaps the most impressive work of its kind that has ever seen the light. It was planned by Lord Acton and has been appearing under the editorship of A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. The twelfth and concluding volume has just been published, and perhaps it would have been better to omit it altogether, seeing that it can not come within the scope of the original intention. "The argument of universal history" was, said Lord Acton, to exhibit "a series of events transcending nations, belonging to mankind, so that the nations severally come on for treatment when they carry flame or fuel to the common cause." Now the twelfth volume is devoted to the history of our times, and evidently it is impossible at such short range to say what events are and are not of world scope as against a national scope. Indeed the authors do not seem to have tried to discriminate. They have taken the great events of the day and have studied them from the outside, just as any intelligent student might do, and of course entirely without the guidance of such political disclosures as only a long series of intervening years can bring. No one, for example, can understand the Anglo-Japanese alliance as the historian is supposed to understand such things without access to the secret archives of the foreign offices of both countries, and there will be no such access for any historian now living. Our children may read such histories, but we shall not.

Another important historical work is "A History of England," by Professor Oman (Methuen). There will be seven large volumes, and this is the first of the seven and is devoted to "England before the Norman Conquest." It is no easy matter to handle these prehistoric times, where the material must be delved for in ancient law papers and unearthed from crumbling records. Probably Professor Oman will be more interesting as he gets further along, but he works with such courage and industry as to justify the hope of great things.

A book that should be popular in America is "Anglo-American Memories," by George W. Smalley (Duckworth). Mr. Smalley was American correspondent for the *London Times*, and perhaps his journalistic level was uniformly higher than that of any other living man. He not only had a perfect knowledge and use of his tools, but he had an unusual capacity to make himself liked by distinguished men, and therefore whatever he said always suggested inspiration. It is no small matter to write from knowledge without revealing that knowledge, but Mr. Smalley was always able to tell more than any one else without ever incurring a charge of breach of faith. His memories begin before the Civil War. He knew every one worth knowing, and can now, after sixty years or so, speak with freedom. Mr. Smalley makes a high estimate of Wendell Phillips, but he does not think so much of Garrison. Sumner was attractive, but was too much of an orator. Coming to more recent times, Mr. Smalley is almost deadly in his attack on Mr. Cleveland for his conduct of the Venezuelan difficulty, and Mr. Olney gets all the credit for its settlement. Mr. Smalley's lucid style and his unquestioned knowledge combine to make his book a thoroughly readable one.

Among other striking historical hooks is "Mary Wollstonecraft," by G. R. Stirling Taylor (Martin Secker). Mary Wollstonecraft has been described as one of *les grandes amoureuses* and likened to Julie de Lespinasse. It is said that she crowded into her life more passion and more intellect than would furnish three ordinary persons. It was she who said that "what is often termed virtue is only want of courage." She was certainly one of the great women of the world, and Mr. Taylor has done much to help us to keep her in mind.

There are many other books that it would be interesting to mention and that deserve publicity. Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland probably knows more about Brahmins than any one else, and he gives us a fine study of the composer. The tourist sportsman will find something stimulating in "Unexplored Spain," by Abel Chapman and Walter J. Buck (Arnold). Not every one knows that there are wild camels in Spain, although the poachers are so active that they are likely to be exterminated. Another fine sporting volume is "Forest Life and Sport in India," by S. Eardley-Wilmot, C. I. E. (Arnold). What Mr. Eardley-Wilmot does not know of outdoor India is hardly worth knowing, and the American sportsman may be urged to remember that India is not nearly so far away as it used to be and that a real tiger can not be caught with salt on his tail.

There are many other works that it would be pleasant to mention, useful and readable works, and works that are the product of laborious research and that will live honorably. And yet there are no works of genius now appearing in England, nor the promise of them. For the matter of that it would seem that genius—the power to unveil heavenly secrets—is almost extinct throughout civilization just now. There will of course be a renaissance, there must be a renaissance, but in the meantime we must sit in the twilight and thank whatever gods there be that it is not wholly dark.

LONDON, April 15, 1911.

PICCADILLY.

The term "Eurasian" has been officially discarded by the government of India, which has decided to adopt "Anglo-Indian" in the coming census.

THE WAR MAKER.

Horace Smith Tells the Story of Captain Boynton's Life of Adventure.

Every one has heard of Captain George B. Boynton, but probably no one has heard quite so much of his exploits as is revealed by his autobiography, dictated by him to Horace Smith and now published in a book of about four hundred pages. The trade of filibuster, gun-runner, soldier of fortune, and pirate is not one that craves publicity, and Captain Boynton found it often necessary to change his name and to seek the shelter of obscurity. Indeed his true name is still a secret, but he seems to have come of a good family, to have been well educated, and to have adopted his life of adventure from a pure love of fighting. As a young man he fought in the Union army, although his heart was on the other side. An attack of malaria incapacitated him for a soldier's life and he became a blockade runner, and before the close of the war he had seen enough adventure to fill an ordinary life. But Captain Boynton's career of adventure was only at its dawn.

In 1864 he returned to New York, and almost at once began to filibuster for the Cubans in the Céspedes revolution. Becoming the partner of Jim Fisk, they bought the steamer *Edgar Stuart* and carried a cargo of arms for the Stephen junta. On one occasion they were overhauled by a Spanish gunboat, and when capture seemed inevitable Boynton laid a fuse to the powder magazine in the hope that he could make his escape in the confusion following the explosion:

When the lieutenant came aboard he called for my papers and I gave him the usual forged set, which indicated British registry and concealed the nature of the cargo. He was not satisfied and ordered me to open the hatches, which I refused to do. He procured some tools and was having his men open them when I gave the signal to lower the boats quickly, and man them. The Spaniards looked on in wonder, but interposed no objection to our hurried departure. Then I ostentatiously lit the fuse in my cabin, and as I was getting into my boat I said to the lieutenant: "I wish you luck in going over my cargo. You'll be in hell in just about three minutes."

Without asking a question or saying a word the young officer bundled his men and himself into his boat and I lost as little time in hustling my men back onto the *Stuart* and pulling out the fuse, which was a long one, as I had a notion things might turn out just as they did. Had he not flown into a state of panic, which is characteristic of the Latin races, the lieutenant could have pulled out the sputtering fuse, just as I did, and removed the danger, at the same time putting the rest of us in a bad way; but it seemed that such an idea never occurred to him. It was simply a case of matching American nerve against Spanish blood, and I won.

His next commission was in connection with the Carlist revolution in Spain. Captain Boynton had high words with Don Carlos himself in connection with payment for his services, and here he records the first love incident in his life. The girl was a Spanish gypsy, but he had to leave her in London, and when he returned two years later she was gone—naturally. Then came a plunge into the affairs of "lawless Latin America." Boynton stayed with Guzman Blanco for two years after he proclaimed himself dictator of Venezuela, and then the wanderlust seized him again and he sailed for Costa Rica with a cargo of arms to be used in the revolution against General Tomas Guardia. As they were leaving Kingston they met a British warship and were forced to heave to. Boynton was at a loss to know in what way his filibustering errand could have been made known when his mate informed him that there was a blue shirt under the bobstay. It was an unwritten law in the British navy that any sailor with a grievance could attract the attention of a warship by hanging a shirt in the chains, and wherever a shirt was seen thus suspended the vessel was held up by any warship noticing it:

I suspected at once that it was Jimmy Donovan who had hung out the shirt, and I had him bucked and gagged and stowed away in the hold before he could have said "Jack Robinson." Then, quickly, I made an entry on the log which showed that he had been left in the hospital at Kingston, with pernicious fever. By that time the lieutenant from the *Bellerephon* was alongside. When he came aboard I assumed a look of injured innocence and profound surprise. He ordered me to muster the crew aft and called for my papers. To my great satisfaction he merely glanced at the certificate of registry, which was forged, and centred his attention on the crew list. The men answered to their names as he called them off. When he came to Donovan I explained that he had been taken sick at Kingston and left there, and produced the log, which satisfied him.

"Who among you has any complaint to make?" he asked of the men. There was no response, and he repeated the question.

"Don't be afraid," he encouraged them. "The *Bellerephon* will protect you. If you have any complaint to make, step out and make it. We will see that you get fair play and, if necessary, take you on board."

No one moved, and after waiting some time the lieutenant turned to me with the remark that everything seemed to be all right. I told him I had heard of no complaints from any of the men and asked why they had "stood us up."

As may be supposed, the unfortunate Donovan had reason to regret that his shirt was not on his back instead of in the chains:

Donovan confessed when he was brought before the court, whereupon it was unanimously and speedily decided that he should run the gauntlet and be marooned, which verdict I approved, for I believed it to be none too severe. The crew prepared for the first ceremony by knotting a lot of rope ends and tarring them until they were as hard as iron, but flexible. They then formed in a double line the full length of the ship, and as Donovan ran down the middle of it they laid on so well that he was leaving a trail of blood before he tumbled in a heap at the end. He was then placed in the brig and kept there until we came to a small island off the Costa Rica coast, on which he was landed with enough water and provisions to last him a couple of weeks or more. A flag that he could use to signal any vessel coming his way. There was not a great deal of travel down that way

in those days and he may still be there, doing a repetition of the Robinson Crusoe act, though the island was not very large and the boat's crew that landed him reported that they saw no goats. Donovan was helpless from fear when he was lowered into the boat to be rowed to the island, and begged for mercy, but that was something our cargo did not contain.

The next adventure of importance was undertaken in partnership with Frank Norton, whom Boynton describes as a "natural-born pirate." The scheme was to prey upon the Chinese and Malay pirates, and this was not only enormously profitable, but productive of the fighting that the partners loved so much more than treasure:

Our first experience was a profitable one. When near the "hunting grounds" we lowered the smoke-stack, got up our canvas, and sailed along awaiting developments. We were getting in among the islands when we met a big junk which had just looted and scuttled a richly laden Brazilian barkentine. She had much more than enough on board to pay her for one trip, but cupidity got the better of her commander and he put about and came after us, thinking we were only a trading schooner, but might have something on board worth taking. We made a pretense of trying to get away, which



Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, author of "Mothers and Fathers." Baker & Taylor Company.

we could have done, for the *Leckwith* footed fast even under sail, but in reality we eased our sheets to hasten matters along. When he was close astern of us, with the wind abeam, we luffed up, got our guns ready for action in a jiffy, and as we crossed his bows, raked him fore and aft with our carronades, which were loaded almost to the muzzle with slugs and nails. Before he could change his course, with his deck littered with dead and mangled, we came about and gave him a broadside at close quarters along with a deadly rifle fire from the hitherto unseen members of the crew who had been concealed in the 'tween decks. He replied to this blast with a lot of stink-pots, only a few of which came aboard and were tossed into the sea before any ill effects were felt from their nauseating fumes, and a weak and poorly directed fire from his guns. Taken completely by surprise and with more than half their number littering the reddened deck, the pirates were panic-stricken. Before they could regain their



Henry B. Lathrop, author of "Mollory's King Arthur and His Knights." Baker & Taylor Company.

senses we came about again and gave them another broadside which took all the fight out of them, if there had been any left, and put them at our mercy.

All the wounded were killed, one hundred thousand dollars' worth of plunder was taken, and the junk was fired. That was the first of many such successes. On another occasion Boynton made a torpedo and laid it in the path of two piratical proas that were likely to attack him at nightfall:

We kept a sharp lookout and it was not long until we heard the soft chug of oars off the starboard bow. Our whaleboat, which was manned and waiting, at once set off in a course which, we figured, would carry the towing line across the bow of the proa. A few minutes later we made out the other proa coming up astern on the port side. The pair of them got so close that it looked as though something had gone wrong with my torpedo, and I was just about to divide our crew to meet them on both sides when there was a flash and a roar less than fifty yards away, and the complete success of my invention was demonstrated. The proa was thrown out of the water, turned over, and badly smashed up. We never knew how many of her crew were killed by the explosion, but not many could have escaped. The other craft swung around to board us, but we riddled it with full charges

from the fore and aft carronades and it began to sink. The survivors took to the water and a lot of them attacked the whaleboat, which had towed the torpedo, as it was making its way back to the ship. The boat's crew were prepared for them, and their heavy cutlasses chopped off every hand that grasped the gunwale and split open every head they could reach.

But the greatest fight of all was with old Moy Sen, the pirate king. The Chinamen "rushed over the rail at us in a sulphur cloud." They threw themselves on the deck as though wounded in order to hamstring or disembowel, so "we made sure every Chinaman was dead when he struck the deck":

It was such a fight as one gets into only in years, perhaps only once in a lifetime. The butchery was dreadful, but the excitement of its set one's blood ablaze. Our men became demons. As they shot and slashed they shouted and sang. A disarmed Chinkie seized me around the waist and dragged me in among my blood-stained fellows, but we were so closely wedged together that they could not chop at me without striking each other and they never thought of stabbing me. Norton and the mighty Lorensen, swinging an enormous Chinese sword which he had taken from one of his victims, came to my assistance and in a twinkling I was free, with dead and maimed pirates piled up around me in a circle. I could feel sword cuts now and then, but they seemed like pin pricks. All of us were so covered with blood that there was no telling whether it came from our own wounds or those we had inflicted.

"That makes us even," I shouted to Lorensen, as I cut down a yellow devil who had crept up behind him, while he was busy with those in front, and had his knife raised to put him out of commission. A Chinkie who had lost his sword seized my empty pistol from its holster, pressed it over my heart, and pulled the trigger. I let him go that far and then laughed at him as I backed away and cut his head half off. I saw Norton go down and fought my way to him, to find that he had only slipped in a red pool. He had been singing a loud requiem of profane abuse over those who met his sword and he resumed it where he had left off, hardly missing a note. We kept the pirates in front of us and steadily forced our way forward. Every time one of our own men fell it made us fight the harder. The Chinkies cut and slashed with all of their desperate savagery, but it was impossible for them to stand before the fury of our men and, though they outnumbered us four or five to one, they finally began to give way. We followed them onto their own deck and piled them up on top of each other. Finally a lot of them took to the hold and the rest, perhaps a hundred of them, jumped overboard. Those that foolishly fled to the hold we treated to a dose of their own medicine. We threw their stink-pots down among them until the air was thick with the poisonous smoke, and closed the hatches. Some of them, gasping and blinded, tried to escape through the guarded gangways; the rest of them died in the hold. There was not a pirate left alive on the junk or on our own deck.

The story of the pirate queen, "the beautiful white devil," must be read *in extenso* by those curious on the most romantic episode of the book. Boynton told the story to Guy Boothby, who used it for his novel. Her name was Catharine Crofton and she was of Irish birth. Her father had been discharged from the British navy for insubordination and had become a pirate, making his headquarters on a tropical island with a passage just large enough to admit his ship and closed by a gate made in imitation of the rock. Captain Boynton fell in love with the pirate queen, but she refused to marry him until she had secured a pardon. Going to England for that purpose, she died before she could make her application, and so, says Boynton, "the course of my life was changed again."

Captain Boynton's last fight was against President Castro in Venezuela. Ordered to leave the country, he refused to do so, and entrenched himself, defying the orders of the general sent to remove him:

The general could see my rifle pits, but he did not know how many men they held nor how well those men could shoot. After a short consultation with his staff, he gave the order to advance, while he bravely directed operations from the rear. As his men crossed the line we fired, and eight of them fell. They continued to advance and we fired again, dropping nine more of them, while several others were hit. That was too much for them and they broke and ran, leaving seven dead and ten badly wounded. They did not fire a shot, perhaps because our men were so well concealed that Venezuelan marksmanship would have accomplished nothing against them. The general and his staff returned in an hour and asked permission to remove the fallen warriors. After hurrying their dead they returned to the steamer and went on up the river. In three or four days they came back, with their force slightly increased, and the general again called on me to surrender, under penalty of being arrested as a disturbing factor. I gave him the same reply as before, and after thinking it over for a while he marched his troops away again.

Captain Boynton died in New York on January 19, 1911, after five years of peaceful retirement. And he died as he had lived, regretting nothing and fearing nothing either here or hereafter. His concluding paragraph is worth quoting:

This is not the full story of my life, but it tells of some of the incidents which I have enjoyed the most. My best fight was with old Moy Sen, the pirate king, in the China Sea, and my closest call was when I was sentenced to be shot at sunrise in Santo Domingo. These events supplied the most delightful feasts of the excitement which my nature has ever craved, yet I have lived well, in that respect, all along. I have no disappointments and no regrets, except that this existence is too short. If I had my life to live over again it would be lived in the same way, though I would hope, with a still greater share of excitement, because it was for just such a life that I was created. What the purpose of it was I neither know nor care, nor am I in the least concerned as to what my destiny next holds in store for me. I hope, however, that in some land with opportunity for wider activity, I will be reincarnated as a filibuster and a buccaner, and that I will so continue until my identity is merged into a composite mass of kindred souls.

There seems no reason to question the truth of this amazing story. At least some of it we know to be true, while the style is so direct and so free from bombast or inflation that it carries conviction with it, a conviction, it may be said, that is strengthened by the portrait frontispiece.

THE WAR MAKER. By Horace Smith. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A STUDY IN ATMOSPHERES.

Ford Madox Hueffer Writes Delightfully of Some Great Men Whom He Has Known.

Rarely has a more delightful book of reminiscences been given to the world than this one by Ford Madox Hueffer or one by an author who more resolutely keeps himself in the background that he may the better record the sayings and doings of associates and friends. He plunges in *medias res* on his first page. He was born in the house of Colonel Newcome, immortalized by Thackeray, and he saw the beginning of the æsthetic movement, nicknamed the Pre-Raphaelite, with Madox Brown at its head. He tells us that there was nothing of the languishing about the men who gathered around the firm of Morris & Company. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, William Morris, and P. P. Marshall showed no inclination to live upon the smell of the lily. They were "rather burly, passionate creatures, extraordinarily enthusiastic, extraordinarily romantic, and most impressively quarrelsome." It was the disciples and not the leaders who attended to the poetic languor and the clinging garments:

And it was, I believe, Mr. Oscar Wilde who first formulated this poetically vegetarian theory of life in Madox Brown's studio at Fitzroy Square. No, there was little of the smell of the lily about the leaders of this movement. Thus it was one of Madox Brown's most pleasing anecdotes—at any rate, it was one that he related with the utmost gusto—how William Morris came out onto the landing in the house of the "Firm" in Red Lion Square and roared downstairs: "Mary, those six eggs were bad. I've eaten them, but don't let it occur again."

Morris, also, was in the habit of lunching daily off roast beef and plum pudding, no matter at what season of the year, and he liked his puddings large. So that, similarly, upon the landing one day he shouted:

"Mary, do you call that pudding?"

He was holding upon the end of a fork a plum pudding about the size of an ordinary breakfast cup, and having added some appropriate oburgations, he hurled the edible downstairs onto Red-Lion Mary's forehead. This anecdote should not be taken to evidence settled brutality on the part of the poet-craftsman. Red-Lion Mary was one of the loyalest supporters of the "Firm" to the end of her days. No, it was just in the full-blooded note of the circle. They liked to swear, and what is more, they liked to hear each other swear. Thus another of Madox Brown's anecdotes went to show how he kept Morris sitting monumentally still, under the pretense that he was drawing his portrait, while Mr. Arthur Hughes tied his long hair into knots for the purpose of enjoying the explosion that was sure to come when the released Topsy—Morris was always Topsy to his friends—ran his hands through his hair. This anecdote always seem to me to make considerable calls upon one's faith. Nevertheless, it was one that Madox Brown used most frequently to relate, so that no doubt something of the sort must have occurred.

They were certainly quarrelsome. They quarreled all the time and by letter, and the quarrelsome correspondence of such men as Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris must have been a feast for the nether gods. It ought to be published:

No, the note of these æsthetes was in no sense ascetic. What they wanted in life was room to expand and to be at ease. Thus I remember, in a sort of golden vision, Rossetti lying upon a sofa in the back studio with lighted candles at his feet and lighted candles at his head, while two extremely beautiful ladies dropped grapes into his mouth. But Rossetti did this not because he desired to present the holder with a beautiful vision, but because he liked lying on sofas, he liked grapes, and he particularly liked beautiful ladies. They desired, in fact, all of them, room to expand. And when they could not expand in any other directions they expanded enormously into their letters. And—I don't know why—they mostly addressed their letters abusing each other to Madox Brown. There would come one short, sharp note, and then answers occupying reams of note-paper. Thus one great painter would write:

"Dear Brown—Tell Gabriel that if he takes my model Fanny up the river Sunday I will never speak to him again."

Gabriel would take the model Fanny up the river on Sunday, and a triangular duel of portentous letters would ensue.

Or again, Swinburne would write:

"Dear Broen—If P. says that I said that Gabriel was in the habit of —, P lies."

There are many stories of Madox Brown, who had his weaknesses like the rest of us, and these made him helpful to the weaknesses of others. Sometimes he may have suffered from a confusion of identity due to his habit of providing his dipsomaniac friends with labels bearing his own name and address. But he had a staunch friend in the housemaid, who would protect his reputation at the cost of her own veracity:

Madox Brown was the most benevolent of men, the most helpful and the kindest. His manifestations, however, were apt at times to be a little thorny. I remember an anecdote which Madox Brown's housemaid of that day was in the habit of relating to me when she used to put me to bed. Said she—and the exact words remain upon my mind:

"I was down in the kitchen waiting to carry up the meat, when a cabman comes down the area steps and says: 'I've got your master in my cab. He's very drunk.' I says to him—and an immense intonation of pride would come into Charlotte's voice—"My master's a-sitting at the head of his table entertaining his guests. That's Mr. —. Carry him upstairs and lay him in the bath."

An extraordinary story is told of Madox Brown and another well-known living painter who is indicated by P. The two artists went on a walking tour and sometimes found a difficulty in getting accommodation for the night. Here is what once happened to them:

On the next night they appeared to be in an almost similar danger of bedlessness. They arrived at a small village which contained only one inn, and that was filled with a large concourse of Welsh-speaking people. The landlord, speaking rather broken English, told them that they could not have a room or a bed. There was a room with two beds in it, but they could not have it. This enraged Mr. P. beyond description. He vowed that not only would he have the law on the landlord, but he would immediately break his head; and Mr. P., being a redoubtable boxer, his threat was no mean one. So that, having consulted with his Welsh friends, the host made signs to them that they could have the room in an hour, which he indicated by pointing at the clock. In

an hour, accordingly, they were ushered into a room which contained a large and comfortable double bed. Mr. P. undressed and retired. Madox Brown similarly undressed and was about to step into bed when he placed his bare foot upon something of an exceedingly ghastly coldness. He gave a cry which roused Mr. P. Mr. P. sprang from the bed, and, bending down, caught hold of a man's hand. He proceeded to drag out the man, who displayed a throat cut from ear to ear. "Oh, is that all?" Mr. P. said, and having shoved the corpse under the bed, he retired upon it and slept tranquilly. Madox Brown passed the night in the coffee-room.

When the author was a small boy he was taken to a concert to hear Liszt play. To show his pre-Raphaelite origin he wore long golden hair, a suit of greenish yellow corduroy velvet with gold buttons, and two stockings, of which the one was red and the other green. These garments, he says, were the curse of his existence and the joy of every street boy. He was taken by Mr. Rudall, the *Times* critic, but Mr. Rudall found that he had forgotten to put on a necktie, and so went out to buy one, and in the agonies of selection forgot the concert altogether. The small boy was therefore left as the sole occupant of the *Times* chair:

Immediately in front of me, standing in the vacant space before the platform, which was all draped in red, there were three gilt-arm chairs and a gilt table. In the hall there was a great and continuing rustle of excitement. Then suddenly this became an enormous sound of applause. It volleyed and rolled round and round the immense space; I had never heard such sound, and I have never again heard such another. Then I perceived that from beneath the shadow of the passage that led into the artists' room—in the deep shadow—there had appeared a silver head, a dark-brown face, hook-nosed, smiling the enigmatic Jesuit's smile, the long locks falling backward, so that the whole shape of the apparition was that of the Sphinx head. Behind this figure came two others that excited no proportionate attention, but, small as I then was, I recognized in them the late king and the present queen mother.

They came closer and closer to me; they stood in front of the three gilt arm-chairs; the deafening applause continued.



René Boylesve, from "French Men, Women, and Books," by Miss Betham-Edwards, A. C. McClurg & Co.

The old man with the terrible enigmatic face made gestures of modesty. He refused, smiling all the time, to sit in one of the gilt arm-chairs. And suddenly he hove down upon me. He stretched out his hands; he lifted me out of my seat, he sat down in it himself and left me standing, the very small, lonely child with the long golden curls, underneath all those eyes and stupefied by the immense sounds of applause.

The king sent an equerry to entreat the master to come to his seat; the master sat firmly planted there, smiling obstinately. Then the queen came and took him by the hand. She pulled him—I don't know how much strength she needed—right out of his seat and—to prevent his returning to it she sat down there. After all it was my seat. And then, as if she realized my littleness and my loneliness, she drew me to her and sat me on her knee. It was a gracious act.

But the crowning honor of all was to come a few days later when the great abbé was to play for the exclusive benefit of the child:

A few days later my father took me to call at the house where Liszt was staying—it was at the Lytteltons', I suppose. There were a number of people in the drawing-room and they were all asking Liszt to play. Liszt steadfastly refused. A few days before he had had a slight accident that had hurt one of his hands. He refused. Suddenly he turned his eyes upon me, and then, bending down, he said in my ear:

"Little boy, I will play for you, so that you will be able to tell your children's children that you have heard Liszt play."

And he played the first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata." I do not remember much of his playing, but I remember very well that I was looking, while Liszt played, at a stalwart, florid Englishman who is now an earl. And suddenly I perceived that tears were rolling down his cheeks. And soon all the room was in tears. It struck me as odd that people should cry because Liszt was playing the "Moonlight Sonata."

The author seems to have known all the great musicians of his day. As a child he was particularly friendly with Joachim and was allowed to carry the great man's violin:

When these concerts were over it was sometimes my privilege to walk home along with Joachim and to carry his almost too precious violin. Almost too precious, since it made the privilege so very nervous an honor. And I remember that on one occasion somewhere in a by-street we came upon an

old blind fiddler playing a violin whose body was formed of a corned-meat tin. Joachim stood for some minutes regarding the old man, then suddenly he took the violin into his own hands and, having dusted it, asked me to produce his own bow from its own case. He stood for some little time playing a passage from the "Trillo del Diabolo di Tartini," looking as intent, as earnest, and as abstracted there in the empty street as he was accustomed to do upon the public platform. After a time he restored the instrument to the old fiddler along with a shilling and we pursued our way.

Among the many public movements touched on by the author is the Fabian Society. He was present at one of the earlier meetings, when the subject of debate was the attributes of the Deity. Toward the end of the meeting an energetic lady arose and remarked:

"All this talk is very fine, but what I want to know is, whether the Fabian Society does, or does not, believe in God?"

A timid gentleman rose and replied:

"If Mrs. Y. will read Fabian Tract 312 she will discover what she ought to think upon this matter."

They had codified everything by then. But in the earliest days we all wobbled gloriously. Thus, upon his first coming to London, Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a pamphlet called "Why Am I an Anarchist." This was, I think, printed at The Torch press. At any rate, the young proprietors of that organ came into possession of a large number of copies of the pamphlet. I have twice seen Mr. Shaw unmaned—three times if I include an occasion upon a railway platform when a locomotive outvoiced him. One of the other occasions was when Mr. Shaw, having advanced a stage further toward his intellectual salvation, was addressing in the park a socialist gathering on the tiresome text of the "Foolishness of Anarchism." The young proprietors of *The Torch* walked round and round in the outskirts of the crowd offering copies of Mr. Shaw's earlier pamphlet for sale, and exclaiming at the top of their voices, "Why I Am an Anarchist!" By the lecturer!

Another literary giant was Henley, although of course the meeting with Henley was in later life:

Henley, who presented the appearance of a huge, mountainous, scaly, rough-clothed individual, with his pipe always in his hand and his drink always at his elbow, once damned my eyes up hill and down dale for half an hour because I sustained the argument that "Il Principe" was written, not by Aretino, but by Machiavelli. Henley had suffered from some slip of the tongue and, although he must have been perfectly aware of it in the next second, he chose to stand to his guns, and, as I have said, swore at me for quite a long time. At last this seemed to grow monotonous, and I said: "God damn you, Mr. Henley. If Machiavelli did not write 'Il Principe' I will give a pound to the first beggar I meet in the street." I expected to die, but Henley suddenly grinned, passed his tobacco jar over to me, and said, "Of course he did," and began again to talk of Stevenson.

Madox Brown died with his last picture unfinished. The characteristic "X" came exactly in the middle of the canvas, and he had painted all of the left side:

On this, the last evening of his life, Madox Brown pointed with his brush to the "X" of his name. Below it, on the left-hand side, the picture was completely filled in; on the right it was completely blank—a waste of slightly yellow canvas that gleamed in the dusky studio. He said:

"You see I have got to that 'X.' I am glad of it, for half the picture is done and it feels as if I were going home."

Those, I think, were his last words. He laid his brushes upon his painting cabinet, scraped his palette of all mixed paints, laid his palette upon his brushes and his spectacles upon his palette. He took off the biretta that he always wore when he was painting—he must have worn such a biretta for upward of half a century—ever since he had been a French student. And so, having arrived at his end-of-the-day routine, which he had followed for innumerable years, he went upstairs to bed. He probably read a little of the "Mysteres de Paris," and died in his sleep, the picture with its inscriptions remaining downstairs, a little ironic, a little pathetic, and unfinished.

The author says that Madox Brown was the finest man he ever knew, although he would "blaspheme impressively after the manner of our great grandfathers." He would give much to live once more some of those old evenings in the studio:

Well, I would sit there on the other side of the rustling fire, listening, and he would revive the splendid ghosts of Pre-Raphaelites, going back to Cornelius and Overbeck and to Baron Leys and Baron Wappers, who taught him first to paint in the romantic, grand manner. He would talk on. Then Mr. William Rossetti would come in from next door but one, and they would begin to talk of Shelley and Browning and Mazzini and Napoleon III, and Mr. Rossetti, sitting in front of the fire, would sink his head nearer and nearer to the flames. His right leg would be crossed over his left knee, and, as his head went down, so of necessity his right foot would come up and out. It would approach nearer and nearer to the fire-irons which stood at the end of the fender. The tranquil talk would continue. Presently the foot would touch the fire-irons and down they would go into the fender with a tremendous clatter of iron. Madox Brown, half dozing in the firelight, would start and spill some of his whisky. I would replace the fire-irons in their stand.

The talk would continue, Mr. Rossetti beginning again to sink his head toward the fire, and explaining that, as he was not only bald but an Italian, he liked to have his head warmed. Presently, bang! would go the fire-irons again. Madox Brown would lose more whisky and would exclaim:

"Really, William!"

Mr. Rossetti would say:

"I am very sorry, Brown."

I would replace the fire-irons again, and the talk would continue. And then for the third time the fire-irons would go down. Madox Brown would hastily drink what little whisky remained to him, and, jumping to his feet, would shout:

"God damn and blast you, William! Can't you be more careful?"

To which his son-in-law, always the most utterly calm of men, would reply:

"Really, Brown, your emotion appears to be excessive. If Fordie would leave the fire-irons lying in the fender there would be no occasion for them to fall."

Here we must leave one of the most delightful books of the day, a book of Titans, of a race of giants that have disappeared. Not the least of its charms is the glowing and genial personality of the man who wrote it and whose kindly and appreciative humor pervades its every page.

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS. By Ford Madox Hueffer. With sixteen portrait illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.60.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A DOOR.

Found in a Midnight Adventure.

It is in the byways, not the highways, that adventure lurks. I have found this out in many years of nocturnal wanderings—for I am of those restless ones who can never be content with two pairs of slippers on a fender. Some of us go to South America or the Balkans to engage in ephemeral, comic-opera wars; some of us do really noble things, like the building of bridges; and some of us merely prowling about cities at night. Perhaps we are only potential miscreants—undeveloped burglars, footpads, assassins—who lack the courage or initiative for crime. Whatever the case, we are night-hawks, *nolens volens*.

Often I settle myself in an easy chair with a pipe and a book that is worthy of an evening's pleasurable



Robert Hichens, author of "The Dweller on the Threshold." The Century Company.

attention from any man. But, by and by, as the night advances, I lose interest in the pages and the lights of the town—I can see them far below me—call and call and call! Then, after a time, I answer. I fare forth into the dark.

As I have said, it is in the byways that adventure lurks and, even then, it is not like a beast of prey that will spring out upon you, unawares. It is only in novels that adventure seeks one out. In life it is more like a maid, awaiting a lover, yet coy, elusive; ever to be sought, pursued, and captured after struggle. But adventure is adventure, and the lure of it no man who has tasted deeply of its charm may, afterward, withstand.

As usual, I stood a few moments on the crest of Russian Hill debating my destination. One may see from there so many interesting urban vistas. To the east and north are the Latin quarters; to the south-east, Chinatown, the Barbary Coast, the water-front; to the south lies Market Street and all its feeding tributaries: theatres, gay cafés, the tenderloin. It costs money over that way—and all you get is sham and glitter. Sometimes I like to go there for a change, but generally I leave this section to its rightful habitue, the boulevardier.

As for the Western Addition, it has few points of interest for me. The Japanese quarter, the transplanted Ghetto, Fillmore Street, and a few drab lanes and cul de sacs contiguous thereto. 'Twill serve for variety; but just now it did not promise.

The weather was calm and clear. Telegraph Hill, without its usual gales, should prove a pleasant and a fruitful prowling ground, I thought. Thither I made my way, pausing to look down the scintillating cañon of Kearny Street in my ascent.

It was a humid, brooding night on the Hill. Most of the houses still showed lights. Many windows were open and out of them leaned large, placid women, chatting indolently with neighbors at adjoining windows or in the street. There were few pedestrians, though many sat or lounged on doorsteps. Here and there one heard the tinkle of a mandolin, the thrum of a guitar, a snatch of song. In front of the taverns men leaned, smoking, talking in strange tongues with many gestures. The usual sounds were absent—the whistle of gales through treetops and eaves, the shriek of steam sirens, the melancholy reverberation of fog horns; even the high-pitched tones of strident domestic altercation that one heard here as a rule were stilled.

I wandered about for a time unnoticed. Somewhere in the distance below a tower-clock struck midnight. Idly I counted the strokes as I stood on the northern verge of Montgomery Street—where the dwindling roadway ceases even to be a trail and loses itself abruptly in the grass-covered slope which leads, steeply, to the crest.

Below and about me most of the house lights had been extinguished. Faint with distance, like echoes,

came a medley of nocturnal sounds; the clang of an ambulance gong in Chinatown, a train's shrill whistle and the almost imperceptible staccato of a locomotive's "puff, puff, puff." Nearer at hand a dog howled dismally. From a tavern half a block away issued a burst of eyrie laughter. A door crashed open and a tall, bent figure was silhouetted grotesquely against the inner light. Then the portal closed; the windows darkened. All was still.

I hesitated whether to climb the hill before me or retrace my way. The latter route was dimly illumined by several flickering lamp-posts. Ahead the way loomed black. I could just discern, in the sickly, cloud-filtered moonlight, the tracery of a house that seemed to cling by main, prehensile strength against the hill-side. It looked like a Swiss chalet, I remember thinking. Then, all of a sudden, something happened. From a window of the darkened dwelling there came darting toward me like missiles four short, vivid flashes of light. So unexpected and so brilliant were they that I was startled and temporarily blinded. I gazed into what seemed an ebon void. Where had it gone: this searchlight, or whatever it was? There was no sign of it now in the abysmal darkness from which it had sprung. Then, just as I had almost persuaded myself that it was a trick of fancy, it returned, coily, teasingly—one short flash and then the mysterious darkness once more.

For perhaps a quarter of a minute the black interval lasted, followed by a long, white, steady ray. Fascinated, I peered at the light path. It was too small for a searchlight; too powerful for a lamp. How it was turned on and shut off so completely and quickly I could not imagine. Again it vanished, this time for a slightly longer period. Then, clear and crisp, perfectly timed and spaced, came five short flashes. Almost immediately I thought I heard a cry. A dim light flickered and disclosed a window. A shade was hurriedly drawn.

Then, with a thrill of understanding, I grasped the meaning of the flashes. When a boy I had practised telegraphy. Vaguely the Morse code struggled back to my recollection. Then one word stood clearly out before mental vision, as though traced in fire—which indeed it had: "-----" I could almost hear it being ticked off on a sander: "HELP."

Here was my call to adventure—the call I had almost despaired of this night. What it might lead to I could not remotely conjecture. Comedy or tragedy? One can never tell—and if one falters, for a moment even, the opportunity is lost. What good would it do me to read in the morning paper of a mysterious crime on Telegraph Hill? or perhaps of a new illuminant, successfully tested for signaling purposes? or what were even worse—to hear nothing at all?

Nay, one must take adventure, like time, by the forelock—and hold on. I scampered up the hill toward the dimly outlined window, slipping and clinging as best I might. Ere long my feet found a narrow, winding trail that led, apparently, toward my destination. It was well that I did, for I had not gone a hundred feet along it when the light in the window went out. I had only the dim silhouette of the structure to steer by, and this was often obliterated by intervening bushes and trees.

It seemed a long way, for my progress was slow, but finally, scratched and bruised from several tumbles, but too excited to care, I topped the last rise and stood, panting, in front of a rude wooden gate. It led, by a sort of miniature trestle-work, to a narrow porch, bordering two sides of the house and projecting into sheer space above the precipitous slope. The gate, a primitive affair, hung partly open by gravity. I entered, picking my way gingerly along the narrow board-walk to the porch. Here I paused to survey. Along the wall that I faced there were three small windows, all unlighted. There was no upper floor. I turned the corner, advanced a few steps, and then started in absolute astonishment. The second facade was an exact replica of the one I had just inspected. The house was without a door!

As I leaned against the railing, trying to assort my tangled impressions, I heard a slight tapping. Faint but oddly clear it sounded, curiously insistent, strangely purposeful, and not to be denied. Once more I recognized the signals of the Morse code. It is no uncommon thing for telegraphers to tap out messages to one another with a pencil or with a knife held between the prongs of a fork. The former is harder to read because there is no "back stroke." For a time I could make little or nothing of the signal-tappings. But slowly I accustomed myself to them. "Raise first window, second side," I spelled out. "Make no noise." Several times this was repeated, slowly and patiently, as by one hoping against reason that the signals might be read.

By some coincidence I was standing directly in front of the window indicated. With my pocket-knife I succeeded in prying it away from the sash far enough to secure a purchase for my fingers. In another moment I was inside.

The darkness was almost complete. I stood very still and listened, debating whether it were safe to strike a match. It seemed to be a small room. It felt small, for the air was close, almost stifling. Moreover, I was filled with an intangible conviction of companionship. The aura of some living personality, like a vital, vibratory pulsation, was plain to some sixth sense of mine. Uncertainty has always annoyed if not unnerved me. I think it is so with most folk. We can face a crisis,

often bravely, but the suspense of waiting for it frequently exhausts the self-control.

"Here goes!" I said and my voice sounded shaky as the match flared up in my fingers. It disclosed a little bedroom, almost destitute of furniture. On a narrow bed, almost beside me, lay a young woman, staring up with wide frightened eyes. She was trussed about with a rope and a towel was bound across her mouth and chin. A door which led to the farther interior stood open, and across the threshold sprawled the motionless body of a white-haired man. One hand still grasped an extinguished candle. The other was doubled before his face as though to ward off a blow. A great purple welt showed over one eye and a tiny stream of red made a meandering strain across his white hair. All this I saw as in a flash. Then the match burned my fingers and I dropped it with an imprecation.

I leaned against the window-sill to steady myself before I struck another. Then I picked up the old man's candle and relighted it. The next rational thing I did was to release the girl. The fear died out of her eyes when she realized I was a rescuer. She gave a gasping, relaxative intake of breath when the ropes fell from her and sprang to her feet, gathering the kimono more closely about her. Her first thought was for the old man. She was down beside him, fondling his poor, bruised face and sobbing as if her heart would break. After a little she looked up at me, piteously. "Is he—?" she wailed. "Have they—?"

"He's only stunned," I said at a venture. "Get me a basin of water—and some whisky, if there's any in the house."

She pulled herself together and went out. I raised the old man. He moaned as I did so, but continued unconscious. Apparently, however, he was not seriously injured. Evidently a sand-bag had struck him a glancing blow. But it must have been a close call—at his age and on the temple. I loosened his collar and chafed his wrists so industriously that, when the girl returned, he was sitting up, bewildered, with both hands to his no doubt splitting head. The girl sprang forward with a cry of joy. I took the basin from her and watched her as with almost maternal tenderness she placed a pillow behind the sufferer and began to bathe his swollen brow. I saw that the knuckles of her right hand were red and beginning to swell. She noted my sympathetic glance at them and smiled a little ruefully.

"I bruised them telegraphing against the wall," she explained. "I could just move my wrists enough to do that. Wasn't it extraordinary that you could read Morse?"

"What made you think I might?"

"I took a chance, that's all," she answered. "There



H. G. Wells, author of "The New Machiavelli." Duffield & Co.

was no other way to communicate. Even the knocking might do some good, I reasoned. Many of our friends are operators. I thought one of them might have read the light signals."

"I read them," said I. "That's why I came. But what on earth were they—and what happened afterward?"

She shivered. "They found me working with the projection lantern. I was in the next room, trying some new slides when I heard them. So I turned the lantern around and flashed it down toward the houses. It must have startled you, coming so suddenly out of the darkness. It ought to carry quite a way with the two acetylene burners and six-inch condensers. I made the signals with the cap of the lens. Just as I'd finished the word 'Help!' they broke in. I screamed once before they gagged me. Then they tied me up with the

clothes-line and carried me in here. Father awoke and was coming in here to see what was wrong when they hit him over the head with something. I guess it frightened them off, for he fell as though he were dead. I thought he was—and then you came."

"What were they—burglars?" I asked. It seemed a queer place for burglars—this little out-of-the-way box of a house!

"Not regular ones," she said with a suggestion of a smile. "They were Mexicans, I think, who had heard the silly yarns about father's being a miser or an alchemist who manufactures gold and diamonds. All sorts of crazy rumors are current on the hill about us. These foreigners delight in gossip. Father is nothing more remarkable than a student and book-worm. It is I who have a bent for photography and physics. I work in a telegraph office all day and at night, after father retires, I experiment in my dark room and laboratory. It is a very modest affair—one end of the kitchen, in fact."

"Why has the house no door?" I asked abruptly.

The girl regarded me intently for a moment. Then she laughed. "I dare say you'll think us quite insane," she returned, "but that was my idea. You see, a surprising number of people climb this hill every day, and the trail leads them past our house. Many of these sight-seers used to come to our porch for the view, and often they knocked at the door to ask where somebody lived or for a drink of water. You'd hardly believe it, would you?—but it got to be a great nuisance. Father is naturally hospitable, but during a recent festival here he was interrupted so often in his studies that he was quite upset. I would come home at night to find him all unstrung. We could not afford a servant. Father's income and my salary were both small. They just about carry us through. So I hit upon this scheme of foiling the curiosity seekers. We walled up the lower part of the door and made a window of it."

"But how do you get in and out?" I asked, perplexed.

"Ah, that is our little secret," said the girl, archly. "We keep it hidden from the world—from all but our closest friends. But you shall know. Come tomorrow evening at five-thirty and dine with us. My father will have recovered by then. He will have many remarkable things to show you and you may see my lantern slides. I have many colored ones. You will find them interesting, I think."

I thanked her and accepted, eagerly. The old man was almost himself again. There seemed nothing more for me to do. Tentatively I picked up my hat. "Hadm't I better report this to the police?" I asked.

Simultaneously and emphatically both replied in the negative. It was the first time I had heard the old man speak, but his words were singularly vehement. "Let them go," he said. "They have stolen nothing. There was nothing to steal. As soon as they report this to their thieving friends we are safe. We want no notoriety, no policemen, detectives, and reporters. They are worse than the burglars."

I smiled at his forcible language, but agreed with him, more or less. I offered to stay the night, but they would not hear of it. So I departed amid their many protestations of gratitude.

"Oh, by the way," I said, as the girl gave me her hand across the window-sill, "how shall I enter tomorrow, or rather tonight? Will I come through the window again, or down the chimney, perhaps?"

"You will know when you get here," she answered. "That is part of the surprise." Her expression was both mischievous and inscrutable. I remembered it afterward. "Good-night."

It was not until the next afternoon—when I awoke from a restless sleep following my adventure—that I recalled another engagement for the evening. It was with a girl whom I—well, we are very good friends and she is not to be flouted. I hated to break it. I hated still worse to lie to her. But I did both at length, with a very bad grace, for the extraordinary house on the hill was a lodestone I could not resist.

Two men stood just inside the gate as I entered. They startled me, for I did not note their presence until I was upon them. I thought they watched me furtively. Doubtless they were some of the sight-seers against whose intrusions the house was so ingeniously provided. Probably for that reason, also, neither of the inmates was about to show me the secret entrance. Somewhat annoyed—for it was already past the time appointed—I determined to walk about until the strangers made off. They were still at the gate when I opened it to pass out. One of them touched me on the shoulder.

"We want you," he said, and held back his coat to display a silver star.

"Want me?" I gasped, amazed. "What for?"

"Never mind," said the other impatiently. "We're wise. We've been waitin' for you quite a while. We know all about you and your crowd. The girl's snitched. You might as well come along, quiet."

It required some eloquent remarks and considerable documentary evidence to convince the central office men that I was not one of a trio of counterfeiters who had been flooding the State with bogus five-dollar notes during the past three months.

"We wouldn't've got 'em in a thousand years," one of them told me in a burst of apologetic confidence, "only for them two Mexican porch-climbers spendin' phoney bills like water on the Barbary Coast this mornin'. They told us where they got the junk, after

we sweated 'em a little, so the captain sends us up to pinch the crih. We slipped one over on the Secret Service that time. What?"

"They must've give us the dope on you just for a kid," said the other detective. "The girl, she kind of grinned all the time she was describin' you. We might've knowned it was some sort of a plant."

"How do you get inside of the place?" I asked. Considering that this was the information I had come for, it seemed that I might as well learn, despite the turn of events.

"There's a ladder that leads from a trap in the floor down into the bushes," one of the detectives explained. "They could duck any raid from the top that way easy



Maurice Maeterlinck author of "Princess Maleine."
Dodd, Mead & Co.

enough and get away with the stuff, too. Down where the road starts they got a shed with a six-cylinder automobile in it. These cholos we nabbed got out that way and we brought 'em along to steer us. We made a fake play at the windows and caught 'em with the goods down below."

"Well," I said, "I'll be going, gentlemen. I'm sorry for the girl. She looked like a good sort and she was game, too."

"Say, aint she a stunner?" agreed the officer. "And the old guy, too. They look like real high-brows. He used to work in the bureau of engraving and printing and she's his wife. He aint so old as he makes up."

I shook hands absently with the central office men, assured them that there were no hard feelings, and turned back, ruminatively, toward the Hill. Perhaps if I got to a telephone in time I might still—

"Hey!" called one of the detectives after me. "The



Mrs. Russell Codman, author of "An Ardent American,"
The Century Company.

girl give me this for you. I almost forgot about it." Grinning, he handed me a piece of pasteboard.

Across the yellow card was written: "By way of reparation and apology."

I laughed softly and thrust it into my pocket. It was a meal ticket with all but one number punched out.

LOUIS J. STELLMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1911.

New Zealand is being greatly improved by tree-planting on a large scale, which will in time be a source of large revenue to the State. It is carried on mainly by prison labor and by the labor of discharged prisoners, who are given employment and a new start in life at planting trees at a wage of \$2 a day.

OF THE BEST THINGS OF LIFE.

With nothing less than the best things of life is the innermost man satisfied. Of which best are books.

Not all books, however, not books in general, but very particular books indeed; books chosen as are the words whereof the masterpiece is made. Flesh and blood boon companions are chosen at haphazard with less danger than are books. Books are our most intimate friends, from whom we have no secrets, who reveal to us our hidden selves. Immeasurable is their influence over us. Upon us, too, therefore, as reader-artists, devolves the not unpleasant duty of nice choice. Be it men or books, the choosing thereof for familiars puts selection on its mettle. With the billion "mostly fools" that inhabit this God's world and that old curmudgeon Carlyle's, we can not, if we would, be on terms of intimacy. Be the heart of the booklover never so large, its capacity for friendship is limited. Of his own capacity must each reader finally be judge. The governing rule is simplicity itself: Better a few good friends than many indifferent acquaintances. Let no critic choose your friends for you nor foist his upon you. Albeit in "Our Mutual Friend" may many find a common.

By means of books we may all make friends with greatness. The greatest books, however, are not always the best. No hundred best books—"best for you and best for me"—are compilable by any dead Saint-Beuve or living Harry Thurston Peck. Personally, I would rather read "A King Lear of the Steppes," and live, than see Rome, and die. But to your cultivated taste Turgenev may be caviare, not goodly green olive. Who runs may read the both-ways-working rule: Beware how by reading a lesser book you die leaving a greater unread. Good books and great—be the subject-matter what it may—seldom leave a bad taste in the mouth. Why on earth, where, because of the "awful brevity of our existence," so many possible fragrant friendships must needs be foregone, bother with the book, how brilliant soever, in whose company the nose has to be held? A sorry waste of "counted seconds," too, the book that but astonishes the head and leaves the heart unmoved. The closing of a fine book should leave us pensive as when a friend departs.

The earmarks of a fine book fit for friendship, if I please! Neither dog's nor donkey's, if you please. What more can critic say—save that there is the homely test of time, not to be scorned. Doubtless this year's vintage would better be gulped, but the mellow book is ever sipped of the connoisseur, nor any of the bouquet lost.

The writer whose muse, like the mysteriously smiling Mona Lisa, "has been a diver into deep seas and keeps their fallen day about her," and therewith provokingly veils a beauty unfathomable as life; the writer between whose magic lines one reads perforce the wondrous left-unsaid; not the maker of garish day wherein disports the obvious, the exhaustible at a glance, but the maker of the twilight of the eternal verities wherein the forms of spiritual truth discover themselves to the discerning reader: such, I boast or confess, is the writer of my choice.

Not the readable book, but the infinitely rereadable, is fit for bosom friendship. The everlasting schoolgirl who charms you today and tomorrow bores you because, while it takes to drink afternoon tea, body and soul of her have had their little say and can but repeat themselves—is not she the prototype of the once-readable book of the hour? Met on what morrow would the Book of Job have nothing new to say to you? With no dream of turning to the last page is the love-tale of Ruth and Boaz reread, with no lessening of interest born of foreknowledge. Well we know how the stories end, and yet we reread them, the works of the masters, the golden books of beauty that to the end play Damon to our Pythias and Jonathan to our Saul; books that make the waste places of earth more pleasantly populous than are cities.

That books are superhuman beings, friends not subject to mortal jealousies, is a popular fallacy unexploded of Elia. Who hold it know books well as I—better, perhaps, than I—but differently. Vividly I recall how disconcertingly jealous was "Ivanhoe" of "Vanity Fair," and how, subsequently, Becky Sharpe did hate Little Dorrit; who, in her turn, simply couldn't stand Jane Eyre. Honestly as man to book, does it not call for wisdom such as Solomon's to prevent bickerings between, say "The Sorrows of Werther" and "The Laughter of Peterkin"? between "The Divine Adventure" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin"? As to Madame Bovary, she will have none of Madame Bovary. With our books as with our wives, praise be! are the fallings-out that all the more endear. Not always even will Père Goriot keep pace with King Lear. That my heart should be desolate because of the Fall of the House of Usher is past the understanding of De Maupassant's peasant who dies self-strangled of "A Bit of String." If I say to myself that Heine, rather than a Hebrew in the hands of the Philistines, is one of his own Greek gods in exile, that beloved pagan, Walter Pater, doesn't like it one bit. Yes, catholicity of taste has its drawbacks, drawbacks drowned in its advantages and coming to the surface but as incongruous corpses. There are at least eight hundred best books wherewith, if one be wise as the author of the Book of Proverbs and patient with the great incongruity as the author of the Book of Job, one may dwell in amity and delight.

HAROLD H. HARRIS.

WORK OF THE NOVELISTS.

Love Under Fire.

A Civil War story by Mr. Randall Parrish is always a delight. He keeps carefully to a single thread of narrative, his events follow each other closely, and his conclusion, if obvious, is always wholesome and satisfying. These hardly satisfy all the requirements of literary art, but then literary art is not greatly in demand in our modern fiction.

Lieutenant Galesworth is entrusted with the task of intercepting certain despatches passing between the commanders of the Southern army. He knows that the bearer is named Billy, but he never suspects that Billy may be a girl, and consequently he allows himself to

the road to Nikko. But the truly wise will know better and the author will give them a furtive smile of approval. Every one knows that the souls of dead Japanese habies linger about in the ether and that nothing is more likely than that the incantations of a wandering juggler should cause them to be suddenly clothed with flesh. Moreover, the juggler himself was subsequently found dead in the dark cañon, "heaten to death by the trees," as the police said, and that proves the whole thing to the discerning mind.

So Campanula is adopted by her Scotch friends and grows up to be a lovely and gracious maiden. Those who want to know how lovely and gracious she was and what befell her must read the book. The author seems

to know Japan well, and he has a pleasant humor.

THE CRIMSON AZALEAS. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Forged in Strong Fires.

The Boer war has been somewhat neglected by the novel writers, but Mr. John Ironside makes amends by a capital story that shows not only knowledge of the situation, but an impartial political judgment. His heroine is the daughter of an Englishman who has become a Transvaal hughler, and who therefore finds himself between two allegiances and is promptly shot by the Boers for his refusal to fight on the side of his adopted country. The daughter is carried away into safety by

a tribe of warlike blacks who were under obligations to her father, but she returns toward the end of the war and so happily meets her Boer lover.

The story is without strong incident, or an attempt at it, but it makes us pleasantly familiar with the cultured and educated Boer, to whom the struggle seemed almost like civil war. We also realize the painful position of the Afrikanders, many of whom were English by birth, and yet united to the Boers by strong sympathies or by marriage. It is only the novel that can properly present such aspects as these, and Mr. Ironside has done it well.

FORGED IN STRONG FIRES. By John Ironside. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.



Illustration from "Love Besieged," by Charles E. Pearce. A. C. McClurg & Co.

he hadly foiled. Later on he embarks on another desperate errand, no less than the abduction of General Johnston, and once more he meets Billy and deepens the impression that he has already made upon her. Of course we know that the Blue and the Gray are destined to come to terms by a law as old as warfare itself, and that is exactly as it should be when so manly a soldier as Lieutenant Galesworth meets so winsome a damsel as Miss Willifred Hardy. Particularly deserving of praise is the description of the fight in the Hardy House, which is held by a handful of Federals against repeated Confederate attacks. It would be hard to find a better piece of descriptive writing of its kind than this.

Author and proofreader should combine against such solecisms as "I wish you to know whom I am." This particular error occurs two or three times and it puts the split infinitive into the shade.

LOVE UNDER FIRE. By Randall Parrish. With five illustrations in full color by Alonzo Kimball. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.

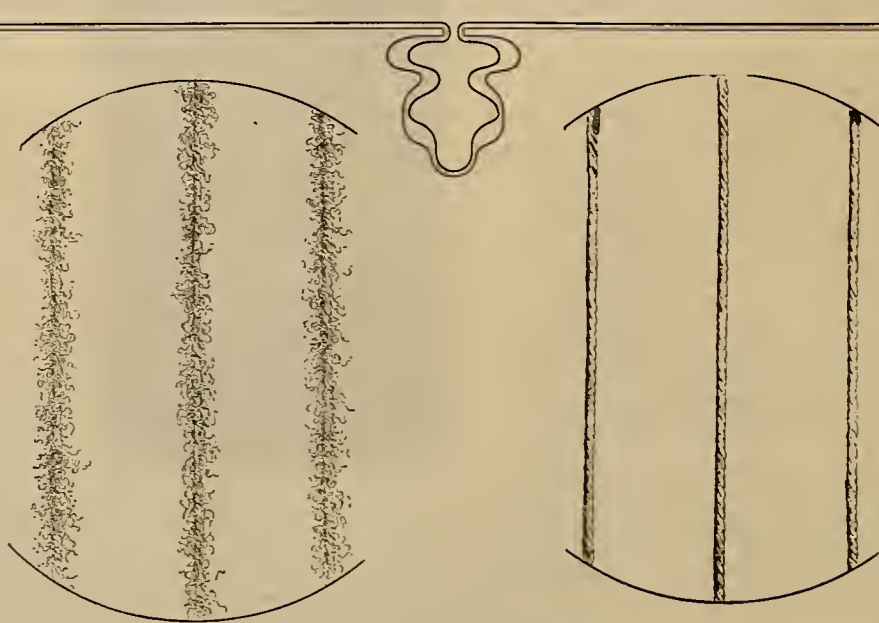
The Crimson Azaleas.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's new novel reminds us of Fouquet's "Undine," and there



Illustration from "The Gift of the Grass," by John Trotwood Moore. Little, Brown & Co.

can be no higher praise than this. But Undine was avowedly a water nymph, a fairy, who finds her soul through human love, and we are not allowed to be sure about Campanula's origin. It is open to the materialist to maintain that she was just a little Japanese baby who had wandered away from her home and was found by the two Scotchmen, as any child might be among the azalea heds on



WHICH IS WHICH?

YOU enter a store to buy a new suit or overcoat. The smart salesman talks wisely about WOOLENS and WORSTEDS, and you try to look wise, but you don't feel wise; you don't know the first thing about it. Isn't it time you did?

¶ You ask for a \$15, \$20, \$25, or higher priced suit or overcoat—isn't it time you knew WHAT you were getting for your dollars? We have nothing to hide, so we are telling you ALL about wool and woolens.

¶ Look at the illustrations—the threads on the left are WOOLEN threads, those on the right are WORSTED—the two spinning processes have nothing in common save the wool and even that differs.

¶ THE woolen spinning mule puts in the twists, THEN draws out the threads, giving the threads a CORKSCREW finish, with the result that the ends of the fibers stick out as illustrated and are afterwards used in a multitude of ways in the finishing process to give character and originality to the cloth—we are showing many magnificent specimens of beautiful woolens in our "ROOS-MADE" suits.

¶ THE worsted spinner puts in the twists and draws the yarns in the SAME operation, with the result that the fibers are PARALLEL and the ends fastened in the thread—that gives the smooth finish to worsteds—we are showing many "ROOS-MADE" suits in superb and true worsteds.

¶ Whether you buy woolen or worsted—SEE that YOU GET IT. Remember that there are plenty of HALF-SPUN, shoddy-filled woolens and HALF-TWISTED, cotton-backed worsteds. If you want GENUINE woolens or worsteds

"GET YOUR NEXT SUIT AT"

Roos Bros.
INC.

MARKET AND STOCKTON
San Francisco

SOME POPULAR NOVELS.

Patsy.

Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole is well known as the author of "The Blue Lagoon," a somewhat daring story that attracted much favorable notice at the time. But "Patsy" is not of the same kind. It is a somewhat conventional story of Irish country life. There are two young people much in love with each other, a stern and intervening parent, and at last an elopement. The chief figure is Patsy himself, a typical Irish boy who is always at the service of love in distress and whose ex-



H. de Vere Stacpoole, author of "Patsy."
Duffield & Co.

traordinary fertility in expedient saves an almost desperate situation.

PATSY. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

Denry the Audacious.

Here we have Mr. Arnold Bennett in his lightest vein. He shows us how a poor boy, the son of a washerwoman, rises to such eminence as an English country town can offer without any of the capacities usually associated, in copy-books, with success. Denry is not particularly intelligent nor noticeably conscientious, but he has extraordinary luck in doing rash things on the spur of the moment. Everything he touches turns to gold, and his touching is not governed by judgment, but by a sort of ugly, sordid inspiration. There may be a moral, a lesson, concealed somewhere in the story, but if so it is very much concealed. Mr. Bennett writes so ex-

traordinarily well that we get half way through his book before we decide that in this case he is not showing genius, but only cleverness.

DENRY THE AUDACIOUS. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35.

Bar-20 Days.

Mr. Mulford is one of the few writers of cow-puncher stories who can put individuality into his yarns or create character. And Hopalong Cassidy is a distinct creation and as vivid as Captain Kettle, or Sherlock Holmes, or the Brigadier Gerard. This is the second series of Hopalong stories, and we have a vague impression that somewhere in the first series we were asked to witness the hold cow-puncher's marriage, which took due rank among his other desperate adventures. But in the present series there is no mention of Mrs. Cassidy, and we have either got ourselves into some chronological confusion or must prepare ourselves to fear the worst for



Illustration from "Bar-20 Days," by Clarence E. Mulford. A. C. McClurg & Co.

a lady who could hardly have expected to lead the simple life when she married Hopalong. However that may be, the stories are fine ones. The profanity is rich and varied, the incidents are lurid and sanguinary, and Mr. Cassidy pursues the uneven tenor of his way with a mien as unruffled as ever.

BAR-20 DAYS. By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35.

The Making of a Fortune.

This is the story of a wealthy railroad magnate who marries a young girl and is then tormented by doubts as to whether she loves

him or his money. He is finally satisfied on this point, and in a very pleasant way.

It may perhaps be asked if young married people of the wealthy classes usually address each other by their second names. All the way through this book the wife speaks of and to her husband as "Mr. Eversleigh." In less exalted ranks this is usually considered a vulgarity, but perhaps the fashions have changed on high.

THE MAKING OF A FORTUNE. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.

The Gold Bag.

Miss Carolyn Wells tells a very ingenious detective story that opens in a commonplace way and ends with a clever novelty. James Crawford, wealthy, independent, and popular, is found dead in his study with a bullet in his brain. On his desk is a lady's gold chain bag and on the carpet are two rose leaves. It seems so certain that Miss Florence Lloyd is the criminal that we are convinced of her



Carmen Sylva (Queen Elisabeth of Roumania), author of "From Memory's Shrine." J. B. Lippincott Company.

innocence at once, and we are left until the last page for the astounding revelation, which is just as it should be.

THE GOLD BAG. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.20.

The Dawn-Builder.

After reading Mr. Neihart's new novel we are persuaded to hope that no derelict is wholly beyond redemption. Mr. Waters is a tramp printer, the trampiest of his kind, whose roving instincts even a wooden leg can not discourage. But the tender passion can work prodigies even for Mr. Waters and bring him safely to a perpetual anchorage.

The author sadly tries our credulity now and then, but this does not diminish the delight with which we see his hero's gradual return to manhood. Mr. Neihart writes, now as heretofore, as though he had a large idea to express, and if he can turn a hobo into a hero he is certainly using his art to some purpose.

THE DAWN-BUILDER. By John G. Neihardt. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50.

The Andersons.

There is no false selfishness about Flora Anderson. She wishes to be married, she is determined to be married, and she has the



Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broud Highway." Little, Brown & Co.

wit and the ingenuity to succeed where lesser maidens might have failed. And yet it would be no disgrace to fail. Are there not "one million more men than women in the British Isles," and yet almost on the last page Flora comes in a winner, and she deserves to win for her frankness and her persistence. "When things looked blackest, Flora remembered her Creator and the days of her youth, and was not ashamed to make her needs known at the throne of grace, for she was ever a faithful and devout woman, and played the harmonium regularly in the United Free." "Send Dr. Patterson back to Lachlan," prayed Flora; "and if not him, please send some one." But the tribulations of Flora do not occupy the whole story. We have an amusing account of the incursion of a Scotch family into London society and their subsequent rescue.

THE ANDERSONS. By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

5 NEW NOVELS YOU WILL WANT TO READ—AND WHY

LOVE UNDER FIRE



Randall Parrish's latest. "This story of a Northern lieutenant and a Southern maiden," says the New York Evening Post, "is crowded with dramatic incidents of strategy, battle, mystery, and love."

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PRINCE OR CHAUFFEUR?



There's lots of dash to this story of Newport by Lawrence Perry, the author of "Dan Merrieth." No social exposures—just romance, excitement, and charm. The Prince is a Russian and the Chauffeur, of course, is not a real one.

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BAR-20 DAYS



Hopalong Cassidy again. Clarence Mulford's new story, according to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, contains "adventure of the realistically thrilling sort—pathos simple, unassertive—and good healthy humor, always natural and all unforced."

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The thirteen stories which comprise this volume were found among the papers of the late author of "Ben Blair," and were so remarkable it was decided to issue them in book form.

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LOVE BE-SIEGED



The New York Sun says that "Charles E. Pearce has taken all the excitement of the siege of Lucknow to form the background," and that "no one will fall asleep while reading this story."

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From Rough Rider to President. Translated by Prof. Frederick von Riethdorf from the German of Dr. Max Kullnick. With frontispiece portrait. Crown 8vo. \$1.50 net.

This biography of Theodore Roosevelt is written from a German standpoint, and it will interest Americans greatly to see just what qualities in the Colonel appeal to the Teutonic mind.

The War Maker. The True Story of Captain George Boynton. By Horace Smith. Illustrated. \$1.50 net.

Few works of fiction contain as stirring adventures as these of the famous "soldier of fortune," Captain Boynton, the filibustering, smuggling internationalist, who has sought excitement and danger in every part of the earth, and in the service of every cause.

French Men, Women, and Books. By Miss Betham-Edwards, author of "Home Life in France," "Literary Rambles in France," etc. Illustrated. Large 8vo. \$2.50 net.

The present book is more a general study of French character and literature, and it has the same charm of style and shows the same intimate knowledge of French life and thought that distinguish the previous works.

The Humbler Poets. Second Series. Compiled by Wallace and Frances Rice. A Collection of Newspaper and Periodical Verse, 1885 to 1910. Octavo. \$1.50 net.

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The numerous pine trees of California are here presented in full page photographic plates and line drawings by Mr. Chase, and his pictures are accompanied by full but non-technical descriptions.

The Woman Movement in America. By Belle Squire. A short Study of the American Struggle for Equal Rights. Illustrated. Small 12mo. 75 cts net.

While the book is the result of voluminous research, the author's style is so sprightly as to engage the interest of the most indifferent. Much of the matter has appeared in different form in the Chicago Sunday Tribune, and some of the chapters have particular reference to the work of Illinois women.

My Friend Will. By Chas. F. Lummis. Illustrated. Small 18mo. 75 cts net.

This little book is a chapter of human experience which carries a message to all in affliction or adversity. The victim of a stroke of paralysis, all but helpless, shows how, by the sheer exercise of will-power he overcame his circumstances and developed new powers and sources of enjoyment of which he had never dreamed. It was this little story, read by chance in a magazine, which the war correspondent Edward Marshall said pulled him through when he was shot through the spine in Cuba. Many requests have reached Mr. Lummis to issue it in book form.

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Illustration from "Me-Smith," by Caroline Lockhart. J. B. Lippincott Company.

England in order to pick up the severed threads of her family connections. She stays with her aunt, Mrs. de Tracy, a grim and formidable old aristocrat who apparently expects her niece to appear in moccasins and war paint, and if she does not actually thaw the heart of the old lady she perceptibly softens it. What she does to the hearts of a young English lawyer and of a midshipmite is quite another matter.

"Robinetta" is an unpretentious little novel

with a plot thin even to emaciation, free from caricatures and exaggerations, and with a healthy, old-fashioned thread of sentiment and of the love-making that suggests no problems.

ROBINETTA. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10.

Thieves.

There is a sad lack of originality about the writer of the modern political novel. There



Marguerite Bryant, author of "Christopher Hibbault: Roadmaker." Duffield & Co.

is always a bold bad corporation man, or a number of them, and a young reformer with a soul like driven snow. Then there is a



Helen Mackay, author of "Half Loaves." Duffield & Co.

beautiful daughter of one of the aforesaid had men who is gradually attracted to the young reformer and falls in love with him. Sometimes the had man finds his way to the penitent's hench, but more often he wallows in sin and corruption right up to the end,

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but his daughter always marries the reformer.

Aix once wrote a better novel than "Thieves," and will doubtless do so again. He has made the common mistake of exaggerating his characters. His chief had man is H. Wallowell Severn, who belongs to the Pittsburg steel ring and who is not only repulsive to the sight, which he can not help, but corrupt, vulgar, and arrogant, which he can help. His chief associates are Shortridge, a lawyer, and Locksport, a mill-owner, and they are worse than Severn, although with some semblance of exterior grace. The story describes the struggle between this execrable trio and Richardson, the reformer, who falls in love with Severn's daughter Kate, and so complicates the issue. It would be more convincing if Severn and his friends had been less stupid. Not even the most incorrigible of capitalists would say, or think, that the poorer classes should be excluded from the public parks or would protest against the stopping of a special train that had just run over a woman. There is no man in America, not even in Pittsburg, who would dare to talk as Severn and his friends habitually talk. Such a man would be lynched. If the author had studied his material he would have written more convincingly and therefore more

wisdom of this world where they make a specialty of such things, in slums and the like. Both become actresses and both are carried into harbor by an innate nobility of character which is as natural to them as the color of their eyes.

"A Spirit of Mirth" is a distinctive story because we are made to fall in love with the heroine and to remain faithful to her without any very clear idea of her physical perfections. In this respect the author has set the modern canons at defiance. In a general



Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "Sir George's Objection." Duffield & Co.

way we know that "Phosie" is beautiful and petite, with fine hair and the smallest of small feet, but nowhere do we find any such specification of her feminine loveliness as the modern story-teller delights in, and that reminds us of nothing so much as the descriptive efforts of an Oriental slave-dealer who has a beautiful Circassian girl for sale. "Phosie" does not even figure in a colored frontispiece.

Another feature of the story is its medley of characters, and not one of them on feeble legs. Some skill is needed to make us love Miss Sapio, the actress, with her coarse tongue and over-ripe charms, but we do love her and envy her husband. Mind and heart triumph over matter, with Miss Sapio. And there are half a dozen other characters as good, all clear-cut delineations, live men and women, good and bad, but none of them insignificant. "A Spirit of Mirth" is rather too good to be a best seller, but it is an honest, wholesome story, the result of hard work and clear intention.

A SPIRIT OF MIRTH. By Peggy Webbing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

The Stolen Singer.

This story will suit those who like improbably vigorous action and the importation into modern life of the pleasant little ways of the mediæval huccaneer. The noted singer, Agatha Redmond, is forcibly abducted from the heart of New York City, carried in an automobile to the docks and there placed on board a yacht which puts to sea. Fortunately the whole affair has been seen by an admirer



Will Levington Comfort, author of "She Buildeth Her House." J. B. Lippincott Company.

who follows in a tug, throws himself into the water and is picked up by the yacht, which eventually founders at sea, leaving the lady and the swain to swim ashore as best they may. Can such things be in this so-called twentieth century? Evidently they can, for the story is told so smoothly as to leave no loophole for critical cal.

THE STOLEN SINGER. By Martha Bellinger. Indianapolis: The Bohrs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

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POETS AND ESSAYISTS.

A Roman Wit.

The author explains that he began the translation of Martial in order to prove to the bored freshmen of his Latin classes at Bowdoin that the Romans were not at all times hopelessly austere and lofty. He now extends his missionary zeal to a wider audience, where his translations should be received with a warmer welcome than that accorded by the freshmen, who received them "patiently, almost cheerfully."

Perhaps nothing is so hard to translate as humor, where so much depends on topical reference and plays upon words. For this reason the author's success is to be more commended, for success it certainly is. Not only are his versions good in themselves, but they create a sort of Roman atmosphere not without its value to the student of history, who, in Martial's verse, can trace the lighter aspects of Roman life under eight emperors from Nero to Nerva.

Nearly all these epigrams are short, as an



Augusta Groner, author of "The Man with the Black Cord." Duffield & Co.

epigram should be, the four-line stanza being the favorite. Here is one to Cæcilianus:

Cæcilianus never dines
Without a boar served whole;
Cæcilianus always dines
With one congenial soul.

The doctors were not exempt, even in the days of Martial, for he writes of one of them:

Though a soldier at present,
A doctor of yore,
You hut do with a sword
What your pills did before.

And here is a decidedly unkind reference to a lady, who would have preferred oblivion to such immortality as this:

So you wonder why Afer dislikes to retire?
Take a look at his wife and you needn't inquire.

Shopping was as much a pastime in ancient Rome as it is today, and among men as well as among women. Here are two of the three stanzas entitled "Et Non Mutamur in Illis":

For hours without stopping
Manurra goes shopping
Where golden Rome's grand hazaar lies:
Comely slaves he inspects,
Pointing out their defects,
As he quite eats them up with his eyes.

His taste far surpasses
The taste of the masses:
Their best girls he tells them to show.
And upstairs in their mart
Studies slaves set apart,
Unprofaned by the gaze of the low.

Over old bowls he lingered;
Their chasing he fingered;
Then asked to see cups Mentor wrought.
After counting the gems
On their handles he hems—
And would like to see ear-rings, he thought.

Then the jewel shops he haunted,
Real sardonyx wanted,
And priced one as big as a dome.
Now the day being spent,
He bought two cups—one cent—
Tucked them under his arm and walked home.

The volume contains about two hundred epigrams, not all of an equal excellence, but uni-



Louis Joseph Vance, author of "Cynthia-of-the-Minute." Dodd, Mead & Co.

formly illustrative of Roman life under the empire.

A ROMAN WIT: EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL. Translated by Paul Nixon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

The Queen of Orplede.

Mr. Charles Wharton Stork's new volume of verse is less ambitious than his "Day Dreams of Greece," but it is marked by the same unerring choice of word and phrase. Mr. Stork writes as from a mind richly stored with the best in literature and quick to appre-

ciate the beauties of human and of dumb nature. Perhaps on the whole he is most bappy when he leaves behind him the more ordinary passions of men and allows his powers of imagery to play freely among the phenomena of the nature that we call inanimate. It ceases to be inanimate in Mr. Stork's hands. Not soon do we forget such lines as "the swishing of the silver veil of rain," or of that other kind of rain that "tears the earth, a clawing harpy." Perhaps a complete stanza will better show the ease with which the author reads the face of nature and the delicacy of its interpretation into terms of human emotion:

At the triumph march of Autumn, when the mists
And mountains meet,
And the vassal forest monarchs scatter largesse at
her feet,
When the pallid face of sorrow reddens with re-
membered joy,
And the lusty green of pleasure fades lest ever
freshness cloy,
When the purple hills are drowsing like a slothful
giant's brood,
And the melting skies are tender o'er a grief half
understood—
Know, though Beauty's forms are transient as the
withered leaves that fall,
Yet the deathless Soul of Beauty is the hidden
source of all.

If gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come, then our gratitude to Mr. Stork is of the most expectant kind.

THE QUEEN OF ORPLEDE. By Charles Wharton Stork. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Poems.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's poems have appeared from time to time in magazine form, sometimes over the name of "Lydia Schuyler," and they have never failed to attract the attention due to their unusual grace and power. That they now appear in more permanent shape is a matter for congratulation. The author is almost alone among contemporary poets in the vigor of her style and the

unvarying accuracy of her diction. But these are among the least of her virtues. Among the greater ones is a note of exultation, of blythe rejoicing, of buoyant triumph that never wholly dies away and that is usually insistent and compelling. Take, for instance, the last stanza of "A Psalm for October":

Shall only the children of Adam behold
Such glory unrolled
Shall only the gaze of the earthborn desire
The miracle wrought with these wreathings of fire?
Not so. In the calm of the white sunrise



Vaughan Kester, author of "The Prodigal Judge." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Maker looks down with his holy eyes,
And the seraphs that stand
At his left and right hand
Chant the song of the season of sacrifice:
The psalm of the earth when, her harvesting done,
She lifts up her arms to the path of the sun,
And offers, with tithes of her vines and her
sheaves,
The life of her leaves—
Their heauty of hurning as praise
To the Ancient of Days.

There are no tool marks about such verse

as this, but it is adept workmanship all the same.

"Sunrise by the Sea" has a somewhat different inspiration, but there is the same note of ecstasy, although more subdued:

The wakening forest singeth to the sea,
"The day is coming, sing aloud with me!"
The darkness scatters and the dawn is here,
The silver light is spreading, day is near.
"Dawn!" say the birches, delicately stirred
To speak the happy word.

The young, the sturdy, and the ancient trees,
And in their boughs the salt sea-breeze,
They cry, "Rejoice! Forget the chilly night,
Exult and sing, make merry in the night."
"Day!" sings the wild rose as she offers up
The dew-drops in her cup.

It would be hard to exaggerate the tender delicacy of this conception or its fine sympathy with nature. Sometimes we have a personal note, but the touch here is just as deft and dainty. One stanza from "Tribute" may be taken as an example:

The ripples that flow on the brookside, they follow
thy feet,
To touch thy white raiment the wind runneth over
the wheat.

There are no lapses in this little volume and no flaws. The author is one of the few living poets to whom the consciousness of nature and its identity with the human consciousness seem to be realities.

POEMS. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Margaret Sidney, founder of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, has written an historical story for the young. It is entitled "A Little Maid of Boston Town" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50), the first scenes being laid in old Boston, in England, and the later ones in Boston Town of New England. It is vivaciously written and well adapted to its purpose.

From Duffield and Company's Spring List

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French Men, Women, and Books.

Miss Betham Edwards is an admitted authority on the more intimate aspects of French life, her competent work having won for her the title of "Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France." Two serious volumes have already come from her pen, and now we have a third described as "A Series of Nineteenth-Century Studies."

In their way these studies are unique and obviously the work of an observer and thinker, and not of a mere compiler. The first among them is devoted to "French Domestic Poetry," and many who are ordinarily well informed will be surprised to hear that there is a domestic poetry in France, that it has its distinguishing characteristics, and that it is wholly ignored in current treatises. Among its char-



Illustration from "Gettysburg: The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War," by R. K. Beecham. A. C. McClurg & Co.

acteristics is its robust and wholesome philosophy of life, and its obscurity is due to the fact that it is intended for declamation, and not to be read. The reciter has his status in France like that of the old troubadour, and his material is intended to appeal to the ear and not to the eye. The author gives us many pages of well translated illustrations of this domestic poetry, and it is of the kind to whet the appetite and to make us wish for more.

The second of the series is entitled "A Great Love Story," and this of course refers to Balzac and Mme. Hans. The story is movingly retold, and in such a way as to add glorious laurels to an idyll of devotion. "Nothing," says the author, "in Balzac's own fiction, or in any other, records a love greatening as the tedious years wore on, a love sovereignly overcoming doubt, despair, and disillusion, such a love as the great Balzac's for *l'Etrangère*."

The third essay is entitled "French Author and Publisher, Barbey d'Aurevilly and Trebutien." That there is no necessary animosity between those who write and those who publish is shown by the lifelong devotion of these two extraordinary men. D'Aurevilly died twenty years ago, after a life of almost prodigal literary production, but it was not until the centenary of his birth that the reading public aroused itself to the value of his legacy. Already two monuments have been erected to his memory, and it is fitting that there should be recognition also of his friend

for Joseph Reinach's two volumes on the Dreyfus case. It is indeed hard to refrain from saying—as Miss Betham Edwards begs us not to say—"we have had enough and to spare of the Dreyfus drama," but she tells us that these volumes are as interesting as a detective story by Gaboriau or Conan Doyle, so it becomes a sort of duty to read them. Among other essays are "A Great Prose Epic, 1870-71," "The Brothers Marguerite," "A Typical Artisan and the People's Universities," and "French Views of England: M. Chevrillon, Coste, Boutmy, and others." Miss Betham-Edwards writes with such competent knowledge and with such generous mental scope and withal so enthusiastically that she not only communicates facts, but throws an actual illumination upon the French literary genius. It is a work not lightly to be overlooked by those who would cultivate a catholicity of taste and a cosmopolitan knowledge of books and their makers.

FRENCH MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS. By Miss Betham-Edwards. With eight portraits reproduced by special permission. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Country Life.

A good many books are written nowadays on the theory that we all want to live in the country and are prevented from doing so only by a malign fate. There could be no greater mistake. There are still a good many of us who love the city, the crush of humanity, easy association with cranks of every shade, isolation and companionship at will, ready avoidance of the parson if not of the tax collector, infinite mental liberty, second-hand stores and old book shops. Dr. Johnson explained our gospel when he said, "Sir, when you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields. Let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

But undoubtedly there are people who wish to live in the country, or think they do, and



Owen Johnson, author of "The Tennessee Shod." Baker & Taylor Company.

for their benefit it is well that so persuasive a book as this should be written. The author himself has lived in the country, and he says it can be done with happiness and profit. Through thirteen vivacious and lucid chapters he constitutes himself a guide, philosopher, and friend. He tells us how to avoid the perils of the country and to discover its beneficences, how to find the right place to go, how to make houses, lawns, gardens, shrubberies, orchards, and money. He tells us about insects, cows, hens, bees, pigs, and all sorts of such curious things. The "old-fashioned cow" is his favorite. You can ride her, he says, with safety, and with such glittering bait would he tempt us from the apartment house and the street-car that passes the door. He begs us never to kill a toad, and we never will. Nor a hedgehog. Snakes are good, and moths should be fed on arsenic.

Mr. Powell seems really to believe that life in the country is possible, not merely for a week end, but all the time, and after reading his delightful book and looking at its fine illustrations it is surprising how good a case he makes.

HOW TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY. By E. P. Powell. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.75.

The Country-Life Movement.

The author, Mr. L. H. Bailey, is careful that we shall discriminate between the Country Life Movement and the Back to the Land Movement. About the latter he seems to have misgivings. He speaks of it as the doubtful propaganda to decrease the cost of living by sending more persons to the land on the mostly mistaken assumption that more products will thereby be secured for the world's markets.

But the Country Life Movement seems to be ethical as well as material. That it would result in a certain exodus to the country is true enough, and that agriculture would profit by a larger community life and by increased

educational and social advantages is not to be denied, but the main object of the movement is rather to make country life attractive in itself and better worth living than to increase the number of grain bags or to enlarge the deposits in the banks. In Mr. Bailey's own words the movement is "the working out of



Herbert Quick, author of "Yellowstone Nights." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

the desire to make rural civilization as effective and satisfying as other civilization."

There is certainly room for such an effort, and it should have at least some of the happy results that it merits. City life is vastly organized and therefore effective. Its complexity has its own evils, but its benefits are infinitely greater. Its members have a far larger share in national influence than is enjoyed by the denizen of the country, simply because the latter has no appropriate mechanism with which to express himself to the full. The country is not only, or even primarily, a place in which to earn a living. It gives an opportunity for self-development and social usefulness as great as that of the city, and in many ways far greater. At least it would give an opportunity if country society

were so organized that each individual could make himself felt, so to speak, around the whole circle of his environment.

Mr. Bailey's plea, so far as details are concerned, must be allowed to speak for itself. The value of such a propaganda lies not so much in a concrete plan—obviously impossible—as in its suggestiveness to those who to some extent still have the power of choice between city and country. Such persons may well ask themselves if they are now living a "satisfactory" life or merely a life that is financially remunerative. It is to be feared that a great many will consider the terms to be identical, but the same residuum would do well to hear what Mr. Bailey has to say.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

The latest addition to the Rural Text-Book series, under the general editorship of Professor L. H. Bailey, is "Southern Field Crops," by Professor John Frederick Duggar (Macmillan Company; \$1.75). The author explains that his book is for "students desiring a full and practical yet logical and pedagogical treatment of the staple crops of the South, and farmers seeking a simple presentation of the



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Illustration from "Old Country Inns of England," by Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory. L. C. Page & Co.

Trebutien, whose steadfast devotion and faith made that great legacy possible. Never have posthumous honors been so lavishly awarded to one beyond their reach as now are being given to the memory of D'Aurevilly. It would seem as though the public appetite for reprints of even his smallest writings could never be satiated. D'Aurevilly and Trebutien rarely met each other, but they corresponded continually, and the publication of these letters is the basis of the present sketch.

It is hard to assign a precedence of value to the various essays. We are inclined to follow the author's advice and to watch out

ABOUT THE ORIENT.

Egypt.

Those who wish for a series of finely literary and artistic impressions of Egypt can hardly do better than read this fine volume by Pierre Loti. He makes no display of archaeological lore nor adds substantially to the general knowledge that is available so amply but in far less attractive forms. He visits Egypt like any other member of the tourist horde, but unlike most of that uncouth crowd he carries with him a fine spirit of reverence, a cultured recognition of the eternal values, and an attitude of eager inquiry into whatever is worthy of research. That he writes as a master of prose need hardly be said, nor that he is fortunate in his translator, Mr. W. P. Barnes.

M. Loti rarely misses an opportunity to smite the modern Philistine who fills Egypt with folly and feathers apparently with the intention of showing how far the evolutionary processes can be reversed. Visiting the tomb of Mehemet Ali and listening to the "clucking" and "hellowing" of the smart visitors, he asks "what kind of a welcome would he accorded to a party of Moslem tourists who—to suppose the impossible—heaved so badly as these savages here?" Elsewhere he tells us a curious fact about the mummy of the great Sesostris, Rameses II, who "once caused the whole world to tremble." He speaks of the hand of the mummy "raised in a gesture of menace." This amazing movement actually took place after the body had been freed from its 400 yards of wrappings, and in presence of the attendants, who "fled howling with fear." It was explained by the action of the sun, which expanded the elbow bone. Equally startling was the effect upon the author of the mummy of Queen Nsitanehashru. "Oh, the terrifying person" with her air of "thwarted rage, of fury, as it were, at being dead . . . assuredly no corpse, either here or elsewhere, has ever preserved such an expression of intense life, of ironical, implacable ferocity." What happens when that hall of the dead is given over to the solitudes of night. Will not those forms "start their nightly rumblings and in their hollow mummy voices, whisper, with difficulty, words?" An instinct of self-preservation causes the author to look around as he leaves the room. Surely the woman with the baby is slowly raising herself with a thousand precautions and stratagems, "while further down, that disheveled hair. . . Oh! I can see her well,

sitting up with a sudden jerk, the ghoul with the enamel eyes, the lady Nsitanehashru." It is well that such a work as this should be done for Egypt before the Moloch of modernism insists that nothing shall be revered or even allowed to exist hut markets and the laughter of fools. Of facts about Egypt we have already a superfluity, more indeed than we can digest, hut there can never be a superfluity of the reverence that mental and artistic refinement loves to offer to the land that first of all others emerged from savagery and barbarism.

EGYPT. By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by W. P. Barnes. With eight illustrations in color by A. Lamplough. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50.

Fifty Years in China.

There could be no more worthy memorial to the late Mr. Archibald Little than this collection of his more fugitive writings on the people among whom he lived for half a century. Probably Mr. Little knew more about



Anne Warwick, author of "Compensation." John Lane Company.

the Chinese than any man living, and he was one of those rare observers whose sympathies and interests are wide enough to survey the many departments of Chinese national life and to give to each its proper place and its merited emphasis. Essentially a traveler, and without commercial inclina-

tions, he was yet able to write upon trade in such a way as to arrest the attention of the Western mercantile world. Profoundly interested in history, politics, and religion, and with a knowledge of the Chinese language that was both scholarly and practical, he was able to enter into the national mind as perhaps no other Westerner has ever done, while



Mark Sale, author of "A Paradise in Portugal." Baker & Taylor Company.

his warm-hearted sympathies secured everywhere a confidence and gratitude rarely accorded to members of another and usually an antagonistic race.

This substantial volume is divided into four sections, on Trade and Politics, Travel, Drama and Legend, and Religion and Philosophy. While much of it has already been published in magazine and other form and has therefore been absorbed into our general knowledge of the country, it contains nothing that can be said entirely to have done its work or to have become obsolete. The general surveys of history and of present conditions are as valuable now as ever they were, and should be received with renewed attention at a time when a general knowledge of China is becoming not merely interesting, hut essential to both politics and commerce.

Mr. Little's warning against missionary reports on the Chinese should he laid to heart by those who wish for facts and not fiction. He says that if the Western world were to be described with the same concentration upon evil that the missionaries employ toward the Eastern world the picture would indeed be a hopeless one. The missionary paints his picture in the darkest colors in order to emphasize the need for his ministrations.

The educated classes of China and Japan, says the author, will never become Christians. They will not turn from Buddhism and Confucianism to the almost identical ethics of Christianity, nor will they accept the virgin birth and other dogmas that were not "discovered" until after the death of Christ. Among the Chinese lower classes the Christian converts must live in a state of isolation, and this by order of the missionaries. Chinese life is so saturated with religious observance that it is impossible to share that life and at the same time hold aloof from formal acts of adhesion to immemorial religious usage. While thus conveying an implied censure upon a religious policy that must have bred infinite mischief, the author is careful to praise a missionary zeal that has produced many reforms in social life, medicine, and hygiene. If the missionary would amend his ways and imitate the virtues of the Confucian, if he would be less arrogant, less abusive, less prone to call upon the gunboat *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, less self-indulgent, he would make a greater impression upon the Oriental mind that looks for deeds and not dogmas and that is keenly alive to the practical virtues of life. So long as the missionary preaches to the Chinaman a form of religion that he would not dare to present to an intelligent audience in Chicago, so long will his religious labors he largely a failure.

GLEANINGS FROM FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA. By Archibald Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

The dominant charm of "A Poet's Anthology of Poems," by Alfred Noyes (Baker & Taylor Company; \$1), is its lengthy preface. Herein the author asks himself, What is Poetry? And if he does not give us an exact definition of poetry, at least he tells us what it must do. He says, "All great poetry, all great art, brings us into touch, into communion, with that harmony which is the basis of the universe, the harmony in which all our discords are resolved. All great art does this, and this is the one test of its greatness."

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nigh exhaust the preventive measures popularly available. Profuse illustrations and a complete bibliography are useful features of a valuable, clearly written, and untechnical book.

INSECTS AND DISEASE. By R. W. Doane, Assistant Professor of Entomology in Stanford University. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

Palestine, and Its Transformation.

Professor Ellsworth Huntington, assistant professor of geography in Yale University, is eminently qualified to write of the physiography of Palestine, or indeed of any other country. He was especially attracted to Palestine by a conviction that from the standpoint of modern geography that country is unique, and that not only has its climate been subject to numerous changes during the last five thousand years, but that these may have been a factor in the guidance of great historical and religious movements.

It need hardly be said that the author has done his work thoroughly. No such geographical description of Palestine has ever before been given to the world, nor one that shows so many evidences of minute and authoritative research. Professor Huntington is not only a geographer and a geologist, but he seems also to have a ripened knowledge of ancient history, and this of course was essential for a work intended to be synthetic. It is a pity that there is not more of such synthetic work directed not only toward Palestine, but to other and more important parts of the world.

That geographical and climatic conditions and changes paved the way for the birth of



Lyle M. Spencer, author of "Corpus Christi Pageants in England." Baker & Taylor Company.

fortunate that the medical charlatan can always command a wider audience through the columns of the newspaper press than is ever within reach of such weighty and conscientious works as the present one.

Parasitic germs, says the author, are everywhere, but the number of those "that are actually detrimental to the welfare of their hosts is comparatively small, while the number of forms both large and small that lead parasitic lives, usually doing no appreciable harm, often perhaps without the host being aware of their presence, is very great indeed." Elsewhere we are told that most of these microbes are to be regarded as absolutely harmless, and some as very useful. At the same time there are others that have the power to do injury, and it is to these others that get their living in reprehensible ways that Professor Doane devotes his attention.

He seems to cover the ground. There are chapters on ticks, mites, houseflies, mosquitoes, and fleas, with the diseases that they respectively carry or produce. Special attention is given to the plague, yellow fever, and typhoid, and while it is no part of the author's mission to handle subjects that are distinctly medical he conveys the suggestion that cleanliness is the panacea and that clean cities, clean houses, and clean bodies well



Illustration from "Nature Sketches in Temperate America," by Dr. Joseph L. Hancock. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Christianity is, of course, a truism. It only remains to show how they paved the way, and this has been done satisfactorily. There must be always a correspondence between the genius of a people and that people's physical environment, and this is not necessarily a relation of causes and effects, but shows rather the unity of evolving nature. Palestine produced one form of faith and Egypt another, because both forms were consonant with the

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physical condition of their respective countries and with the national molds of mind produced by those countries. Perhaps if we went further afield still we should find certain cyclic laws harmonizing with all others in the production of national genius.

PALESTINE AND ITS TRANSFORMATIONS. By Ellsworth Huntington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

Educational Progress.

The appearance of Volume VIII of the "Annals of Educational Progress," by John Palmer Garber, Ph. D., and under the general editorship of Martin G. Brumbaugh, A. M., Ph. D., LL. D., gives occasion for congratulations on an admirable piece of work. In spite of an unattractive title the book itself is by no means unattractive. It suggests statistics and reports, but it contains practically none. It is, indeed, exactly what it claims to be, a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the state of



Illustration from "Conc-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains," by J. Smeaton Chase. A. C. McClurg & Co.

education all over the world and of the forces that operate directly and indirectly upon the life of the school.

The author's view is wisely of the wide-angle kind. He sees many streams of force that influence education, and he follows them to their source and indicates that source. Necessarily and rightly he must invade the field of conjecture, and he does so holdly, as, for example, in his suggestion that the general revolt against authority in school life and elsewhere is due to the teaching of Tolstoy.

A glance at his comfortable index shows thirteen references to agricultural education, five to exceptional children, five to labor-union influences, six to politics, two to socialism, and so on. Hardly any country of the world is wholly omitted, and as a result we have a comprehensive idea of educational progress everywhere and of the world influences that are shaping and directing it. To compile a statement of such progress from the statistics and reports of the world is comparatively an easy matter. It is by no means an easy matter to give it narrative form and with a spice of personal opinion that is never in excess. Dr. Garber has written a book that is full of information in its most pleasing form and that bears every mark not only of industry, but of broad-gauge thinking.

ANNALS OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS. Vol. VIII. By J. P. Garber, Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

Mental Healing.

Dr. George Barton Cutting traces back the history of mental healing for three thousand years. With good luck in the search for material he might have traced it back thirty thousand years, for if there is any one fact that must have appealed to the mind of even the most primitive humanity it is the in-

fluence of the mind over the body and the physiological effect of temperament and mood. The present age has discovered nothing new in this direction. Indeed it may even have lost something that is true. Mental healing as it is now preached is no new evangel, but it has been so fortunate as to find the public in a receptive and credulous mood.

Mental healing, says the author, depends upon faith, and the object of faith is of secondary concern. The Chinaman who believes firmly in the efficacy of asses' sinews or toads' eyebrows will reap the reward of his faith as surely as the modern devotee who travels across Europe in order that he may lie in the shadow of a Russian saint. The man in the moon is as efficacious for curative purposes as the Grotto Lourdes. The one essential is an unswerving attitude of expectation, and the subtle action and interaction of mind and body will do the rest. The modern physician imitates his brethren of a hoary antiquity when he instills hope into his patient's mind. The sick man who hopes to recover and expects to recover has already won half his battle. There is nothing new in this. The only thing that is new is the impudent ignorance that professes to have discovered the sun in mid-heaven.

The author has done a service by making this clear. He quotes Paracelsus, who said four hundred years ago that "Whether the object of your faith is real or false, you will nevertheless obtain the same effects. . . . Faith produces miracles, and whether it be true or false faith, it will always produce the same wonders." Pierre Ponponazzi of Milan said that the bones of any skeleton would produce the same results as the most sacred relics if the sick man believed that they were the relics. Johannes Müller said that any physical condition that we believe to be approaching is likely to ensue whether it be good or evil. These utterances were common-



V. M. Hillyer, author of "Kindergarten at Home." Baker & Taylor Company.

places then as they are now. They have been part of the proverbial philosophy of all people and times, and that they are now newly advanced with a prodigious blast of trumpets can give them neither novelty nor force.

The author confines his task to the historical aspects of his subject in order that students may gain a perspective already sadly distorted by those who would claim a sort of proprietary right in simple natural truths that are as old as humanity.

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF MENTAL HEALING. By George Barton Cutting, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

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Edward Grieg. From "Fifty Songs." Oliver Ditson Company.

ened. It is a book that the ambitious teacher can not afford to overlook, and evidently the result of experience and sympathy.

PIANO TEACHING: ITS PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

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Dr. Fillebrown's eminence as a surgeon and the deserved esteem in which he is held as an authority on vocalism at once free his striking little volume from any suspicion of faddism. Indeed his mission is rather to destroy the faddism that has clogged the science of voice culture with a tiresome terminology and placed it in bondage to supposed physiological laws that are in fact negligible. Dr. Fillebrown maintains that the singing and speaking tones are identical, that the breathing of the singer is only an amplification of the correct daily habit, that "registers" are

a myth, that "head tones, chest tones, closed tones, open tones," etc., as confined to special parts of the range of the voice, are dis-



Clayton Johns, author of "Essentials of Piano-forte Playing." Oliver Ditson Company.

tracting distinctions arising from false education, that resonance determines the quality and carrying power of every tone, and is therefore the most important element in the study and training of the voice, and that the obstacles to good speaking and singing are psychologic rather than physiologic.

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RESONANCE IN SINGING AND SPEAKING. By Thomas Fillebrown, M. D., D. M. D. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

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have "a virtuous wife, his cushion in his chair, and his harp in tune." In the day of Edward I we find payment made to Sir John Maltravers for "playing on the harp when the king was bled." The violin did not appear in England until the sixteenth century, and for a long time it was ill-esteemed. Anthony Wood says that the musicians of his day "esteemed a violin to be an instrument only belonging to a common fiddler and could not endure that it should come among them, for feare of making their meetings to be vaine and fiding." The chapter on "The Consort" is particu-



L. R. Lewis, From "Melodia: A Course in Sight-Singing." Oliver Ditson Company.

larly interesting. There were bands in ancient Assyria, Africa, China, and Egypt, but orchestral music was favored neither by Romans nor Greeks. Plato eliminates all flute-makers and instruments with many strings from his ideal republic and leaves only the lyra and cythara for the town and a pipe for the herdsman. The orchestra was not popular in the middle ages, and at a still later date it was considered unsuitable for divine worship. Thomas Hardy in "Life's Little Ironies" speaks of the church band that, overcome by convivial practice, played the "Devil Among

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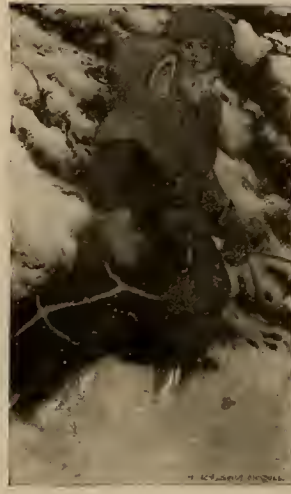


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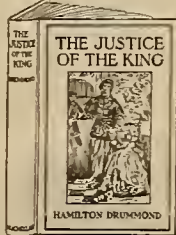
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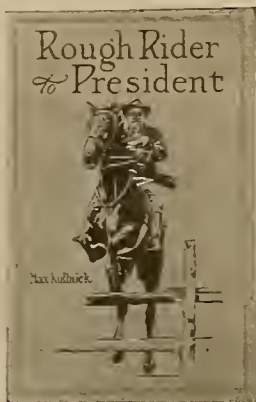
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OLD PEOPLE. By Harriet E. Paine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Buried Alive.

This is a distinctive story because of the brilliance of its telling and a single fine piece of character depiction. But we are compelled to ask if a story is not seriously marred by glaring impossibilities in the plot that no amount of humor and dramatic force can banish from the mind or even hustle into the background. Here we have the foremost painter of the day, who is so shy that when the doctor confuses him with his valet, who is ill in bed, he is unable to correct the mistake, assumes the new rôle assigned to him

by fate and allows the valet to be buried magnificently in Westminster Abbey while he himself is summarily ejected from the house by the heirs and goes on his way with the valet's baggage and the valet's name. As an extravaganza, a farce, this may be permissible enough, but it is incongruous with the effective and serious portraiture that we find elsewhere in the story. Mr. Bennett is such a master of his craft that we should like to be convinced all the way through, and not only in spots.

BURIED ALIVE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20.

The Priest.

This is a story of Catholicism and modernism in New England. The struggle between the two is apparently as fierce in New England as in Italy, perhaps even deriving an added bitterness from an underlying Puritanism that affects all shades of conscience. The



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hero is the Rev. Ambrose Hanlon, a priest who is assigned to a New England parish after his education at a Jesuit college. Naturally of a liberal mind, he associates freely with other kinds of religionists in spite of the warning of a neighboring cleric: "Hanlon, don't forget this, we Catholics must not

mix with outsiders. That's all there is to it. We must gather ourselves into a separate body, insisting upon our exclusive possession of the truth of God." Hanlon, to his credit, does not take this evil advice and so calamity befalls him, if to be driven from the church can be so described. The Catholic exclusiveness described in the story seems to be borne out by the orders recently given to Catholics in the East to send their children to none but Catholic schools.

THE PRIEST. By the author of "Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X." Boston: Sberman, French & Co.; \$1.25.

The Bramble Bush.

This is the story of a number of young men and women of the artistic and newspaper variety who meet at a summer resort and begin to spin the web of their many destinies. The dialogue is supernaturally clever, indeed too clever, and the author gives as much of it as possible. The women, especially Patty and Noel, are nearly perfect characterizations, and if the men are not quite so convincing, they are none the less interesting and well-drawn figures. The astrological clergyman is a superfluity, and so is his rather unprepossessing wife, but these are slight defects in a clever story that keeps us interested from beginning to end.

THE BRAMBLE BUSH. By Caroline Fuller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

Brief Reviews.

The Rev. Wilford L. Hooper, author of "The Code of the Spirit" (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20), describes his work as an interpretation of the decalogue. The treatment is original, mystical, and often suggestive.

Those who have read "The Lass of the Silver Sword," by Mary Constance Du Bois, will wish to read its sequel, "The League of the Signet Ring" (Century Company; \$1.50). It is intended for big girls and boys, and it is not only a capital story of outdoor movement, but it can hardly fail to suggest sentiments of honor and loyalty.

Mr. Harold Begbie helps us to understand something of the psychology of what is called conversion by his book, "Souls in Action," otherwise described as "Studies of Christianity Militant" (George H. Doran Company; \$1.25). The many examples of conversion that he gives are interesting human documents and rendered peculiarly vivid by the author's power as a narrator.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have published a new edition of "Pushing to the Front," by Orison Swett Marden (\$1). The book is otherwise described as one of "inspiration and encouragement to all who are struggling for self-elevation along the paths of knowledge and of duty." The author has an unrivaled power of stating proverbial truisms in such a way as to arrest the attention.

A valuable book for the farmer is "The Feeding of Crops and Stock," by A. D. Hall (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50). It explains the



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composition of field and garden crops, the nature of the soil and the various factors by which its fertility is determined, the use of crops in the feeding of animals, and the comparative value of manures. A final chapter deals with milk, cheese, and butter, and the chemistry of the dairy and dairy products.

Professor William H. Whittitt, in his "Genealogy of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, and of Samuel Davies, President of Princeton College" (Neale Publishing Company; \$1), endeavors to correct the generally prevailing impression that the grandfather of Jefferson Davis was Evan Davis, who emigrated from Wales in the early part of the eighteenth century. Such was the belief of Jefferson Davis himself, but it is combated by the author with a display of evidence that seems conclusive.

The heroine of "Lost on the Trail," by "Pansy" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50), is a young girl whose life is so isolated that she knows nothing of "judgment and eternity" and all the other "most important verities" until she is well on toward womanhood. The object of the story is "to illustrate the power of the truth to win its way in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles," but there may be those who will think that Weewona was a nicer girl before her "conversion" than after.

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Mr. Albert Sonnichsen had already seen a good deal of unconventional life before he became a Macedonian bandit. He was a prisoner among the Filipinos, and that he has escaped scot free from his many adventures seems due rather to good fortune than to prudence. He entered Turkey on a regular passport and with the intention to join the guerilla hands that were then making things unpleasant for the Ottoman government. He knew no Turkish and did not dare to display his acquaintance with Bulgarian, but fortune favors the brave, and he seems to have had little difficulty in joining the cheta or revolutionary hand with whom he was to cast his lot.

The author deals but little with politics in their wider aspect. He is more concerned to show us the inner life of the hardy warrior bands that did so much to make the Turkish revolution a possibility. He writes good journal and with a keen eye for incident and distinctive characteristics. There could be no better picture of its kind or one more illustrative of the ferment that has made Macedonia the storm centre of European politics.

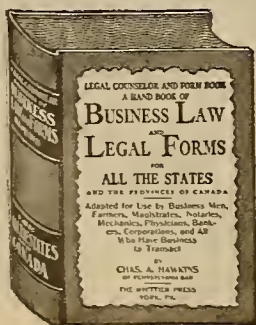
Very amusing is the account given of the abduction of Miss Stone. The author obtained it from Hristo Tchernopef, one of the chief actors in the drama. It reduces the incident to opera bouffe level, for the prisoners were never in any danger, and they seem to have been a good deal more afraid of Miss Stone than she was of them. Tchernopef asks the author sympathetically, "Have you ever found yourself in a position of strong opposition to a middle-aged woman, with a determined will, all her own?" They took Mrs. Tsiska also because they wanted to be "decent" to Miss Stone, and they were unaware that they were thereby adding an interesting domestic event to their other difficulties. Miss Stone forbade smoking in her presence, so all pipes disappeared, for, as this desperate brigand remarked to the author, "What can you do with an angry, elderly, and very respectable woman glaring at you? Once she made a sudden move with her umbrella—she always carried that umbrella—and her Bible and the old bonnet—well, it may have been imagination on my part, that move with the umbrella, but I stumbled backward through the doorway of the hut, to save my dignity. But I didn't save much of it." The one man killed during the enterprise, and of whose fate so much has been made, had nothing to do with Miss Stone. He had brutally violated two peasant girls and had been marked for death—"that's all there was to him."

Mr. Sonnichsen is a Californian, a native of Oakland, and this story of the latest of his adventures should meet with a special welcome on the Pacific Coast.

CONFESSIONS OF A MACEDONIAN BANDIT. By Albert Sonnichsen. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Great Epic of Israel.

The author believes that the Old Testament has suffered in popular esteem from the atmosphere of false religion in which it has been immersed and that its beauties as literature have been clouded by a conventional and enforced respect. His contention is probably a true one. The waning of dogmas has been followed by a neglect of the supposed sources of dogmas, and in ceasing to look upon the Old Testament as being in any special sense a divine revelation we have at the same time ceased to admire its literary supremacies. Probably the author's method of treatment will nowadays cause pain to no one beyond the bounds of the country village. It is no longer an offense to apply intelligence to religion or to follow the light of reason even though we break idols in the pursuit. Mr. Fiske treats the ancient biblical records as an epic, a magnificent epic, but magnificent because of the heterogeneity of its elements. He finds traditions and legends, speculation, imagination, and reflection. He finds a borrowing of the lore of other nations and of their histories, and a gradual blending of all this material into a continuous story which changes from age to age as successive writers, copiers, and commentators have incorporated their own opinions, speculations, expansions, and condensations in the text. The Old Testament, in fact, has grown as all such national epics have grown, and from the manner of its growth has come into inestimable value as a historic and religious storehouse.



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THE GREAT EPIC OF ISRAEL. By Amos Kidder Fiske. A. M. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.50.

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THOUGHTS ON THINGS PSYCHIC. By Walter Winston Kenilworth. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1.

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Public Appreciation

When the splendid new pay-as-you-enter street-cars were introduced to San Franciscans a few weeks ago, considerable interest attached to the manner in which smokers would accept the "No Smoking" proviso.

These cars, it may be stated, for the benefit of all who have not seen them, are so constructed that all the passengers are carried inside, leaving no outside seats, utilizing every possible inch of space to meet, as far as it is possible at the present, the public demand for greater haste and greater passenger-carrying capacity. They have a seating capacity as great as any other car.

After the realization of what the cars meant in aiding congested traffic dawned fairly, no further complaint was heard from users of the soothing weed. They argued fairly, that if the operating company could go to this vastly increased expense as a matter of public convenience, they could forego the pleasure of a cigar or a pipe for the few minutes' ride to their destination.

Right here it is interesting to learn that the company, itself, is not the author of the prohibitive measure, which is a city ordinance relating to smoking on various kinds of cars.

Having begun with ten cars of the P-A-Y-E pattern, which are operating perfectly on the Sutter and Jackson Street systems, the United Railroads will put seventy more into operation, covering the main traffic arteries of the city. They have been thoroughly tested, and figures have been obtained which prove conclusively that they enable more passengers to enter and exit in a given time than any other car now in use. Thus they are living up to the reputation gained for similar cars in the great Eastern cities. This is accomplished by taking on passengers only at the rear end and allowing them to exit only by the front, except in emergency cases. This avoids useless crowding and consequent conflict arising when two hodies of hurrying people meet, hound in opposite directions. If this be doubted, some interesting information can easily be gained by observing a P-A-Y-E car and one of the best of the other type when compelled to cope with a rushing crowd.

With the new cars running on Market Street the city ordinance referred to will be in force relative to smoking, but the advantages to be obtained will be sufficient to cause the smoker to gladly refrain for the moment. The public is appreciative. It sees in these big cars the greatest effort yet to advance beyond the times and solve the problem of heavy traffic, and is very glad to do its part in the undertaking. Faith is the requirement of successful business, and so great is the street-car company's faith in the project that it is expending over half a million dollars for the construction of the eighty pay-as-you-enter cars.

Obviously the convenience and expedition of these cars are greatly enhanced by the public's cooperation. Passengers, when boarding the cars, who take the small trouble of having their fare ready, or their transfers unfolded, to hand promptly to the conductor, will be helping themselves and their neighbors to the promptest and speediest service possible.

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MISS NETHERSOLE'S DOUBLE BILL.

There is a curious juxtaposition of motives in the two plays that make up Olga Nethersole's double bill this week. "The Enigma" is a play by Paul Hervieu, one of France's most brilliant dramatists. As a writer of both novels and plays Hervieu has proved himself to be a keen, analytic observer, and his dramas are distinguished by firm, compact construction, brilliant, easy dialogue of which every saying has a bearing on the unfolding of the plot, and a strong and well-sustained tension of interest, of which the element of suspense is made a very appreciable factor.

All these qualities are noticeable in "The Enigma," in which there is a problem involved as to the guilt of two equally compromised yet apparently innocent wives. The situation which confronts the two women, when the suspicion and jealousy of the two husbands are equally excited, is one which calls for that polished subtlety in which French players so excel, although, on the present occasion, it was regrettably absent.

It is sometimes a grave error to keep an audience in the dark on such an important point as is here involved in "The Enigma"—that is, as to which of the two wives is guilty. But the audience is at once, and most cleverly, let into the great secret, that there is an intrigue with one of them, while remaining ignorant of the identity of the charming transgressor. So we are left with our interest at a high pitch to watch the two, to weigh, and consider.

All the idle chitchat about the arrangement of the old hunting lodge in which the drama transpires, the fact that the two families are in separate and well-harred quarters, comes up most innocently and naturally in the after-dinner talk. The old Marquis, a retired worldling of chivalrous feeling and fine sensibilities, is the type of man so frequently met in plays from France, who, from the safe niche honorably won in the frosty years of life, looks on at the emotional fever and turmoil of his juniors and tries to draw from the ripe experience of his past wise and calming counsel to meet the emergencies of the present.

The women are young, tender, charming. The lover is the conventional, chivalrous hero of a romantic amour. The husbands are scions of an old race, renowned for doughty deeds and fierce vengeance in the medieval days, who have in their blood the inherited strain that laughs to scorn all thought of forgiveness for an erring wife.

Miss Nethersole, however, was the only one in the company that seemed to be quite at ease. It was for her, save for our consciousness of the possible intense significance underlying each tone and gesture, a rather small part. There was, except during Giselle's one short moment of suspense after the pistol-shot, no opportunity for her power in depicting a crisis of violent emotionalism to have full vent. What she had to do, in the way of light chitchat and in womanly rebellion at her husband's savage ideas of marital reprisal, was done well, although there was a certain tameness at the *dénouement*, at which point the audience was left somewhat puzzled, in spite of Lenore's incriminating emotion. It almost seemed as if the enigma were to remain an enigma, and the auditors to be left to guess the solution, as readers did in Frank Stockton's once celebrated "Lady or Tiger?" literary puzzle.

I rather felt as if Miss Nethersole were turning the tables neatly on us, for our, to her, perhaps unwarrantable assumption that she was generally to be identified with the woman in the play who transgresses the conventional moralities.

The rôle of Lenore was not happily filled. Lenore is a deep one. She has courage, subtlety, even craft. She carefully calculates each look and word, with full heed to evading discovery, and to retaining her place in the domestic "foyer" as well as her rights as a mother. Unfortunately, Miss Malcolm, the actress who filled the part, was not up to acting by suggestion. Her Lenore seemed to be a simple, lump-drum, harmless little piece of domesticity, with not a suggestion about her of an indomitable hidden love, and a perilous secret to guard. Lenore's emotion in the moment of self-revelation was trivial and commonplace. Nobody paused to give her a thought of compassion. In fact, she was rather figuring in the mind of the audience as an inconsequential factor in the scene.

I am convinced that many of them thought that Griselie, with her splendid dress, her distinctive style, and more opulent charms, was

the real heroine of the intrigue. The silent, secret suggestion which should permeate the atmosphere in the acting of "The Enigma" was, therefore, entirely lacking.

Mr. Erskine's marquis was finicky and feminine, instead of polished and chivalrous. Reginald Barker and Franklyn Roberts, as the two husbands, were called upon to depict two very simple, masculine beings who smoked constantly, loved their wives in a thoroughly normal, possessive style, and who were troubled with no subtleties of either mind or opinions. Their task was easier than that of the others, and the faults, therefore, were less conspicuous.

"The Enigma" needs a French atmosphere to give it all the force and significance that it naturally possesses. Several times the interest of the situation caused the audience to forget defective acting. The characters merely stood for types involved in grave complications, and we temporarily overlooked the fact that the players did not fit. But the damning fact remains that the wind-up was tame and the audience puzzled and unsatisfied.

Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" followed, and the audience very evidently found the performance ill calculated to atone for any previous deficiencies.

I observe that "Sister Beatrice" is listed for Bernhard's forthcoming season. Of course Olga Nethersole is not a Bernhard, but since "Sister Beatrice" left a deadly light upon our dramatic yearnings last Monday evening, and since to the disadvantages it is already burdened with it will possess the further one of being played in French, I would cordially advise Bernhard's managers to drop it swiftly and silently from her repertory.

"Sister Beatrice" is a miracle play, and miracle plays are apt to leave upon us an impression of our having been shanghaied to church out of times and seasons. When we go to the theatre we do not go in pious mood.

"Sister Beatrice" is the poetizing of a beautiful legend, but, praiseworthy though Olga Nethersole's intentions are, I do not feel that we need the interpretation of an actress to cause us to understand it, or to appreciate its beauties. There are dramatic poems that are far more beautiful when colored by the light of our own imaginations than when witnessed through the often idealizing medium of the stage. "Sister Beatrice," therefore, to be perfectly and unashamedly candid, was deadly dull. The audience either yawned, or went to sleep, or left prematurely, or clamored for the end, according to the varying temperaments of its different components. It is terrible not to be able to stand upon a pedestal and say it was beautiful, and holy, and uplifting. But it wasn't. It was distinctly exasperating, because of its lack of action, and long-sustained monologues. Even the improvements that may be looked for later, caused by a smoother running of the wheels of the machinery, can not make up for the defects.

In the first place, Olga Nethersole is not enough of a wonder-worker to accomplish the feat of making her physical and temperamental self congruous with the idea of the immaculate one descending from her shrine to perform miracles of sacred significance. In the second place, the text of "Sister Beatrice" runs to monologue, save for the cackle of a very uninteresting group of nuns. In the third place, miracle plays were originally aimed at the devout, comparatively primitive, and unreasoning intelligences of an earlier epoch. We look at them curiously, but what affected auditors in earlier times leaves us unmoved. Something is necessary, some leavening personality, some charm of appropriate look, or mien, or temperament, some magic of adaptability to attract and charm the imagination.

None such was apparent in Olga Nethersole, except for the slow and reverent tempo with which she gave her representation of the miraculous incarnation. Yet this very deliberation got on the nerves of the audience, who, finally, on account of the long waits, and the prayer-and-sermon atmosphere, were worked up to a suppressed frenzy of impatience for the end.

It was long in coming, and I was not able to stretch my patience to meet it. As we sank exhausted in the car seats we heard the motorman of the Jones Street car, watch in hand, remark to the conductor, "Well, that is the first time I ever knew the show at the Savoy to keep up as late as this." It was just midnight, and Sister Beatrice was still keeping up the dying that she had begun about a quarter of an hour before.

Probably at later representations the mechanical contrivances, which are very ingenious, and which are employed to give the effect of miraculous intervention without hands, will move more smoothly. But the scene in which the church bells were rung, the altar candles lighted, the basket of dole for the poor moved to its place, and the shower of flowers rained from above, was short compared to the length of Sister Beatrice's prayers, and the Virgin's long-drawn-out admonitions to the mendicants.

Miss Nethersole displayed neither flexibility nor variety in her elocution. Her lines were uttered in an unvarying monotone, which finally became a drone. She was undoubtedly correct in pitching the play in the key that

she did, but the fact that it became tedious showed that the play is not suited to stage representation.

No audience, no matter how frivolous, can resist the interest of real drama, and, even if Monday night's audience was a frivolous one, its impatience shows the mistake that has been made in seizing upon "Sister Beatrice" as a possibly popular play. Even the "high-brows"—horrible word!—will abjure it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Paintings of Emily L. Travis.

An exhibition of the paintings of Emily L. Travis is being held at the Sequoia Club, 251 Post Street. There are twenty canvases in all, comprising portraits, landscape, and figure work. The landscape subjects are taken from the vicinity of San Francisco, particularly the hills and cliffs around Baker's Beach, which are shown with the morning sun shining over rock and herbage, lighting up the sands of the foreground and dying away in the blue distance of the Presidio hills. A still life is shown which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1896. It is rendered in the subdued tones of an interior and is remarkable for its atmosphere. The portraits also have this poetic quality of atmosphere. The largest of the portraits shows an old woman in the attitude of retrospection. The tired head is resting softly on one hand, while in the other she holds a Bible. A figure study of a young girl of Normandy gives a hint of the gray skies and hard life of that country, and its antithesis is a picture of the shining dome of St. Peter's, under the blue skies of Italy. Altogether this exhibition is well worth visiting by those who have an understanding of the deeper things of life as well as of their outward manifestation.

L'Opera Est Supreme.

The opera is popular for the same reason that to talk at the opera is not popular. It is the one *de rigueur* place where one may escape talk.

At the opera one does not even need ideas, to say nothing of being compelled to exchange them. One may show off one's clothes without talking about them. One may rub elbows with the rich without the necessity of talking to them. The rich may display their diamonds without the necessity of talking to you or otherwise being compromised by your inferiority.

Not only does one escape the small talk of the rich, one escapes also the big talk of the merchants and bankers, the think talk of Mrs. Parvenu, the halting talk of the clerk's wife who has aspirations, the whining talk of those who claim to have once been "somebodies," but who have dropped out, and the broad talk of the just naturally vulgar.

The opera is different from the theatre. At the theatre one may applaud when one is pleased, or hiss when one is displeased. At the opera it is assumed that no one knows exactly when he is pleased, while it is *lèse majesté* to be displeased. Accordingly all applause is reserved until the end of the scene. Then may one applaud *le tout ensemble* without displaying any discriminative sense whatsoever.

At the opera the lights in the auditorium are invariably lowered. This is a merciful measure for the purpose of hiding the vacant and bored expressions of the audience.

After the opera one needs to say little about it. In fact, the less one says, the more one is assumed to know. A single deep-drawn sigh is often deemed sufficient comment. If to the sigh one wishes to add hands clasped enthusiastically and a glance toward heaven, one has reached the utmost heights of operatic appreciation.

Every little opera has a meaning which is so vague that all argument about it is futile. *L'opera est mort! I've l'opera!*

—Ellis O. Jones, in Puck.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will begin an engagement of fifteen nights at the Savoy Theatre on Tuesday evening, May 16, in Shakespearean comedy and tragedy. A subscription sale of seats has been opened already, and orders may be sent to the treasurer of the theatre. Seats are allotted in the order of application when accompanied by check or money order. Prices will range from \$2 to 50 cents.

Mahel Hite's new musical farce, "A Certain Party," it is believed, holds the record as regards numerical strength of authors. Frank Ward O'Malley, Edward W. Townsend, Edgar Smith, Vincent Bryan, Henry Blossom, Robert Hood Bowers, Walter Hackett, Hugh Ford, Frank Tannehill, Jr., Jack Mason, and William Collier worked on the book and music.

"The Lily," David Belasco's dramatic sensation of last season, will follow Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at the Columbia Theatre, with Nance O'Neil, Charles Cartwright, and the famous Belasco company.

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We have always felt that we should like to be King of England or of some other place where the perquisites are liberal and the restrictions small. Not that royalty is what it used to be. Not at all. The good old days of "off with his head" are gone beyond recall, like the dear, dead roses of yesterday, and nowadays the king who is even suspected of having more than the regulation number of wives is liable to hear about it. Sentiment and romance seem in a fair way to vanish altogether.

But there are other drawbacks, grave ones, insurmountable ones. The duties of royalty are no sinecure just at present. We may wonder if King George was ever told that he would have to kiss the Archbishop of Canterbury at the coronation. It seems unlikely that any sane man would take the situation with such a prospect as that in front of him. Fancy kissing an archbishop or even a dean and chapter. Most men would balk at having to kiss a curate, but an archbishop! Even our own Hobson never did such a thing as that. And there is worse to follow. Not only must the king kiss the archbishop, but he must kiss the representatives of the peers. Into the kissableness of the archbishop we have not inquired, but it is obvious that there must be quite a few hard-featured men among the peers, men with hairy faces, nasty creatures who drink and smoke. Fancy giving up your whole morning to kissing all sorts and conditions of men.

Kissing among men is not popular with the Anglo-Saxon race. Frenchmen do it and seem to thrive on it. When the French Admiral Gervais visited England Queen Victoria asked Admiral Fisher to be exceedingly nice to him, as there was some sort of *entente cordiale* between the two nations that week. Admiral Fisher said he would do everything in his power except kiss his French comrade. He drew the line there. Even though war should be the price of his refusal he would stand pat.

Kissing women is quite another matter. The Anglo-Saxon race has always been in the forefront here, and yet we have sadly retrograded since the days when the Frenchman Montaigne objected to the promiscuous kissing of ladies that then prevailed in England. He says "it is an unpleasing and injurious custom unto ladies that they must afford their lips to any man that hath but three lackeys following him, how unhandsome and loathsome soever he may be. Nor do we ourselves gain much by it; for, as the world is divided into four parts, so for four fair ones, we must kiss fifty foul; and to a nice and tender stomach, as are those of mine age, one ill kiss doth surpay one good." And Montaigne was right. It were almost better to kiss no women at all than to have to kiss all women.

But to return to King George and his sorry fate. Probably it would be useless to make a suggestion, and especially one involving a change of custom, but how would it do to select some comely young peeress and give her a sufficient number of kisses to distribute equally among the archbishop and the peers. Of course it would be rough on the peeress, but it is better that one should suffer than many, and it must be just as hard for the archbishop and the peers to have to kiss the king as for the king to kiss the archbishop and the peers. And they would all like to kiss the proposed substitute. It is not likely that anything will be done in the matter, but it seems a duty to scatter little seeds of advice as we pass on along the dreary road of life.

The edicts of fashion are really very silly sometimes. Here is a new one to the effect that a man's tie should match the frock of the lady with whom he is walking. A poet in the *London Daily Mail* says:

Dear Laura, I have often been commended
For showing quite a pretty taste in ties
Because I always wear a tint intended
To match the pigmentation of my eyes,
But now I must admit that I discover,
With something that is very like a slock,
The neckwear of the fashionable lover
Should match his lady's frock!

It is strange how the deeper feelings of the heart find natural expression in verse, but putting that upon one side it would be interesting to know how the swain is to ascertain what color frock the lady is to wear. If the walk is an affair of pre-arrangement he might of course asked to be informed, but it is ten to one the fair and fickle one would change her mind at the last moment. Or should the gentleman wait in the hall with a prismatic assortment of ties hung over his arm like a haberdasher's assistant until he sees the damsel descending the stairs? And how about chance encounters in the park? You can not very well skip behind a tree to change your tie, even supposing you have the correct shade about you. It won't do. The fashion people must try again.

What Miss Jane Addams of Chicago does not know about the working girl is usually not worth knowing, but she distinctly trips when she says that the American girl will not go into domestic service because her chances are less there than in a factory.

It may be doubted if they are any less. The kitchen is by no means overlooked by the god of love, as many a mistress has found to her cost.

The American girl has no particular objection to domestic service, as such, but she has a very distinct objection to being "hossed" by a woman, and small blame to her. Fate can hardly hold in store a worse ignominy than is visited by the average mistress upon the average girl. If you doubt it go home and observe for yourself. Of course the mistress is kind. She would be more hearable if she were less kind. She is even indulgent, considerate, and patient, and it is surprising how many virtues a mistress may have and yet at the same time carry herself with that indefinable, intangible bearing that makes the blood boil. A woman never forgets a difference in social position. She is never so happy as when able to express that difference in a hundred subtle ways that are so irritatingly compatible with transcendent virtues and that every dependent woman feels, and is meant to feel, like a hot iron in her soul. If Miss Addams wants to find the key to the whole position she should ask herself why a woman waitress in a restaurant hates to serve a woman customer. And they do hate it, every one of them.

What is to be done with a woman who is caught cheating at cards? It is rather a living question because a necessitous woman who plays cards for money is much more likely to cheat than a man. Not that a man has a higher morality. Far from it, but a man has usually a keener eye for consequences than a woman. His calculations go deeper and further ahead. Moreover, a man realizes what he is doing, whereas it takes a great deal to persuade a woman that she has no right to do what it is to her interest to do.

A man who is caught cheating at cards in polite society is usually warned privately to play no more, and by a curious coincidence he usually receives a telegram calling him to town early next morning. If he is of a sanguine disposition he hopes that the news will not follow him through clubland, but usually it does. Usually he has nothing worse to fear. But a woman? What is to be done with her?

The *London World* tells us what was done with a woman who cheated at bridge while a guest at a country house. It was a rather bad case because she had won heavily from a young girl who could not afford the loss. Soon after the guests had retired the culprit was invited by one of the ladies to come to her room for a chat, and then something like the following took place:

"You are a cheat," said one of the inquisitors. "We have watched you for some time and have said nothing out of respect for your husband, but tonight was too much. First you will return to us all you have won from poor little Laura, including her I. O. U.'s." It was done and the papers were thrown into the fire. "Now we will see that Laura has the money and we will also promise that she shall never know the truth. But painful as it is we have resolved to teach you a severe lesson. We are going to heat you. If you scream you may attract the attention of other guests and then we shall have to explain. I should advise you not to scream."

Over the subsequent proceedings we may draw a merciful veil. Those present were all women and there was no particular reason for diffidence or delicacy. Neither the one nor the other was allowed to interfere with a form of chastisement that is usually confined to the nursery. Curiously enough, the victim did not leave the house, and her chastisers were charmingly amiable to her during the remainder of her stay. But she did not play cards any more, and probably will never play them again.

Of course it is none of our business, but there will be a general feeling among men that the offender was harshly treated. It would have been enough to insist upon restitution and to warn her to play no more under threat of exposure.

The treasuring of keepsakes is as old as civilization. It is based upon the reasonable idea that an object that has been in personal use, such as a glove or a handkerchief, preserves some subtle aroma of the personality of its former owner. Perhaps it does. Perhaps, again, it doesn't, but if we believe that it does the purpose is answered.

But the preservation of keepsakes can be carried too far. Ford Madox Hueffer in his "Memories and Impressions" tells us that he had a relative who was a lady in waiting at the court of Weimar. He says she always struck him as an unemotional person, but she had always about her an unpleasant odor that remained to the day of her death. When she died it was found that she had around her neck a sachet containing the half of a cigar that had been smoked by the Ahhé Liszt. She had lunched with Liszt thirty years before and had worn this curious trophy ever since, and its strenuous odor had never waned.

That particular keepsake was objectionable, but not incomprehensible. It was at least a tribute to genius and not to rank. This particular lady was a long way ahead of those other ladies who used to follow the Prince of Wales through the German cherry gardens in

order to suck the cherry stones that he had expelled from his royal mouth and then preserve them as mementoes. But is there any one nowadays who would pay such homage to musical genius? Certainly not where democracy doth flourish. We allow ourselves to be amused by genius, but at the bottom of our infusorial souls we resent it. When Elman was playing in San Francisco a few weeks ago a much dressed youth was observed in the middle of the hall with a large unlighted and banded cigar in his mouth with an aggressive northwesterly tilt. He kept it there all through the concert, and it is to be feared that he is still alive. No one tried to kill him. Another kaffir waited through an interval and then, just as the musician laid his bow on the strings, he got up and made a

noisy exit. No one tried to kill him, either. Not until the recording angel deals with these savages on the Day of Judgment will they know the blackness of their souls, and when they are damned they will feel themselves to be the victims of injustice. No, democracy has no respect for genius. Genius may be amusing, but it is unconstitutional. There is no such thing.

Holams—The dinner I ate with Bronson at his country place cost more than two hundred dollars. *Kalem*—It must have been a very extensive meal. *Holams*—No, it was extremely simple. We had only potatoes and chickens, but he had raised them himself.—*Puck*.

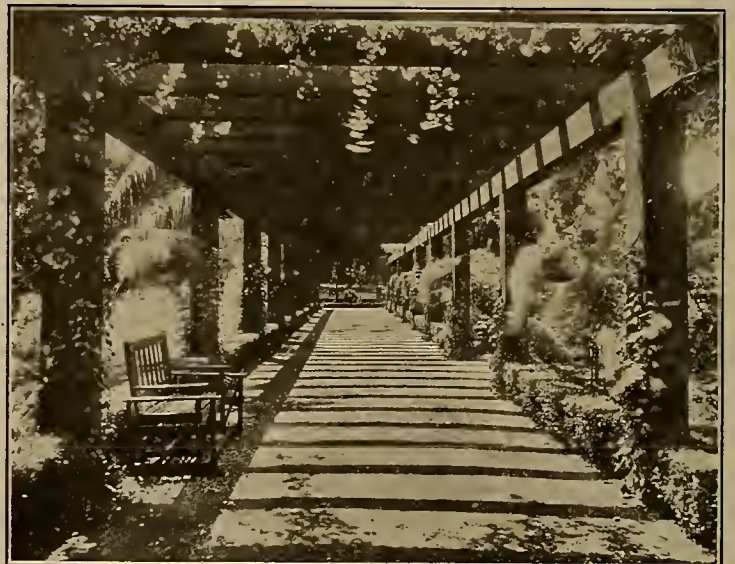
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was a Bostonian, according to Rollin Lynde Hartt, in an article called "Funny Boston" in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, who enlivened the Longfellow centenary by blurring, "Say, that guy makes me sick! He'd never 'a' been heard of if he hadn't married Alice Roosevelt."

This is a quotation from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner; and Dr. S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"

"Bob" Davis, who is editor of *Munsey's Magazine* and the author of several plays, is the possessor of a sense of humor and a power of expression that is frequently picturesque. Speaking of a man who had achieved some distinction as a killjoy, Davis said: "That fellow is a great athlete. He can throw a wet blanket two hundred yards in any gathering."

George IV, on his visit to Dublin in 1821, met at a reception Sir Philip Crampton, Ireland's greatest surgeon. "In what branch of the service is that magnificent-looking man?" asked his majesty. The gentleman to whom the question was put was too polite to hint that the king was mistaken in supposing that the distinguished surgeon was a naval or military officer. "Sire," he replied, "he is a general in the Lancers."

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man and therefore didn't think it necessary. "Ethel," he said, as they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening, "I—er—am going to ask you an important question." "Ob, George!" she exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Why, I—" "What I want to ask is this," he interrupted. "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"

Bill Ray, of Nantucket, followed, but in popularity never quite equalled, his predecessor, the old bell-ringer and imitable town-crier, Clark. One day as Ray and his daughter were strolling about the town, the latter stopped before the soldiers' monument and laboriously began to decipher the names. With a disappointed look she turned to her father and said: "Dad, aint your name here?" Glancing at his daughter, he replied: "Clementine, be I dead?"

A large musician with a larger violoncello hailed a bansom. "Drive me to King's Hall!" he said. When, after a hard tussle, he had wedged himself and his instrument into the limited area of the cab, the driver cracked his whip and drove off. They reached the hall. The musician alighted, and took out a shilling. "What's this?" demanded the driver. "Your legal fare," said the musician. "Yes, I know it's my legal fare for carrying you," retorted the jehu, with a direful glance at the bulky instrument, "but what about that there flute?"

A very absent-minded lawyer engaged a taxicab. On the way to court he overtook the judge, plodding along on foot through rain and wind and mud, and he halted and invited his honor to ride with him. The judge accepted the invitation, the taxicab duly reached the courthouse, and the absent-minded lawyer hopped out and ran upstairs to get ready the papers for a petition he was to present. But when the court opened and the petition was presented the judge, who had been so courteous in the cab a few minutes before, now repulsed the lawyer coldly and contemptuously. As the poor fellow stood stupefied, a crier whispered to him: "Do you know what you did? You ran in and left his honor to pay for the taxicab."

It was a young member of Sir Herbert Tree's London theatre company who does not exactly suffer from an excess of modesty. Lately he met a well-known theatrical manager, who knows something about the production of musical comedy, and they stopped for a chat. "Well, bow is the world using you?" inquired the manager. "Oh, we're goin' strong, deah boy, goin' strong," replied the exquisite, flicking his yellow-topped patent leather boots. "We are doing 'Henry VIII,' as you know. Haw, yes," he continued, "we are doing very nicely. After this, we shall revive 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and after—well, we haven't quite settled yet, but of course we shall do something special for the coronation, you know." "Well, good-by," said the manager, "glad to hear you are doing so well. Oh—er—by the way, is Tree still with you?"

Lord Goschen was once asked to dinner by the German chancellor, and described the occasion in his memoirs: "Bismarck made an

excellent dinner, but not so good as I expected. The fish course consisted of lampreys, and Bismarck said that he had once, to his shame, eaten eighty-one at a sitting. Lord Odo, remembering the fate of a British king, asked if he had no reason to regret the feat. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did regret it. I have often regretted what I have eaten, but never what I have drunk.' 'But have you not been the worse for it?' 'I did not say I had not been the worse for my potations; I said I had never regretted them.' He spoke in slow but good English, and said a number of quaint and good things. Here is a very characteristic specimen: 'I rather envy you English statesmen the excitement of the House of Commons. You have the pleasure of being able to call a man a damned infernal scoundrel. Now I can't do that in diplomacy.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Drawbacks.

There is no rose
Without its cruel thorn.
No pleasure glows
Without some grief to fill us,
In words of bliss
There still lurk tones of scorn—
In every kiss
Hides some condemned bacillus!
—London Opinion.

The Despairing Lover.

Distracted with care
For Phyllis, the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her love,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish
Nor bear so much anguish,
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes.
Where a leap from above
Would finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Bebolding how steep
The sides did appear
And the bottom how deep,
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set,
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
Whereas he could live
But as long as he could,
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavor
To finish it so,
But, bold, unconcerned
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
To his cottage again.

—William Walsh, in *Town and Country*.

To the Rescue.

They tell us the bankers are regular cankers
Who eat out the heart of the land;
That all the reformers are atmosphere warmers
Who lie in a manner most bland;
They say that the teachers are frauds, and the preachers
Are all of them out for the dust;
Which leads us to clamor—'mid din from the hammer—
Well, who in the world can we trust?

We're told that the Bible is merely a trihal
And doubtful old legend or myth;
That history's listed with things that are twisted,
That Shakespeare is lacking in pith;
That all of the papers are given to capers
Which seem unvarnished indeed;
That books are confusion—a snare and delusion—
Well, what in the world shall we read?

They say it's no mission to play politician,
That law is a profitless trade;
That music or writing or baseball or fighting
Are not to be lightly essayed;
To live at your leisure is "idle-rich pleasure,"
To dig in a ditch is taboo;
And therefore we very expectedly query:
"Well, what in the world can we do?"

Say, who's to be trusted? Try me, I am busted,—
I'll care for your money and such;
And as for your reading—well, I am conceding
My books have been praised very much;
And as for your labor, why, here you are, neighbor,—
To do as you please you are free,
Providing you're ready to keep at it steady—
And give half the profits to me!
—Berton Braley, in *Puck*.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Two large weddings, and the reception at the Bohemian Club at which ladies were entertained, on the occasion of the annual art exhibit, together with the final concert of the season of the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Tuesday evening, served to assemble society in town. Prior to their departure for the Orient, Mrs. Mary Huntington and her daughter were the motif for several luncheons and teas, at which were entertained their particular coterie of friends. The receptions over which Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler presided were large formal affairs and added their quota of gaiety to the week.

Mrs. Randall Hunt has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Natalie Hunt, and Mr. Herbert Baker, son of the late Mrs. L. L. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Salshury have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Gladys Salshury, to Mr. Gerard A. Wilson.

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Elizabeth McCormick and Mr. Emerson Warfield of this city. The wedding will take place in early summer.

The wedding of Miss Mahel Gregory and Dr. John Murieta took place Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel, where the parents of the bride have made their home this winter. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William K. Guthrie. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Homer Boushey, who acted as matron of honor, and Mr. Charles Seyler of Los Angeles was best man. The guests were limited to the most intimate of the bride's friends, and included Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank B. Freyer, Miss Anita Murieta, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Helen Sullivan, Mr. Norwood Howard, Mr. Charles Seyler, Mr. H. B. Gregory, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Marian Lally, Mr. William Hough, and Mr. Louis Durkee.

The wedding of Miss Georgia Hammon and Mr. Scott Hendrick took place Tuesday evening at Trinity Church, and was followed by a reception at the Hammon home on Washington Street. The maid of honor was Miss Carrie Hopkins of Seattle, and the bridesmaids were Miss Violet Cook, Miss Leslie Jones, Miss Marie Derby, and Miss Janet Hammon. Mr. Edgar Stow of Santa Barbara was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Dudley Sales, Mr. Alfred Swinnerton, Mr. Charles Black, and Mr. Wendell Hammon, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Zaida Zahriski and Mr. John Buck, Jr., took place on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents in New York. After a honeymoon trip in the East, Mr. Buck and his bride will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Nora Brewer and Mr. Edward Cudahy took place at St. Matthew's Church at San Mateo on Tuesday. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Amy Brewer, and Mr. J. P. Cudahy of Chicago acted as best man. The home of Mr. Cudahy and his bride will be in Chicago.

Miss Jane Hotaling was hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday evening, at which she entertained for Miss Amalia Simpson and her fiancé, Mr. William Hough.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday, and with her guests later attended a theatre matinee.

Miss Ethel Pippy entertained a group of friends at her San Mateo home on Monday. The affair was a bridge party given in honor of Mrs. Willis Clark (formerly Miss Stella Whitman) and Miss Forbes of Marysville. Among the guests were Miss Hazel Cook, Miss Alice Dorr, Miss A. Thomas, Miss Carrie Hopkins, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Mary Bates, Miss Mahel Zeile, Miss Elsie Zeile, Miss Myrtle Little, Miss Grace Martin, Mrs. Adrian Splivalo, and Mrs. Walter A. Scott.

Mrs. William Lee Hathaway entertained about one hundred guests at a tea at her apartment at the St. Regis on Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Bentley was hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which she was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. William Magee.

Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis was hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon at her home on Presidio Terrace, at which two hundred guests were entertained. Mrs. Davis was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. John Dempster Mc-

Kee, Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Mrs. Russell Bogue, Mrs. George Hill Stoddard, Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood, Mrs. George Herrick, Mrs. Edgar Torney, Mrs. George Volkman, Mrs. George H. Toy, Mrs. Horace Howard, Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Johanna Volkman, Miss Lillie Boole, and Miss Ariadne Merritt of New York.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer, Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick, Mrs. Forderer, and Miss Muriel Steele.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler entertained at a reception on Friday in honor of Mrs. John H. Boalt. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. James de Fremery, Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Julius R. Weber, Mrs. A. M. Grim, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Frances Martin, and Miss Margaret Belden.

Mrs. Edward Van Bergen was hostess at a tea on Friday, which she gave in honor of Mrs. Charles Foster, who leaves shortly for Europe.

Miss Amy Bowles was hostess at a dance at The Pines, the Bowles country home at Piedmont, on Friday night. Among those who attended from San Francisco were Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Esther Denny, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Lucy Haskins, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann entertained at an informal tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday, at which she entertained a dozen guests.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps was hostess at a dinner at her country home at San Carlos on Monday evening, which she gave in honor of the Rev. David Crahtree and Mrs. Crahtree, who are spending a few weeks at the Peninsula Hotel prior to their departure for their home in Bakersfield.

Mrs. George W. Beaver and the Misses Beaver entertained Saturday at a luncheon in honor of Professor Bernard Moses, who leaves soon for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen celebrated the third anniversary of their wedding with a reception at their home on Saturday evening.

Miss Lucy Harrison was hostess at a tea on Thursday, at which she entertained fifty members of the younger set.

Miss Dorothy Fries was hostess at a tea on Saturday at the Palace Hotel, at which she entertained a group of girls of the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Britton entertained at a dinner, followed by bridge, at the Hotel St. Francis on Friday night, at which their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. John Ely, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Dow, Mr. and Mrs. William Houts, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Breck, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. James Wiggins, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heron.

Mrs. Edward Zeile was hostess at a bridge tea on Thursday, at which she entertained Mrs. J. A. Raich, Mrs. William Hunt, Mrs. Thomas Morfiew, Mrs. E. H. Prentice, Mrs. Nicholas Ohlandt, Mrs. Frank Ames, Mrs. H. H. Hart, Mrs. Tiley L. Ford, Mrs. Clyde Payne, Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Mrs. A. H. Turner, Mrs. Samuel Braverman, Mrs. George Lewiston, Mrs. Joseph Masten, Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Mrs. John Baker, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Martin, and Mrs. A. Hammersmith.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Edwina Hammond will leave next month for Europe, where she will spend the rest of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon will go abroad next month to visit Mrs. Sharon's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Hesketh.

Mrs. J. B. Nevin and Miss Elizabeth Nevin will leave next week for Europe.

Mrs. Mary Huntington and her daughter, Marion, accompanied by Miss Alice Herrin, sailed on Thursday for Japan.

Mrs. L. R. Burgess, wife of Major Burgess, U. S. A., has come from Fort Morgan, Alabama, to spend the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wores returned from Honolulu on Thursday, after a visit of several months in the Islands.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer returned this week from New York, where she spent the winter. Miss Anita Maillard and Miss Gladys Bridgman spent last week at Del Monte, after a visit at Carmel.

Lieutenant George Ruhlén, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ruhlén will leave shortly for Fort Rosecrans, where Lieutenant Ruhlén has been assigned for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale have come to San Francisco and will not occupy their San Mateo home this summer.

Mrs. Percy Williams and her sisters, Miss Fanny Sprague and Miss Louise Sprague, will leave this month for Europe, to remain abroad two years.

Mr. Reginald Fernald returned from Honolulu on Thursday, and will leave in a few days for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Flora Dean Magee has been the guest for the past week of the Misses Joliffe, and is planning to spend the summer at her ranch in Nevada.

Mr. Frank Michael left Thursday for New York, en route to Europe. He will be the guest of Mr. William Herrin while he is abroad.

Mrs. John Barneson and her son Lionel have sailed for Australia, where they will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sefton, Jr. (formerly Miss Helen Thomas) are en route home from a tour of the world and will spend the summer at San Diego, where they will be joined by Miss Julia Thomas, who has spent the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce returned on Thursday from the Orient and will spend the summer at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hart have gone to Panama for the summer.

Mrs. Frederick Pickering, accompanied by Miss

Rhoda Pickering, sailed for Japan on Wednesday. They will spend several months in the Orient.

Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy and Miss Harriet Pomeroy have gone to Portland, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy).

Miss Lolita Burling of Santa Barbara is being entertained by Mrs. Douglas Fry during her stay in the city.

Mrs. Guy Burrage (formerly Miss Mary Graham) will spend the summer in California, and has taken a cottage at Sausalito for the season.

Princess Kawanakoa left on Saturday for New York, where she will attend the Gould-Graham wedding before leaving for London for the coronation.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Clarence Kempf are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. C. B. Brigham, on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton have returned from Japan and are again at their Burlingame home, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters returned from New York on Tuesday, and are the guests of Mrs. Robert J. Woods.

Mrs. James Wilkins left this week for Chicago, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Taliaferro Milton (formerly Miss Louise Wilkins).

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., and Miss Doyle will spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker, who are now with the Princess Poniatowski in Paris, will return to their Burlingame home this month.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, who has been traveling in Mexico, is now in New York and will go to Europe before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman and daughter Helen left Wednesday morning for New York, and will sail for Europe May 6. Mr. Holman will return in early summer. Mrs. Holman and daughter remaining several months longer.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, who have spent the winter at the Hillcrest, are planning another trip abroad, and will leave soon for Egypt, where they will remain for six months.

Lieutenant Frank B. Freyer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Freyer (formerly Miss Engracio Critcher) left on Monday for Georgia, where they will visit the family of Lieutenant Freyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have returned from their Eastern visit and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, prior to their departure for Burlingame, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn will sail for London this week, where they will spend the summer with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Rose.

Miss Louisiana Foster has returned from Savannah, Georgia, where she has been the guest for several months of Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols).

Miss Margaret Calhoun has returned from San Rafael, where she has been the guest for a week of the A. W. Fosters.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gunn and their sons will return this month from Europe.

Mrs. C. Elwood Brown and Mrs. Cornwall Moore will spend next month in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. William A. Carlton left Saturday for San Diego, where she will join Captain Carlton and remain indefinitely.

Lord Henry Blosse and Lady Blosse of Ireland, who are making a coast tour by motor, spent a week motoring and driving at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have gone to Burlingame, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge were at Del Monte for the weekend.

Major and Mrs. W. G. McIvor will leave on the next transport for the Philippines, where Major McIvor will be stationed for the next two years.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. R. M. Loeser spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Mrs. L. G. Morris left Thursday for New York and will sail at the end of the month for an extended visit to Europe.

Miss Alice Warner had as her week-end guest at Del Monte Miss Gladys Jones of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Klink have returned from Central America and Washington, where they spent the winter. Miss Janet Klink will not return until the end of June.

Honorable George A. Cox, Mrs. Cox, and Miss Sterling, of Toronto, were among the guests at Del Monte last week.

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The Russian Orchestra Concerts.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra, one of the foremost musical organizations in this country, and which plays with the dash and tone color of an amalgamation of virtuosi of the emotional Russian type exemplified by Mischa Elman and Josef Hofmann, will commence its week's engagement under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum at the Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, April 30, at 2:30. The half hundred artists composing the orchestra will have the assistance

toma," and Edgar Stillman Kelley's "Chinese Suite" will be the Friday night novelties.

Pepito Arriola, the marvelous boy pianist, will be the soloist at the Saturday matinee on May 5, and on Sunday afternoon, May 7, the orchestra will give its farewell concert with an extraordinary programme.

Seats for all the concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, both for season and single evenings. Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

Mme. Bernhardt's Engagement.

Three changes have been made in the order of Mme. Bernhardt's repertoire as announced last week for her next week's engagement at the Columbia Theatre. "La Sorciere" will be given on Thursday, instead of Friday; the second performance of "Madame X" on Friday instead of Saturday, and "La Tosca" on Saturday night, instead of Thursday. It is said that the object of the change is to avoid giving two Sardou plays, "La Sorciere" and "La Tosca" on successive evenings. That Mme. Bernhardt's repertoire is one of the most impressive and varied that has ever been presented in San Francisco is beyond argument. On different evenings she will be seen in parts demanding entirely different styles of acting. Indeed the week's work will be a review of her life's achievement, which includes the creation of no less than 130 new



Modest Altschuler, conductor Russian Symphony Orchestra.

of four eminent vocal artists in the rendition of the following opening programme under the baton of the distinguished conductor, Modest Altschuler: Tone poem "Finlandia," Sibelius; symphonic sketch "The Enchanted Lake," Liadow; vocal quartet, "Night," Tchaikowsky; Symphony No. 2, Rachmaninoff; two Caucasian sketches—"In the Aul," "March of the Sardar"; "Spirit Song," Mme. Joel-Hulse (contralto); Berceuse (violin and cello obligati), Jaernfelt; "Dance of the Fairy Dolls" (Mme. Rossini at the Celeste); "March Slav," Tchaikowsky.

The second concert will be given Monday night, May 1, with Schumann's Symphony No. 1, Ilyinski's ballet suite, "Nur und Anitra," in five descriptive movements, as the special features.

The programme, on Tuesday night, will include Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Victor Herbert's "Irish Rhapsodie," Tchaikowsky's "Theme and Variations" from Suite No. 3, and vocal numbers by Mmes. Hulse and Dimitrieff.

The music of Richard Strauss's music drama "Salomé," Glazounow's symphonic suite, "The Middle Ages," variations on a Tchaikowsky Theme" by Arensky, the patriotic overture "1812," by Tchaikowsky, and the ever beautiful quartet from "Rigoletto" will be the gems of the Wednesday night offering.

On account of the concert at the Greek Theatre in the afternoon there will be no concert on Thursday night.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, a number from the new Herbert-Redding opera "Na-



Sarah Bernhardt as "L'Aiglon," at the Columbia Theatre next week.

roles. She will open her engagement with "L'Aiglon" (The Eaglet), Rostand's poetic drama, in which she depicts the hopes and fears of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. On Tuesday night she will be seen again in the ever popular "Camille."

Another striking feature will be her presentation on Wednesday afternoon of "Madame X," so noted for its trial scene and its portrayal of a wrecked life. Of equal interest will be her performance on Wednesday night of "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," by Emile Moreau, produced for the first time in Paris, in November, 1909. We shall not see Joan dreaming of great things or urging the French to battle, but will be confronted with Joan the prisoner, hated and reviled by her English persecutors and condemned by them to a mock trial in which her courage and faith are wonderfully appealing. Her repertoire for the rest of the week is as follows: Thursday, "La Sorciere"; Friday, "Madame X"; Saturday matinee, "L'Aiglon"; Saturday night, "La Tosca"; Sunday, "Sister Beatrice."

Blanche Ring at the Savoy Theatre.

Olga Nethersole will make her last appearances at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday



Blanche Ring, singing comedienne, who will appear at the Savoy Theatre Sunday night in "The Yankee Girl."

afternoon and evening in "Sister Beatrice" and "The Enigma," and on Sunday evening Blanche Ring, one of the younger of the great musical-comedy stars, will make her first ap-

pearance in San Francisco, presenting the latest thing in fun and melody, "The Yankee Girl," by George V. Hobart and Silvio Hein. "The Yankee Girl" tells the story of American capital in a South American republic, where Americans are endeavoring to secure concessions to certain valuable nitrate deposits in the Island of Briliantine. The party, including the Yankee girl, played by Miss Ring, is stopped by bandits and have varied experiences with the president of the republic, who favors giving the concession to the Japanese. Miss Ring is given a number of good situations and a lot of snappy dialogue and also sings a goodly variety of pleasing songs that she has made famous. Associated with Miss Ring is a company of exceptional talent, including Harry Gilfoil, a comedian of national repute, William P. Carleton, a tenor with fine stage presence and acting ability, and William Halliday, Peter Curley, Juan Villarsana, Paul Porter, Henry Bergman, and Cyril Ring, Juliette Lange, Marguerite Wright, and a number of other accomplished and pretty women. Blanche Ring's engagement is limited to two weeks.

The Orpheum.

Sam Chip and Mary Marble, two famous musical-comedy stars, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Their contribution will consist of "In Old Edam," a one-act comedy by Anna Marble Pollock, which is aptly described as "a delft dialogue" with ditties. Associated with them in the cast is John W. Dunne. Clarice Vance, one of the bright lights of vaudeville, will bring her jolly personality and characteristic "coon songs." She was last here with the Orpheum Road Show over five years ago. Since then much of her time has been spent in London. As an exponent of the "coon song" Miss Vance has no rival. A terpichorean performance, in which is the exemplified perfection of ball-room waltzing and the sensational whirlwind dance, will be presented by the Marvelous Millers. They demonstrate the grace and poetic motion of the waltz, and then in an acrobatic whirl dis-



Mary Marble, former musical comedy star, at the Orpheum next week in "In Old Edam."

play strength and endurance with several original feats. Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman will introduce a divertissement called "A Baseball Flirtation," which consists of comedy, dialogue, and singing and dancing numbers. Next week will be the last of Arthur Deagon, Clay Smith, and the Melnotte Twins, Goleman's Canine and Feline Actors, and Bert Coote in "A Lamb on Wall Street."

The Mary Garden Concerts.

The concerts by Mary Garden, "the Bernhardt of the opera," will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, May 21 and 28, and Thursday night, May 25. The prima donna will be assisted by Arturo Tibaldi, violin virtuoso, and Howard Brockway, pianist and composer. The prices will be \$3, \$2, and \$1.

With this engagement Manager Will Greenbaum will close a most brilliant musical season.

Russian Orchestra at the Greek Theatre.

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California, of which Professor William Dallam Armes is the chairman, has arranged for two special programmes by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, the dates being Thursday afternoon, May 4, at 3:30, and Saturday night, May 6, at 8:15. The Thursday afternoon concert will be devoted entirely to Russian works, and will feature Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," Rachmaninoff's tone poem "The Cliff," the stirring overture "1812," and half a dozen other masterpieces. At the Saturday night concert Tchaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will be given in its entirety, the same composer's "March Slav," and three other Russian works, the balance of the programme being devoted to vocal and instrumental excerpts from the Wagner operas "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," and "Tannhäuser."

Seats for these two events will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in San Francisco and also Oakland, and at the usual places in Berkeley.

In case of inclement weather the concerts will be given in the Harmon Gymnasium.

Lady Hallé.

The famous violinist, Lady Hallé, died in Berlin April 15. Her maiden name was Wilma Maria Franziska Neruda, and she was born March 28, 1839, at Brünn, Austria, where her father was an organist. She began to play the violin as soon as she could walk, though she received no encouragement from her parents, who wished her to become a pianist. At the age of seven she made her first appearance in public at Jansa's concert, in Vienna, when she played one of Bach's violin sonatas. Sixty-two years ago, at the Princess's Theatre, Wilma Neruda commenced her career in England, when she played with much success the solo part in a concerto by De Bériot. It was not until twenty years later that the distinguished artist, who had become Mme. Norman-Neruda, revisited London and again played at a Philharmonic Society concert. In 1896, shortly after the death of her second husband, the eminent pianist and conductor, Sir Charles Hallé, a committee, of which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was president, organized a public subscription in honor of the much-esteemed violinist. With his majesty were associated the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, and many distinguished musicians and eminent statesmen. From the proceeds of the fund the title deeds of a palazzo, at Asolo, near Venice, were handed over to Lady Hallé by the royal president at Marlborough House. In 1901 Queen Alexandra conferred upon her the title of "Violinist to the Queen." The Stradivarius violin upon which Lady Hallé played was presented to her in 1876, as a joint gift, by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—then Duke of Edinburgh—Earl Dudley, and the Earl of Hardwicke.

This is the way in which the dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post slates a recent production: "William A. Brady's new theatre, The Playhouse, opened on Saturday, April 15, with two performances of a piece called 'Sauce for the Goose'—ascribed to Geraldine Bonner and Hutchinson Boyd—which probably will not be seen again in this neighborhood. However that may be, it certainly does not call for prolonged description now. The house itself is a pleasant addition to New York's places of entertainment, and is well suited for the representation of intimate comedy."

F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s, "Follies of 1910" are in their last nights at the Columbia.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Who gave ye th' black eye, Jim?" "No-body give it t' me. I had t' fight fer it."—*Life*.

"What do you think of our patient?" asked one alienist. "Wholly irresponsible," replied the other. "Mentally or in money matters?"—*Washington Star*.

Young Bachelor—I often wonder if I am making enough money to get married on. Old Benedict—Well, I don't know how much you're making; but you aint!—*Puck*.

"I regard conversation as a gift," remarked the studious woman. "It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."—*Washington Star*.

Him—I don't know how to tell you how I love you. Her—Don't worry about that—I'll take it as it comes. What you want to get nervous about is how to tell papa about it.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Yaas, my trip to Europe was completely spoiled at the very last, don't you know." "How was that?" "One of the labels came off my suit-case and got lost."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet'?" inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company. "Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Why, I've played in every hamlet of Great Britain!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"Could you give me a raise, sir? You know, I am married." "But I gave you a raise so that you could be married." "Yes, I know; but I find I need a raise more now than I did then."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "you may try your hand at writing a short story." A few minutes later Johnny handed up his slate on which was written: "Us boys all loves our teacher."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Was your trip to Albany a success?" asked the suffragette's husband on her return home. "No, it wasn't," she pouted. "I only got my name in the paper once, and I didn't get my picture in at all!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mr. Youngwed (complacently)—I suppose you know there were several young ladies disappointed when I married you. Mrs. Youngwed—Yes. My girl friends had prophesied a brilliant future for me.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I've been looking for my husband for the last two hours," said an agitated woman to a calm one. "Don't be excited, madam," replied the latter; "I've been looking for a husband for the last twenty-five years."—*Bazar*.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrox had joined the church." "I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mistress (discussing the maid)—Yes, she's leaving to get married. I asked her to get the man to postpone it till I could get another maid, but she said she didn't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that!—*London Opinion*.

"Did you tell the proprietor of the hotel that the roof over your room leaked?" asked one traveling man. "No!" replied the other. "I was careful not to let him know it. He'd have charged me extra for a shower bath."—*Washington Star*.

The Bounder—I say, old man, I wish you'd make a point of being in this evening. I—ah, want to see you about marryin' one of your gals. The Major—With pleasure. Which do you want—the cook or the housemaid—what?—*London Opinion*.

Griggs—Weren't you surprised that the customs inspector didn't find those things you smuggled in? Briggs—Oh, no; my wife stowed them away. She can pack things in a trunk where she can't even find them herself.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Don't yer wanten hire a feller to keep the tramps away, missus?" asked the boy. "How can you keep the tramps away?" demanded the missus. "Easy enough," replied the boy. "I kin eat up all the pie an' things wot's left over."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mrs. Frost—And was your daughter's experience as a hospital nurse a success? Mrs. Snow—Yes, indeed. She was at the hospital only two days when they dismissed her, but in those forty-eight hours she had met six perfectly lovely young doctors.—*Puck*.

"What in the world do you want with so many garden seeds?" inquired the patient member of Congress. "You surely don't plant all of them." "No," replied the constituent. "We put a little milk and sugar on them and use them for breakfast food."—*Washington Star*.

"Say, why didn't you stop that thief?" panted the fat policeman, as he came up to a man who was calmly viewing the race from a door-sill. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the spec-

tator, "was that a real thief? I thought you and he were employed by a moving-picture company."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

A motor-car was proceeding along a country lane. In it were seated two motorists wearing the most correct thing in the way of fur coats, goggles, etc. On swinging round a curve they came full upon a groom who was exercising a couple of horses. As the animals appeared to be very restive the car was brought to a standstill, but the horses' terror only grew worse. One of the motorists called to the groom: "Can't you get them past? We've stopped the car." To their surprise the man responded: "Oh, it aint the motor, sir. If you gentlemen will only get out and hide behind the hedge it'll be all right."

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Senate and Reciprocity.

The Canadian Reciprocity Bill has passed the House of Representatives by a substantial vote of 265 to 89. Mr. Cannon's plea that the President has no right to initiate a financial bill was received coldly, and so were the speeches of Mr. Richardson of Alabama and Mr. Fordney of Michigan. The House had clearly made up its mind to sustain the President and to place itself in line with the clear feeling of the country. That the majority of the assenting vote was made up of Democrats should not be taken by the Senate as a reason or an excuse for throwing out the bill. On the contrary the Senate should the more emphasize its willingness to support a Republican President and to show its deference to the popular will.

It would be well for the Senate to realize that the penalties of an error in this matter will fall not only upon itself, but upon the Republican party. The mistake of what may be called the Aldrich-Payne wing of the party has been already punished by the return of a Democratic House. Rightly or wrongly, the country believed that it had been deceived, and it showed its resentment in the only way available. The President has now made a manful effort to correct a blunder not

his own. The reciprocity bill is in tune with Republican pledges, both official and spoken. It is a downward revision of the tariff and is so accepted by the country. Its rejection by the Senate would be not only a tactical mistake of the gravest kind, but it would confirm the Democratic victory and presage other and greater victories in the future. It would do more than this. It would show that the present Senate is so wedded to its idols that it has lost whatever popular representative character it ever had.

There should be no reliance upon Democratic dissension, because there seems to be none. Two years ago there was plenty of dissension and plenty of time-serving. There were Democrats who were guilty of the unworthy avowal that so long as the plunder was to be divided they intended to get a full share for their districts. There were other Democrats who seemed to have no party convictions and to be generally demoralized as to the tariff and everything else. But all that has disappeared. The leader of the party is able to say, as he did say on the floor of the House, that he was followed by his followers actually as well as theoretically. Since then he has proved his words. The reciprocity bill has been passed mainly by Democratic votes, and the country is already disposed to think that it did well at the last elections. The President has done all that is in his power to stem the tide, and it now remains for the Senate with its Republican majority to show that the Democrats have not a monopoly of tariff virtue and that it is prepared to carry out a policy to which the party is pledged and therein to sustain a Republican President.

More Trouble in China.

There is no need to exaggerate the importance of the revolt in China nor, on the other hand, to minimize it. It contains no new features and there are no fresh causes for discontent. It is the latest of a long series of uprisings against the Manchu dynasty that of late years have been complicated by the pressure of poverty, political discontent, constitutional aspirations, and the general unrest of which China has had her full share. Education, of course, has played its part by spreading a knowledge of the outer world and also by creating leaders of intelligence who see visions and dream dreams of a rehabilitated China. All these turmoils might pass unnoticed but for their proximity to the European powder magazines, the presence in the country of great numbers of foreigners, and the vast investments of foreign capital.

The ostensible and outer cause of the trouble is the Manchu dynasty. The Manchu is always a foreigner in the eyes of the good Chinaman who professes to yearn for the restoration of the Mings. The Manchu dynasty began in 1644, and this is long enough ago for animosities to be forgotten except in China, where time does not count. In 1644 a Tartar clan—the Manchus, or Pure—living near Mukden united a number of other clans into a confederacy. The movement was a peaceful one, but the Chinese emperor of the day was so ill-advised as to antagonize it. The result was an invasion of China by the Manchus, the ousting of the Mings, and the filling of every important position with Manchu officials. And so it has been ever since. The Manchus, being themselves usurpers, naturally inculcate a strict conservatism, since any change is likely to be to their detriment. It was they who inaugurated the shaven heads as a sign of loyalty to the dynasty, and they are the enemies of constitutionalism and of reform. Every revolutionary movement is naturally directed against them as the surest means to conciliate national feeling. The Boxers were anti-Manchus, and it was only by the evil diplomacy of the late Empress Dowager that their rage was deflected against the white men. She sheltered herself behind a general license to kill the foreigners.

It is therefore easy to understand why anti-dynastic

trouble in China such as the present always means danger for the white man. The popular cry of "China for the Chinese" is actually an appeal to turn out the Manchus, who are foreigners, and who are hated by the orthodox because they are not Chinese. But the white man is included because he, too, is a foreigner, and of course much more vulnerable to attack than the Manchus. The Manchus, being the rulers, are held responsible for the invasion of the trader and the missionary, the apparently endless process of Chinese partition, the establishment of special law courts for the white men and their religious converts, and the whole series of humiliations and affronts to which the country has been subjected. These humiliations and affronts are real enough. They have been inflicted under the belief that there is no national feeling in China or that it can be easily overcome. No doubt the present trouble can be suppressed as soon as the white men are endangered, but it shows once more that the country is in an inflammable state and its size alone makes it formidable. There are plenty of able and astute men who know how to play on the national feeling and to cement the factions and the secret societies. They will probably fail this time as they have before, but we are not without warnings that the domestic question in China is one that must be settled soon or that may settle itself in some volcanic way.

The Dynamite Cases.

The proceedings against the men charged with dynamite outrages in various parts of the country have not begun auspiciously. Within a few hours of the capture of McNamara at Indianapolis warrants were issued against three of the men responsible for that arrest. These three were Walter Drew, counsel for the Erectors' Association; W. J. Ford, assistant district attorney for Los Angeles, and Frank Fox, a chauffeur. A warrant was also issued against William J. Burns upon the same charge, that of abducting McNamara from Indianapolis and with a breach of the extradition law. Requisition papers had been issued by the governor of California and they had been honored by the governor of Indiana, but it is said that the prisoner was not allowed to consult counsel nor to make a plea of resistance and that his rights under the law were denied to him. We shall know the facts about the matter when the abduction charge comes up for hearing in Indianapolis, but in the meantime it may be noted that the warrants against the four men were issued on the strength of sworn affidavits and that the statements in those affidavits agree with the current newspaper reports. It may be said, moreover, that the reputation of one of the four, that of William J. Burns, is not of the kind to inspire confidence. His record in San Francisco is within the painful recollection of every one. It showed him to be a man entirely without scruples in the use of agents who impudently defied the law in pursuit of his objects and who were perfectly capable of any high-handed and brutal illegality that might seem to favor his plans.

If the law was indeed broken in the case of McNamara, if he was denied the least of the rights accorded to the worst of criminals, then it may be said again that the prosecution opens under evil auguries. The law can not be sustained by law-breakers. Prosecutors, of all men, should come into court with clean hands. The pestilent practices followed in San Francisco during the graft prosecution showed clearly enough that even legitimate ends can not be attained by illegitimate means and that the best of causes must inevitably be fouled and debauched as soon as personal dictatorship is allowed to usurp the place of the law or to override the law. It is this sort of ready recourse to illegal means that brings the law of the land into contempt and that persuades lesser offenders that they may do whatever they please so long as they seem to be a desirable one. If Burns has been guilty

been a party to some illegality in the arrest of McNamara, then it is to be hoped that Burns will be soundly trounced as a warning to the whole pestilent brood of private detectives that they must obey the law or be punished by the law.

In the meantime the labor unions have been quick to sound the note of class conflict. There was no need to sound such a note. The accused men were arrested not as labor leaders, but as suspected dynamiters, and presumably we have not yet reached the point where a union card absolves its holder from the ordinary legal processes to which the rest of the world is subject. We may reach that point in time, but we have not reached it yet. We may presently be told that labor-union members are immune from all legal proceedings—indeed we have such an inference already—but as things stand now they are still within the pale of the law, strange as it may seem. And yet within a few hours of these arrests there is a sputter of rage and indignation from labor-union circles all over the country. Mr. Gompers sets the tune and the smaller fry swell the chorus. Simultaneous with the news of the arrest comes a pronouncement from Mr. Gompers that it is "the first act of a tragedy contemplating the assassination of organized labor." The arrest, we are told, is part of a campaign against unionism, and the suspected men are innocent victims of a plot to discredit labor. Does Mr. Gompers then know the identity of the guilty parties? It would seem so. Nothing less than such knowledge would justify such an outburst. He now says that he knows McNamara to be innocent. How does he know him to be innocent of a series of crimes covering years? How can he conceivably know who is innocent of all these outrages except on the theory that he knows who is guilty? Mr. Gompers would do well to take thought before his agile tongue gets him into trouble or injures the cause that he is trying to sustain. If he will put himself into the position of the ordinary observer he will see the impression that his blatant tirade is certain to create. Those who claim knowledge that they can not possess upon such an affair as this usually do so in order to hide the knowledge that they do possess, and Mr. Gompers has already added substantially to the presumption of the prisoners' guilt. It is very certain that some one is guilty, but no sooner does suspicion happen to fall upon men who are members of a labor union than the big drum is beaten and unionists everywhere are ordered to fall into line for the defense of the sacred cause. Mr. Gompers has a reputation for shrewdness, but he has belied it this time. He can not conceivably know that these men are innocent except on the aforesaid assumption that he knows who is guilty, but apparently the mere fact that they are accused is sufficient. Practically he says that no unionist must be charged with crime under penalty of a sort of civil war, and it is just as well that we should know his position. Whenever a unionist is suspected of crime it is to be construed as an attack upon labor. Mr. Gompers would have been better advised to wait for the evidence. If these men are the victims of a plot it should be easy to prove it. The labor unions have great wealth. They can command the best legal ability in the country. They have extensive machinery for defense. But it is easy to read between the lines of Mr. Gompers's trumpeted indignation. He is not angry because he believes that innocent men have been arrested, but because labor unionists have been arrested. In the same way we may suppose that when the labor unions of Los Angeles offered a reward for the arrest of the criminal who blew up the *Times* it was with the proviso that the criminal must not be a unionist. Otherwise why do they now protest against arrests for which they themselves offered a reward and before they have heard a word of the evidence?

It is just as well to realize that this is a very large matter. The *Times* explosion was serious enough in all conscience, but when it takes its place in the appalling list to which it belongs it becomes almost insignificant. Is it generally known that there are now seventy cases in which open-shop steel construction works have been destroyed by dynamite? Seventy! Shall we be asked to believe that it is merely coincidence that all these concerns were open shops and that the explosions were accidental? Or shall we be invited to accept the still more preposterous theory that they were the work of union sympathizers who were sympathetic enough to commit murder, but not sympathetic enough to join a union? To suppose either one or the other is an insult to common sense. When outrages are committed upon non-union shops or non-union

workmen we know perfectly well who committed them. There are only two parties in the field. Whenever there is aggression it is by one party against the other. If these outrages are committed by non-unionists why does not Mr. Gompers protest against such interference? Is there any record of such a protest, of a word of denunciation for dynamite and thuggery, of a syllable of sympathy for murdered men and widowed wives? Is there any feeling of pity for laborers who are blasted to death because they work as they wish in a free country? Not one word, now or at any time. But the moment a few men are arrested on suspicion of these abominations he calls heaven to witness that the rights of labor are in peril, and this before he hears a word of legal evidence. If the rights of labor include murder then they certainly are in peril.

Dynamite, of course, is not the only weapon and explosions are not the only crime. There is hardly a city in the country without its record of brutal crime, its tale of murder in connection with strikes. No one wishes to believe that labor unionism, as such, is a criminal organization or that unionists are necessarily more prone to crime than other men. But if the public is forced to such a conclusion it will be due to the policy of the union leaders who are tranquil and unconcerned in the presence of seventy dynamite outrages on open-shop steel concerns and of uncounted murders and mutilations, but who fill the country with their clamor as soon as a few labor men are arrested upon suspicion. Labor unionists do not seem yet to realize the extent to which they are cursed by their leaders or that the policy of these leaders is rapidly bringing the whole organization to a point where it will be recognized as a public enemy and a system of criminal tyranny that can no longer be allowed to exist under civilized government.

"The Child of the New Childhood."

Nothing is more expressive of our American attitude toward the child than the way some ordinarily sane authors drivel into bathos the minute they approach the sacred subject. James Lane Allen is the latest. The spell has come upon him, and sense of humor, sense of proportion, and ordinary, every-day horse sense alike desert him while he gushes and gurgles and splashes in the slipslop of infant psychology. We have had child studies which were distressing enough; child literature which was worse; but a "problem" novel elucidated in terms of children is the final point of terror. If you doubt it, read "The Doctor's Christmas Eve."

Nothing so sophisticated and self-conscious and self-assertive as the youngsters who fill its leading rôles has ever infested the pages of fiction. To hear them bandy repartee, analyze their emotions, air their views on love and matrimony, scoff at the faiths and fairy tales of less advanced generations, and alternately patronize and criticize their parents is enough to stand the hair on end. And though abundant experience plus "child literature" has hardened us to juvenile officiousness we can only gasp in horror when the doctor's little son—whose incredible omniscience has penetrated the family secret—tells his mother she has no right to correct his manners, no right to be there at all, that not she, but "the other woman" should be his mamma!

And this sort of thing is served up for us in deadly earnest and much rhetoric as the admirable product of perfect freedom—"the child of the new childhood!" Which is appalling, to say the least. In fact, if it's as serious as all that we can't get a reformer on the job a minute too soon. A gleam of satire might have saved the situation—just a twinkle in the James Lane Allen eye to reassure us of a value-sense alert and active amid all these startling phenomena. But no ray of humor illumines the premises, no glimmering suspicion that there is anything to satirize. With the bland complacency of our national attitude toward childhood he celebrates its latest developments. We have accepted the reality with patient philosophy, but now under pressure of these "developments" and the rather irritating rhapsodies of Mr. Allen we are forced to some mighty chastening reflections. And as he vaunts the superiority of this new childhood to the childhood of the dark ages, it behooves us to ask ourselves: Is it, after all, so mightily superior?

According to Mr. Allen's original theory, it is all a matter of architectural influences. But granting that feudal art had a depressing effect on hypersensitive mediæval babes—which seems hardly probable before the advent of infant psychology—and granting that

drawbridge and moat, dungeons and massive doors taught them all sorts of naughty lessons in destructiveness and danger and revenge: was the gloomy shelter of castle-walls a more baleful environment than the glare of publicity in which our privileged innocents live and strut and have their fêvered being? And could drawbridge or moat, dungeon or door, suggest much more in the way of ingenious violence than the delectable comic supplement?

Education, it is true, was fraught with floggings and drudgeries. But it accomplished certain results both in manners and morals which our elaborate coddling and elaborate simplifying can not do. Whether the little boy of the Middle Ages was trained in cloister or court, whether he endured the rigors of the monastic school or the gentler discipline of the page, he learned three things superlatively: deference, obedience, and self-control. He was early broken to hardship by the most menial tasks and he early acquired the habit of silent attention in the presence of his elders. For in those days the child-world was still under the spell of two ancient delusions, namely, that grown-ups were superior beings meant to be deferred to, and that education was a difficult disciplinary process, meant to be a task and not a game. Application of these two theories gave him some sturdy virtues of fortitude and patience, and, above all things, a wholesome sense of his own relative insignificance in the social scheme.

From the age of such beliefs to a generation abandoned to children's rights is a far cry. But it was the collapse of these old beliefs which marked the real beginning of the new childhood. In this advanced scheme of things the parent is deposed from command; effort is eliminated; grammar, spelling, and the alphabet are carefully expunged; and under the gentle shepherding of modern pedagogy the child browses along the path of least resistance, which is bordered to match his caprices and smoothed with what he likes. At home he is coaxed, but never coerced; propitiated, but never punished; at kindergarten he is coddled and amused, but never, oh never, allowed to get bored, and never, oh never, told that he "must"; and in school he dallies sportively with many fads and plays with Leviathan as with a bird. While over and around and interpenetrating these institutions is a social atmosphere complacent to every vagary and constantly tempting to more. Should an individual home venture on old-fashion rigor straightway the social atmosphere exerts its counteracting influence. Should the school attempt the least curtailment of children's rights the social atmosphere precipitates itself in a fearsome downpour of interfering parenthood.

All powers combine to mould lives devoid of sturdy effort, of respect for authority, of reverence for tradition. Even the sense of wonder, so long a prerogative of childhood, is being atrophied by disuse. For all things, great and grand and mysterious, are conscientiously brought down to his level. Nature is treated with easy familiarity in bird, bee, and butterfly impersonations; literature is reduced to his understanding, and conversation is turned over to him entire.

"Little children of the Dark Ages!" sighs Mr. Allen, "with their terrors and troubles and warped souls!" And little children of the new childhood with not one solitary, healthy awe of anything or anybody! Utterly free, "perfectly natural," super-sophisticated, are you, after all, so mightily superior?

Go to the Ant.

During recent years certain localities in California have been invaded by a species of ant hitherto unknown here—the Argentine ant (*Iridomyrmex humilis*). This new-comer is found in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and other educational centres. The Argentine ant evidently seeks wisdom, although it already seems to be pretty tolerable smart. It moves at once into the nests of the ant indigenous to these diggings; the previous occupants it puts in cold storage for winter consumption. It is so hardy and so prolific that it has excited great alarm in Berkeley, where the university faculty are studying its habits. A State University bulletin has been issued advising us how to cope with the new-comer. According to this bulletin, it is only necessary to place in wide-mouth jars sponges saturated with molasses: the Argentine ants enter, and greedily carry away the molasses. When they have acquired the molasses habit, arsenic is to be mixed with the sweet liquid; the ants will continue to enter the jars, carrying away the poisoned molasses to their nests, where the queen ants and the entire colony speedily fall a prey

to the poison and die horribly of arsenical convulsions.

At least that is what the university bulletin tells us. In real life the Argentine ants carry away those molasses which have no arsenic on the side. Them molasses which contain arsenic the intelligent ants leave behind.

Both of these pronominal adjectives are used here as qualifying "molasses," for in this State, which is made up of both Eastern and Western settlers, it has never been settled whether "those molasses" or "them molasses" is correct. In Berkeley the faculty favors, we believe, "those molasses," considering the fluid as a collective plural. (See Gould Brown's "Grammar of Grammars.")

But to return to the Argentine ants—what is one to think of this proposition? Sluggards are told to go to the ant and be wise. But may one go to the faculty about the ants to be put wise? We have went and we have failed. The ants have come, and have eat the molasses, unharmed. Can it be possible that the Argentine ants are smarter than our State University professors? Dear! Dear!

Trying Plays on Dogs, Royal and Rural.

For many years it has been the custom with American playwrights and managers, when about to produce a new play, to "try it on the dog" first. By this is meant producing it in an unostentatious way in some quiet spot like New Haven or Hartford, Syracuse or Atlantic City. The effect of the new production upon the natives is then carefully watched; if they are found to be yawning, new lines are written in. If the play be a farce or comedy, and the rural audience sits sternly unsmiling, the author is ordered to put in new "laughs" or new "screams." If the curtain falls on an Ibsen finish and the rural audience goes out gloomily, another act with a "happy ending" is hastily glued together and tacked on for the next night. After running the gauntlet of one or two or even some score of one-night stands, the play is given a "metropolitan production," and New York decides its fate.

Broadway does not always agree with Kankakee or Kokomo. Even the verdict of a great metropolis like Los Angeles is at times reversed by New York. Playwright Broadhurst put on a new piece entitled "The Dollar Mark" at Los Angeles, and it had a record-breaking run—nine weeks. The most refined circles of Los Angeles spoke highly of the piece, and the dramatic critics of that city said that it was "a sure Broadway winner." But Broadway turned it down—turned it down so hard that the teeth of Playwright Broadhurst rattled.

So it is at times with other productions. For over a year Actor Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby" succeeded in escaping unharmed from numerous one-night stands throughout the United States. Emboldened, he took this play to Chicago. Chicago ate it up, and said that it was good. Rashly, Actor Farnum rushed upon his fate—he took "Cameo Kirby" to New York. But "Cameo Kirby" blew up on Broadway, and at last accounts Actor Farnum was playing in vaudeville.

When plays are "tried upon the dog" the dog is never told that it is the dog. Once upon a time Dion Boucicault came to San Francisco and announced his new play thus: "*The Jilt: a Domestic Comedy Drama presented by Mr. Dion Boucicault in San Francisco for the first time on any stage.*" Much flattered San Francisco went, listened, and approved. Two or three weeks later, to our chagrin here, we learned from the New York papers that Mr. Dion Boucicault had just presented his new, etc., drama, "The Jilt," etc., to New York "for the first time on any stage." San Francisco would have been more chagrined were it not that the Australian mail arrived at about the same time, showing that Mr. Boucicault had, a month before, presented his new, etc., domestic, etc., comedy drama in Melbourne "for the first time on any stage."

The timidity of American playwrights and stage managers is thrown into bold relief by a recent occurrence in Italy. On the night of April 1, 1911, a new play was produced in Rome and in Turin entitled "Il Mantellaccio." The play was by the well-known and successful playwright Benelli, author of the equally well-known "Cena della Beffe." Those bright young men who in the San Francisco dailies decide the fate of plays, players, and playwrights can probably tell more about this successful playwright than can the *Argonaut*. But whatever else Mr. Benelli may or may not be, he certainly is not timid. He did not take his play off to Bologna—suggestive name!—to try it on

the Bologna dog. He did not, like Augustus Thomas, slink off to produce a new play in stealth and in Connecticut. Mr. Benelli had the courage of his convictions, and he produced his new play on the same night in two large cities of the kingdom. Such was his fame that lo! 'twas a gala night. The Argentina Theatre in Rome was crowded; King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena sat in the royal box; a brilliant audience was present. In Turin it was produced in the Regio Theatre, also before a packed house which paid 10,000 lire to get in. At Turin also royalty attended Mr. Benelli's première in the persons of the Princess Letizia and the Count of Turin. Columns are devoted to the affair in the Italian newspapers.

What was the result? How was the play received? Oddly enough, it was received in precisely the same way in both cities. The first act was a success, and the author was called out and enthusiastically applauded. The second act was coldly received. The third was a "frost." The fourth was received with hisses, hoots, and yells. In short, in both Rome and Turin the production was a colossal failure.

The "psychology of crowds" has always greatly interested playwrights and managers. If any man could tell what an audience would think of any particular play he could make big money by selling his knowledge to playwrights and managers, for they admit they can not tell. Hence in this country the timid way in which they try their new plays "on the dog." This curious experience in Italy would seem to show that not only did the aggregated individuals in the Roman audience think alike about the play and about each act in the play, but what is more extraordinary the Turin audience agreed with them exactly about the play and about each act in the play. The two verdicts were unanimous and identical: the play was damned—doubly damned—unanimously, bicamerally damned.

What did Mr. Benelli do? We are not mind-readers, but we are quite certain what he did. He raved and tore his hair, and said to his friends, "They packed the house against me. There was a cabal." But if some doubting Thomas pointed out the pregnant fact that the distant Turin audience agreed exactly with the Roman one, and asked "How could a Roman cabal affect Turin?" Mr. Benelli probably replied darkly, "There were two cabals."

We know this because all playwrights think the same way.

When one reflects on Mr. Benelli's boldness in "pulling off" his play before royalty in two great cities on the same night, and then compares it with Mr. Henry Savage's timidity in sneaking off to Syracuse with such a world-beater as "The Merry Widow" to try it on the Syracuse dog, we can not resist the belief that Mr. Benelli is a game sport all the same.

Editorial Notes.

There is no surer test of advancement in civilization than the sentiment of the people concerning its helpless members—the children and the aged. Perhaps in this regard San Francisco is entitled to good standing. Her charities are manifold, her harbors of refuge and succor are numerous. Among the many of these there is none more admirable in purpose or more praiseworthy in accomplishment than the Children's Hospital. For thirty-six years it has done unmeasured good, with constantly increasing strength and facilities, mainly through the untiring and unselfish efforts of a band of kind-hearted women. The institution now owes \$107,000 for recent additions and improvements, and a general appeal is made to the public for aid. Next Thursday, May 11, has been fixed upon as "Mother's Tribute Day," when contributions will be especially welcome. Mite boxes will be placed in scores of public places, and it is hoped that a generous public will manifest their interest in a substantial way. In the meantime, those who may be apprehensive of missing the opportunity to be afforded may assure themselves of participation in the happiness that comes to those who give with open hearts, by mailing a check to the general chairman, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Hotel Normandie. The cause should commend itself to all, and none will regret strengthening the hands of those who are caring for defenseless and suffering little ones.

James A. Patten, who during the past three or four years has squeezed three or four million dollars out of the Chicago grain market by bulling and bearing operations, to the confusion and demoralization of values and to the ruin of many, now proposes to devote

his accumulation and his energies to what he calls "moral service." If Mr. Patten were a man of more wisdom he would know that the highest "moral service" possible for any man to yield to his country and his age is that of honest and legitimate living and dealing. Money gained by a gambler through gambling games affecting the price of staple commodities, and incidentally the welfare of multitudes of people, is but a poor contribution to "moral service," especially when the ideas under which it is to be spent must come from a mind trained and habituated to abnormal and illegitimate doings. Mr. Patten would have done better "moral service" to his country and his age if he had kept out of the grain market and lived a modest and industrious life than by putting his ill-gotten millions into theoretical schemes planned—and proclaimed—for the public welfare.

Either the movement inaugurated by President Taft for a peace arrangement with Great Britain, or something else, has started gossip with respect to a similar arrangement between Great Britain and Germany. The Kaiser is coming to London very shortly to be present at the unveiling of a monument to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. The visit is announced as purely a personal and domestic incident, yet it is significant that the German minister of foreign affairs, Herr von Kidder von-Waechter, will accompany him and it is London gossip that an attempt will be made by the ministers of the two countries to arrive at an arrangement of mutual limitation of armaments. This of course would be an excellent arrangement all round and, in connection with Mr. Taft's proposal to the English minister, would go far to make an example of tremendous importance in relation to the peace of the world. It remains, however, to be noted that this suggestion does not fall in with the remarks of the German chancellor in a speech in the Reichstag recently. "Nations can not maintain peace," declared the chancellor, "except by armies and navies, for the weak will be the prey of the strong."

An Eastern contemporary, zealous in the collection of ammunition in defense of the judiciary recall movement, has been browsing through the pages of history in search of instances where the bench has been in sharp conflict with the popular will. Eager to aid in such a work of enlightenment, the *Argonaut* hastens to cite the first recorded case. It will be found in the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew, verses 24 and 25, herewith quoted in full for the benefit of those whose libraries are ill equipped:

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be upon us, and on our children.

Here we have the judge upon one side and "all the people" upon the other. It may be remembered that the popular will prevailed, but only through the surrender of the judge. In the absence of the recall we can only surmise what would have happened had Pilate insisted upon his judicial prerogatives and thus set at defiance the dawning spirit of democratic sovereignty.

An intimate social observer reports from Tokio to a London journal that under the Japanese theory naughtiness in children is a direct and inevitable product of a disordered stomach. Bad children, therefore, in well regulated households, instead of being reprimanded and punished, are put to bed and given massage treatment in the region immediately over the abdomen. The idea is not wholly new. There was a time in this country, prior to the day of the "new childhood," when massage was successfully practised in the regulation of obstreperous children. It was not, however, applied to the abdomen—at least not in any case which the editor personally recalls.

Engineers have surveyed a route across the wilds of central British Columbia, which has made it possible to construct the railroad without any of the mountain-climbing engineering which was necessary for the Canadian Pacific. This new railroad will cross this vast region with a maximum grade of about twenty-one feet to the mile. The engineers have so constructed the road thus far and have so planned for the further construction to Prince Rupert that a train running upon this road on the same average time now required by the International Limited between Montreal and Vancouver will be able to cross the continent from Montreal to Prince Rupert in precisely four days' time.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A curious legal action has resulted from the large discovery of ancient coins that has lately been made at Thorpeness in England. It will be remembered that a high tide washed away about a million tons of beach and that the coins were found in hundreds after the water had subsided. The coroner, it seems, is the proper official to determine the nature of such a find, and a good deal depends upon the verdict of his jury. If the resting place of the coins was above high-water mark they become "treasure trove" and must be handed over to the crown—that is to say, to the government; but if they came from a spot below high-water mark then they must be classed as wreckage, and the board of trade will decide as to their disposition. In this case the coroner's jury decided that the coins were wreckage, and so the representative of the crown went empty away. The actual finder of a treasure has no standing at all according to English law. There may be a dispute as to its disposition, as in the present case, but he will not be a party to it, which once more shows what an ass the law is. But as a matter of practice the finder of treasure trove is always rewarded, and it will pay him better to make a clean breast of his luck than to attempt to conceal it. The probable object of the law is to restore property to rightful heirs wherever it is possible to do so and to retain public control over treasure that has an historic or archaeological value. But the temptation to say nothing about such a find must be very great, even irresistible. There can be no moral claim greater than that of its finder to treasure that has been lost for a thousand years.

Another story of treasure comes from China. It is said that gold bars worth \$30,000,000 have been shipped from Peking to London and that these bars represent a part of the fortune of the late Empress Dowager. No one seems to know who shipped them or to whom they have been sent, but that the terrible old lady must have had vastly greater wealth than this is certain enough. During the occupation of Peking by the allied troops the treasure was concealed, and although some of it was found and looted, the bulk of it was undisturbed. Tse Hsi was supposed to be the richest woman in the world. She had a positive genius for graft that would fill a Pennsylvania politician with hopeless envy. The average yearly value of her birthday gifts—gifts is an expression of courtesy—was something like \$10,000,000, and she sat at the receipt of custom as unblushingly as a tax collector whenever special favors and appointments were to be bought and sold. On one occasion the Chinese government made a grant of \$15,000,000 for the expense of the navy, but the ingenious Tse Hsi got the whole of it. She built a new and gorgeous palace for herself, and to silence any possible critics she marked one of the gates with the words "Admiralty Office." It would have been a pity if some one had been flayed alive, or boiled in oil, or whatever they do to critics in China, for comments that might so easily be obviated.

It is militarism that produces the international spy and, what is far worse, the spy mania. Two Californians were recently arrested in Japan under suspicions of espionage. They had inadvertently included some forts in a photograph that they had taken from the deck of a steamer. Two English officers are now in confinement in Germany after their own confession. All over the world there is the same atmosphere of suspicion toward foreigners who show curiosity as to fortifications, and it is perfectly well known that every government in Europe maintains its secret spy service and is always in the market for information useful to its military service. Now we have the case of Bernard Maimon, who is under arrest in Paris and charged with organizing the theft of secret documents from the foreign office and of selling them to another power. A young French attaché named Rouet is involved in the same charge. He is accused of lending to Maimon the documents in his charge and allowing him to copy them, and he admits that he gave Maimon four papers, but that they were unimportant and intended only to help in some speculative ventures. The authorities, on the other hand, say that a regular trade has been carried on and that Maimon's activities have been widespread. It is said that he recently sold seventy volumes of Turkish official papers to England. He is described as being of uncertain nationality, speaking all languages equally badly, and a familiar figure among the shady retainers of various foreign offices. It would be interesting to know the rates of pay given to foreign office clerks who are thus entrusted with diplomatic and military secrets. That they are not one and all purchasable instead of one here and there speaks well for much-abused human nature. We may also wonder if these secrets are actually so important or whether it is only officialism that is so important—in its own estimation.

European royalty, Catholic royalty at least, has good reason to dread the approach of Maundy Thursday, for upon this occasion royalty must show its humility by washing the feet of the poor. The Prince Regent of Munich performed this unpleasant ceremony in the presence of the entire court, the higher clergy, and representatives of the army. Twelve old men were selected and the prince regent moved along the row, poured water over their feet from a golden ewer, and dried them with a linen towel. Then came a church dignitary who kissed all the feet. The King and Queen of Spain performed the same ceremony in Madrid on the same day, and the custom was followed at other European Catholic courts. It seems rather disgusting, but it is not quite so disgusting as it appears. We may be sure that these particular feet are in no need of washing by the time they reach the royal presence. Their owners have probably passed an uncomfortable week of pedicuring, parboiling, deodorizing, and indeed in preparation for the ceremony, and that the water and the golden bowl can add nothing to the immaculate

cleanliness already attained. But it must be distinctly unpleasant to kiss even the cleanest of clean feet, but then it is only the churchman that has to do this, and perhaps it is good for him.

Some interesting scraps of information about cancer have been coming to light within the last few weeks. Dr. Odier of Geneva, in Switzerland, states that in that and other towns there are cancerous houses—that is to say, houses that seem to give the disease to a succession of inmates. As cancer is not supposed to be contagious, Dr. Odier is unable to account for the phenomenon, but he says the cases are so well marked as to put coincidence out of the question. Another interesting discovery is the prevalence of cancer in the vegetable kingdom, and especially in beets. Dr. Bashford says that while no causative parasites can be found, these tumors, like animal cancers, can be grafted on to other beets. In the vegetable kingdom they apparently hold a position analogous to that occupied by cancer in the animal kingdom. A third report comes from France, and it is to the effect that cancer flourishes in certain clearly defined geographical districts, that it has most hold in the cold and damp countries of northern Europe, that it is common in central Europe and rare in the Mediterranean basin. In France it is usually found in connection with the digestive organs.

A report of the English home office on the supply of literature to prisoners displays some curious criminal tastes in books. At Portland prison, for example, there are fifty-seven French grammars in the library, and they are in constant demand. To learn a foreign language requires much mental abstraction, and perhaps this is why the French grammars are so well used. Mrs. Henry Wood was found to be the most popular author in fifty-eight prisons. Dickens comes next in forty-six prisons. Then comes Henty, but a long way after, and he is tied with Rider Haggard. Scott comes fourth, then Wilkie Collins, Marryat, and Dumas. Among authors found to be most popular in only one prison are Mark Twain, Anthony Hope, Jack London, Jane Austen, and Guy Boothby. A number of other curious points are contained in the report. One is the fact that a Roman Catholic priest, being puzzled at the number of his flock in a certain prison who were expressing a desire to become Protestants, made inquiries and found that it was because the Protestant library, which was separate from the Roman Catholic one, contained volumes of a certain favorite magazine, which the other did not.

Reformed Turkey seems to have many points in common with that country in its unregenerate state. A correspondent of a London newspaper, writing from Vienna on the Albanian rising, says: "From the humanitarian standpoint the most sinister feature of the present conflict has been the mobilization of irregulars, better known as Bashi-Bazouks, by the Turkish authorities. At Scutari and in a great part of the vilayet the authorities have not only armed the Mussulman peasantry and townsfolk, but have deliberately striven to excite their religious fanaticism. Though these tactics are in accordance with resolutions adopted at the congress of the Committee of Union and Progress, under the presidency of Halil Bey last autumn, they can not fail to arouse misgivings among the well-wishers of Turkey. During the Macedonian insurrection of 1903, when there was verily no lack of savagery on all sides, a certain restraint was observed, which was doubtless due in great part to the vigilance of the powers and to pressure of European public opinion. But since the Turkish revolution the powers have relaxed all vigilance and public opinion has dozed. While there is no question of the right of the Turkish authorities vigorously to suppress revolt in Albania, as in Arabia and other parts of the empire, none but the most shortsighted friends of the Young Turks could condone the needless employment of the methods invariably associated with the name of Bashi-Bazouk."

Reports from the French wine districts show that scenes of extraordinary violence have occurred. Rohbery, incendiarism, and wholesale destruction of every kind of property have been frequent. The frenzied peasants have looked on with childish delight while rivers of champagne, estimated at many millions of bottles, ran in the gutters. Houses and chateaux, cellars and machinery, have been wrecked and burned, and furniture, babies' cots, pianos, and everything the rioters could lay hands on have been thrown from windows and burned in the roads. The wreckers went about their work without hindrance, carrying away goods and wine as leisurely as if they were engaged in an ordinary removal, taking or destroying pictures, tapestries, clocks, and carpets, breaking open desks and safes, littering the streets with debris, or setting fire to them. The straw wrapped round the vines to protect them from the frost offered a ready means of burning up miles of precious vines on which the prosperity of the countryside absolutely depends.

Iceland may have woman suffrage, and compulsory suffrage at that. Herr Haffstein, formerly a cabinet member, proposes a plan whereby all offices will be open to women under the same conditions as to men, and desires to have the suffrage made compulsory, so that all women will take part in public affairs.

SINCEY G. P. CORVY.

As a political institution the Swiss government is the most economical in Europe. The official salary of the president of the Swiss confederation is \$3600. The federal councilors, or members of the cabinet, and the heads of the different departments receive \$3000 a year during office. The state councilors of the cantons of Bale and Zurich are the best paid of their class, receiving \$2000 and \$1800 a year, respectively. While Lucerne and Schaffhausen come next, with \$1000 per annum.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Appreciative Republican.

REST HAVEN, YONKUTVILLE, CAL., April 15, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: With pleasure I have just renewed my subscription to the *Argonaut*. No letter can convey any idea to you of my appreciation of the stand you have taken lately about many issues, but especially that in regard to Roosevelt. I believe I value highly your literary criticisms, and instructive book reviews, and the many interesting features of your journal. But the stand you have taken referred to above, in regard to dangerous characters and principles, is to me like an oasis in the desert, and must bring forth good fruit.

Nowadays there are so many hands of Republicans, it is not enough for one to say "I am a Republican," but must specify. I am a Taft Republican, and I am more than pleased, yes, gratified, to peruse a publication that yet seems to have enough common sense left to appreciate a good President when we have him and he found among that number that is clear-visioned enough to know "a fit man," as Carlyle would put it, when we have him. Dr. Aked is not the only man who looks upon President Taft as a great statesman and inspired leader.

Already we are looking toward our next presidential nominations. When you are clearing away the Roosevelt and Pinchot and such ilk cobwebs, I believe you are engaged in a national work. Such a criticism as "Mr. Roosevelt," contained in your issue of the 1st instant, should be printed in pamphlet form, so that every American could read. With thanks and good wishes, Respectfully, JOHN WILSON.

The First Business Manager of the Argonaut Likes Its "Vim."

APTOS, CAL., April 5, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I like the vim in the *Argonaut* about Johnson and Roosevelt. It sounds like Pixley. It's not a government of the people, it's the government of a "boss," and a bigger one than the State has ever had in all the years I have lived in California—since 1853. Get in your work and bust it up is the wish of yours truly. A. P. STANTON.

A Corrected Poem.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, April 24, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I desire to express my thanks for your courtesy in publishing "High Tide at Gettysburg" at my request and would be pleased if you will send me five copies, for which find postage stamps enclosed.

I would respectfully ask if the second line in the third verse is the same as was printed in the original. I believe the line did read: "A cry across the tumult runs." Please understand this is in no sense of cavil; it is merely a question of whether my memory serves me correctly or not.

Again thanking you for your courtesy, I have the honor to remain, Very sincerely yours, O. PAGET.

[The version printed in the *Argonaut* of April 22 is that given in "Poems of American History," compiled and edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson. Whether our correspondent restores the correct line or offers a better one can not be decided without evidence not at hand. The rhythm is faulty in the line pointed out by him.]

Fifteen years ago, when the first of the large department stores was opened, there was much speculation as to the effect they would have, the general belief being that the small tradesman would be wiped out of existence. It was argued that the assembling of every commodity and luxury under one roof would be found such a convenience to the shopper that the small-store merchant handling but one line of goods would find it hard to earn enough to pay the rent. For a time this result looked very probable, for the magnitude and novelty of the multiple store proved a great attraction. Other big stores followed, and they sustained the trend away from the small merchant who continued along old-fashioned methods of doing business, but, with all that, few closed their doors, and, profiting by the new methods and advertising, which they, too, adopted, besides sprucing up their place of business, the loss of some of the old patronage was soon compensated for in considerable new trade. Some traders with more pluck than others set up places of business next the big stores and profited from the crowds their advertising brings. One factor that is making the small store popular is the growth of the new system of conducting an enterprise on the department store plan, not in one building, but scattered in stores throughout the city. Drugs, shoes, candy, notions, and other businesses are now conducted in chains of stores under one management, and the success they have experienced has induced others to form similar combinations. Instead of diminishing, the small store is actually growing, in spite of the age of concentration and undertakings on a large scale.

Don Caspar de Guzman, Condé-Duque d'Olivarez, born in Rome in 1587, became the first minister of Philip IV in 1621, was dismissed in 1643 after a career of mismanagement, and died in exile two years later. A patron of painters, it was through him that Velasquez at twenty-four became court painter to the young king at eighteen (writes W. Stanton Howard, in *Harper's Magazine*). In return Velasquez painted a number of portraits for his protector. The notable example, which has recently been presented to the Hispanic Museum of New York, was painted when Velasquez was about twenty-five years old, shortly after he came to court. The canvas, measuring fifty-one by eighty-five inches, came from Captain Robert S. Holford, of London, in whose possession it had long been held after having passed through the Baillie Sale in 1858, when it sold for £598 10s., and the Scarisbrick sale in 1861, when it sold for £262 10s., very moderate sums compared to the surprising figure said to have been paid for it recently. At the time it was painted Velasquez was receiving eleven dollars a month for his services as court painter.

Harry Orchard, in the Idaho penitentiary, was visited the other day by the widow of Governor Steunenberg.

THE HOE LIBRARY'S "BEST SELLERS."

New York Book Collectors Pay Record Prices for Unique Volumes.

Not in years has the book world had such an excitement as that caused by the sale of the Hoe Library. Mr. Hoe's collection was famous all over the world, and collectors regarded it with envious eyes. You know that there is as bitter rivalry among book collectors as among politicians. Mr. Hoe began long ago to collect, and he made a specialty of missals and of early printed books. Beginning early, he was able to pick up bargains. He could pick up a book in those days for a few thousand dollars that today brings many thousands. For example, the Gutenberg Bible. Mr. Hoe's very perfect copy was knocked down the other night for \$50,000 to the agent of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, a nephew of the late Collis P. Huntington. Mr. Hoe did not pay half of that for the book fourteen years ago. In fact, so much money was never paid for one book before. According to experts, the highest price ever fetched for a single book up to this time was \$24,750 for the Menz Psalter in 1884 at the sale of Sir John Thorold's library.

Book-buyers from all over the world are in New York to attend this sale, and they may pick up some good things, but I think that the most valuable books will remain in this country. Mr. Quaritch, of London, was the first to arrive. This is not the original and only Bernard, but his son, who inherited his father's business as well as his invaluable name. When I was a youngster first learning about rare books, I thought that Quaritch was a sort of descriptive noun, like a Biddle in Philadelphia. Old Quaritch used to come to this country from time to time, a quarter of a century ago, but I imagine that it was more to sell than to buy books. He was a great crony of the late George W. Bouton, then our leading dealer in rare books, and I met him more than once at Bouton's when that fascinating place was up a flight of rickety stairs on Broadway, below Astor Place.

There are two ladies who have attracted more than usual attention at this sale—Mme. Belin, of Paris, who has come over to pick up fine bindings, and Miss Belle Green, who is the librarian of Mr. J. P. Morgan's library and who also buys books for the library. Miss Green has done some spirited bidding. She went as high as \$8500 for Blake's Milton, but Mr. Smith, bidding for Mr. Henry Huntington, got it for \$9000. Still there were other books that Miss Green went for and got.

Collectors of American first editions were astonished that Bryant's "Embargo" should have brought as much as \$3000. There are only five copies of this youthful effort known to exist, but they have brought only as much as \$50 until this sale. For this copy Mr. Hoe paid only \$24. Not even the stock market is as uncertain as the rare book market, nor is the Stock Exchange on a lively day more exciting than the sale of the Hoe library. No wonder that Major Turner had a flashlight taken of the auction room on the opening night.

Mr. Hoe was a genuine book-lover. Not old Burton himself fondled his books more affectionately. He knew every volume in his library and could pick out the one that he wanted in the dark if it were necessary. It was curious that a man who made his wealth out of printing machines should have devoted his life to collecting books that were made by hand. Perhaps it was the contrast that interested him.

It will be a long time before we shall see another such sale of books. Mr. Morgan's is the most famous, now that the Hoe collection is dispersed, and that I do not believe will ever come under the hammer. It will probably always be housed in the beautiful building of pink marble on Thirty-Sixth Street as a memorial to its owner. Mr. Hoe wanted his library to be sold and said so in his will.

I have never known the death of a man who was in no sense a public man to be so widely mourned as that of Jacob, familiarly known as "Jack," Wendell. The newspapers gave columns to it and the writers of the obituaries showed genuine feeling in their words. "Jack" Wendell was of the same Wendell family as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. For years he has been known as the best amateur actor in New York, and when the New Theatre was opened he was among the first to be enrolled as one of its members. He did not go on the stage for money, but because he loved to act, and he acted well. There were few professionals in the New Theatre company who were his peers. No matter how small a part he took he made a distinct impression. He was always careful and conscientious. He died suddenly of pneumonia just as he was about to become the leading man in a new comedy that had been tried on the road before opening in New York. He caught cold in Trenton and within a week he was dead at the age of forty-two.

I did not go to his funeral, but I passed the church just as his friends were going in, and I never saw men look more completely grief-stricken. The members of the New Theatre company came in a hody, headed by Winthrop Ames, who was a pall-bearer. The Lambs and the Players' Clubs were represented, as was the Harvard Club.

"Jack" Wendell was in every sense a "good fellow." He was a genial companion, sympathetic and kind. As a story-teller there were few half so good in town. He

not only made friends, but he kept them, and when they filled the church at his funeral they were not ashamed of the tears that overflowed their eyes and rolled down their cheeks. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1911.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Captives of Charon.

Why are the mountains darkened,
And wet, as if with tears?
Is it the sword of the north wind,
Or the rain's long flight of spears?

Neither the winds that smite them,
Nor the rains incessant shed;
It is the constant presence
Of Charon and the dead!

Before him he drives the young men,
Behind him drags the old,
And seated on his saddle
The children he doth hold.

The old men supplicate him,
Their hands the young men wring;
"O halt beside some village,
Beside some flowing spring.

"That the old may quench their thirst there,
The young the discus throw,
And the children pluck the flowers
That on the margin grow."

But Charon, smiling sternly,
Pursued his gloomy way;
"I halt beside no village,
And hy no spring I stay.

"For mothers coming for water
Would know the haies they hore,
And their late-lost wives the husbands—
And none could part them more!"

So over the mountains Charon,
With swift and silent tread,
Upon his black horse mounted,
Compels the captive Dead!

—R. H. Stoddard.

Voyage of the "Hopeless."

The moon delayed and the sun was down,
And never a light was in the town;
The ship stood straightwise like a hie;
The water wept against the pier,
Where not a footfall met the ear.

The hull was black, and the figure-head
Carved in ebon—a mariner dead,
A mariner drowned; and over him
A rent mast pierced the horizon's rim.
Like a cup of death, the sea to the hrim

Lay full; lay black to the livid line
Where the westward color, cold and fine,
Stooped, like a dying face, to drink
Of the flood wherein let no man think
But sun and soul alike must sink.

The sails were black as black might be,
Which here that freight upon that sea.
Weigh they for woe, or weigh for wreck?
Who gave the order? Whence the heck
Which summons a heart upon that deck?

Weighed he for woe, or weighed for wreck!
Leaped he alone upon her deck.
Blood-red the letters on stern and prow.
The *Hopeless* gives her anchor now,
Seaward and westward feel her plow!

Far falls the shore; its joys and its cares.
Bold need he be that voyage who dares.
Bears she her course to gulf or field?
Ask. But her chart is unrevealed,
The *Hopeless* sails on Orders Sealed.

She held straight upon the sea.
A caged storm crouched sullenly.
"Better it sprung and struck," he said.
He hent his knee, and bared his head:
"Who fears death is already dead.

"Since mine is the voyage and mine the freight,
Be mine the power of my fate.
Come wreck or haven—let it be.
Who sent me forth upon this sea,
He has no mutiny from me."

The storm broke, hounding down the wave.
Oh! a craft like that could Heaven save?
The *Happy* tossed with her silken sail,
Flitted by, dancing on the gale.
Two, glancing over, marked how pale

And bright was the smile upon the face
That flashed, a star, from its lone place,
The *Hopeless* reeled upon her way.
She had her errand on that day—
Deathward, or lifeward, who should say?

She passed—her dark course unrevealed.
She passed—her awful orders sealed.
Some said she rode the tempest hy,
Some said they heard a dying cry.
But one looked out upon the sky:

"The signs are strange, and the signs are fair.
Great is the sea, and God is there.
Who hears the head, and hends the knee,
Is stronger than his fate shall be,
Who hopes not, yet steers on," said she.
"He bravest is that sails the sea."

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Mention is made in the 115th annual report of the London Missionary Society of the eager exploration of the South Pacific by western civilization. There is not, it is stated, an isolated islet on which the coconut palm can grow which is not marked on the chart and visited periodically by representatives of some trader, nor a rock on which sea birds are accustomed to congregate and nest whose stores of guano have not been tested, and in many cases cleared, nor a bank within diving distance on which the pearl shell oyster has its home which has not been discovered and stripped of its treasures.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Johan Olafson Turi, poet, artist, and hunter, said to be the first Laplander to write a book, spends the long, dreary winter trailing wild game in the snowy wilderness of his native land. He lives and travels alone, and when on his midwinter trips can be found only by accident. His book was written with the intent to dispel the ignorance about the Lapps, which, in his opinion, is the cause of many wrongs they suffer.

Lady Norah Noel, daughter of Lord Gainsborough, and numbering among her friends Queen Mary of England, is a soloist with the famous Sheffield choir now appearing in the East. In joining the Sheffield staff of vocalists she is endeavoring to pursue her investigations of the methods and systems adopted by charitable bodies in the United States, for the purpose of making use of them at home. She is one of the leading charity workers of the Yorkshire district.

Dr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, who has just been elected chancellor of New York University, was at one time an instructor in the University of California. He was born in Chautauqua County, New York, in 1861. After a course at Halle University, Germany, he began his life work as a teacher in the public schools of Illinois. He has published several books on educational subjects, and since 1906 has held his position with the government.

John A. Hang, in business in New York, said to be the only Chinese veteran of the Civil War, has written to President Taft in an endeavor to regain his citizenship. He voted in New York until his papers were canceled by the United States district attorney in 1903 on the ground that they had been illegally obtained. Hang enlisted in the navy at Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1862, serving under Farragut at Mobile Bay, and later on board the *Albatross*, *Penguin*, and *North Carolina*. He is nearly eighty years of age.

Peter Newell, the famous American caricaturist and illustrator, was a cigarmaker before he discovered his talent with the pencil, and his first work with the crayon was that of enlarging photographs at Jacksonville, Illinois. At the age of seventeen he left school and went to work for a cigarmaker. When twenty-one he went to New York and studied for a while at the Art Students' League. He has been abroad, but not to study, being practically self-taught. For fourteen years he has resided at Leonia, New Jersey, but most of his work is done in New York.

Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green, son of Hetty Green, inherits all of his mother's business ability, and, at the age of forty-two, he has made \$5,000,000 for himself, besides managing most of his mother's immense interests. He controls the Texas and Midland Railroad, which employs 2500 persons—and pays dividends. It was taken on foreclosure of mortgage and considered of little value. Green built it up and from it laid the foundation of his fortune. He is also largely interested in other Texas ventures, and in one year made \$100,000 by raising and marketing American Beauty roses. He is unmarried.

General William Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, who recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday at his home at Hadley Wood, England, has seen sixty-five years of public life. Despite his age, he is planning a trip to Canada and this country during the present year. Though well preserved physically and mentally as brilliant as ever, his eyesight is badly affected. He was born at Nottingham in 1829, was instructed by a private theological tutor of the New Methodist Connection Church, converted at the age of fifteen, and entered the ministry in 1852. His mission work in London began in 1865, developing into the Salvation Army in 1878.

Gari Melchers, who has received more European honors than any other American painter, is a native of Detroit. Whistler and Sargent were the only two other Americans to share with him the Blue Ribbon of Art in Paris. His pictures hang in the state galleries of Paris, Berlin, Rome, Munich, and Dresden, and in many American galleries and private collections. Painting came naturally to him. He studied for three years at Dusseldorf and then went to Paris to complete his training. One of his best-known pictures, "The Communion," was painted in 1888. He has studios in Holland, Paris, Weimar, and New York. He paints because he loves to, and always has many partially completed canvases about him.

Mrs. Williamina Paton Fleming, world-famous for her discovery of new stars, is the only woman who has ever been recognized sufficiently by Harvard University to permit her name to appear in the official list of its corps. She is a native of Dundee, Scotland, and since 1879 has been associated with Harvard, beginning her work in the assembling of an astronomical library under Professor Pickering. At the time she knew nothing of stars. Now she has the international record for star-finding. She reads the secrets of the heavens by means of photographic plates. If there is a spectra which has not appeared before, she is keen to detect it. Thus she has found ten new stars, more than half the number that has been found by all the other scientists together in the last twenty-five years. Mrs. Fleming has been given the gold medal of the Astronomical Society of Mexico. She is also a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of England.

BULL BRADSHAW'S BROKEN PROMISE.

A Tragedy of the Mines.

A woman's scream broke the quiet of the cabin, and a man with difficulty clambered down from his swaying bed of wood and wire. He caught up a shovel handle, fortunately at hand, and in frantic haste hurried over to a dimly lighted corner where he jabbed repeatedly into a pile of potatoes on the dirt floor. With each viciously delivered blow he cursed the object of his attack. A grunt of satisfaction escaped his lips as he made a final lunge, then, gingerly, he raked out the mangled remains of a snake, which he tossed out through the open doorway.

"That's the seventh already this season!" he gasped, mopping his brow. His emaciated frame was all a-tremble, and faintness resulting from excitement and exertion almost overcame him before he regained his curious hang-bird nest. The girl—or woman, if you choose—refrained from offering assistance; standing aside, her sturdy arms akimbo, she gazed admiringly on her protector, and her full, red lips parted in a smile of approval.

"You sure made quick work of him, Sam—if yeh did spoil the rattles," she said.

The man's brows knitted and he gesticulated impatiently with his talon-like hands.

"Now you know, Sam, you oughtn't let yourself get worked up so," she cautioned, her smile giving way to an expression of seriousness. "It always brings on a spell," she added, and resumed her interrupted task of sorting out tubers for the evening meal.

She spoke truly, for even then the man was brought to battle with the unmistakable cough that characterized his dread ailment. Yet it did not curb his spirit, for he rose suddenly to sitting posture and said: "Yes, Annie, I sure did git him—and there's other snakes a-hangin' round this here cabin that I'm a-goin' to git!"

The situation admitted of neither explanation nor discussion of his words, for as he spoke a crunching of iron-shod boots on the gravel trail outside was heard, a shadow darkened the doorway, and a man, short of stature, yet whose bulk almost filled the entrance, strode into the cabin bearing a brace of the great blue grouse of the California Sierra.

Neither the invalid nor the girl greeted the newcomer. And he, without a word, tossed the birds on the table, hung his gun in a rack on the wall, and proceeded to remove his heavy boots. That done, he reached for his slippers—rubber boots past their original use—and he gave a hearty sigh of relief as he shoved his feet into them. This man, because of his ways and disposition, as much as for his physique, had for years carried the sobriquet of "Bull." It was no misnomer, and there seemed to be something unquestionably out of gear when he turned to the girl and said: "You kin fix one up nice for Sam's supper tonight, Annie; it'll be good for him."

"I want none of your game killed again!" the law, Bull Bradshaw!" the sick man angrily threw out, and moved by sudden rage, he stirred from side to side in bed.

Bradshaw laughed. To the people of the mountains game restrictions were a joke. Enforcement was left to the forest rangers, themselves mountain-bred, and they, in spite of official position, secretly held it man's right to get his meat when he needed it and could. Bradshaw knew that Sam's words were prompted only by hatred of himself. As the thought recurred to him he laughed again—the scornful laugh of the man who feels secure in the face of opposition.

By now having his temper under control, the invalid ignored Bull's unseemly mirth. The girl told her sentiments in a look of indulgent protest.

In the half-light of closing day the three sat down to supper. Huddled up to the roughly constructed table—the legs of which were imbedded in the dirt floor—they attacked the coarse food without comment of any sort, though from time to time the girl's narrow, cat-like eyes darted surreptitious glances at Bradshaw. He answered with complacent grins. He was first to rise from the table, and as he did so the other man raised a staying hand.

"Don't go out just yet, Bull," he said. "I've got something to say to you."

Bradshaw hesitated with evident impatience.

"I surmise," continued the invalid, "that you been gophering on your own hook whilst I been abed. Mebbe had a little clean-up unbeknownst to me, eh?"

"Well, what about it if I did?" Bradshaw answered. "I helped pay for the grub."

"Just this, Bull: the Hungry Mouth gravel mine belongs to me, Sam Dunn, understand? You been workin' for me, that's all. You seem to have an idee that you are a pardner here. You aint, and never was. You're a sneak, Bull, and all my dealin's with you is done. You kin git back to Brandy City just as soon as you want, for me and you is through."

"I come up here to mine," Bradshaw retorted. "If you don't want to go ahead, all right—but I'm a-goin' to stick till yeh change your mind."

"We'll see about that later," Dunn returned as he sought his bed, and at the time the controversy was closed no further.

The days wore on. Bradshaw spent most of his hanging, or panning in neighboring creek bottoms. But, when not confined to his bed, struggled up the trail leading to his claim and occupied him-

self with desultory work, or, if otherwise, known only to himself. Though there came periods when his energy and strength returned they were only fleeting, and he realized that he was steadily growing weaker.

In the controversy between the two men the girl took no side. She ministered as best she knew to her brother's wants, and such attentions as Bradshaw elected to bestow she did not discourage.

Annie Dunn never exhibited tendencies to grow beyond or above the limitations set down by her environment. She was born in a mining camp, and when but a child her father's death had been followed soon after by her mother's departure for regions unknown. What she knew of tenderness and goodness was associated with her brother Sam. Into her life women had come not often, and of them she knew but little, and that was not good. But in her knowledge of men she was wise beyond her years. Though just past seventeen, she was a woman, full-grown, heavy-bosomed, and possessed of a certain bnxom beauty that appealed with directness to the men, young and old, of her mountain world. Their too frank attentions were the homage this girl had known, and yet she now awaited Bull Bradshaw's declaration with eagerness not unmingled with hope; for, somehow, to her he seemed different from the rest.

The sun burst forth on another idle day in Hungry Mouth Gulch. The pleasant odor of the pines was wafted about by a gentle breeze. A mountain wren was pouring out his beautiful, yet plaintive, notes to his nearby mate nesting in a chink beneath the cabin eaves. Annie, with a tin pail in one hand and her hat in the other, stepped outside the door and for a moment listened to the feathered songster. Then she started up the trail, swinging the pail as she tripped along, alert, throbbing, in full accord with the life about her; for though it was late in July the high Sierra was bubbling with the first rush of the retarded spring. She smiled to herself as she walked, and at times hummed fragments of song. A chipmunk, chattering excitedly, scurried across her path, closely followed by another of its kind, and jays, their gaudy plumage glistening in the sunlight, sailed back and forth from tree to tree, and filled the cañon with their discordant cries.

Ten minutes' walk from the cabin she met Bradshaw seated on a large quartz boulder just off the trail. For no reason that she knew, Annie blushed to the roots of her Titian-red hair. As is not unusual with women of the type, her skin was ordinarily lily-white, being of that peculiar nature which laughs at the sun's attacks, and even in a life of outdoors remains unchanged. She felt herself grow warm under Bull's grinning gaze, and, in endeavor to hide her embarrassment, she held the pail aloft, tapping it significantly as she said: "Where did you say them plums was, Bull?"

"Right below here, Annie—the branches is just breakin' down with 'em," he answered, rising. She looked and saw, and laughing she handed him her pail, and together they stepped down into the clump of wild plum trees.

A short interval later a pitiful figure appeared on the trail above them. It was Dunn returning from a visit to his mine. Stooped far over, he crept along, supporting himself with two long canes, like Fourlegs of ancient rhyme. Bradshaw was first to see him. He stopped picking and pointed. "Poor Sam!" he sighed. "He aint got much to be thankful for."

The girl paused with her apron half-filled with fruit, and as her eyes went up to her brother he stopped, turned, and looked back up to the mine. When he turned about again and proceeded on down the trail both the watchers saw that he was laughing and chuckling to himself.

Bradshaw faced the girl with dumfounded look. Then he winked knowingly, and tapped with his fingertips at his bullet head.

"Mebbe so," Annie answered. "He's been acting awful queer lately. Poor Sam," she repeated. "He sure aint got nothing to laugh for—not even as much as he thinks."

"What do you mean?" Bull asked, setting down the pail.

The girl lifted a warning hand. "Wait till he gets a ways down the trail, and I'll tell you," she answered with an air of mystery, and resumed gathering fruit.

"Well," said Bradshaw, impatient, and in spite of a momentary resolution to let the girl reopen the subject.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "you mean about Sam. Well—poor Sam's mine aint no good; it's worked out."

"I don't know 'bout that," Bull returned with apparent relief. "I'll bet there's good spots there yet—just like we hit onto before we laid off."

"If he did strike anything big, they'd take it away from him," continued Annie. "They're letting him work it, but it's all patented ground."

A look of surprise and anger came to Bull's flushed face, and his fists clenched hard. "When did you find that out?" he questioned sharply.

"I've knowed it right along," she quietly answered.

"Why in hell didn't yeh tell me so!" he exploded. "Ye've been lyin' to me—had me hangin' round here for nothing!" he snarled as he glowered ferociously at her.

"I thought—I thought it was on account of me you was stayin'," she returned, laughing nervously. Furious because of her banter, Bull grasped the girl

roughly by the wrists in a vice-like grip. "Tell me the truth, Annie," he panted, "are ye lyin' to me?"

She smiled up to him, and as she did so she felt his hold relax. With a sudden movement she wrenched herself free, whirled about, and like a deer fled to the open trail above.

"I thought you said it was for me!" she called down. Then she laughed, loud and clear, but mirth was no part of it. It rose above the murmur of the stream that rippled down the cañon, and, hard and metallic, it fell on Bull Bradshaw's ears. He started threateningly toward her, but stopped, and she walked without haste, even slowly, down the trail in the direction of the cabin.

Sam was in bed engrossed in the examination of a miniature scaffolding constructed of sticks and weighed down with a stone. It was a working model fashioned on the principle of what to almost every schoolboy, and to every woodsman, is known as a "figure-four." He chuckled again and again as repeatedly he manipulated the curious contrivance. When Annie walked into the cabin he shoved it hastily under the blankets of his bed, but not before she had fair view of it.

"A chipmunk trap, Sam?" she asked with apparent interest.

"It would ketch a chipmunk," he answered with a peculiar little laugh; "smash him to pieces—squash him out like a flapjack, or it would smash a snake if he got into it. And one just like it—if it was big enough—would mash a elephant. I made it to figure out with—like an inventor," he explained, tittering. "But stick it in the stove for me, Annie, like a good girl, and don't say nothing 'bout it."

Annie did not hesitate to comply with his request. At the time she accepted the incident as due to the vagaries of a man near to death. The rest of that day she remained in or close to the cabin, but she and her brother talked but little. Most of the time he slept, or was in the half-stupor that of late marked his resting hours; and the girl, weighed down with her disappointment, was occupied with her own bitter thoughts. A full hour had dragged past, during which neither had once spoken, when Annie went over to where her brother lay, and without preliminary words said: "Sam, I think Bull's hanging 'round here just to get hold of your mine, after—hoping to beat you out of it," she corrected.

"I know he is, Annie," the sick man answered, "I've knowed it from the first; I figured it all out—but it won't do him no good; he won't git it, Annie." His eyes shone malevolently, but his flushed face did not speak the secret of his thoughts.

"Of course he won't, Sam," the girl answered, soothingly. "Don't let that worry you, Sam."

Dunn laughed, and started to speak, when he was hushed by his sister, and Bradshaw entered. Though it was then not later than four, he looked expectantly to the table. At no time a pleasant companion, he now gave full rein to what a camp wag had once furtively referred to as his "ingrowing orneriness," for he realized that the time was past when his ends might be reached through pretense. He complained to the girl because of the food, and to her brother because of the enforced idleness. But now it was Sam who, though so weak that he could not stir from bed, laughed at Bull's display of temper.

"I understand you expect to come into a good mine hereabouts," he threw out tauntingly, and turned his head on his meal-sack pillow in order to watch the effect of his words.

Bull glared savagely at Annie, and then, with an oath, bounded up from his stool and rushed over to Dunn. Bending over the prostrate man, he shook his clenched fists in his face.

"You're a pretty dog!" he bellowed. "You thought you was going to do me, eh? Going to git work out of me for nothing, eh? Well, the man don't live round these here mountings that kin git the best of Bull Bradshaw! I tell ye that, Sam, and ye kin believe it if ye want to. I'll git yer mine—and it's a good mine. I'll keep all the gold 'cause it'll all be mine—and you won't have no use for gold where you're going!" He laughed brutally as he made reference to the event that now even Dunn had come to look forward to with grim expectancy, and then, seemingly as an afterthought, he added: "And I'll git yer red-headed, lying sister, too—she'll have Bull Bradshaw for a pectorator and pervider! I make that promise to yeh, Sam; Annie, here, is witness!"

Laughing, he took a step toward the girl, who started back, bringing up against the table. Her hands flew behind her for support, and she felt her fingers close around the greasy handle of what she knew was a large, keen-bladed knife they used for cutting meat.

Meanwhile, Dunn was making desperate efforts to reach to his rifle hanging above his head in loops of the wires that supported his wooden hammock. Three times he rose up on his elbows, and three times, when he extended an arm, he sank back prone upon the bed. He realized that his movements had not passed unnoticed by Bradshaw only when the latter said in tones of mock sympathy: "No use, Sam—quit it, it'll make yeh worse. Besides, all yer cartridges is hidden out in the brush; thinkin' yeh might git looney-like, I been careful."

The sick man made no retort. Utterly exhausted, he lay trembling and with closed eyes. The reactionary effect of the clash seemed also to have affected Bradshaw, for he scowled at the girl and then walked slowly out of the cabin.

Soon Dunn stirred, and his sister started to him as he said: "Annie, girl, come over here—bring a seat." Obedient to his request, she drew a stool up beside the hammock, and sat down.

He opened his eyes and inclined his head toward her. "Annie, I'm going to cash in—pretty quick," he muttered, "and I'm—"

"No, Sam—what are you talkin'! You aint," she interrupted, though she did not believe her words.

"Yes I am," he repeated. "I kin feel it comin'; I feel so good, everything feels so soft and easy-like." His eyelids drooped, and for a moment he seemed to doze. When he spoke again his voice was low, but his words were sharp and clean-cut. "I want to tell you," he said, "tell you—don't go near the mine. Don't never do it. Don't let nobody git inter the tunnel, understand? Annie, it's sure death there!" he continued in a hoarse whisper. "Movin' the timber across the mouth of the tunnel would let down half the mounting—just like the contraption you see me fussin' with; remember? I fixed it, but now I wish I hadn't. I been thinkin' hard whilst I been a-layin' here—thinkin' what Bull said; mebbe it would be best—he aint so bad—he's only gold-crazy, Annie. If he wants to look out for yeh—"

"No, Sam, no!" the girl protested with horror and alarm.

Her interruption seemed to break his train of thought, and his evident attempts to pick it up again were unavailing. Then he seemed to lapse into a state of semi-consciousness, and for ten minutes, perhaps, only his labored breathing broke the oppressive stillness that held within the cabin. Then he spoke again: "Don't let nothing git yeh inter the tunnel—Annie—girl. Don't." He turned his head toward the wall and said no more.

An hour later Bull poked his head and shoulders into the cabin entrance. A gray blanket enveloped the hammock that had been the bed of Sam Dunn. Annie, dry-eyed, and with set features, sat bold upright, staring, unblinking, into space. Bradshaw glanced to the covered bed, then to the girl.

"Dead?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, and he backed out. But he returned almost immediately and entered the cabin.

"We'll just forgit what's happened in the past," he blurted; "and now tell me the truth 'bout the claim; wasn't Sam in rich pay? Aint that why he stopped work?"

"How should I know?" she answered. "Mebbe it was."

"You just can't help a-lyin'!" he snarled, "but I'll find out for myself, tomorrow—I'll find out right now," he corrected with inspiration, and he stooped and picked up a gold pan.

"Don't you do it, Bull!" the girl exclaimed, starting to rise.

With an oath Bull shoved her down on the stool. "You set there till I tell you to git up," he said savagely. Then he whirled about and shot out of the cabin door.

Annie followed after him as far as the entrance. He was already yards up the trail.

"Remember your promise to Sam!" she called out to him.

"Will it do if I tend to that later, dearie?" he called back, laughing.

Annie made no answer. Leaning against the rough-hewn casement of the cabin entrance, she stood, and though her breath came fast, it was without a tremor that she watched Bradshaw approach the tunnel, and then disappear in the Hungry Mouth placer mine. She heard—or fancied she heard—a rumbling sound, and saw dust floating out of the mouth of the tunnel.

"I bet Bull don't keep that promise," was her unspoken thought.

And her surmise was correct.

JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1911.

Utility is the mother of nearly all decorative features. Windows were first designed to give light. The history of glass shows that the useful has taken decorative prominence. In old Colonial houses glass in small panes was used probably because it was cheap. The sash was divided by small pieces of wood called mullions. After many years glass came to be used in large sizes, and of recent years it has been the practice to have but a single sheet, often in a very large size of plate glass. These are permissible only where the view warrants their use. The average house or cottage is better without them, as they suggest the show window of a shop rather than a dwelling.

Maine has a number of deserted villages, among which not the least picturesque is Hanover, where the growth of trees is so thick that the ruined walls of the houses can hardly be seen. Forty families lived at Hanover at one time, and the schoolhouse held sixty pupils. All the families have disappeared from the section, and even a settlement some miles away contains no survivors of the original Hanover.

The One Hundred Years' Peace Society of Buffalo, whose object is to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the establishment of peace between the United States and England, hopes to have a memorial of the event in a bridge across the Niagara River between New York State and Canada.

HAPPY HAMPSTEAD.

Bank Holiday Delights of London's Famous Resort.

Among the Bank Holiday resorts held in high esteem by London none can compare with happy Hampstead. It is convenient, spacious, and cheap. And, the flaming poster of the Hampstead subway being witness, is it not emphatically the place for "Fun and Fresh Air"?

Fresh air assuredly. Uplifted some four hundred feet above the sea-level, the Heath is always breezy and innocent of the smoke-clogged atmosphere which so often lies heavy over the streets of London. It was beloved of Leigh Hunt, who celebrated its praises.

And fun? Well, yes, of a kind. But the kind in which 'Arry and 'Arriet rejoice. It is true the austere authorities have moderated its transports in recent years. You never can tell what clump of trees, or garden-wall will not disclose an official notice-board setting forth that "squirts, feathers, and greasy bladders" are strictly prohibited under a penalty of five pounds. That intimation ends the discussion so far as most of its visitors are concerned. Five pounds, indeed! Five shillings would be wealth; five pounds represent unthinkable affluence.

Gone, then, are the "squirts, feathers, and greasy bladders," but for substitutes the pavement-hawkers offer a choice variety of wares all "a penny each." Here a "lidy" from Whitechapel woos the potent penny with a bundle of fragile walking-sticks; there Bill Sikes, honest for the hour, tempts the holiday-maker with gorgeous flags, or highly polished bracelets, or an armful of those colored-paper "tormentors" without which no Bank Holiday is complete. When these exhilarating pleasures pall upon the jaded taste, holiday crowds have not by any means exhausted their resources. Punch and Judy will tickle their humor; the accomplished artist who presides over a neighboring booth will furnish them in two minutes with a lifelike "sketch portrait" of their own classic features; or they may have the secrets of their mental prison-house disclosed by the "character reader" over the way. And are there not merry-go-rounds without number, and uncounted rows of cocoanuts to be violently assaulted on the terms of "three shies a penny"?

Nor is art absent from this holiday festival. Any stretch of wayside wall, the garden boundary of "Jack Straw's Castle" for example, will provide with gallery space that ubiquitous artist in chalks who hires by the day a set of colored monstrosities and exhibits them as "all my own work." The impostor generally wears his hair long and cultivates a languishing look, the only trade-marks of art with which he is acquainted. That the living trees of the Heath, and its picturesque dells, and its straggling gorse beginning to "twinkle into green and gold," and its verdant sward freshening with the green tinge of early summer, and its myriad birds flitting from bough to bough, are in momentary evidence to convict his scarecrow landscapes and stone-age travesties of bloom and songster, vexes him not a moment.

But some can respond to the call of nature. They are not all giggling at Punch and Judy, or contributing largess to the portrait-sketcher or character-reader, or giving hostages to fortune by adventuring one penny on the chance of enriching themselves with three cocoanuts. In twos and twos, after the time-honored precedent of the animals of the ark, many of them may be found exploring the remotest dells of the Heath, sometimes hand in hand, more frequently waist in arm, and never so happy as when they discover a nook pre-ordained for their retelling of the old, old story.

Long before Saint Lubbock secured canonization by his Bank Holiday act, the Heath had established its fame as the haunt of highwaymen and was specially favored by that adroit criminal whose "chicken-house" on the hill, as he euphemistically christened it, was the hiding-place of a score of vagabonds as depraved as himself. It was beloved, too, of Hogarth, whose holly-tree yet flourishes in the garden of the Bull and Bush, and of the genial Mr. Pickwick, whose ponds yet reflect the heavens and invite other subtle students of nature to solve the riddle of their source. Nor should it be forgotten that the early muse of Keats was kindled by these prospects of field and wood, or that Constable discovered here not a few of those peaceful pastorals which are still exercising their ministry of beauty from his canvases.

Hampstead is fast taking on the qualities of suburbia; its quaint old houses are giving place to "mansions," and instead of poets and artists its residents are frock-coated, top-hatted "somebods in the city"; but in the picturesque Church Row there yet survive many of the old-time dwellings which sheltered Thomas Park for a generation, and were familiar for so many years with the slender forms of Joanna Bailie and her centenarian sister. The home of the "poetical antiquary" is marked with one of those official tablets which Arthur Benson has recently likened to the "top of a chocolate birthday-cake," but the pilgrim who would seek out the shrine of Joanna Bailie and John Constable must pursue his quest amid the thickly clustering tombstones of the adjacent churchyard.

Despite the fact that the poetess has been dead some fifteen fewer years than the artist, her resting-place has the aspect of greater neglect. It is covered by a substantial altar-tomb, the stones of which are drab in color, and the iron railings innocent of paint. Yet below sleeps Sir Walter Scott's "immortal Joanna," forgotten even of those who keep fresh the sepulchres of

genius. Perhaps all this does not disturb that "sweet sleep" for which the poetess yearned.

Constable's altar-tomb, which nestles close by the shelter of the churchyard wall, is in a better case; not spick and span, it is true, and yet bearing lightly the weather stains of more than seventy years. The painter should sleep well, for is he not resting by the side of that beloved wife for whose companionship he waited longer than Jacob served for Rachel? And when, some years after their long-delayed marriage, fortune at length smiled on the struggling painter, did he not exclaim, "This I will settle on my wife and children, and I shall then be able to stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease, thank God!" But less than a year later that companion was torn from his side, making him feel that all honors had come "too late." That mood never left him; seven years later, life and occupation seemed "useless"; and then, after three more years of loneliness, he was laid here to rest, not far from the Heath where he had caught the secret of the rustle of the trees and the murmur of water.

One other grave would be a welcome discovery could its whereabouts be traced. It is that of that osculatory clerk of Hampstead parish who was incontinently dismissed from his post for "indecently giving a kiss to a bride, to whom he had stood father, as soon as the ceremony was over." Whether the rector resented the clerk's action as poaching on his own preserves is not on record, but it is in evidence that the law held the dismissal to be illegal and reinstated the offender. He, good man, has been dead, too, these hundred years and more, but in his day he evidently enjoyed his full share of those delights which modern times associate with 'Appy 'Ampstead.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, April 18, 1911.

By virtue of its enormous resources and prestige, the Deutsche Bank, by an unwritten law, takes the lead in nearly all Germany's international enterprises. It has superintended the new Turkish loan, which slipped from the hands of the French. The bank's relations with the German government are confidential and intimate, and it exercises a deep influence on German foreign policy. The master-spirit of the Deutsche Bank today is Arthur von Gwinner, who has risen to his present eminence from a humble clerkship. Herr von Gwinner, the son of a Prussian church dignitary, was ennobled by the Kaiser last year as a reward for his eminent services to Germany in Turkey. He is the president of the Anatolian and Bagdad railways and an expert on economic affairs in America and the near East. His wife was a Miss Speyer of Frankfurt. Shortly after his elevation to the peerage Herr von Gwinner electrified the country with a bold attack on Baron von Rheinbaben, Prussian minister of finance, whom he accused of incompetence. Baron von Rheinbaben, who had been frequently mentioned as a future imperial chancellor, fell from power a few months later and now fills the comparatively insignificant post of a provincial governor.

Nothing more modern than an oil lamp was used for lighting at Jerusalem until about four years ago, when the first electric plant was installed. The first building to be lighted was the French convent of Notre Dame de France. The second lighting plant was put up about three years ago in the Past Hotel. The third was in the new German sanatorium opened during last summer by Prince Eitel. The fourth is now under construction in the Grand New Hotel. These installations consist of a storage battery and generator run by a gasoline engine. All the material, even to the distilled water, are brought directly from Germany.

Five years ago the country around Gary, Indiana, was dotted with oak and scrub pine. The land was considered worthless, but the steel magnates saw its possibilities. Today Gary has a population of 20,000, and its citizens call it the most up-to-date city in the world. It has one street, Broadway, 100 feet wide, paved and lighted for five miles. It boasts of a public-school system, with a two-year college course, a \$250,000 union depot, and a \$250,000 Y. M. C. A. building. It has three traction lines, eight banks, three daily newspapers, a public library, two hospitals, a score of churches, two parks, and thirty-two miles of paved streets.

Large lakes and tideless seas, like the Caspian, have under the force of great gales been observed to experience surprising changes of level, as if they were huge basins of water tipped by the hand of a giant. In the Caspian a difference of level between the two sides of the sea amounting to twelve feet has been noted during the prevalence of a heavy wind. In Lake Erie a difference of level of fifteen feet has occurred in similar circumstances. Analogous observations have been made on other lakes and in the Baltic Sea.

Three women now hold positions as clerks of the United States district courts, the third one having been elected recently in the person of Miss Louise Trott of St. Paul, who has been chosen by the judges of the eighth circuit. The other two are Miss Adelaide Utter of Kansas City and Miss Carrie Davidson of Detroit.

The writer of the first Japanese history, the Kojii, was Oono Yasumara, who lived some 1200 years ago. The Emperor of Japan has just "posthumously conferred" on this venerable Bede the junior rank.

JOHN BROWN.

Dr. Oswald Garrison Villard Writes an Exhaustive Biography of the Hero of Harper's Ferry.

Time alone will show if Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has said the last word on the life and character of John Brown. The seven hundred pages of his book seem to preclude the likelihood that any further facts will be brought to light or that there is any corner still unsearched for records of his life and motives. Perhaps the size of the volume may militate against its immediate popularity, but Mr. Villard has acted wisely in omitting nothing that can help toward a conclusion. He says his object is "to pass a deliberate and accurate historical judgment, to bestow praise or blame without favor or special partisanship." If we allow for some slight inclination due alike to generous sympathy and to family tradition we may admit that he has accomplished his object with satisfactory success.

There seems no reason to suppose that Brown had cherished from childhood his ultimate idea of forcible interference with slavery. As a boy he had indeed sworn "eternal war" upon the institution, but this was no more than thousands of other boys had done. Not until his thirty-fifth year does he seem to have recognized a serious mission in life, and even then his ideals were educative rather than military. Writing to his brother in 1834, he expresses what we may believe to have been his highest hopes at that time. He says:

We have agreed to get at least one negro boy or youth, and bring him up as we do our own—viz., give him a good English education, learn him what we can about the history of the world, about business, about general subjects, and, above all, try to teach him the fear of God. We think of three ways to obtain one: First, to try to get some Christian slave-holder to release one to us. Second, to get a free one if no one will let us have one that is a slave. Third, if that does not succeed, we have all agreed to submit to considerable privation in order to buy one. This we are now using means in order to effect, in the confident expectation that God is about to bring them all out of the house of bondage.

By educating young blacks "we might under God in that way do more towards breaking their yoke effectually than in any other." There was certainly no belligerent intention at this time. Even when administering the oath to his family to do all in their power to "break the jaws of the wicked and pluck the spoil out of his teeth" there was no hint of force. That was to come later on when Brown discovered that the North was nearly as strongly opposed to negro education as the South and that the abolitionists confined their efforts to talk.

There is no doubt that Brown removed to Kansas because he discerned there a better field for his now incendiary ideas. The abolitionists intended to make Kansas free by filling it with anti-slavery men, and they were quickly ready to adopt force against the invasion of the slave-holders from Missouri. John Brown naturally joined the extremists, and whatever natural repugnance to shed blood may have been felt by his associates, there was certainly no such weakness upon his part. He was responsible for the cold-blooded murder of the five pro-slavery men on Pottawatomie Creek, and Mr. Villard makes it clear that the word cold-blooded is the only suitable one. Having decided that these men should die, he killed them and apparently without a tremor or a regret. The careful sharpening of the cutlasses produced qualms among the others, but not in John Brown:

Seeing the grinding operation, George Grant remarked to Frederick Brown: "That looks like business." "Yes," was the reply, "it does." When Grant asked whether he might not also ride back in Townsley's wagon, Frederick Brown consulted his father, only to return and report: "Father says you had better not come." Bain Fuller, whose father had received John Brown's word that the boy should not get into trouble, was told to go home and to be sure to have witnesses as to his whereabouts for that night. Before Townsley's horses were ready and the cutlasses had received their edge, a feeling came over some of the men in the camp that the radical leader of the returning party might not act with sufficient discretion. One of them went to John Brown, so relates Judge James Hanway, and urged "caution." At this Brown, who was packing up his camp fixtures, instantly stood erect and said: "Caution, caution, sir. I am eternally tired of hearing that word caution. It is nothing but the word of cowardice."

It may be true that the murdered men had themselves been guilty of threats, but then threats were current coin in those days. Threats, and threats to murder, had certainly been made, and the author seems uncertain how far these were responsible for the subsequent crime:

There remains, then, the question how far the threats against the Browns, heard in the Buford camp, and those made against the Free State settlers on the Pottawatomie as a whole, were the controlling reason for the crime. It is impossible to avoid the belief that they were a most important factor in moving John Brown to adopt Border Ruffian tactics. Salmon Brown declares that his father and the others were well aware that the pro-slavery men of the Doyle-Sherman type had decided on extreme measures against them. The stories of Bondi, Weiner, Benjamin, and Townsley all had their effect upon the Browns. According to Horace Haskell Day, son of Orson Day, when his father went to Weiner's store, which was just one and a half miles from the Doyle's cabin, he found a notice up that all Free State men must get off the creek within thirty days, or have their throats cut. Weiner said to Mr. Day: "We ought to cut their throats." Mr. Day not consenting, Weiner said: "That is the way we serve them in Texas."

But Brown himself certainly took no refuge behind a plea of self-defense. He says he was "God-driven to his fire" because the Deity makes His will known to certain chosen men and women, who perceive consciously or unconsciously." Not only did he lead the five men, but he headed raids into Missouri

and carried away slaves by force. He also carried away horses, supplies, and money, taking the money on the ground that it represented wages due to the slaves. In fact John Brown was already waging war, and with unusually savage concomitants:

In the light of all the evidence now accumulated, the truth would seem to be that John Brown came to Kansas bringing arms and ammunition, eager to fight, and convinced that force alone would save Kansas. He was under arms at the polls within three days of his arrival in Kansas, to shed blood to defend the voters, if need be, and he was bitterly disappointed that the Wakarusa "war" ended without a single conflict. Thereafter he believed that a collision was inevitable in the spring, and Jones and Donaldson proved him to be correct. Fired with indignation at the wrongs he witnessed on every hand, impelled by the Covenanter's spirit that made him so strange a figure in the nineteenth century, and believing fully that there should be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, he killed his men in the conscientious belief that he was a faithful servant of Kansas and of the Lord. He killed not to kill, but to free; not to make wives widows and children fatherless, but to attack on its own ground the hideous institution of human slavery, against which his whole life was a protest.

Retaliation became, of course, the order of the day. There was a reign of terror, and that Kansas became overwhelmingly free was not due to John Brown's raids, but in spite of them. Mr. Villard admits that "the progress to freedom and prosperity in Kansas was due to several causes, but especially to an abandonment of the policy of carrying on an unauthorized war and of meeting assassination with assassination." But Kansas certainly experienced strenuous times until this salutary resolution was reached:

Free Soilers in numbers were stopped and turned out of the Territory when caught near the border. One John A. Baillie was shot and badly injured, besides being robbed of his possessions. A young man named Hill was similarly robbed, and then bound and barbarously gagged. Another victim of Border Ruffian fury was strung up to a tree only to be let down again. The list of murders runs all through the summer. A young Free Soil Kentuckian named Hopkins was deliberately killed in Lawrence on June by a deputy sheriff named Haine, or Haynau, a notorious bully. William Gay, an Indian agent, was murdered two miles from Westport, on June 21, by three strangers, who blazed away at him as soon as they discovered, after drinking with him, that he was from Michigan. Laben Parker was shot, stabbed, and hanged, his dangling body being found July 24, eleven miles from Tecumseh, with this placard upon it: "Let all those who are going to vote against slavery take warning!" Major David S. Hoyt, formerly of Deerfield, Massachusetts, was killed August 11, on his return to Lawrence from the Georgian camp on Washington Creek, which he had entered on a mission of peace. A corrosive acid was thrown upon his face, and his body, half-buried, was torn by wild beasts. His object had been to ask that the Georgians join the people of Lawrence in stopping just such crimes.

Among the retaliatory measures was one to raid Osawatimie by the Border Ruffians under John W. Reid. The Free-Soilers were led by Brown and a formidable fight ensued:

It is probably that, all told, John Brown had more than thirty-eight or forty men in line, aside from Cline's force. He himself said about thirty. They held their ground well, even after Reid brought his cannon into play. His grape-shot went too high into the trees, bringing down branches and adding to the discomfort of the Free Soil men, but not actually injuring anybody. Next, the Border Ruffians dismounted, and, urged by General Reid, who waved his sword and shouted loudly, advanced toward the woods. At once Brown's men began to retreat, following the stream and keeping in the protection of the timber until they had gone some distance down toward the saw-mill. When they were on the bank, all suddenly turned as if an order had been given and jumped into the river. It was the Border Ruffians' opportunity. In a skirmish or in real warfare, to have an unfavorable river at one's back is the worst of tactics. For this John Brown must not be censured, since it was the only place where he could have made a stand, unless he had chosen to fight in the settlement itself and risked the lives of the women and children there.

Brown was now fully embarked upon his campaign of violence, and his ideas continually grew larger. Nothing less than open war upon the slave States would now content, and he seems to have had an extraordinary power of enforcing his views upon others and of securing support from the most unlikely persons. He drew up a constitution for the government of the territory that he might rescue from slavery, and no doubt he had already fixed upon Harper's Ferry as the most favorable spot for a beginning. Calling together a convention, Brown unfolded his plans for a campaign somewhere in slave territory east of the Alleghanies, and he read to them the amazing constitution that most of all seems to throw doubt upon his sanity:

Amazing proposition that it was, Brown's auditors gave him respectful attention until after midnight, "proposing objections and raising difficulties; but nothing could shake the purpose of the old Puritan." He was able in some fashion to meet every criticism of his plans, to suggest a plausible way out of every difficulty, while to the chief objection, the slender means for undertaking a war upon the dominating American institution, he opposed merely a Scriptural text: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He wanted to open his campaign in the spring; all he needed was five hundred or eight hundred dollars, for he now had all the arms and sufficient men. "No argument could prevail against his fixed purpose." The discussion went over until the next day; and despite the foolishness of the venture, despite the strange Constitution, which to many minds remains the strongest indictment of Brown's sanity, his will prevailed. He did not at this time, Mr. Sanborn testifies, speak specifically of starting at Harper's Ferry or taking the arsenal; the point of departure was left vague, but the general outlines were about as he had described them to Forbes. Back of it all, in his head, was the purpose of setting the South afire and precipitating a conflict.

Brown confidently expected that the slaves would flock at once to his standard of revolt, and here he made his supreme mistake of supposing that black men could be relied upon to act like white men. His success in appealing to the slaves would of course have produced a conflict too hideous for the imagination, but of this he seems never to have thought. He easily seized the

railway bridge at Harper's Ferry, but when a train appeared he allowed it to pass. Troops were quickly on the move, but Brown remained tranquilly on guard with his sixteen white men and five negroes. The engine house in which Brown had fortified himself was taken with the utmost ease:

Three marines, armed with sledge-hammers, began battering at the heavy doors of the engine-house, with slight success. A heavy ladder lay near by. Perceiving that, Lieutenant Green ordered his men to use it as a battering-ram. The door was broken in at the second blow. Up to this time, the few shots fired from within the engine-house had struck no one of the storming party. Within, said Colonel Washington, in this supreme moment, John Brown "was the coolest and firmest man I ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and to sell their lives as dearly as they could."

And so ended a business that was hopelessly foolish from the start. That Brown's trial was expedited, perhaps unduly so, could have made no difference to the result. Only on the ground of insanity could he have escaped, and his insanity was never of the pronounced type that would involve irresponsibility. Brown was executed on December 2, 1859:

The painful silence that followed was broken by Colonel Preston's solemnly declaring: "So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the Union! All such foes of the human race!" It was said without a shade of animosity, without a note of exultation; but the blind man was not he who swung from the rope above. For his eyes had seen, long before his light had failed, the coming of the blue-clad masses of the North, who were to make a mockery of Colonel Preston's words and strike down the destroying tyranny of slavery, to free Virginia from the most fateful of self-imposed bonds. As the troops now solemnly tramped away, with all decorum and without any demonstrations, in far-off Albany they were firing one hundred guns as the dirge of the martyr. And meanwhile John Brown's soul was marching on, and all in the North who had a conscience and a heart knew that John A. Andrew voiced the truth when he declared that "whether the enterprise of John Brown and his associates in Virginia was wise or foolish, right or wrong; I only know that, whether the enterprise itself was one or the other, John Brown himself is right."

The author's concluding words may be taken as the keynote of the spirit that pervades his book:

And so, wherever there is battling against injustice and oppression, the Charlestown gallows that became a cross will help men to live and die. The story of John Brown will ever confront the spirit of despotism, when men are struggling to throw off the shackles of social or political or physical slavery. His own country, while admitting his mistakes without undue palliation or excuse, will forever acknowledge the divine that was in him by the side of what was human and faulty, and blind and wrong. It will cherish the memory of the prisoner of Charlestown in 1859 as at once a sacred, a solemn and an inspiring American heritage.

Mr. Villard makes no effort to represent John Brown as an ideal character, nor does his book suggest that he was a leader whose spirit is to be revered. But we do seem to see in him an incarnation of conscience, but of conscience misled by a disordered mind.

JOHN BROWN, 1800-1859: A BIOGRAPHY FIFTY YEARS AFTER. By Oswald Garrison Villard, A. M., Litt. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

The Harvey system of railway eating places, famous throughout this country, was brought about by Frederick Harvey, an enterprising Englishman with hustling Yankee ideas in his brain. He came over when he was thirteen years old, and when he was eighteen got a job on the Santa Fé Railroad which caused him to travel all over the West. There were no dining-cars in those days and he heard so much complaint about the eating-houses that it occurred to him that the best advertisement a railroad could have would be neat and attractive restaurants, and well-cooked meals. The company instructed him to organize a staff and carry out his plans. The result was a great success. The next step was to build a string of hotels, and when the dining-cars were introduced Harvey was placed in charge of them. When he died a few years ago he was running the eating-houses and dining-cars upon nearly 12,000 miles of railway, and managing fifteen hotels and forty-seven restaurants. Since his death the business has been carried on by his sons, Ford F. and B. S. Harvey, and several of his old employees, who handle more than \$5,000,000 a year.

Two complete telephone exchanges have been formally put in operation at Peking, China, and already more than 3000 subscribers are using the service. The cost involved is \$150,000 for both switchboards, and the Chinese government owns and operates the lines. Two years ago the imperial government sent a commission abroad to study the telephone systems throughout the world. The commissioners were more impressed with the facilities and service in New York than with those in any other of the world's centres and recommended an equipment for the Chinese capital along similar lines. The government awarded the first contract to the Western Electric Company, which sent its London agent to Peking to superintend the installation. All of the work was done by Chinese laborers, and none but Chinese are employed in any branch of the service. The system, it is announced, will cover the whole of the Tartar and the Chinese cities.

Kohinoor, the great diamond now in the crown of England, was an ornament on the tomb of Akbar, near Agra, for more than a century in the open air without guard, until Nadir, Shah of Persia, who invaded India in 1739, sacked the palaces and tombs of the moguls and carried back to Teheran \$300,000,000 worth of loot.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

More Than Kin.

This story is distinctly above the average, both for the sincerity of its telling and the vivid glimpses that it gives of the French revolution and contemporary life in England. Maurice Waveney, son of Sir Anthony Waveney, promises his dying father that he will go to France and marry his cousin Claude, whose father was exiled for participation in Jacobite intrigues. The promise is an unwilling one, as Maurice is already enamored with Madeline Marjoribanks, a wily little minx who has several strings to her bow, but who would much like to be Lady Waveney. Nevertheless Maurice keeps his promise, goes to St. Ange and marries Claude, and then starts for Paris to arrange some inheritance matters. Claude's brother should have accompanied him, but he is so appalled by stories of massacre in the capital that Claude herself takes his place in order to hide his cowardice from her husband. Their adventures in Paris are well told. Narrowly escaping the fury of the mob, they pass the barricades hidden under a pile of murdered bodies, and so eventually make their way to England, but not until Maurice has discovered the identity of his companion. The charm of the story is in Claude's successful winning of her husband's heart, and she is indeed so delightful a girl that we wonder at her difficulty. But Maurice has a dash of the Puritan in his composition, and he does not readily understand a girl who dons male attire on small provocation and who is as clever with the sword as he is himself.

MORE THAN KIN. By Patricia Wentworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

A Fair House.

This story seems to be an advocacy of certain methods for training young girls and initiating them into mysteries that possibly are a good deal too mysterious. John Camden loses his wife and gains a daughter within the same hour. Narrowly avoiding the insanity of grief he devotes his life to little Bridget, undertaking her education himself with the aid of an old housekeeper in order that she may learn the lessons of life from him rather than from the promiscuous comradeship of the school. When she is still very little she sees a woman strike her child and she says to her father, "You told me that if two people loved each other just as much as two people could, a child came. I don't see how that woman could love any one enough to have a child at all. Why has she one?" Later on, and while she is still in her teens, her father asks her to read a play that was subsequently suppressed by authority in order that she may give him the opinions of a girl on certain matters of sex education dealt with by the author. While there is nothing objectionable in the story, nothing that offends either delicacy or good taste, we feel that John Camden is treading on thin ice and that disaster might easily follow such an experiment. Indeed disaster comes perilously near to Bridget herself, and she is saved only by the strange forbearance of an unworthy man. But the story is told seriously, delicately, and with an intelligible purpose, and this places it where the competition just now is by no means severe.

A FAIR HOUSE. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

An Old Maid's Vengeance.

This story is so well told that it is a pity the central idea should be relatively weak. The "old maid" is Winifred Cryden, a lady of uncertain age who finds that her sceptre is departing and who is filled with rage because her charms no longer charm. Having been slighted by Monsieur Vlaszlo de Noiraud, she plans an ingenious vengeance. She invites Elinor Laddon to visit her in France and suppresses the fact that Elinor is no longer an heiress and that the wealth of her dead father had been dissipated by gambling. The false Vlaszlo, she argues, will certainly fall in love with her beautiful face and still more certainly with her shadowy fortune. He will probably commit himself in some way before he discovers the facts and thus the malicious and slighted Winifred will be revenged. It may be that some old maids would act in this way, but the spiteful plot seems too elaborate to gratify even a woman scorned.

AN OLD MAID'S VENGEANCE. By Frances Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

Later Magic.

This is probably the most voluminous book ever published on wizardry. Substantially enlarged since its first edition, it now contains 737 pages of clear and practical instruction on the many tricks that never fail to enthrall the popular audience, some of them—perhaps the best—extraordinarily simple and others equally complex and intricate. Successful wizardry is largely a matter of natural aplomb and dexterity, and therefore to be acquired only by practice, but so far as instruction and mechanism can aid in the acquisition of an entertaining art, we have them in abundance. Moreover, there are 266 illustrations, and these are of material aid.

LATER MAGIC. With new miscellaneous tricks and recollections of Hartz the Wizard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Julia Ward Howe.

There could be no better memorial of an illustrious woman than this collection of poems upon which Mrs. Howe was engaged at the time of her death and that are now published by her daughter. Some few of them do not appear in any previous volume of Mrs. Howe's poems and others were never revised by her, but they are wisely included in the present collection, since "one and all breathe her spirit and speak in her voice." The volume includes the poems written by Mrs. Howe for significant public occasions, like the Lincoln centennial, the Hudson-Fulton celebration, the Peace Congress, and others. There are also tributes to personal friends like Dr. Holmes, Phillips Brooks, and Whit-tier. The photograph frontispiece is from the portrait by her son-in-law, John Elliott, who also made the cover design for the book.

At SUNSET. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

The Short Story.

That the editors give us only sixteen examples is explained by their desire to illustrate various types and special problems of construction rather than to contribute to the history of the subject. The book would have been improved either by a much longer introduction or by a preface to each selection explaining the construction and the points to be emphasized. And what is "The Doll's House," by Ibsen, doing in this particular galley and without a word, so far as we can see, to explain the intrusion? The sixteen illustrations are from Turgenyev, Daudet, Barrie, Schreiner, Harris, Balzac, Merimée, Poe, Hawthorne, Hale, Tolstoy, De Maupassant, Stevenson, James, Kipling, and Ibsen.

MODERN MASTERPIECES OF SHORT PROSE FICTION. Edited by Alice Vinton Waite and Edith Mendall Taylor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Heart of the Master," by William Burnet Wright, D. D. (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25), is a presentation of the events of Passion Week, an enlargement and amplification of the biblical narratives.

Mr. W. Garrett Horder has selected a little volume of ethical extracts arranged for each day of the year. It is entitled "An Ethical Diary," and is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (75 cents). Mr. Horder has gone somewhat outside of the beaten tracks, and many of his extracts are of the kind not always available and that one wishes to keep.

"The Powder-Puff," otherwise entitled "A Ladies' Breviary," translated from the German of Franz Blei (Duffield & Co.), is a series of essays on the lighter aspects of life, what may be called the feminine aspects, by an author who is probably the best essayist outside of the English language. Franz Blei has a happy combination of delicacy and daring beyond all praise.

"Rising in the World," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1), contains a large frontispiece portrait of the author followed by about three hundred pages of homely advice as to the best way to rise in the world. The book reminds us somewhat of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," but it is none the worse for that. The young man who follows Mr. Marden's counsels is pretty sure to be a success on earth and ultimately a saint in heaven, two achievements that are not always sequential.

New Books Received.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.20. A new novel by the author of "Graustark," "The Day of the Dog," etc.

UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

New edition, entirely reset, with an introduction by Marcus Hartog, M. A., D. Sc., F. L. S., F. R. H. S.

YELLOW MEN AND GOLD. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.20.

The story of a man who stumbled on an inventory of a Spanish treasure ship and who was drugged and robbed of the inventory and then shanghaied.

A BREATH OF PRAIRIE AND OTHER STORIES. By Will Lillibridge. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.20.

Thirteen short stories of prairie life.

THE DIVINE ARCHER. By F. J. Gould. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; 60 cents.

Founded on the Indian epic of the Ramayana, with two stories from the Mahabharata.

LATER MAGIC. By Professor Hoffmann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

New and enlarged edition, with 266 illustrations, new miscellaneous tricks, and recollections of Hartz the Wizard.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT. By Frederick Winslow Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A new system that has "wholly changed the relationship of the employer and employee, producing greater profits to the owner and more wages to the worker."

LITTLE CITIES OF ITALY. By André Maurel, with a preface by Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"To the lover of Italy the book will afford fresh delight, and to those whose Italy consists

only of Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples the volume will open new and charming fields of interest."

ADVENTURES OF SCHOOL-BOYS. By John R. Coryell, M. E. Ditto, M. S. McCobb, David Ker, and others. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents.

A series of adventurous experiences associated with schoolboy life.

CONFIDENTIAL CHATS WITH BOYS. By William Lee Howard, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode. An effort to disseminate a wise knowledge of sex.

MORE THAN KIN. By Patricia Wentworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

A new novel by the author of "A Marriage Under the Terror."

LEILA. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: Hodder & Stoughton; \$1.55.

Translated from the Italian by Mary Pichard Agnetti.

MASTER MUSICIANS. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75.

A book for players, singers, and listeners. With fifteen illustrations.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM. By William T. Foster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

An examination of the elective system and a collection of data relating thereto.

THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN. By Monroe Royce. New York: Thomas Whitaker; \$1.20.

New York is now only one-fifth American. In a few generations this will be true of the whole of the United States. An analysis of the problem by the author of "Americans in Europe."

GETTYSBURG: THE PIVOTAL BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Captain R. K. Beecham. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75.

The author fought in the old "Iron Brigade" and has spent many years in preparing his account of the fight.

INGERSOLL. By Herman E. Kittredge. New York: The Dresden Publishing Company.

A biographical appreciation.

FROM WESTERN CHINA TO THE GOLDEN GATE. By Roger Sprague. Berkeley: Lederer, Street & Zeus Company; 85 cents.

The experiences of an American university graduate in the Orient. With thirty illustrations.

KEY-NOTES OF OPTIMISM. By Calvin Weiss Laufer, A. M. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

"A book of inspiration, sunlight, and good cheer."

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS IN NATURE AND IN GRACE. By Joseph K. Wright. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20.

A brief commentary on Genesis.

THE FUTURE CITIZEN. By F. A. Myers. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20.

An examination into the causes of poor citizenship and the prospects for improvement.

THE LADIES' BATTLE. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

A book on the suffrage movement dedicated to "those of my countrywomen who think for themselves."

FARM DAIRYING. By Laura Rose. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25.

A practical handbook by the demonstrator and lecturer on dairying at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.

THE SOCIAL DIRECTION OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. By William E. Kelliecott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

An outline of the science of eugenics. Based on three lectures delivered at Oberlin College in April, 1910.

THE VERY LITTLE PERSON. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

A book about a baby.

THE VALLEY OF REGRET. By Adelaide Holt. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The love story of Betty Fevrell. An account of her unhappy girlhood with her supposed father. The romance of her imprudent marriage and her subsequent struggles and victory.

THE SHADOW OF LOVE. By Marcelle Tinayre. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The story of a girl's love and of a heroic sacrifice. An instantaneous success in Paris. The author's work has been crowned by the French Academy.

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. By Hiram Bingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50.

An account of a journey from Buenos Aires to Lima by way of Potosi, with notes on Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, and Peru.

CHORDS OF THE ZITHER. By Clinton Scollard. New York: George William Browning; \$1.25.

A volume of original Oriental verse.

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20.

A novel of modern life in England.

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As the great steam railroads are empire builders, opening and developing new country, annihilating distance, so are the street-car lines city builders, and nowhere is this more manifest than in San Francisco.

Without a progressive street-car system it would have been impossible for this splendid city to have attained its present growth, for development of city as well as of country depends very largely on transportation facilities. Miles of sand dunes have been transformed, streets opened, and thousands of homes built, safe in the knowledge that passenger transportation was marching abreast of the times, that effort was being made and would continue to be made to extend the street-car system to every end of the city, in keeping with its growth, according to careful, yet progressive business methods.

That wonders have been accomplished here is putting it mildly, yet comparatively few ever stop to go into the matter deep enough to compare San Francisco's street-car system with that of other great cities. Information on such a subject usually comes from observing travelers, who have observed passenger-carrying facilities East and West. It remained for a Washington man, who has, in his work, made a study of this matter, to make the announcement during a recent visit to San Francisco, that suburban transportation systems running in and out of town—exclusive of trolley lines and river boats—carry more passengers than any other group of interurban or suburban systems in the world.

This interesting and pleasing statement reflects in a happy strain on the ability of the street railway to transport such an army twice a day. Estimates have been made that between 50,000 and 60,000 people approach the terminals of the city between six and nine every morning—Sunday excepted. The same number turn homeward between five and eight in the evening. In addition, there are probably 20,000 more who daily travel to and from the city.

A considerable army is it not?

This estimate takes no account of the many other thousands who, without the street-car, would be unable to enjoy the theatres by night.

The fact that these vast thousands are handled with comparative ease is testimonial not only of the transportation facilities at hand, but also of the ability of the car crews, who, in a manner, are as captains of so many ships, and responsible for the safety of their passengers. About 1800 captains and first mates—conductors and motormen—are thus employed. Well do they perform their duties, evidenced by the fact that so few accidents occur during the course of a year, when it is considered how many million passengers are carried within twelve months.

True, no system is absolutely perfect, but efficiency is being increased constantly, the ultimate goal being to give San Francisco a street-car system second to none in the world.

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MME. BERNHARDT'S "L'AIGLON."

There was a very large proportion of French people at Mme. Bernhardt's Monday night audience at the Columbia Theatre, and theirs was, unquestionably, a very, very keen enjoyment at hearing a compatriot who is a genius interpret to them in the beautiful, flexible language they love, a play depicting the early tragedy of the son of their greatest military hero. Their enjoyment, however, must inevitably partake more of an intellectual savor than dramatic enjoyments should. Intellectual pleasures, however keen, can not be so ardently and excitingly enjoyed as emotional ones.

With a player of Mme. Bernhardt's years before us to represent a stripling, and that player a woman, it is no wonder that our imagination halts, and sometimes loses its wings. Mme. Bernhardt is a wonder. There is no doubt of that. But not in appearance. Judging from the printed pictures, she is one, when she is attired in street dress, and exercising what remains of the potent fascination that we have all felt, and responded to, in the past. In her prime, when youth had left her, Bernhardt, in spite of the handicap of being without beauty, was still a wonderfully attractive and fascinating actress.

She will always live in my memory as a gallery of beautiful pictures when I recall her in Sardou's "Theodora," a play that is high-sounding and effective, but rather shallow, and that seemed tawdry, in comparison, when I saw it, in later years, given by a cheap company. But Sarah conferred upon it power, depth, distinction. She made herself a series of beautiful pictures by the poetic charm and the elegance and grace with which she carried the superb, artistically designed costumes of the licentious empress, and by the nice sense of harmony with which she adapted herself to the stage tableaux.

But—alas!—that exquisite, feline grace has gone. And, besides, in spite of Bernhardt's deviously fine phrases about men's rôles giving her a wider range, the fact remains that she, who is all woman, and whose whole life demonstrated her sovereignty in the realm of sentimental adventure, forfeits in masculine rôles one of her greatest weapons for conquering her audience—her feminine fascination.

In "L'Aiglon" Mme. Bernhardt's every art is employed to suggest the masculinity of the young prince. Her figure is built up around the waist and squared at the shoulders; her attitudes, movements, gestures, are all carefully considered with that end in view. Her wig represents the carelessly arranged hair of a youth whose thoughts are not with the vanities of life. The white uniform worn by the Duke of Reichstadt is closely fitted in the wrinkleless, uncomfortably revealing style that is really almost distressing to see in a woman of Bernhardt's years. One wondered continually how much was flesh and how much was padding. And, in spite of the surprising dexterity with which the actress assumed her various poses, the cruelly revealing dress made her lack of youthful spring very apparent.

Nevertheless, as an exhibition of pure acting, her assumption of the rôle of the eaglet, whose clipped wings made allowable the slight feminizing of his more fiery emotions, is a wonderful piece of work. Her voice, with its rich, varying tones, ranging from fascinating cajolery to fiery defiance, is the least damaged of her armory of physical weapons, and her elocution is almost as superb as ever. Some mannerisms, that were intimating their coming in the past, have now rooted themselves.

Bernhardt has a way of employing the most lucid, mellow notes of her voice in a slowly moving stream of coaxing music. She does this to mark the contrast to the fiery flood of speech that comes glowing from her lips during the climaxes of white-hot emotion. There are a number of such in "L'Aiglon." The eaglet's passionate synopsis of the eagle's glorious career and the famous "mais" speech offer examples.

In these, Bernhardt puts on a full head of steam that keeps her compatriots putting on their best speed to keep abreast, while the aspiring student of French, who has been gently lulled into a state of false security by her more slowly uttered passages, finds himself gasping and discouraged, in the rear of the procession of words.

As to looks; well, no woman who is climbing the cobble-strewn slopes to seventy can seem anything but old. There are, it is true, brief moments of illusion; but they are gen-

erally when some other character has the stage centre.

Mme. Bernhardt, with her career in the past and her energy and ability in the present to stimulate her, is living principally on her past glories. They say that the Parisians no longer go to see her. She must depend for appreciation and financial profit on provincials, the floating population of Paris, and her foreign tours. When foreign artists grow old, and their compatriots go back on them, we have our turn at tours, and many more of them than we will have had in the past. We saw little of Sarah Bernhardt in the good, glowing years of her ardently lived life, yet what better can we do than welcome her now? Her art is almost undamaged. Only the fire of youth, the magnetic charm of womanhood as it is in youth or its prime, and the physical beauties and activities that time steals away, seem to be missing.

The energy, the love of work, the joy in her art, are the mental gifts that remain; while all the resources open to her profession, all the flatteries of friends, all the superlatives of press reviews, combine to convince her that her audience can still be won away from the truth into a state of illusion.

For my part, I can never for a moment forget that a woman in a man's rôle is a woman. Nature stamped sex upon our features, our voices, and our personality, and all the studied art in the world can not make a woman seem a man, while one is listening to her, or looking at her. Nor can we hope for the illusion of youth. All we can do is to coax a willing imagination to try to deceive itself for a moment or two at a time, and that, often, without success.

I regret that Mme. Bernhardt did not open in a play in which she appeared in her own sex. Yet I sympathize with those who tasted the pleasure of seeing Rostand's literary drama rendered so well, and feel that they had as great a treat in the way of superb elocution as they are liable ever to have in their lives. Particularly, oh, particularly, if they know their French, and experienced the delight of hearing every word and phrase rendered in the highest style of the art.

Those who went to see Bernhardt because she is Bernhardt might almost better have stayed home with their memories. But those who really enjoy a literary play, historical atmosphere, and pages of declamation, beautifully done, had their reward.

"L'Aiglon" is too long. It has too many characters for dramatically knit action, and too many monologues for compactness and tensely sustained interest. But Rostand has given us a picturesque, vivid play, representing the atmosphere of courts, the ruthlessness of state policy, and the tragedy of royalty. "L'Aiglon" is more a dramatic poem than a play, but, nevertheless, it is almost a play.

Mme. Bernhardt is supported by a good company, of which no members seem to tower head and shoulders above their fellows except M. Decœur, who played the rôle of Flambeau. This actor delivers the flaming passages of the old grenadier with astonishingly well-sustained fire and enthusiasm, and plays his touches of comedy with a dextrous finish that won the audience to a man during his very first scene.

The Metternich of M. Maxudian was too inexpressive, in spite of the famous statesman's reputation for concealing his thoughts. The actor seems to have been chosen principally for a good stage presence, a Bourbon profile, and an impassive manner.

M. Lou Tellegen's General Hartmann stood out in its general effect of conveying a sense of deep feeling in the old soldier, and the venerable emperor of M. Favieres formed a sympathetic element in the beautifully acted scene in which the eaglet coaxed dangerous concessions from his royal grandsire.

Mme. Boulanger, a handsome woman of suitably mature appearance, gave a thoroughly well-acted impersonation of Napoleon's frivolous consort, and a host of players gave meaning and body to the multitude of characters whose identities are difficult to keep track of in a mere reading of the play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Monday evening, May 15, the Savoy Theatre will be closed, and on Tuesday following the distinguished Shakespearean stars, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, will begin a season of fifteen performances, the repertory for the first week being as follows: Tuesday night and Saturday matinée, "Macbeth"; Wednesday, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday matinée, "Romeo and Juliet"; Thursday, "Hamlet"; Friday, "Twelfth Night," and Saturday, "As You Like It." Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe come supported by a meritorious company, and each one of their productions will be given with elaborate care and rich embellishment. For the convenience of the public the management is conducting a subscription sale, and orders accompanied by money or express order and an addressed and stamped envelope will be filled in the sequence with which they are received. Prices range from fifty cents to two dollars, and the regular sale will begin Wednesday morning.

Only praise is heard when the Russian Symphony Orchestra is mentioned.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Blanche Ring will begin the second and last week of her engagement at the Savoy Theatre Sunday evening in the Hobart-Hein musical comedy, "The Yankee Girl," and, by the way, her bookings have been so rearranged that she will stay over for an additional performance, Sunday night, May 14. Blanche Ring is exuberant, joyous, full of wholesome good nature, and appears to diffuse happiness all about her. Her smile is contagious, while her honest, tom-hoy, romping comedy is very taking. "The Yankee Girl" is full of good comedy, with a lot of catchy music interpolated, while a capable cast, including Harry Gilfoil, the original, "big noise," appears in support of the magnetic star.

David Belasco's famous company, headed by Nance O'Neil and Charles Cartwright, and including Julia Dean, Alfred Hickman, Oscar Eagle, Antoinette Walker, Ethel Grey Terry, and others, presenting Belasco's masterful drama, "The Lily," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, May 8, with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays. "The Lily" as a play has a purpose and a mighty one. It presents a great problem of every-day life, a condition that we all know; and in direct and marvelously dramatic fashion shows all the causes and effects, with a final solution. Although it is not the usual interpretation taken of it, the big note is the result of selfishness, that big selfishness that becomes a crime, and, opening the mouth of scandal, causes others to suffer. The drama itself is a piece of dramatic literature that will endure. It might be classified as a problem play, and rightly so, but should not in this way be confused with the dramas of an objectionable type to many, which boast of calling a spade a spade, but to no purpose. The public has indorsed it with liberal patronage and approbative applause, and David Belasco adapted and produced it; what more need be said in introducing it to theatre-goers of San Francisco?

The one-act comedy which W. H. Murphy, Blanche Nichols, and their company will present at the Orpheum next week is full of laughs. It is entitled "From Zaza to Uncle Tom," and is said to be by far the funniest act in vaudeville. The skit is based on the troubles of a road company remnant of three persons who undertake the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for a one-night stand. Mr. Murphy and Miss Nichols have played this skit over 1100 times in New York City. Among the most recent and important importations of the Orpheum Circuit is M. Golden and his Russian Troubadours, who make their first appearance here next week. Eight men and five girls take part in the performance, all of whom excel as singers, dancers, and musicians, their star feature being the playing of the balalaika. The act is spectacular in setting and elaborately costumed. George W. Jones and Ben N. Deely will present their offering entitled "Hotel St. Reckless," in which they will sing several songs in individual style, all written by Mr. Deely. J. Francis Dooley, a popular songwriter and composer, assisted by Miss Corinne Sayles, will introduce a melange of fun and song called "Pavement Patter." Next week will be the last of Clarice Vance, the Marvelous Millers, Clark and Bergman, and Sam Chip and Mary Marble in the quaint comedietta, "In Old Edam."

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VANITY FAIR.

The conservatives of Paris are beginning to feel that modernism in religion is an insignificant evil in comparison with modernism in girls, for while religion of the conventional or dogmatic kind may be among the graces of life there can be no question that girls belong to the essentials. Terrible rumors have reached Mgr. Bolo of the University of Paris. He has been told that the modern girl is to be found in some of the fashionable salons of the city and that even the young men are shocked. She has good birth, but bad breeding. She is one of Schopenhauer's "monkeys with a pigtail." She takes liberties like an American, flirts like an English girl, reads like a Norwegian, is as omnivorous and versatile as a Russian, uses her eyes like a Spaniard, and tomorrow may be dressed as a Turk. It is a dreadful picture, says Mgr. Bolo, but are we really to understand that these many capacities may be united in the same person and that such prodigies are to be found in the modern French salon? Truly Mgr. Bolo makes our mouth water.

Nevertheless there is balm in Gilead. These girls are not representative. They are strays, mavericks. Mgr. Bolo knows several hundred young girls personally, and we are thus forced to envy the advantages offered by the church. His admiration for them is unbounded. These young French girls have energy, intelligence, straightforwardness, and purity. They assimilate only the better part of contemporary progress. The future of France is safe in their hands, and it is they who will realize the assurances that politicians have uttered for forty years and that we are tired of hearing.

The Emperor William may have been fishing for a compliment when he entered into conversation with a Vienna barber during his recent visit to Austria. The emperor's valet, who usually attends to the imperial locks, had injured his arm, and so Herr Durrmann was summoned to officiate in the emergency. The emperor was talkative and so was the barber. Barbers always are, worse luck. Durrmann boasted that he had cut the hair of many kings and emperors, and then it was that his victim asked if he preferred to cut the hair of monarchs or of commoners. Durrmann said that he preferred monarchs, and if the emperor had only changed the subject at that psychological moment all would have been well. But a fatal curiosity urged him onward to a fall. He asked why. "Because kings and emperors as a rule," said Durrmann, "have less hair to cut." Then the emperor collapsed and replied that he, too, would soon be in a hairless condition, thinking, no doubt, of the Socialists and the coming elections.

A visitor to New York complains of incivility at the large restaurants. He went into a Fifth Avenue concern with two friends, ate a modest supper, and presented the waiter with a fifty-cent tip. What did this menial do but throw the coin on the floor and call a boy to "pick it up and throw it away." Naturally the visitor's blood boiled in his veins, but what is there to do? A newspaper comment on the incident says that complaints in a case like this are of no avail. The fault-finder simply proclaims his ignorance of New York customs and manners.

It is very certain that this sort of thing could not happen except with the acquiescence of the restaurant public. And the restaurant public does acquiesce. It is made up largely of snobs who are willing to cringe for the smile of a waiter and of other snobs whose main idea of life is to pay more than the other fellow and thus to purchase a greater consideration than his neighbor. The only remedy is to keep away from Fifth Avenue restaurants and let the snobs bleed each other to death in competition for the condescending smile of a waiter.

Miss Cicely Hamilton is a lady of some courage. Otherwise she would not have challenged Mr. G. K. Chesterton to a public debate on women's suffrage. Miss Hamilton seems to have had the first word, and the prerogatives of a lady gave her also the last, but Mr. Chesterton managed to get in a few words edgewise. Miss Hamilton looked forward to the time when woman would no longer be regarded merely a wife, mother, or mistress, but as a human being, as though any one but a human being could fulfill either of these rôles. The beauty of motherhood she regarded as a somewhat degrading thing. The only duty of woman was to be charming, and "Oh, the years I have wasted in trying to be charming. But I gave it up. What does it matter whether I please 'em or not?"

Naturally enough, Mr. Chesterton laughed hugely. It would make a cat laugh. There was one fundamental fallacy, he said, in Miss Hamilton's argument. The division of sex was not comparable with any other human division, seeing that it was founded upon attraction, whereas all other divisions were founded on repulsion. Sex is the only thing in the world in which the result of division is an overpowering attraction. The moment the sexes are separated they want to come together again. Christendom is divided into Catholics and Protestants, but Catholics are

not usually found wandering around in search of Protestants to live with. The idea that the prehistoric relation of the sexes was that of force was bosh. Birds do not knock each other down in the mating season.

By that time Miss Hamilton had recovered her breath, and it must be admitted that she used it to ill purpose. Marriage, she said, was voluntary with men, but for women it was a trade, and a compulsory trade. A woman without a husband was a mark for scorn and hissing. "Good Lord in Heaven," was Mr. Chesterton's reply to this outburst. No respect for a woman except as a wife! Had Miss Hamilton ever heard of the Elgin Marbles, erected in honor of a virgin? Had she ever heard of the Vestal Virgins? or of Saint Theresa? or of Catherine of Siena? or of Joan of Arc? Men respected women as they respected all their other ideals. "When we want to laugh at ourselves, we represent ourselves as comical-looking fat men, like me. But when we remember the glories of our race we bring out a woman."

Mr. Chesterton must have felt rather as though he were beating a baby, but it must have been good fun all the same.

They have something entirely new down in Texas, and we can only express a pious hope that it is not contagious. It seems that a Mrs. Brooks had a little dispute with a Mrs. Binford and was so unfortunate as to shoot the latter lady dead. Mrs. Brooks had overheard a telephone conversation between her husband and Mrs. Binford, and the terms used were so endearing and at the same time so exasperating that the revolver seemed to be the only remedy. As a result Mrs. Brooks found herself on trial upon a charge of murder, and things might really have been quite awkward but for the resourcefulness of her attorney. This gentleman, we are told by local report, closed a powerful argument by singing to the jury in a tear-choked voice "Home, Sweet Home." The song "trembled on his lips" and brought tears to the eyes of all the jurors who promptly acquitted the prisoner and she returned in triumph to "home, sweet home," and presumably also to sweet husband.

Now this thing ought to stop right here. It should not have been reported. We can stand most things in this land of the free, but not the singing attorney. This would give a new terror to the law, and there are enough already. Pretty soon we shall be having such reports as this: "Counsel for the plaintiff having sung 'Where is my wandering boy tonight,' the jury returned a unanimous verdict for the defendant." Or, "The judge having effectively sung 'The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine' proceeded to order the discharge of the prisoner." It really will not do.

Fifty English peeresses have placed their tiaras on exhibition for the benefit of a London hospital. The actual value of the jewels is estimated at about a million dollars, although of course they could not be purchased for that or for any other sum, most of them being heirlooms. The Duchess of Westminster's tiara is supposed to be the finest of all, its three great diamonds being valued at \$200,000. Most of these tiaras are composed of diamonds in silver setting. There are a few emeralds and two or three have pearls as their chief feature. The tiara of the Marchioness of Tweeddale has one enormous ruby set above diamonds, Princess Christian's turquoises would melt the heart of the most frigid jewel lover. There are fifty-one large, round, sky-blue stones, formed in two rings, one above the other, and little oblong stones are set lengthwise at short intervals in the band that fits the head. The Duchess of Norfolk has a chaplet of oak leaves with acorns, and each acorn is a diamond the size of a large blackberry, the leaves being encrusted with a diamond frost. The Duchess of Newcastle has a crown with a feather eight inches long and made entirely of diamonds. The Duchess of Harewood has something quite distinctive. A rose made of diamonds is so finely poised that it moves upon its stem as a real flower would do. The Countess of Plymouth favors emeralds and has thirty-two beautiful stones in a double ring. The admission fee to this curious exhibition is \$5, and the hospital seems likely to benefit substantially if one may judge from the steady stream of visitors that find their way into the room.

Jack Johnson, heavyweight pugilist, has been much in demand lately by the legal authorities of the land that is proud to own him as a citizen. It seems that Johnson gave a commission to a New York sculptor to immortalize his classic features in marble, black marble presumably. In other words, he ordered a bust of himself at an agreed upon price of \$4000, but when the bust was finished he refused to pay for it. Thereupon the sculptor, Cartaine Scianino by name—possibly of foreign extraction—brought suit in the New York courts and a date was set for the hearing. But Mr. Johnson was not there. Mr. Cartaine Scianino was there and the bust was there, but Mr. Johnson was present only by proxy, and it fell to the lot of his attorney to explain the vacant chair with all the

delicacy that is the distinguishing characteristic of the legal profession. Mr. Johnson, explained his counsel, had every desire to submit himself to the courts of New York State. Such submission was the first duty of good citizenship, and his distinguished client would scorn to claim immunity either under the higher law which governs finance or the unwritten law that regulates and excuses the misdemeanors incidental to matrimony. But Mr. Johnson had a previous engagement in San Francisco. It was a pressing, not to say a coercive, engagement. It was an engagement that left him without the liberty of action or of choice. He was the victim of circumstances over which he had no control. In point of fact, and here counsel's voice took on a tone of engaging candor—his distinguished client was in prison. There was no more to be said. The case was adjourned, and Mr. Cartaine Scianino departed sorrowfully with his bust, or rather with Mr. Johnson's bust, and wished that he might convert it into four thousand dollars. But let Signor Scianino take heart of grace. He still has the bust, and if he will take a word of well-meant advice he will stick to it until he gets his money. Or let him threaten Mr. Johnson that unless the money is forthcoming the bust will be sent to the hall of statuary at the capital and displayed among the efforts of local boy talent that now adorn those chaste precincts. How would he like that?

The newspaper plebiscite does sometimes give us a pleasant glimpse of human nature and one that belies our ugly theories. A Paris newspaper has lately asked for votes on the ten most desirable attributes in a woman, and it is safe to say that not one guess in a hundred would give the correct result. Kindness of heart comes first and is an easy winner by over a thousand votes. Never mind about the others. They run the gamut of feminine virtues, but let it be noted that beauty comes nowhere. It does not figure anywhere in the list. Nor does money, although money may have been excluded as not being a human attribute. Think of it. In Paris of all places in the world a popular vote is given unhesitatingly to kindness of heart as the chief crown and the glory of a woman. And yet we are told that brutal man has no other sense of feminine values than physical attractiveness.

The enthusiasm with which the Flemish people welcome their national musical instrument has been demonstrated in the recent inauguration of a new set of chimés at Ypres, in West Flanders. The population and the authorities, in order to show how much they had at heart the revival of the chimés, commemorated the occasion by holding a fête of public rejoicing and illuminating the principal buildings of the town at night, while the bells did not cease to ring throughout the whole day. Ypres is a very old town, its origin dating from the ninth and tenth centuries, and was at one time one of the most important manufacturing towns in Flanders, the number of its inhabitants in the fourteenth century being 200,000. The inhabitants of Flanders take a positive delight and pride in possessing a competent bell-ringer, whose time is largely spent at competitive bell-ringers' meetings, which often bring together great numbers of candidates.

3

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Boston woman, who attained much prominence in the campaign for woman's suffrage, once said at a public meeting that she thought T. B. Aldrich was effeminate. The remark was repeated to Aldrich as a joke, whereupon he very dryly remarked: "Yes, so I am—compared to her."

An unfortunate man gained access to a rich nobleman. He depicted his misfortunes and his misery in so moving a manner that the noble lord, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, called to the servant: "John, put this poor fellow out into the street; he is breaking my heart."

On the day when the courier brought the news of the signature of the peace of Amiens, Talleyrand thrust the impatiently awaited document in his pocket, went to the emperor, and engaged him in current affairs. When these were all disposed of, he said: "Now I have good news for you. Read!" "And you could not tell me this immediately?" exclaimed the astonished Napoleon. "Certainly not, for then you would listen to nothing else."

Rossini, after finishing his great work, indulged himself in a long period of leisure, and did not write a line of music. A friend once called on him and found him writing his autobiography, with a sentiment, at the bottom of some photographs of himself. One of these read: "To M. Pillet Will, my friend and my equal in music." "What!" cried the visitor, "you are not serious? M. Pillet Will is not your equal in music." "Certainly he is—since I am doing nothing," explained Rossini.

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman were represented as looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young lady serving in the shop. "Oh," exclaims Patrick, "do let us be after spending half a crown with the dear crayture that we may look at her more conveniently, and have a hit of a chat with her." "You extravagant dog," says George. "I am sure one-half of it would do just as well. But let us go in by all means. She is a charming girl." "Ah, wait a wee," interposed Andrew. "Dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose just as well to ask the honnie lassie to gie us two sixpences for a shilling and inquire where Mr. Toompson's hoose is and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as well save the siller."

A hundred years ago Jeremiah Atwater was a leading New Haven merchant, huying his supplies in Boston and receiving them by vessel. Among other goods received were several casks of nails, one of which, on opening it, under a layer of nails at each end, was found to be filled with silver dollars. Mr. Atwater, who was a conscientious man, immediately wrote to the Boston merchant that there must be some mistake in the invoice of nails, as one of the casks contained other articles besides nails. He was promptly informed that the nails were bought for nails, sold for nails, and nails they must be. Forthwith, Mr. Atwater had a basin made of the silver, and presented it to the Centre Church, where it has been used in the baptismal service from that time to the present.

On one occasion an English gentleman called to see Lord Westmoreland on particular business. He was at breakfast, and, receiving him with his usual urbanity, asked the object of his visit. The gentleman said that he felt somewhat aggrieved, as he had brought an official letter of introduction to him from the foreign office, and, having learned that his lordship had given a great dinner the night before, was surprised and hurt at receiving no invitation. Lord Westmoreland exclaimed, with his usual heartiness: "God bless me, sir, I am really quite distressed. I think I received the letter of which you speak. I will send for it." Accordingly, the letter was brought to him, and, on reading it, he said to the stranger: "Ah! I thought so. There, sir, is the letter; but there is no mention of dinner in it," on which the gentleman rose and hacked out of the room in confusion.

It is said that once when Reginald de Koven was touring the country he found himself in the town of Dayton on Sunday. They told Mr. de Koven that an Episcopal church in the neighborhood had a superb organ. Accordingly, he went to that church, ascended the organ loft, and sat beside the organist during the morning's service. "You seem to know something about music," said the organist, in a condescending way. "I'll let you dismiss the congregation, if you like." "Why, yes," said Mr. de Koven, "I would like that very much." Accordingly, at the end of the recessional, he exchanged places with the organist and began to play Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." He played beautifully. The Dayton people, enthralled by the wonderful music, refused to depart. They sat in rapt enjoyment, and after the "Spring Song" was

finished Mr. de Koven began something of Chopin's. Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was pushed off the music stool. "You can't dismiss a congregation," said the organist, impatiently, "watch and see how soon I'll get them out."

During Speaker Thomas B. Reed's later years he went one night with a companion to the Portland Club, where they hung their coats in the cloakroom and spent the evening talking politics. When they went to get their overcoats on leaving, Reed's friend thrust his hand in the pocket for his gloves and pulled out a pocketbook that was not his and which some one had put in there by mistake. "What shall I do?" he asked Reed. "If I go around the club with a pocketbook in my hand it will look strange." "That's all right," said Reed. "Keep the pocketbook and set the coat again; we'll go back in the smoking-room."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Woman's Darling.

Jones worried when he saw her frown,
He hated wrangling and she knew it;
He was her drudge, her slave, her dupe,
Whenever she held up a hoop,
Poor Jones submissively jumped through it;
For her he humbly knuckled down,
She shaped his every act and habit;
He kept her dressed in splendid style;
He lived to make her happy, while
She cared for him about as much
As if he'd merely been a rabbit.

When Jones was gone she married Brown,
Whose fists were big and coarse and hairy;
He let her work to buy his bread,
He sometimes flung things at her head,
And loafed from June to January;
At night he lingered late in town,
Nor cared how sick she was or looely;
But she was happy when he came
Sometimes and, calling her by name,
Imparted a half gentle touch,
Protesting that he loved her only.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Crossed Fingers.

He swore that her kiss was the first he had had;
But his fingers were crossed!
He'd kissed but his mother, when he was a lad—
Yes, his fingers were crossed!
He vowed that not only he'd never had a taste
Of quivering lips, but that no other waif
Had ever been clasped by his arm. Then in haste
His two fingers he crossed!

The sparkler he gave her he'd purchased that day—
But his fingers were crossed!
No previous maiden had worn it—nay, nay!
But his fingers were crossed!
And never, so long as his life should endure,
Would eye, cheek, or lip of another maid lure—
He knew it—past every doubt he was sure—
But his fingers were crossed!

She listened to all of the guff he had said
While his fingers were crossed!
She laid on his bosom her wise little head
While his fingers were crossed!
She answered so low that the famed "little bird"
Who peddles sweet secrets could scarcely have heard
As she breathed, "Oh, my love, I believe every word!"
But her fingers were crossed!

—Strickland Gillilan, in Puck.

He Doesn't Want Anything More.

I've shot the auk and the jaggerwork in the wilds
Of the Afric jungle.
I won the Battle of San Juan Hill with nary a
hitch or hungle.
I rescued the Panama Canal and performed other
feats galore;
Now I've got all that is coming to me, and I don't
want anything more.

I startled the world with my policies and developed
a reputation.
And I made a racket with my big stick that excited
your admiration.
I did away with race suicide, and now, as I said
before,
I've had about all that is coming to me, and I
don't want anything more.

I'm swinging around the circle now on a perfectly
innocent mission.
Am I looking ahead to nineteen twelve? Dismiss
that absurd suspicion.
Of course, I'm as able to take the job as I was in
the days of yore;
But, then, I've had all that is coming to me.
Please don't hand me anything more.

—New York Globe.

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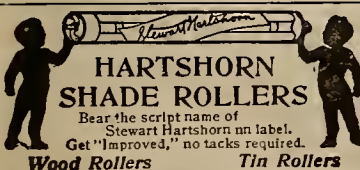
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The garden party at the Naval Training Station at Yerba Buena, which was given on Monday for the benefit of the needy sailors and marines, was largely attended, and served to assemble those of the local society set who have not yet departed for the summer. The ladies of the station were hostesses on this occasion and were assisted by a number of society girls from town.

Theatre parties have been the popular form of entertainment this week, during the Bernhardt engagement. The dinners and supper parties before and after the performances have added much to the otherwise quiet week.

The two large receptions given by Mrs. Edward Harrison and Mrs. Edington Dietrick were made the medium for announcing the engagements of their daughters.

The departure of Mrs. Calhoun and her daughter, and Mrs. Charles Foster, were preceded by a number of luncheons and dinners in their honor that were of a somewhat informal nature.

The engagement has been announced of Mrs. Carl Schoonmacker (formerly Miss Jean Howard) and Mr. Duncan McDuffie of Berkeley.

Mrs. Edward Harrison has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Lucy Harrison, and Mr. Melvin G. Pfaff. The wedding will take place in the fall.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ruby George, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. George of Woodland, and Mr. Clifford Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Martin of this city.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Taylor and Mr. Donald Parker Hemmingway of Redlands has been announced. Miss Taylor is the daughter of the late Captain Thomas G. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, and her fiancé is an Eastern man who has made his home in Redlands for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Edington Dietrick, Jr., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Althea, and Mr. John Jerome Alexander of Portland. The wedding date has not yet been named.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Katherine Madden of Oakland and Mr. J. A. Connor. The wedding will take place in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney H. Crane have sent out cards announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Beulah Crane, and Lieutenant Thurlow W. Reed, U. S. N., which took place in New York on April 22.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn MacDonald and Dr. W. J. Hawkins took place Monday afternoon at St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jerome B. Hannigan in the presence of only the relatives of the bride and groom. Miss Grace MacDonald was bridesmaid and Mr. Andrew Mahoney acted as best man. After a honeymoon trip to Santa Barbara, Dr. Hawkins and his bride will make their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Ann Mahel Kearney and Mr. John P. Coghlan took place Tuesday morning at the home of the bride at Hollister.

Miss Anna Olney entertained at a tea on Thursday, at which her guests were Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Florence Braverman, and Miss Lillian Van Vorst.

Miss Florence Braverman was hostess at a tea at her home on Wednesday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. John Lawrence Kauffman, Mrs. John Breuner, Mrs. Frederick Van Deventer Stott, Mrs. Walter Green, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, and Miss Grace Gibson.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon at her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, which she gave in honor of Miss Edith Rucker. Among the guests were Miss Harriett Stone, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Jennie Lee, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Marie Louise Tyson, Miss Olive Wheeler, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken.

Mrs. Edward Griffith entertained the friends of

her son, Mr. William Griffith, at a dance at the Lagunitas Country Club on Friday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Miss Helen Duncan, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins, Mr. William Duncan, Mr. Wharton Thurston, Mr. Stanford Gwinn, Mr. Philip Westcott, Mr. Evan Evans, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. John Allen, Mr. Jack Kittle, Mr. Allen Kittle, and Mr. William Jackson.

Miss Katherine Stoney and her sister, Miss Helen Stoney, were hostesses at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Friday, at which they entertained Miss Jane Selby, Miss Kate Brigham, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Ethel McAllister.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Charlotte Hall, whose wedding will take place this month.

Mrs. Edward Harrison and her daughters, Miss Lucy Harrison and Miss Therese Harrison, entertained at a tea on Thursday. In the receiving party were Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Hannah du Bois, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Margery Page, Miss Julia Evans, Miss Helen Bailey, Miss Mildred Knox, Miss Clara Allen, Miss Marie Bullard, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, and Mrs. James Sterritt Wood.

Mr. Richard Tobin was host at a dinner at his Burlington home on Friday in honor of Pierre Fouquet le Maitre of Paris, a nephew of Mr. Charles Raoul du Val, who is making a tour of the world.

Miss Marie Louise Tyson was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday at her home in Alameda in honor of Miss Amalia Simpson, the fiancée of Mr. William Hough. Among those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mrs. Frederick Van Deventer Stott, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Florence Braverman, and Miss Marguerite Doe.

Mrs. Russell Bogue, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, entertained at a tea on Friday, at which her guests were Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Boswell King, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Ysobel Brewer, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Edith Treanor, and Miss Josephine Hannigan.

Mr. Isaac Upham was host at a supper in the red room at the Bohemian Club on Friday evening, at which he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. Merritt Reid, Miss Merritt Reid, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. George Crothers, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Will Crellyn, Mrs. Marguerite Hanford, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacBryde, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maginnity, Mrs. William H. Dertsch, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Corhusier, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cummings, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Marshall Darach, Lieutenant Austin Parker, U. S. A., Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Harry Francis, Mr. Paul Jones, and Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.

Mrs. George Lingard Payne, assisted by her daughter, Miss Marie Payne, entertained at a tea at their home on Thursday. Those who assisted in receiving the guests were Miss Violet Cook, Miss Adele Bogard, Miss Madeline Cummings, Miss Miriam Brown, Miss Irene Fallon, Miss Gertrude Mitchell, Miss Hazel Schillingman, and Miss Olympia Goldaracena.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. Joseph Redding.

Miss Vera Havemeyer was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Monday, which she gave in honor of Miss Louise Jackson of New York. Among the guests were Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Lucy Haskins, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Ethel Havemeyer, and Mrs. Roy MacDonald.

Mrs. Charles Bentley was hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon, at which she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Valentine Hush, Mrs. William Magee, and Mrs. Robert Bentley.

Miss Kathleen de Young was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Mary Keeney, the fiancée of Mr. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Dorn entertained at dinner at their home on Friday evening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bergevin, Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dorn, Mrs. William Willis, and Mr. Harvey Housk.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a motor party on Saturday that went down to San Mateo for the society baseball game.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst entertained at a dinner and theatre party on Friday evening, at which her guests were Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Marguerite Doe, Dr. Yerrington, Mr. Dan Volkman, Mr. Kim Kennedy, Mr. George Lyman, Mr. William Cavalier, Mr. Herbert Schmidt, and Mr. Seyd Havens.

Miss Agnes Tillmann entertained at a "linen shower" for Miss Maud Wilson on Tuesday.

Mrs. Peter Cook entertained a house party over the week end at her country home at Rio Vista, which included a number of San Franciscans.

Mrs. Chrystal Harrison was hostess at a dinner on Monday evening in honor of Colonel John Wiser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wiser. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ivy Borden, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shiels, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, and Mr. Neal Powers.

Alice Nielsen has been reëngaged by the Metropolitan Opera House management for next season, and will be given a number of rôles in which she has never appeared in the New York house.

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The Mary Garden Concerts.

After reading and hearing so much about the wonderful art, glorious personality, rare intelligence, and radiant beauty of Mary Garden, the "Sara Bernhardt of the operatic stage," we are at last to have the opportunity of seeing and hearing for ourselves, thanks to the indefatigable Greenbaum. Mary Garden is unquestionably the greatest and most interesting personality on the operatic stage today. She learns a new opera in a few weeks' notice, and every rôle she appears in impresses her bearers as being written especially for her. She makes such intricate works as Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande," Massenet's "Thais," and Richard Strauss's "Salomé" absolutely understandable to all in her audiences, and her personal magnetism is such that she can carry almost any work to a glorious success, irrespective of who else may be in the cast. Lucky indeed is the composer fortunate enough to have Mary Garden introduce his work. In concert she is said to invest each song with this same quality, and the simplest ballads, such as "Annie Laurie," take on new beauties and meanings when she interprets them.

Her programmes usually contain three or four of the arias from her favorite operatic successes, and several groups of songs by such composers as Tchaikowsky, Bemberg, Habn, Delibes, Gounod, and Schubert. They are always model concert programmes and she insists on having her assisting artists as capable in their lines as she is in hers. On her present tour Signor Arturo Tibaldi, the eminent violin virtuoso, and Mr. Howard Brockway, the American composer and pianist, comprise her company. Symphonies by Brockway have been played by the Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, and he is considered one of the most important musicians this country has produced.

The Mary Garden concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on two Sunday afternoons, May 21 and 28, and Thursday night, May 25. The prices will be \$3, \$2, and \$1, and mail orders will now be received and filled in order. Address Will L. Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, enclosing check or money order, and stamped envelope for return of tickets.

For the Oakland concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Tuesday night, May 23, address H. W. Bishop. Prices in Oakland will be the same as in this city, excepting that there will also be some seats at \$1.50, on account of the enormous capacity of this theatre.

Russian-Wagner Festival at the Greek Theatre.

The greatest musical event ever arranged for the Greek Theatre of the University in Berkeley will be the Russian and Wagnerian Festival this Saturday night, May 6, at 8:15 by the Russian Orchestra and assisting singers.

The first part of the programme will be devoted entirely to works of the Russian Beethoven, Peter Tchaikowsky, with the exception of one number, the overture "Russian and Ludmilla," by Glinka. The special features will be the complete ballet suite "The Nutcracker," with the original Russian instruments, and by special request the inspiring "March Slav" will be played.

Part two will consist of the following excerpts from the works of Richard Wagner: "Die Meistersinger"—(a) prelude, (b) prize song (tenor solo), (c) quintet, Mmes. Dimitrieff, Joel-Hulse, Messrs. Ormsby and Schwan, assisted by Mr. Bentley Nicholson, specially engaged; "Tristan and Isolde"—(a) prelude, (b) Liebestod, Mme. Dimitrieff, soprano; "Götterdämmerung"—(Siegfried's Journey); "Siegfried"—(Waldweben); "Tannhäuser"—(overture).

Seats are on sale at Sberman, Clay & Co.'s in San Francisco and Oakland, and at the usual places in Berkeley.

Visitors from San Francisco should take the 7:20 boat.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Newhall and her daughter, Marian, are in Rome, where they will remain until leaving for London for the coronation festivities.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt has gone to New York, where she will be the guest of Mrs. George Doubleday.

Mrs. Margaret Mee and her daughter, accompanied by Miss Rose Kales, are now in Japan, where they will remain for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Nave of Riverside arrived from the Orient on Monday, and are visiting at San Mateo before continuing to their home in Southern California.

Mr. Edgar Stow has returned to Santa Barbara, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crothers (formerly Miss Elizabeth Mills) have returned from their honeymoon trip, and are at the Mills home on Presidio Avenue.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe and her daughter, Miss Margaret Doe, left Monday for Santa Barbara, where they will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mullens (formerly Miss Olga Atherton) are settled in their home at Palo Alto.

Miss Helen Duncan will spend the summer as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., at her home at Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock will leave next week for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent (formerly Miss Maud Bourn) at their home, Muckcross Castle, in Ireland.

Miss Carrie Hopkins, who has been the guest of the Wendell P. Hammons for a month, has returned to her home in Seattle.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Margaret Calhoun left Monday for Cleveland, where they will open their home for the summer. The other members of the family will join them later.

Mrs. Morton Mitchell, who spent part of the winter in San Francisco, has returned to Paris, where she has an apartment.

Mr. John Lawson has arrived in London, where he plans to remain several weeks.

Mrs. James Pressly and her daughter have returned from Santa Rosa, where they spent several weeks.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin has returned from New York, where she went to see her daughters, Laura and Mildred, off to Europe under the chaperonage of their aunt, Mrs. Laura Wright.

Mrs. James C. Jordan left Thursday for Westmoreland, N. B. She will go later to Europe, where she will remain until September.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullen have gone to Menlo, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Bee and her son, Everett, have returned from Europe and are at the Hillcrest.

Miss Lolita Burling has returned to Santa Barbara, after a visit here with Mrs. Douglas Fry.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney have returned to Rocklin, after a visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Scott of New York are in Switzerland with their daughter, Miss Tarn McGrew.

Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Younger, who spent the winter in Paris, are now motoring in Switzerland.

Mrs. Paul Beck will join Lieutenant Beck at San Antonio, Texas, the latter part of this month.

Mrs. Frederick von Schroeder has returned from Southern California, and is spending a few weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Foster, Miss Marie Louise Foster, and Miss Minna Van Bergen left on Monday for New York and Europe.

Mrs. Frederick Morong (formerly Miss Bessie Hannigan) is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Hannigan, after a residence of five years

in Honolulu. Dr. Morong will join her later in the summer.

Colonel A. J. Bowie has reached here from Japan, and is visiting relatives in San Francisco and San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Maud are planning to leave for Denver, where they will visit Dr. Clinton C. Hastings. Later they will join Mrs. John Darling in Europe.

Mrs. William Tevis has returned from New York. She was accompanied west by her two sons and Mrs. Joseph Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters have returned from New York and will be in town for a month before leaving for Monterey.

Miss Dorothy Chapman, the fiancée of Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Fish, has returned from her visit with Miss Gamble at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark have returned to their home in San Mateo, after several months of travel in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge have given up their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel and are at their country home in Saratoga, Santa Clara County, for the summer.

Mrs. George M. Pullman of Chicago spent part of the week at Del Monte, bringing a large party of Chicago friends in her private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, accompanied by Mrs. F. F. Schloss and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Roos, sailed from New York for Europe on the *Kronprinzessin* on Tuesday. They will be present at the coronation of King George the Fifth, and afterwards will make a tour of Continental Europe.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Miss Wickersham, Mr. Sanford Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fanning, Mr. H. C. Nelson, Mr. Jay W. Adams, Mrs. Charles Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Garner, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sellers, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Page, Mr. C. H. Lawton, Mrs. B. L. Boardman, Mrs. J. L. Connors.

Russian Symphony Orchestra's Final Concerts.

All musical San Francisco is enthusiastic over the beautiful programmes and magnificent playing of the Russian Symphony Orchestra at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Not since the days of Fritz Seel and his original Vienna Prater Orchestra has such music been heard in this city. In securing Modest Altshuler and his splendid aggregation of talent Manager Will Greenbaum has certainly shown that he knows what is good, and all music lovers owe him a vote of thanks. The Russian Symphony Orchestra is indeed worth while.

On the programme for this Friday night, May 5, the principal features will be Kanyan's "Finnish Rhapsodie," Beethoven's immortal Fifth Symphony, a Prelude from Victor Herbert and J. D. Redding's much-discussed opera "Natoma," and Edgar Stillman Kelley's Chinese suite, "Aladdin."

At the Saturday matinée, in addition to a splendid programme of orchestral works, which will include Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Pepito Arriola, the wonderful boy pianist, will play Liszt's Concerto in E flat, accompanied by the full orchestra.

The final programme, on Sunday afternoon, will introduce to us Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4, Conus's suite "Child Life," Glinka's ballet from "My Life for the Czar," a Prelude from Humperdinck's new opera "Königskinder" and a vocal duet, "Dawn," by Tchaikowsky.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the box-office opens at the hall one hour before each concert.

If possible an extra concert will be arranged for Sunday night, with a special request programme. This will depend on the train schedule of the orchestra. If successful in arranging for this extra event full announcement will appear in the daily papers.

Pepito Arriola.

Pepito Arriola, who is being brought here specially to play the Liszt Concerto for piano and orchestra with the Russian Symphony Orchestra this Saturday afternoon, will give two recitals on the piano at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, May 14, and Saturday afternoon, May 20. The remarkable furor created by the young Spanish genius last January is still fresh in the minds of concert-goers, many of whom were deprived of the pleasure of hearing him at that time because of an injury to Pepito's hand which necessitated the canceling of some of his appearances. Manager Greenbaum has arranged a special scale of prices for the Arriola concerts, ranging in price from 75 cents to \$1.50, with a special rate to children of 50 cents any seat in the house. Seats will go on sale Wednesday morning, May 10. Arriola will give one concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Friday afternoon, May 19. He promises new and interesting programmes.

London papers report a brilliant opening of the opera season at Covent Garden. "Lakmé" was the opera, with Tetrazzini in the title rôle and John McCormack as Gerald, one of the English officers. The London critics unanimously agree that the night was a splendid triumph for Tetrazzini and the Irish tenor. Both artists were in superb voice.

Paul Wiltach's adaptation into English of Anatole France's "Thais" is being played at the Criterion Theatre in New York, where the chief rôles are enacted by Tyrone Power, Constance Collier, and Arthur Forrest.

Mothers' Tribute Day, May 11.

In 1875 the Children's Hospital was established, at California and Maple Streets, and from the beginning it demonstrated the need for such an institution and the value of its work. At first it ministered to the sick only, but a dozen years ago the "Little Jim" ward for incurable children was added, and twenty-five are cared for in this division. More than \$30,000 in medical, surgical, and nursing services are rendered yearly to poor children without fee. No mere report could more than suggest the amount of good it does, the suffering it relieves, the cures it accomplishes. The building has been restored and enlarged since the fire. A new wing is now approaching completion, and fittings are required for this and older departments. The sum of \$107,000 is required, above the resources at hand, and for contributions to this fund the public is now appealed to with confidence.

Thursday, May 11, has been fixed upon as "Mothers' Tribute Day," when gifts large and small may be dropped into the mite boxes to be placed in public places. It is hoped that none of generous spirit will overlook them.

Contributions to "Mothers' Tribute Day" may be sent at any time to the general chairman, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Hotel Normandie, to all managers of the hospital, and to the following special committee:

- Mrs. William H. Crocker, Burlingame.
- Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Washington and Laguna Streets.
- Mrs. William B. Bourn, Burlingame.
- Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, 331 Parnassus Avenue.
- Mrs. A. B. Hammond, 2252 Broadway.
- Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Fairmont Hotel.
- Mrs. Helen Hecht, Hotel St. Francis.
- Mrs. William Kohl, San Mateo.
- Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Broadway and Laguna Street.
- Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Burlingame.
- Mrs. Max C. Sloss, 3498 Clay Street.
- Mrs. Henry Payot, 968 Ellis Street.
- Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Felton.
- Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1919 California Street.
- Mrs. William S. Tevis, 2000 Broadway.
- Mrs. John F. Merrill, General Chairman, Hotel Normandie.

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Professor Brander Matthews has decided to include two plays by Augustus Thomas in the curriculum of his department at Columbia University. These two plays are to be "The Witching Hour" and "As a Man Thinks." The only American plays heretofore studied at Columbia have been "The Girl with the Green Eyes," by Clyde Fitch, and "Shenandoah," by Bronson Howard.

Nat C. Goodwin is playing "Lend Me Five Shillings" in New York vaudeville.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What's the difference between a hospital and a sanatorium?" "About \$20 a week."—*Kansas City Journal*.

She—You say he and another Chicago man have a wager as to which one will marry her, He—No; as to which one will marry her first.—*Life*.

Mrs. M—Who did you vote for? Mrs. N—I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street-car last week.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"What cured him of flirting?" "He started a flirtation with a lady who turned out to be selling an encyclopædia at \$200 a set."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Young Mr. Highupp—Going abroad, you say? But have you seen America first? Mrs. Blasé—Oh; there's hardly a spot in New York we haven't visited.—*Puck*.

"Your own baby, if you have one," advertised the enterprising photographer, "can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for \$9.75 per dozen."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

Mr. Cleverton—You saw some old ruins in England this summer, I suppose? Miss Struckett-Rich—Yes, and one of them wanted to marry me.—*Princeton Tiger*.

She—Papa saw you going into a saloon today, George. He—No, he didn't. She—Why are you so certain? He—I'd have had to pay for another drink if he had.—*Truth*.

Wife (excitedly)—If you go on like this I shall certainly lose my temper. Husband—No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

Friend (sarcastically)—Which one of your many bad habits do you think you could manage to give up? Easy One (nettled)—That of lending my friends money.—*Baltimore American*.

Visitar—And you always did your daring robberies single-handed? Why didn't you have a pal? Prisoner—Well, sir, I wuz afraid he might turn out to be dishonest.—*Toledo Blade*.

"I've been sent down town to buy a taboret. What's that?" "Don't you know? It's one of those things that stand around about shin-high in the dark."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Old One—So you wish to marry my daughter, eh? Do you ever drink? The Young One—Thank you; not just at present. Business before pleasure is my motto.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Yes; I have just done Europe." "Can you give me a list of hotels to go to?" "No; the best I can do is to give you a list of hotels to keep away from."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Tourist (at Irish hotel)—You seem tired, Pat? Waiter—Yiss, sorr. Up very early this morning—half-past six. Tourist—I don't call half-past six early! Waiter (quickly)—Well, half-past five, thin!—*Punch*.

De Playwriter—I will never submit to the vulgar demands of modern commercialism. Mrs. de Playwriter—Reginald, O! Reginald! Do not tell me that you can not pay the butcher bill this month.—*Milwaukee News*.

Mrs. Posey—Mercy, Hiram! Them awful society women dress like they was goin' swimmin'. Mr. Posey—O' course, Jerusha. Haint you heard th't, in th' soshul swim, th' wimmen try to outstrip each other?—*Milwaukee News*.

"Why, three generations of my family had lived and died in this country," he boasted, "before your ancestors were able to raise the amount they needed to come over in the steerage." "Very true. But those three generations of your family are still dead ones, I believe."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"It was a terrible sensation," says the man who is narrating his experiences while almost drowning. After I went down for the third time my past life flashed before me in a series of pictures. "You didn't happen to notice," asks the friend, edging forward with interest, "a picture of me lending you that ten dollars in the fall of 1898, did you?"—*Life*.

"You have a fine lot of children, Binks," said Hawkins, as after a spin through the country they returned to the house for dinner. "How many are there?" "Seven," said Binks, proudly. "I've often wondered," said Hawkins, "whether you people with so many children have any favorites among them." "Oh, no," returned Binks, hesitatingly; "that is to say, not consciously, but of course we are more interested in a 1911 model than in the earlier ones."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Tutter—Ah, Miss Pinkerly, you can't imagine the temptations that a young man has in a large city. Take drinking, for instance. When your best friend comes up, slaps you on the back, and says: "Old man, what'll you have?" I tell you it's hard to resist. No less than seven fellows have asked me that question today. Miss Pinkerly (admiringly)—And I can vouch for it, Mr. Tutter, that your an-

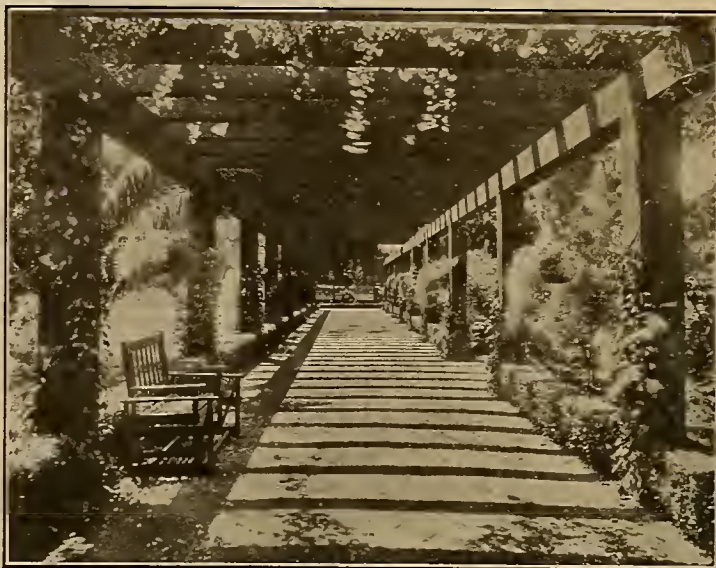
swer was always the same. Tutter (emphatically)—It was.—*Life*.

Messenger Boy (to stranger)—I suppose, sir, you are visiting the baron in his castle over there. Stranger—I am; and are you going to the castle too? Messenger Boy—Certainly. I'm taking your telegram telling him you are coming.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"You didn't pay the slightest attention to the policeman who warned you about the lights on your automobile!" said the magistrate se-

verely. "I am at fault, judge," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I'm a stranger in the city and he spoke so politely I didn't think he could be a real policeman."—*Washington Star*.

Lawyer—Now, sir; you say the burglar, after creeping in through the front window, began to walk slowly up the stairs, and yet you did not see him, although you were standing at the head of the stairs at the time. May I venture to inquire why you did not see him? Principal Witness—Certainly, sir. The fact is, my wife was in the way.—*Puck*.



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Madero and His Merry Men.

The feature of the week's news from Mexico is the failure of Madero to control his men. Juarez and Tia Juana were attacked by the rebels in spite of the fact that an armistice had been declared and that the peace negotiations were at a critical stage. Several Americans were shot in El Paso, and the general situation everywhere became distinctly worse.

The impotence of Madero places the trouble in an entirely new light. Civilization always accords a certain status to men who are fighting under a recognized leader and who have some semblance of discipline. So long as these conditions exist there is always some one with whom to treat, some one who is responsible, some one who can, if necessary, be punished. We need care nothing at all about the status of the rebels in the eyes of the Mexican government, but if there is no one to receive representations from our own authorities, to enter into undertakings and to carry them out, then we have to face a new condition, and a grave one. We find that Madero tried to stop the fighting and

could not do so, that he wavered from one decision to another, that he was "sad and disheartened," and that he "genuinely regrets" the occurrence. These are interesting psychological details, but they will only confirm the impression that Mexico has fallen victim to the Spanish-American revolutionary habit and that she is at the mercy of mobs who will obey any one or no one just as the whim seizes them.

A word may be said properly as to the Americans who have been shot in El Paso. We have heard too much of the argument that those who expose themselves to rifle fire from across the border do so at their own peril. And yet it would seem that Americans in El Paso have a perfect right to go upon their rooftops, to climb their flagpoles, or to comport themselves in any other legal way without the permission of Mexican rebels and free from the penalty of a rifle bullet. They have just as much right to national protection under such circumstances as if they were being shelled from a foreign warship twenty miles away. Presumably we have not yet reached the point where we must hide behind walls or in cellars whenever it pleases a few desperadoes to fight just across the frontier. We shall not forget to be as patient and as magnanimous as our size and strength warrant. But we certainly shall not be told by Mexican rebels, or federals either for that matter, whether we may or may not go where we please and do as we like upon our own soil.

The Risdon Iron Works.

It is to be feared that the change in the ownership of the Risdon Iron Works can hardly be taken as an augury of the return of the manufacturing trade to San Francisco. The causes that drove the trade away are just as strong as ever they were to keep it away. The new owners may do a certain amount of repair work, and they may use the place as a receiving depot, or they may be content simply to hold it against the advent of better times in the labor world, but it can hardly be supposed that they have gone out of their way to purchase an industrial war. The steel trade is slack enough just now, even under favorable labor conditions. There is no immediate demand for new plants even where they can be operated peacefully. It is therefore hardly likely that any manufacturing concern will court a conflict simply for the purpose of restoring to San Francisco a vast and lucrative trade that peculiarly belongs to her and that she allowed a wrong-headed unionism to drive from her gates.

The *Chronicle* seems to be struck with the fatuity of the whole proceeding, as indeed must any human being endowed with ordinary commercial sense. The difficulty, says the *Chronicle* frankly, is in the labor situation:

All sides concede that, taking the year through, a given amount of labor will produce a larger output here than in Eastern centres, where the extremes of climate are so great. The power question no longer cuts any particular figure, for, while coal-made power is cheaper in many Eastern industrial centres than oil or electric power in this city, the difference is not so great as to prevent production.

There are, in fact, no natural factors in the way of San Francisco's dominance of the steel trade. The only factors are the human ones. This, too, is recognized by the *Chronicle* when it says:

But when it comes to fixing the details of hours and wages the two sides are unable to agree. The result is that as an industrial centre San Francisco is gradually ceasing to compete in outside markets, and is importing for use within the city. . . .

It is quite possible for the two sides to get together, ascertain what profit is possible in meeting the competitive market, and make such a fair division of that profit as to set the machinery at work.

Probably they will not, but the only thing that prevents it is a state of mind.

Precisely, a state of mind, or, to be more accurate, a state of arrogant and tyrannical greed. No one supposes that the Risdon, the Union, and other concerns

would have closed down had it been humanly possible to keep going. Companies of this kind are perfectly cold-blooded in such a matter. If they keep a balance upon the right side of the ledger they go on. If they can not, they stop. In other words, they act precisely as a small shopkeeper in a back street. The big iron concerns found that the unions were implacable and insatiable. Their wage scales meant financial ruin, and they insisted upon a swagging and truculent control over the works themselves and over every detail in them. Naturally the companies withdrew to other fields, and many thousand men were thrown out of work, sold up their homes, and went to other places where the union leaders would allow them to get some sort of a living. Then these same leaders surveyed the abandoned and silent yards and announced a great union victory.

The *Chronicle* says it is quite possible for the two sides to get together and to come to an agreement. It would be possible if the union leaders would so far condescend as to discuss and investigate, but that is not a part of their trade, nor, it may be said, is it permitted by their mental equipment. The only attitude familiar to them is that of insolent dictation, and they will probably maintain that attitude so long as their very humble and obedient servants, the workmen, are willing to be robbed of their wages and their homes at their orders. Of course it will not last forever. Common sense tells in the long run, but it seems a pity that the whole city should be hobbled and fettered by a small minority of men who have not even sense enough to see the butter on their bread.

A Curious Criminal Trial.

Remarkable criminal trials have taken place in all countries, and California has had her share. Witness the trial of Laura D. Fair for the murder of Lawyer Crittenden, the church-belfry murders of Theodore Durrant, the Benhayon murder mystery, the murder of Miser Skerrett by Public Administrator Leroy to administer on his estate.

Yet in many respects the Camorra trial now going on in Italy is one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence. This is not to say that the extreme freedom of the case militates against justice; it is probably the other way around, for when all hands talk so much—judges, lawyers, witnesses, and defendants—the truth will probably come to light.

Already the case has been adverted to several times in these pages. Briefly to recall it, some thirty-six persons are accused—either as principals or accessories—of the murder of Gennaro Cuocollo and his wife Maria, "la bella Sorrentina." Four years ago the body of the husband, carefully attired, was found on the bay shore some miles from Naples, so arranged as to lead to the presumption that he had been slain in a duel. It was so believed. But on the same night the police found that his wife Maria had been strangled to death in their apartment in Naples.

Enrico Alfano, his brother, Ciro Alfano, Ibelli, and Rapi were arrested and charged with the murder. They were saved by a priest, Father Vittozzi, who went to the authorities and averred that the four men were innocent, as he had learned in the confessional who the true murderers were. The four men were released. Enrico Alfano, head of the Camorra, then left for America, thinking it safer here. He was re-arrested in Brooklyn by a New York police detective, Petrosino, who then went to Naples to arrange for Alfano's extradition. There, Petrosino was assassinated by order of the Camorra. The Italian government became perturbed over this murder of an American citizen, and attempted to force the Naples police authorities to investigate the crime. But mysterious difficulties incessantly arose. A Naples publicist, Edoardo Scialoja, printed over his signature in the *Mattino* a circular charging that the Naples police had for years been

hand and glove with the Camorra. He further stated that several high police officials made rendezvous at the home of the Cuocolos with the woman Maria. Baffled by this condition of affairs, the government turned from the police to the Carabinieri. This is a semi-military body some 30,000 strong, somewhat akin to the rural gendarmerie of France. They are a fine body of men, usually recruited from ex-soldiers of good character, and not affiliated with the police in any way. The Carabinieri took up the murder mystery, and speedily found an informer, one Abbatemaggio. His revelations resulted in the re-arrest of the men originally charged with the murder; also of the priest, Father Vittozzi, who had falsely affirmed their innocence, and of thirty-one others, including a woman. All of these are charged with being Camorrist and accessories to the murders.

These thirty-six prisoners are now being tried at Viterbo, thirty-three of them in a large steel cage, the informer in a small steel cage, the priest and the woman seated in the open court-room. It is in this court-room that the strange occurrences are daily taking place which impel us to call this such a remarkable trial. The proceedings began with a frenzied hegira of men from Viterbo to escape jury duty. They were rounded up by the Carabinieri, and nearly all excuses were set aside. When the jury was impaneled the jurors "struck," claiming that the rate of pay was inadequate. Their method of enforcing their strike was to fall ill one after another. Later on this was followed by a strike among the prisoners, who insisted on having the court adjourn during Holy Week; in case this religious vacation was not granted, they threatened to refuse to testify. The court capitulated, and granted them their vacation.

The star witness of the case has been Enrico Alfano, whose brother Ciro died in jail. Alfano is eloquent and defiant, declaring that he is "a victim of yellow journalism," which phrase he probably brought from America. He ascribes his position to the newspaper *Mattino* and to a plot among the Carabinieri. Whenever any reference is made to his dead brother Ciro, Enrico bursts into violent weeping. Once when urged by the judge to "be a man," the weeping Enrico replied: "Constantly before my eyes is the picture of my dear brother dying. He was young, innocent, and the beautiful image of his Creator." Here Enrico broke down again, while many of his cage-mates echoed his sobs. The wife of one of the prisoners also threw a fit in the court-room, and the judge adjourned the trial for the day.

Another witness of importance is the Rev. Father Vittozzi. This priest apparently acted as a go-between for the Camorra, in the way of restoring stolen goods for rewards and the like. The reverend father's residence had been carefully searched in the thorough European fashion, and among his papers were found a number of obscene photographs. When asked why he possessed these, the holy man was frankly stumped. But his attorney intervened, saying they probably had been given to him by penitents in the confessional. "Yes, yes," said the priest eagerly, "that is it. You have a fine mind, Mr. Attorney." The priest stoutly denied any knowledge of the murders; when accused of them, like Alfano, he also broke down and sobbed violently. Attempts to press questions resulted in Father Vittozzi swooning, whereupon the judge adjourned the trial for the day.

A third witness of note was Esposito, who became head of the Camorra when Alfano fled to New York. It is charged that he condemned the Cuocolos to death for "holding out" some of the proceeds of a Camorra robbery. He also professed his innocence, and informed the court that he was suffering from heart disease and had but one eye. He feared, he said, that he might die in prison or lose his eye. Thereupon he extracted his glass optic from its socket, and hurled it on the stone floor before the judge's bench, shattering it into flinders. Then he fainted. The prisoners in the cage broke into violent weeping, and the judge ordered the trial suspended for the day.

We pass over many other curious incidents, including the unusual procedure of Avolio, one of the accused, who read to judge and jury choice extracts from his pocket copy of the penal code. We may mention as odd the discussion in court between Sortino, a prisoner, and Abbatemaggio, the informer, as to the proper way to hold a knife when murdering a man. Likewise, we touch on the times when the proceedings were adjourned, and the prisoners in the large steel cage

thrust their heads out through the bars of the *gabbione* and spit on the informer in the small steel cage. Or the episodes when the caged men, objecting to some of the court's rulings, shout, curse, and beat with their manacled hands against the steel bars so loudly that the judge is forced to adjourn the trial for the day. Probably the strangest episodes in this remarkable case have been those when witnesses and defendants were confronted. Taken from their cages, and standing in front of the judge's bench, informer and defendant bandy fierce words, while armed Carabinieri stand between to prevent them from leaping at each other's throats.

This confrontation of the witnesses with the accused, face to face, seems unusual to us. None the less, it has been practised in English criminal jurisprudence. In the English State Trials will be found the celebrated Annesley case. There we read how Richard Annesley, Lord Anglesea, falsely accused his nephew, James Annesley, of a murder. As a result of this trial another followed, in which James claimed the title which his uncle Richard had fraudulently usurped. The question then was whether the late Lady Anglesea ever had a child, and if so whether James was that child. Scores of witnesses testified pro and con. The parish priest testified that she had a child; the parish doctor denied it. My lady's housekeeper swore that she had a child; my lady's maid swore that she had none. The judges confronted these conflicting witnesses, and as a result it was decided that James Annesley, the poor refugee from America, was the true Earl of Anglesea.

Confrontation was also practised in a famous murder trial two thousand years ago, minutely reported by the historian Froude—famous mainly because Marcus Tullius Cicero was of counsel. This trial also was for a murder committed in the southern part of the Italian peninsula, not far from Viterbo, where the Camorra trial is going on today.

If you read the Annesley case of a hundred and fifty years ago, if you read the case in which Cicero pleaded some twenty centuries ago, if you read the Camorra case going on today, you will be struck by the similarity of the testimony over the lapse of seas and centuries. Verily, it requires the searching methods of the law-courts to drag to light the mysteries of the human mind and heart.

Clergymen, Doctors, and Cribbs.

The casual prosecution for vagrancy of one of the women of the half-world was the occasion last week of one of those sudden revelations of a stealthy misconduct that has become one of the features of our city government. The case itself had no remarkable features. There was nothing about it to show that it presaged a storm. The woman in question was charged with a failure to submit herself to certain proceedings instituted by the board of health, and it may be said that these proceedings by no means meet with the unanimous approval of good citizens. As it happens, the woman found a champion in court. It was urged on her behalf that the proceedings were illegal, and it was further asserted that they were used as a lever for graft by the board of health. There is no need to inquire into the credentials of the attorney who brought these charges, inasmuch as they were at once taken out of his hands and not only sustained but amplified by a certain committee of clergymen, whose action can hardly be overlooked. These clergymen at once signed a statement to the effect that a house of ill-fame was operated by, and under the supervision of, the board of health, and that while they had no proof of financial wrongdoing they had their grave suspicions. They hastened to add that as soon as the above facts became known to them they resigned from their advisory position to the board of health clinic and that these resignations had been presented two weeks earlier.

Now before looking at this question in its general aspects it may be said at once that if these clergymen suppose that they have thereby cleared their own skirts of this foul business they are laboring under a misapprehension that the *Argonaut* will try to remove. And to this end it may be asked of these clergymen what action they would have taken in the matter had their hands not been forced by a casual prosecution for vagrancy and the accusations resulting therefrom? Presumably no action at all, seeing that their resignations were then two weeks old and the public had heard not a word of the matter. Let us realize exactly what this means. It seems that this clerical committee had

been appointed to cooperate in some strange way with the board of health clinic, and were therefore to some extent in an official position and with official as well as spiritual duties. They then discovered, according to their own statement, that their medical partners, who also are city officials and with arbitrary powers over human liberty that the Czar of Russia would envy, have engaged in the most shameful trade known to humanity, thanks to the aforesaid powers that they are allowed to enjoy under a democracy and to which no parallel could be found in the old world. It might be thought that this shocking discovery would instantly be given to the public. It might even be thought that the clergymen were there for just such a purpose, to watch for wrongdoing of all kinds and to correct it, and to appeal instantly to public opinion should there be any failure to moralize proceedings that at their very best are repulsive and horrifying. Not at all. The clergymen took no such view of their duty, either spiritual or official. Believing that the medical clinic had engaged in an unspeakable iniquity, they allowed that iniquity to continue for two full weeks, and presumably would have allowed it to continue forever but for a chance prosecution that compelled them to plead their non-participation. They have not established that plea. They have kept silence at a time when vociferous speech was their plain duty. At a time when they should have appealed to the public—and no one knows better how to do this—they merely resigned in such a way that their resignation was unheard of. In other words, they abandoned their duties just when those duties became real and insistent, and so removed whatever restraint to iniquity their continued presence and protest might have proved. Certainly the clergymen have not covered themselves with glory in this matter.

So far as the general situation is concerned, we must await something more definite than charges and denials. This is a matter upon which we should look for some guidance to reputable medical opinion throughout the State. We hear quickly enough from the professional organization if some poor wretch is caught curing people of disease, or trying to do so, without the proper certificates of competence. This is a far graver matter. Here we have an official medical board charged with operating a house of ill-fame. They are charged on suspicion with misusing funds that have been worried and harried, as fees, from the most defenseless section of the people, those whose occupation places them beyond the pale of the law, but who yet are women. Now what have the reputable physicians of the State to say to this? It is all very well for Dr. Eaton to suggest that this is an attack upon organized labor. He knows that it is nothing of the kind. It is an attack upon villainy. We do not know yet who the villains are, but we intend to know.

San Francisco has never had reason to be proud of its board of health, and this scandal will serve some good purpose if it direct attention to the kind of men to whom we entrust dictatorial and oppressive powers. If the board of health has authority to order a specified class of women to subject themselves to certain nameless proceedings, to extract weekly or bi-weekly fees from them, practically to compel them to accept subsequently the ordinary paid services of other physicians, then the board of health has similar powers over all other classes of citizens. There is practically no limit to what it may not do simply by its own ukase. We have had already a sample of their quality in the infamous tuberculosis ordinance, an ordinance that is a menace to the liberty of every citizen of San Francisco, a disgrace and a detriment to the city. Now we have this sudden flashlight upon other atrocities charged against men who have already the rights of private imprisonment, without appeal, over men, women, and children. Where will it end?

Certainly it will not end here. Apart from such legal inquiry as there may be perhaps it will be possible to arouse some latent sense of duty in the clerical committee. They may be persuaded to tell us exactly why they resigned? What are the exact facts that came to their knowledge, all of them? Do they know how often these women, for whom their sympathies are so warm and spontaneous, are compelled to pay fees for proceedings repulsive to themselves? What are those fees? What is their precise disposition? Where is it possible to consult some public financial statement wherein the amount of these fees is set forth? Some of these questions may be beyond the clerical sphere, but never mind about that. Doubtless they collected every possible detail and will now hasten to speak out,

and to speak out loudly, on a matter lying so close to the morality of the community.

Incoming Citizens and Insurrectos.

The dispatches from the Mexican frontier tell daily of people crossing our boundary line as freely as we in this city cross the street. When the insurrectos are hotly pressed, they take refuge across our boundary line. When they have wounded to be cared for, they bring them across our boundary line. About all the restraint our authorities seem to exercise is to prevent insurrectos crossing into Mexico with arms. A late dispatch tells of a soldier from an infected insurrecto camp, being brought across the river to the El Paso hospital suffering from smallpox. The dispatch goes on thus: "The El Paso health authorities have warned the insurrecto General Madero that unless the sanitary conditions of his camp are improved a rigid quarantine will be established to prevent any one entering El Paso from the insurrecto camp." Are these considered rigid restrictions? Of course, it is not expected that Uncle Sam shall have a soldier at every rod of our long boundary, but these crossings always take place at cities or towns, like El Paso or Douglas.

At all our Atlantic ports foreigners are debarred from landing unless they are in sound health, capable of supporting themselves and their dependents, and possessed of a certain sum of money. Such diseases as *tinea tonsurans* and *favus* exclude. A wealthy Englishman on his way to Colorado was held up because he had tuberculosis. Even an American citizen, when attempting to land at New York or Boston, is ordered to answer a list of printed questions as long as the moral law. He is asked his age, his birthplace, his calling, how much money he has, what he went to Europe for, why he came back, whether he has any contagious disease, whether his grandmother was an honest woman, and what he means by his conduct anyway. After he has been bullied for a while by male ruffians, and his wife stripped by female ruffians and searched to the skin, he is robbed of most of what money he has left and is then allowed to enter his native land.

On the Mexican frontier, it seems, everything is different. There, any filthy rascal who calls himself an insurrecto crosses our frontier freely, and if he has smallpox or any other loathsome disease it makes no difference—we take him in and care for him.

Why this strange difference in frontier regulations?

Judges' Drafts on the Treasury.

A number of weeks ago City Treasurer McDougald informed the supervisors that the only irregular drafts on his funds came from the superior judges. The charter, he said, does not explicitly inhibit the judges from drawing on the treasury for various purposes. Not being inhibited, it seems, the judges therefore draw freely on the funds of the taxpayers. The treasurer sees no way to stop this drain, but he thinks it might be limited by publicity. He therefore suggested to the supervisors that they publish these judicial drafts on the treasury in the *Municipal Record*. This hebdomadal journal is edited by the clerk of the supervisors, and is remarkable principally for what it omits. An inquisitive taxpayer wishing to ascertain why his taxes are so high, and what becomes of all the eleven millions of taxes anyway, finds very little satisfaction from the *Municipal Record*. The judicial drafts are cases in point.

The supervisors seemingly acceded to the treasurer's request, but all the same the *Record* is still silent about the judicial drafts. Some pull has silenced the *Record*. It can not be a string on Treasurer McDougald, for he is a man of rugged honesty; also, being an elective official, he is not afraid of the supervisors or of the mayor either; being honest, he is not afraid of the judges. So the pull is pulling on somebody else. Now we all want to know how much of our money the judges are spending, and which judges are spending the most. If the *Municipal Record* won't print these facts, Mr. Treasurer, send them to this office, and the *Argonaut* will print them.

The committee being still undecided as to the exposition site, there is room for hope that Golden Gate Park will be left intact, not as a rival, but as an ally to the exposition itself. The virtual destruction of the park is a grievous price to pay even for the greatest of advantages. As a civic possession it is unique, without a peer in the world, a wonder to the visitor and a perpetual delight to the resident. It is safe to say that there would have been no popular vote in favor of the

exposition and no ready acquiescence in the necessary taxation if it had been realized that Golden Gate Park would be the first installment of the price and that the city must surrender its chief glory to the dredger and the builder.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OVERLAND LIMITED TRAIN, EAST OF ELKO, April 27.—If there lingers in any mind the notion that Nevada is merely a magnificent desolation it may be dispelled even by so fleeting a view as that to be had from a car window at forty miles per hour. It was an old idea—not so very old either—that Nevada was worthless except as a bridge connecting California with the East. I remember some twenty years ago hearing this theory developed by a smart youth in the presence of Mrs. Kinkead, wife of a former governor and in other notable ways closely associated with Nevada. The remark was impertinent to the degree of rudeness, and all present expected from the lady, who had the spirit and the wit of her Thornton blood, a tingling rejoinder. She merely smiled and replied: "I suspect that you do not know Nevada or that you fall into the common error of regarding as valueless that which happens not to be in instant demand." Then followed a series of forecasts based upon a surprising insight into the future needs of the world and the course of progress in the United States. Whenever in America the demand for land becomes pressing as it is in the old world, said Mrs. Kinkead, the winter rains will be gathered into reservoirs and husbanded to the last gallon. Under a careful system of irrigation, she continued, Nevada, which many careless observers now look upon as a desert, will become, at least in its valley regions, a veritable garden. Then she spoke of the mineral ores, known and to be found later, of the pasture regions, of the healthful climate and of unnumbered other conditions tending to the future productiveness and wealth of the country in derision designated as the Sagebrush State.

These prophecies have come to my mind a dozen times in the course of today's flight, which thus far has covered the "mileage" between Floriston on the Truckee River and Elko. The country is still Nevada in its brown monotony. But all the same things are doing in it. And a far cry it is, truly, from the Piute, the coyote, and the horned toad to the factories and power plants on the Truckee, the bustle of Reno, the clanging bells of Sparks, the alfalfa fields adjacent to Lovelocks, and the herds everywhere feeding literally upon a thousand hills. A far cry truly from the old Concord coach and the ore-wagon to the "branch" railroad which seems as if by magic to have sprung into being at a half-dozen or more "junctions." A far cry truly from the old blank and echoless desolation to the manifold activities and manifest prosperities of today. And when it is remembered that the new movement has only just begun, the change and the promise are marvelous. Whatever the notions of an older time may have been, the destiny of Nevada is now clear. It is to be all and more than insight, affection, and even hardihood ever pictured it.

Obviously active as present times are in Nevada, industry and production are still in a primitive stage. The mine and the range still dominate the life of the country. And their day will be long. But in times to come—when as in the vision of the prophetic mind already quoted the demand for land becomes tense in America as it is in the older regions of the earth—the opportunities which lie open in Nevada will not be neglected. A fertile country with a sufficient rainfall—even though the waters may require costly conservation—will not be abandoned to a crude and scanty production. And I venture to add that Nevada is destined to be not only a productive, but a beautiful country. The charms of abounding greenery, of dashing stream and forested summit—these it will never have. But there are other beauties; and when enterprise shall have wrought here comparably with its achievements in many countries elsewhere—notably in the region about Fresno in California and in the Yakima Valley of Washington—the "desolation" of Nevada will have become a forgotten tradition.

At several points east of Reno the famous ditch by which the government through its irrigation service is leading the waters of the Truckee River to the soils of the Carson Sink may be seen from the train. It is a fine piece of construction from an engineering standpoint. It is laid out with precision, even with art, and it has been made, in theory at least, unbreakable with cement—all but porcelain lined. Indeed. But in the face of this pretty work I have been amusing myself with reflections upon the light which it sheds on "conservation" pursued as a fad and in contempt of experience and common sense.

In the practical world it is a universal notion that anything capable of utilitarian uses—natural resources among others—are "conserved" when so used as to yield the highest possible vantage to mankind. It is another universal notion that anything so used as to curtail or limit practical service to mankind is, in some degree, wasted. In such matters the practical mind rejects all theories based on considerations of calculated "beneficence," all of that inward consciousness of a wisdom greater than that of the Creator. It proceeds to work out the greatest good to the greatest number under the sordid but tolerably sure guidance of economic science.

And by the term economic science I mean the working experience.

Now let us glance at the conditions back of this much-vaunted "conservation" enterprise in western Nevada: The project looks to Lake Tahoe, a great natural reservoir which lies at the summit of the Sierra, some six thousand and two hundred feet above sea level, and available for use either in California or Nevada. Broadly speaking, two-thirds of this lake belongs geographically to California and one-third to Nevada. California lies far lower than Nevada, the general level being approximately six thousand feet below the outlet of the lake. The general level of Nevada is approximately twelve hundred feet below the lake. Now it does not take a world of scientific knowledge to make it plain that a reservoir placed six thousand feet high is worth more as a source of electric or other power than one placed only twelve hundred feet high. As a matter of plain cold fact, the surplus waters of Tahoe would produce about five times as many "watts"—if that be the right word—of electric power in California as in Nevada. The explanation lies in the difference between the elevation of the lake and of that of California on the one side and Nevada on the other.

Nevada as compared with California is relatively an arid country, and the amount of irrigation water required there to produce two crops, say of alfalfa hay, in a season will produce five in the more humid regions of the Sacramento Valley in California. Thus the surplus waters of Lake Tahoe, regarded as a resource for irrigation, are more valuable in California than in Nevada. There is still another consideration of high practical importance. California is a country of more varied and advanced production and industry than Nevada and it lies near the seaboard, where commodity values are naturally greater.

In view of these very simple and plain considerations it does not call for a Daniel come to judgment to see that when the waters of Lake Tahoe are drawn away from California and into Nevada they are not "conserved" in a practical sense. As a matter of cold fact they are measurably wasted, for they are taken to the worst rather than the best available market—they are taken where they will produce the minimum rather than the maximum of power, of agricultural commodities, of commercial values. This, in the philosophy of Mr. Pinchot, Mr. Newell, Mr. Garfield, and the other professional conservators, is "conservation." But it is not the sort of conservation which from Plymouth Rock to Tillamook Head has made America a marvel of material progress.

When the economic defects of the "conservation" scheme are pointed out, there is resource to what is called "the higher justice"; and under this fine theory it is held that Nevada "needs population more than California." This spoken by a young man with more academic erudition than seriously applied knowledge has a truly unctuous sound. But it means just nothing at all. No country "needs population." Truth, economic or moral, lies the other way round. "Need" lies with the race; it matters nothing at all whether men live in California, Nevada, or Kamchatka. And if it did, that would be the business of God Almighty, not of Mr. Pinchot.

There is another side where the great Nevada scheme has failed. Under the original plan, some three hundred thousand acres of land were to be redeemed in the Carson Sink, at a cost which would enable the government to get its money back by selling to settlers at a price of sixty dollars per acre. The work has gotten to a point where approximately fifty thousand acres are provided for—but not for one-sixth of the projected cost. Practically the whole appropriation has been laid out—and the work is only half done. To carry the project through according to programme will cost another sum about matching that which has already been expended. When this is done, the price of the lands must be advanced to settlers proportionately. But under the advanced prices there won't be any settlers, for there is no use of the lands that can make them worth sixty dollars per acre. The professional conservators in charge of the work, in trying to escape from the dilemma in which they find themselves, are turning from one device to another, but thus far in vain. Their latest scheme is a plan which must inevitably lower the level of Lake Tahoe, under a questionable if not downright corrupt arrangement with certain private companies dealing in electric power. I am told that the irrigation service went so far recently as to negotiate a contract to this end, and that its consummation was only prevented by the arbitrary interference of the President, who now, it appears, finds it more necessary to keep watch over the good conservators than over the wicked land and water grabbers.

For all the boastings about it, the great Nevada scheme is a failure. As a project it is a mistake because it applies to limited uses a resource which could have been applied to larger uses. As an achievement it is a failure because with all the money spent, the work is only done in part. Economically it is a failure because the lands redeemed and to be redeemed will not be worth in the market the money spent on them. Morally it is a failure because it has transformed a group of well-meaning but impracticable faddists into a gang of more or less corrupt schemers. It is a case where necessity rather than will consents. Having gotten into a hole and seeing no clean and honest way out of it, they are resorting to evasive—"underground"—methods in the hope of a decent means of escape.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Some time ago M. Jaurès, the leader of the French Socialists, was challenged by M. Clemenceau to elaborate his plans for a socialist state. M. Clemenceau wanted something more than nebulous and beatific ideals. He asked for something so definite that the average citizen could visualize his own part in the new order.

M. Jaurès has now responded with a preliminary volume of 500 pages and with the assurance that other volumes, many other volumes, are to follow. But what malign whim tempted him to begin with the army? Surely his first emphasis should have been laid upon peace and prosperity. If Socialists have nothing better to offer us than perpetual alarms, what inducement have we to change, seeing that universal disarmament is already one of the topics of the day, a cause espoused alike by capitalists and the proletariat? And M. Jaurès would have a perpetual standing army. He would have universal conscription. He would train every schoolboy to the use of arms, and it is small consolation to find that he would limit the term of actual service with the colors to six months. Of course the army is to be used only for defense. They all say that, and no one says it more sturdily than the professional fireater. M. Jaurès is frankly disappointing. We had supposed socialism and disarmament to be convertible terms, and now we find that when all the rest of the world is talking of universal peace it is socialism alone that invites us to consider the prospect of a universal and perpetual militarism.

In Europe the discovery of ancient coins is naturally one of the commonest of antiquarian events, but some features of a recent find in England seem to be unique. The coins were unearthed in South Hampshire and they were probably coined about 70 A. D. Most of them were Roman, but mixed with these Roman coins were others that seemed to be forgeries, or at least clumsy imitations of British workmanship. Whether they were actually forgeries or merely flattering attempts to copy the coin craft of the conquerors can hardly be determined, but certainly they are not what their superscription would claim for them. It might be thought that the early British were hardly sophisticated enough for this sort of crime, whatever progress their descendants may have made, but certainly coin forgery was well known in Rome itself, as well as such other guileful devices as loaded dice.

It is very certain that the British authorities will give no official sanction to the somewhat impudent proposal to attach to the coronation proceedings a grandiose scheme for the conversion of the Mohammedans of the empire. Why the Mohammedans should be converted is not explained, but there seems to be some good people who are persuaded that the change would be desirable. But King George will be far too wary to walk into that particular hornet's nest with his eyes open. Even royalty could hardly receive the acclamations of 70,000,000 Mohammedans in India alone with a polite intimation that it would be well for them to abandon their faith, nor would such an act be exactly courteous to the Khedive of Egypt, the Sultan of Zanzibar, the Ameer of Afghanistan, and all the other semi-independent potentates who will avow their friendship upon that occasion. Indeed they might well retaliate with a counter suggestion that inasmuch as King George has far more Mohammedan subjects than he has Christian, it would be well for him to change his faith and to persuade his Christian subjects to do the same. It may be remembered in this connection that the late Bishop Elwyn of Sierra Leone said that Mohammedanism was the most potent of all forces for the redemption of savages from their barbarism.

Some time ago it was Germany that possessed a had eminence in child suicides. Perhaps she does still, but she has a competitor in Russia. Russia can furnish 125 cases in three months, and Germany must look to her laurels to meet that record. The youngest suicide was three and a half years of age, and the investigators say that it was planned and premeditated.

But Germany does not yield without a struggle. In Germany the children play suicide games, which must be a grim sight and one that is doubtless appreciated by Satan. The educational experts are beginning to think that there must be something wrong with their system, which is certainly a sign of grace in an educational expert. The rest of the world has been thinking so for some time. There are better ways to make a flower grow than to hitch a steam derrick to its stem.

Princess Pauline of Orange-Nassau died over a century ago, and she was hurried in the grounds of Frieenwalde, near Potsdam, and being only six years old she was soon forgotten. Her father was Prince William, son of the late hereditary Statthalter of the Netherlands, who was in exile when his little daughter died, but who became afterwards William I of Holland. The estate of Frieenwalde was lately purchased by Dr. Walter Rathenau, who, wandering over his property, found the little grave and read its inscription. Being evidently a man of sentiment, he wrote to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and asked her if she was aware that her little kinswoman was so far from home, and it would seem that the queen was not aware of it, for she sent a commission to Frieenwalde and the body of the child princess was solemnly exhumed and transported to Holland.

The *Wall Street Journal*, in the goodness of its heart, advises us to leave at once for Canada if any one dying in Oklahoma should leave us the sum of \$10,000,000. The danger is not a pressing one, but it seems that Oklahoma imposes a tax of 100 per cent on bequests in excess of \$96,600, and with legal fees and incidentals the legatee would have a nice little net to play. If he should be so unlucky as to live in New York he would have to pay a New York tax of \$2,250,000 in

addition to surrendering the whole amount of the legacy to the great and enlightened State of Oklahoma. Obviously Canada would be the only place for him if there should be no time to reach Terra Del Fuego. This is a sober fact, says the *Wall Street Journal*, "and is a fair example of the lengths to which fool legislation is carrying this country."

Hard is the lot of the British census enumerator, what with suffragettes at home and ferocious savages abroad. To enumerate the Shom Pen who live on the Great Nicobar Island seemed to be impossible, as the Shom Pen are indifferent to the blessings of civilization and have rude and vulgar ways of resenting curiosity unless expressed by an army corps. But fortune favored the brave. Just as the enumerators had reached the friendly Nicobar tribe and were considering the advisability of "faking" the Shom Pen returns a messenger arrived from the Shom Pen themselves. His mission was to the Nicobar clan. It was to the effect that the Shom Pen had declared war upon them, and as they had so many men, the number being precisely stated, it was useless to resist. So the census enumerators thankfully entered the tally upon their sheets and went in peace, but what eventually happened to the Nicobar men no one knows—nor cares.

In another place the inhabitants entered their god as the tenant of the temple, stating his occupation as "granting boons and blessings." Here we have a simple piety that puts us all to blush. The god's other occupation was "subsistence on contributions from the tenants," and here we feel that we have reached the bedrock of truth. Other occupations inscribed on the census papers were equally frank. They included receivers of stolen goods, witches, wizards, and cow poisoners. Let us hope that this habit of simple truth-telling will not spread to civilization. It would revolutionize our statistical system.

Who knows that there has been an international plague conference in China and that it has failed? Perhaps, like the great papal excommunication in the "Jackdaw of Rheims," it would not make a pennyworth of difference to any one, but such are the facts. Doctors from all over the world assembled at Mukden in order to discuss the plague, and the conference then broke up because its members could not decide what to discuss. The American, British, and Chinese physicians said they ought to confine themselves to the practical problems of the pneumonic plague as it now exists in China. The Russian, Japanese, French, Dutch, Italian, and Mexican doctors wanted to enlarge the scope of the inquiry in some undefined way, while the Germans and Austrians occupied a strategic position between the two parties. Being unable to agree, the physicians agreed to disagree and went back to their homes.

Americans seem to be immune from Alpine accidents, although they do their full share of mountaineering. In 1909 the number of climbers killed was 144, and in 1910 there were 100 fatalities. There were no Americans among these. The list seems to be a long one, but it is to be remembered that there are now about one hundred thousand people who find a precarious pleasure in this sport. During the decade from 1900 to 1910 there were 886 fatal accidents.

The Washington naval authorities have innocently caused some uncomfortable feelings at St. Petersburg. The proposal that an American squadron shall visit the Baltic was intended as a compliment, and has been so accepted by the populace, but the Russian admiralty is painfully conscious that it has no available ships that can meet the American vessels upon terms of equal tonnage and armament. It is reported that America will send super-Dreadnoughts with fifteen-inch guns, and now the Russians are casting around for some graceful way in which to say that smaller vessels or even training ships would be more acceptable. A good many of the big ships that Russia once owned are now in the Japanese navy, and they have not yet been replaced.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

There may have been a time when quick delivery to most parts of South America could best be secured via Europe; but as regards most of the South American countries quicker delivery can be had today from New York than from any European port, writes Consul Manning, from Venezuela. This is especially true of Colombia, which has three lines of rapid steamers direct from New York, and Venezuela, also with three, one of which flies the American flag and steams weekly, making delivery of mails and cargo in Venezuela in eight days. This is more than a favorable comparison with the two lines of steamers touching Venezuelan ports, when outward bound, which require from twenty to twenty-four days from Liverpool to La Guaira. All of the west coast of South America is nearer New York and New Orleans in point of time than it is to European ports, and present New York facilities for freight to Brazil are almost the equal of those from European ports.

The piercing of the Lötschberg Tunnel was accomplished a month ago. This new Alpine route to Italy, which will be completed in about two years, is of special importance to western Switzerland. The Canton of Berne will realize its ambition of over half a century to secure a direct line to Italy, and the federal capital expects to benefit much thereby. It will also result in the readjustment of transit traffic by diverting business from the longer routes.

The municipal council of Paris aims to teach history by means of street names. Two of the signs already in place read "Rue Rivoli—French victory, 1797," "Avenue Victor Hugo—French poet and novelist, 1802-1885."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Pilot's Story.

It was the pilot's story:—"They both came aboard there, at Cairo, From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for Saint Louis. She was a beautiful woman, with just enough blood from her mother, Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known to a trader: You would have thought she was white. The man that was with her—you see such— Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious, Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating. I was a youngster then, and only learning the river— Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at monte, Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of the gamblers. So when I saw this weak one staking his money against them, Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming: They never left their piggons a single feather to fly with. Next day I saw them together—the stranger and one of the gamblers: Picturesque rascal he was, with long black hair and moustaches. Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead. On together they moved, still earnestly talking in whispers, On toward the fore-castle, where sat the woman alone by the gangway. Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and, beholding her master, Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another's. Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread apprehension Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler, Dark and lustful and fierce and full of merciless cunning. Something was spoken so low that I could not bear what the words were; Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other, With imploring eyes, bewildered hands, and a tremor All through her frame; I saw her from where I was standing, she shook so. 'Say! is it so?' she cried. On the weak, white lips of her master Died a sickly smile, and he said, 'Louise, I have sold you.' God is my judge! May I never see such a look of despairing, Desolate anguish as that which the woman cast on her master. Gripping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her, Standing in silence a space, as fixed as the Indian woman, Carved out of wood, on the pilot-house of the old *Pocahontas*! Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat of the dying, Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild incoherence, Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she answered: 'Sold me? sold me? sold—And you promised to give me my freedom!— Promised me for the sake of our little boy in St. Louis! What will you say to our boy, when he cries for me there in Saint Louis! What will you say to our God?—Ah, you have been joking, I see it!— No? God! God! He shall hear it—and all of the angels in heaven— Even the devils in hell!—and none will believe when they hear it! Sold me!—Fell her voice with a thrilling wail, and in silence Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with her fingers." In his story a moment the pilot paused, while we listened To the salute of a boat, that, rounding the point of an island, Flamed toward us with fires that seemed to burn from the waters, Stately and vast and swift, and borne on the heart of the current, Then, with the mighty voice of a giant challenged to battle, Rose the responsive whistle, and all the echoes of island, Swamp-land, glade and brake replied with a myriad clamor, Like wild birds that are suddenly startled from slumber at midnight; Then were at peace once more, and we hear the harsh cries of the peacocks Perched on a tree by a cabin-door, where the white-headed settler's White-headed children stood to look at the boat as it passed them, Passed them so near that we heard their happy talk and their laughter. Softly the sunset had faded, and now the eastern horizon Hung, like a tear in the sky, the beautiful star of the evening. Still with his back to us standing, the pilot went on with his story:—"Instantly, all the people, with looks of reproach and compassion, Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried, and their mothers Hugged them tight to their breasts; but the gambler said to the captain: 'Put me off there at the town that lies round the bend of the river. Here, you! rise at once, and be ready now to go with me.' Roughly he seized the woman's arm and strove to uplift her. She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that is dreaming, Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of the gangway, Up to the hurricane-deck, in silence, without lamentation. Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was, she ran, and the people Followed her fast till she turned and stood at bay for a moment, Looking them in the face, and in the face of the gambler. Not one to save her—not one of all the compassionate people! Not one to save her, of all the pitying angels in heaven! Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her! Wildly she waved him back, we waited in silence and horror. Over the swarthy face of the gambler a pallor of passion Passed, like a gleam of lightning over the west in the night-time. White, she stood, and mute, till he put forth his hand to secure her; Then she turned and leaped—in mid-air fluttered a moment—Down there, whirling, fell, like a broken-winged bird from a tree-top, Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her, and hurled her, and crushed her, And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her forever." Still with his back to us all the pilot stood, but we heard him Swallowing hard, as he pulled the bell-rope to stop her. Then, turning— "This is the place where it happened," brokenly whispered the pilot; "Somehow, I never like to go by here alone in the night-time."

—W. D. Howells.

A THEATRE WITH A CHEF.

New York's Latest Ideas in Entertaining.

New York has at last got something really new in the way of theatres. The Folies Bergere, which was opened a few nights ago, is not only built on new lines for New York, but is new in many of its details for any city in the world. This new theatre is a combination of theatre and restaurant. Dinner is served at 6:30 and cleared away at 8:15. Then there is a variety performance, after this a supper, and after the supper, beginning about 11:30, another variety performance, which brings the hour of closing somewhere around one o'clock.

It has been estimated that by strict economy a man may take a woman, his wife of course, to the dinner and on to the close of the performance at a cost of about \$36 for the two. If the lady is not his wife, it will probably cost him more. Wives are thrifty when they go out with their husbands. Which reminds me of a story that I heard some years ago of a husband and wife who were sitting at a hotel breakfast-table. The husband was busily engaged in reading the morning paper, his wife reading the bill of fare. After looking it over carefully, she said to her husband, "My dear, is this hotel on the American or the European plan?" The husband, who was by this time in the thick of the stock market reports, replied "European plan," and went on with his reading. The wife, turning to the waiter, whom she had just called to her table, said, "I have no appetite this morning; I want very little breakfast; you may bring me a cup of tea and some toast." Then the husband, looking over the top of his paper, said, "What did I say about the hotel? It is on the American plan." "Oh," said the wife, with a gasp, and calling the waiter back, she said, "I'm feeling better; I think I would like a little more breakfast. You can bring me some broiled chops, an omelette, some buckwheat cakes, fried potatoes, and—let me see, suppose you bring a grapefruit first, and some stewed figs with cream to top off with, and a pot of tea and hot rolls." The waiter, being well trained, did not look as surprised as he felt at this order. After he had gone to execute it, she said to her husband, "My dear, I wish you would pay more attention when I ask you an important question. Do you know you said that this hotel was on the European plan, and I came very near starving myself."

"'Tis well that I remembered in time," he replied, "for apparently you have the biggest appetite of your life."

This anecdote I have told simply to prove how economical a wife may be when she goes out with her husband; when she goes out with another woman's husband she is apt to order more freely; that is why I say that the man who takes his wife to the Folies Bergere may get through the evening on \$36, while if he takes another woman, and his wife is not of the party, these figures are likely to be reversed.

Messrs. Harris & Lasky, who are the proprietors of the New York Folies Bergere, have made a most attractive theatre, bright and dainty in coloring, and tasteful in appointments. There are no orchestra chairs, screwed to the floor, as in other theatres, but chairs of graceful design placed at glass-topped tables which give the room more the air of a restaurant than of a theatre. These tables hold from four to six people. At these tables dinner is served until the moment for the performance to begin. The same tables are used at 11:15 o'clock for supper and drinks. A favorite drink in New York at the present moment is called the Clover Club cocktail. It comes, as do many good things, from Philadelphia. The Clover Club cocktail is popular with the ladies, for it is not as treacherous as a Bronx, which, up to this time, has been the favorite, or a Dry Martini, which always holds its own. It is pretty to look at, being of a pale pink color with a little white froth on the top, and with a bit of green for decoration rather than the familiar maraschino cherry. The Clover Club cocktail has the advantage, if advantage it be, over other cocktails, that it does not come ready mixed. It must be mixed on the premises, for there is a dash of egg in it, and a bottled egg would never do for the fastidious.

A towering strength of the Folies Bergere is its chef, Emile by name, and it was he who made the greatest individual success on the night that this theatre was opened. The management promised that they would produce a chef who could hold his own with any other in the country, and they have kept their word. Emile works in a small kitchen, but it has every modern appliance, and, for some reason or other, it does not emit odors. The management have got some arrangement by which odors—that is, unpleasant ones—are not perceptible. One is not conscious of the kitchen, or annoyed by tobacco smoke. The ventilation is such that the air is clear of odors and of smoke. This ventilating apparatus is something new, and is said to have cost the management \$40,000. It is well worth the price. It is a pity that little ones could not be provided for apartment house use. I am sure that if landlords would not provide them that tenants would be glad to contribute towards their installation in the kitchens of cabbage-cooking janitors. There is a curious affinity between janitors and boiled cabbage, the latter alternating with onions. They ought to be provided for boarding-houses also. I would suggest to the inventor of this apparatus that he get to work on one within the reach of the average householder, and when this is per-

fect that he make ready a smaller one for flat consumption.

I have said nothing about the performances at the Folies Bergere, but they are so unimportant as compared to the theatre itself and to the dining and supper arrangements, and the general novelty of it all, that I had almost forgotten them. There is a young French girl about fifteen years old who made a hit in the mid-night performance, and there is a fairly good ballet. A burlesque called "Hell" has proved popular, its startling name piquing curiosity. It is an innocent Hell, one that any one might visit without being pained or corrupted. If this Hell had had any fires they would have been put out on the first night, for a pipe burst at an inopportune moment and deluged the place with water; it poured down the elevator shaft, oozed through the ceiling, and drenched some of the audience, but every one was in a good humor, and when both of the proprietors gave their assurance that there was no cause for alarm, the accident was regarded more as a joke than a misfortune—that is, it was so regarded by the audience. To the managers it was not much of a joke, for there was a good deal of property ruined, and, to say the least, it must have put a damper on their enthusiasm, but they showed no signs of disturbance, and by the next day the place was restored to its original beauty, and the episode of the night before was forgotten.

The Folies Bergere is going to be a success because it is an expensive place of amusement. New Yorkers like to spend money if it is known that they are spending money. They prefer that their right hand should know what their left is doing, if their left hand is going deep down into their clothes and pulling out money.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1911.

Describing a feature of a fight between Turkomans and Kurds in Persia, a traveler says: "The Turkomans, who always fight on foot, were ultimately defeated with heavy loss, and many prisoners were taken and still more captives were released. Among the Turkoman prisoners was an old man of ninety, who said that he had joined the expedition in order to secure a new wife! The damsel in question came up during the interrogatory and brained her captor with a stone! During these raids, past and present, the Turkoman appeared to have enjoyed a great and permanent advantage, in that neither Kurd nor Persian ever carried off their women, owing to their ugliness. The Turkoman, on the other hand, preferred Persian to their own women, and thus had a keen incentive, apart from the purely commercial aspect, to engage in these forays, in which no mercy was ever shown to the aged or weary."

There is in Germany what is known as the "German Pedigree Book," or "Deutsches Geschlechterbuch," edited by Dr. Bernard Koerner. The purpose of the "Pedigree Book" is to record the ancestry, not of nobles, but of bourgeois persons who can prove that they are of genuine middle-class or working-class ancestry and have no noble blood in their veins. The editor explains in his preface that while many German nobles "out of court and material considerations have not kept their blood pure, there are many good business-class families which have managed to do so." By thus encouraging the proper pride of such families the "Pedigree Book" is doing much to eradicate the traditional envy of the noble.

Living conditions in the poorer sections of New York City that are inhabited almost solely by immigrants of various races are distinctly better than in Philadelphia or Chicago or Cleveland or Boston (declares Professor Jeremiah Jenks of Cornell University). There are many more people to the acre; there are fewer per room or per sleeping room. The tenement-house regulations are so enforced that the conditions regarding light, air, and cleanliness—bad as they sometimes are—are better than in the other cities.

Fraulein Pauline Werner is the leader of a movement in Germany to require all girls to do compulsory domestic service for a term of years, just as the young men have to do compulsory military service. Fraulein Werner believes that by their serving as domestics both the girls and the government would be benefited and also that the craze for higher education, which in her opinion has gone too far, would be materially checked.

The first dining-car ever operated in Alaska, and only recently placed in service on the Copper River and Northwestern Railway, was built from an old coach at the Cordova shops of the company and is managed by a man and his wife, with two assistants. A la carte meals are served at all hours during the day, the car being attached to the regular trains operating over the railroad between Cordova and the interior of Alaska.

Of English-built vessels named after Charles Dickens or his characters there were three built in the 'seventies, the *Charles Dickens*, the *Sam Weller*, both of which were lost, and the *Gadshill*, now the Japanese vessel *Kumamoto Maru*. A vessel called *Pickwick* now flies the Norwegian flag, as does also an iron ship called the *Charles Dickens*.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Anne J. Allebach, president of the New York University Philosophical Society, is the first woman in this country to be elected a minister of the Mennonite church. She was ordained a short time ago in Philadelphia. Miss Allebach is an interesting writer and represents the advanced thinkers of the church.

Captain John H. Gibbons, who has been chosen to succeed Captain John M. Bowyer as superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, is a native of Michigan, and for several months has been a member of the naval general board. His last command was the cruiser *Charleston*. Previous to that he was naval attaché at London. He assumes his new position next week.

Mrs. John H. Bankhead, wife of the United States senator from Alabama, has published for private distribution among her friends a cook book, containing her own personally tried recipes, as well as those of other prominent Southern women. She has a reputation for preserves, jellies, and pickles, and delights to give little dinner parties at which are served many dishes prepared by her own hands.

The Very Reverend Robert Gregory, dean of St. Paul's, London, since 1891, has tendered his resignation of the deanery to the prime minister. Dr. Gregory, a native of Nottingham, has labored in London for about sixty years, and has been associated with St. Paul's ever since 1868, when he was nominated to the canonry by Mr. Disraeli. At the advanced age of ninety-two years he has retained his health to a remarkable degree.

J. C. Napier, one of the most prominent negroes of the South, has, in accepting the position of register of the United States Treasury at Washington, realized his hopes after twelve years. Long ago he became ambitious to obtain the position. Some twenty-five years ago he was elected member of the city council of Nashville, his home town, and from city politics he drifted into State politics, becoming a factor in the Republican party in Tennessee. He is also a lawyer and a banker.

Eden Phillpotts, regarded by many critics as the greatest realist now writing, worked in a clerical position and studied for the stage before he turned his attention to literature. He was born in Aboo, India, but lives in Torquay, England, where his new novel, "Demeter's Daughter," was written. He struggled along for ten years as a clerk and then decided on a stage life. Finding that his ability did not justify perseverance in this line, he took to the pen, issuing his first book in 1893.

Colonel Alfred Sharpe, at present commandant of Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas, was the author of the plan for the practical reorganization of the army, which was worked out in what is now known as the Dick bill. He is an old Indian fighter, a lawyer, and a student of the arts and sciences as well. Born in Ohio in 1850, graduated from West Point, he served in several Indian campaigns and later took part in the invasion of Cuba and the battle of San Juan Hill. After the Spanish war he had nearly three years' service in the Philippines.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, who has resigned the post of ambassador to Germany, after serving for three years, is a man of scholarly attainments, and has held a number of diplomatic positions. Born at Plainfield, New Jersey, in 1850, he was educated in the best schools at home and abroad, receiving many degrees. For eight years he served as president of Bucknell University, resigning to study the public laws of Europe. In 1898 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State. He was minister to Switzerland, 1903-05; to the Netherlands, 1905-10. Dr. Hill has written a large number of books and is a recognized authority on international law.

Dr. James Sinclair, the eldest of the king's honorary physicians, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, has had a remarkable army career. He was born at Berwick-on-Tweed, educated at the University of Edinburgh, and entered the army as a surgeon. He served in Ceylon until 1857, and for the following three years in Malta, Corfu, and Gibraltar. Then came two years in India, succeeded by the Abyssinia campaign, which won him promotion and a medal. Since 1876 he has been principal medical officer at various times in Bermuda, South Africa, Aldershot, Malta, and Ireland. He received the queen's diamond jubilee medal in 1897, and the late king's coronation medal in 1902.

Sir Charles Santley, the famous English baritone, recently made his farewell appearance in Crystal Hall, London, and sang with much of his old-time power and sweetness, scoring a triumph. It is just possible that he will take part in the opening concert of the Festival of Empire, at which the king and queen will be present. Santley was born in Liverpool in 1834. He first sang in Crystal Palace on November 20, 1857, having the count's air from "Le Nozze di Figaro." His first great success came two years later, when he appeared in the opera "Dinorah." In 1871 he visited this country for the first time. As late as 1909 he sang in "Elijah," and so well preserved was his voice that one critic wrote: "The dramatic vigor of his singing 'Hear Our Cry,' the fervor and fire of his rendering of 'Is Not His Word,' are as remarkable in their sincerity and devotion now as ever before."

COVERLEY'S HIGHEST SCORE.

The Reckoning after Target Practice.

"We have Sim Coverley! What's wrong with him?" cried the wardroom of the *Indianapolis*. "There is no getting past his scoring."

The surgeon glanced over his ebony-rimmed glasses at the dissentient officers. "Coverley," he exclaimed dryly, looking towards Lieutenant-Commander McGriffert, "is just what I say he is. I again tell you his shooting will not bring us out top ship against the British gunlayer's test, this side of the globe. Coverley is going to pieces. Shanghai does him harm. Mark my words, boys, he's going downward."

"He is, is he!" jerked out McGriffert, folding his newspaper as he rose from his arm-chair; "I don't think so; but then I mayn't be an unbiased judge of his character."

Surgeon Cairnes shrugged his shoulders, and resumed looking at the journalistic pabulum which had come on board that morning from the consulate.

"This report of the *Phoenix's* scoring, Hongkong way, is a bit surprising, I admit," McGriffert continued. "But what do you say is amiss with Coverley?"

"You'll find out soon enough," replied the surgeon in a cackling voice, burying himself behind his newspaper. "As you know, I didn't come off till early this morning from attending the consultation over that patient at the consulate. Well, wait and see."

"What the deuce d'ye mean?" asked McGriffert, pausing in the wardroom doorway. "What has that to do with Coverley?"

"Wait and see, wait and see," repeated Cairnes with more than his usual aggravating deliberateness. "It's a wise officer who sometimes fails to see a blue-jacket!"

With a snort and a heave of his left shoulder Lieutenant-Commander McGriffert took his way to the deck.

"Huh, Coverley going to pieces," grunted the officer to himself as he leisurely paced up and down by the gangway, a little after two bells, solacing his perturbed spirit with a cigar before resuming his manifold duties. "I guess not! We'll come out, this time, with colors flying. Steady as a rock is Coverley with the eight-inch." He came to a stand, and gazed around. The *Indianapolis* tugged lazily at her moorings in the Woosung River, just below the Japanese Bund. Tugs, barges, sampans, fishing junks, and steamers were passing up and down the muddy waters of the narrow channel which is still more confined by the houseboats and wharves along its banks.

A sampan putting off from the landing stage used by the foreign men-of-war launches took his attention, and he slewed an inquisitive eye upon her. "Some tomfoolery going on in that craft," he observed to the officer of the deck. "What does she mean by making this way? Something like a mild scrap on hand in her stern-sheets 'tween passenger and boatmen."

The officer of the deck intently eyed the waterman's craft. Said he slowly, "Seems like she's bringing off a bluejacket who has a sore head!"

"Eh, what, what," snapped the executive officer, his hatchet face lengthening. "Some fool of ours run adrift?"

"Yes. Seems like Coverley, he does," remarked the other reluctantly.

With a muttered curse Lieutenant-Commander McGriffert turned sharply on his heel.

When later in the forenoon Petty Officer Coverley appeared before him for judgment, wry disgust towered upon the commander's features. "What's this?" he volleyed in a voice the depth and volume of which belied his stumpy figure. "Broken leave by over nine hours? How's that? You've come on board in a disgraceful condition, too. Just look at your setout. Not fit for even a spitting cloth. Filthy!"

"I lost myself up the Foochow Road, and missed the last boat."

"And couldn't come off earlier than this, eh? Why can't you tell the truth? You ran adrift last night—I see it all over you. Look like a boiled mess-cloth, you do! You're a disgrace to the ship, Coverley."

The executive officer paused. His irate eye dwelt frowningly on the bluejacket's figure. The gun-pointer's well-built, sinewy frame and sturdy shoulders, the poise and alert ease of his body, told of the good effects of naval life and discipline. But his ears, his mouth, chin, low forehead, and slanting jaw indicated degenerate tendencies inherited from wayward progenitors.

It came to McGriffert that the surgeon's prognostication might prove correct if the trammels of self-restraint were weakening in the seaman. The officer foresaw consequences—consequences affecting not only Coverley's career, but the cruiser's record as well. And to the lieutenant-commander her high name was even dearer than his own.

"You are the last man in the ship I expected this from," he rasped, his choler rising. "Look at your stripes and badges! Look at yourself, this morning. Dirtying your record. A filthy turnout every way!"

"I lost myself up the Foochow Road," repeated the culprit in a husky monotone, his eyes fixed on the deck planking. "Tried to catch the last boat, but found I wasn't myself. I lost myself, Mister McGriffert."

"Oh, you lost yourself, did you? Why didn't you be off a chit then, saying you had, but wanted to be on board on time? Of course a relief party

would have been sent! Of course!" quoth the officer. "Why didn't you do that, damn you?"

The petty officer looked up, his slack lips agape. His restless feet had come to a sudden standstill. A light gleamed in his dulled eye. "I never had a thought on it," he admitted very slowly.

"Just so! None of you ever do, in such a case; and you don't think I've got to keep my eye on all of you," continued the officer in steely pleasantry. "I'll teach you to get a purchase on your legs the next time you've got to catch the last boat, I will."

And forthwith the lieutenant-commander addressed himself to dealing forth a full and condign reprimand.

As the gun-pointer limbered forward, sullen and ashamed, the surgeon, who was passing along, stopped him and exchanged some words. Coverley's sudden start of surprise, the look of perturbation and self-betrayal on his sickly gray face—Cairnes's shake of the head accompanying his remonstrance—McGriffert glimpsed out of the corner of his eye. Bent-browed, he speculated deeply thereon.

"Another human specimen under your microscope, eh?" the executive officer shot out crisply on the man of healing coming abreast of him.

Cairnes threw a commiserating look at the seaman, who was trailing amidships with hunched shoulders and leaden feet. "I noticed him this morning as I was coming down to the landing stage," came the dry response, "and I steered away to avoid seeing him. He has been in a dope shop."

"What?"

"I mean what I say. A dope shop! At the training station he foolishly drugged neuralgia out of himself; and this is the result. I warned him some weeks ago."

"Poor devil! You medicine men yourselves are too fond of experimenting, and this is what comes of it," grunted the executive officer. "Unlucky for the ship, though," and McGriffert twitched his bushy eyebrows in exasperation. "I should have stopped his leave."

"You'll get another chance soon enough," the surgeon snapped half contemptuously. "McGriffert, you have no heart of flesh in you. So far as you are concerned, the man is a mere machine for winching up the ship's gunnery record. You'll suddenly think different, some day. Things of flesh and blood are of infinite more moment than even licking the British score."

With a short laugh the lieutenant-commander turned away.

When, later on, some days previous to the gun-pointer's test, general leave was granted at Macao, Lieutenant-Commander McGriffert had Coverley up before him. He looked him up and down and round about with a harsh and warning eye. "Coverley," said he, "go slow ashore. You know what I mean. I don't want to see you in the report again; think what that'll bring you; you'll be put down. Keep in mind, now, what I have said to you."

The petty officer saluted. He appeared by his manner to have something on his mind. But the captain of the *Indianapolis* coming up closed the interview.

That same evening, as the executive officer was coming off from experiencing all the festive amenities of a joyous dinner-party at the bachelor quarters of the commandant of the Portuguese garrison, he was handed a letter as he stepped into the sternsheets of the boat awaiting him at the landing steps.

"Quartermaster thought you might want to see it at once, sir, as it was sent on board by messenger," said the bluejacket.

The officer grunted in wonder as he peered at the superscription scrawled erratically athwart the face of the envelope, went up a step or two nearer the blinking electric adjoining, looked very inquisitively at both sides of the letter, then slit it open with his thumbnail.

He read the communication once—and gasped audibly. He pulled the peak of his cap over his eyes, and stepping nearer the light again perused the letter. A leash of studiously extravagant expressions escaped him, then he glared in silence at the offending note.

"Bachmann," he grunted at last, having beckoned to the bluejacket, "know a place called Camacho's?"

"I have heard of it," replied Bachmann cautiously, speculating if the executive officer was all he posed on the strait and narrow path. "'Way back of the Rua Ouro, or somewhere thereabouts, I believe."

"Is it!" snapped the lieutenant-commander. "You'll carry on uptown as quickly as you can, for we sail at daybreak; and you——" But the rest of his instructions were intended for no other ear.

Next forenoon at eight bells Sim Coverley, P. O., was summoned by the executive officer. "What do you mean?" McGriffert asked, tapping the letter outspread on his desk. "You must have been mad to send it. If it hadn't been for this gun-pointer's firing ahead of us, you'd have been left behind and logged as deserter."

Coverley's hands strained on his cap. He said not a word.

"Speak up," snorted McGriffert; "you know what'll happen if this matter goes before the captain. Didn't I warn you?"

"It was just that," the gun-pointer jerked out lamely. "Ye said another drift ashore 'ud see me dipped. I get anchored in a bunk at Camacho's, and I feels desperate just at the last minute, as the dope was takin' me. It come to me——"

"You'll feel more desperate, after you're through with the captain," grimly interrupted the officer. "What d'ye take me for—your keeper?"

"Beggin' y'r pardon, but at Shanghai you asked me why I hadn't sent off to you, 'cause you've got to keep an eye on us all."

McGriffert's right-hand fingers ceased tattooing against the inculcating letter. Swinging round a little on his chair he stared at the seaman. His black eyebrows met in a frown as recollection came back. The lieutenant-commander thought of the wardroom's chaff and, in special, of the satirical comments from Cairnes, and he gnawed his taut upper lip. He thought, also, of the British cruiser's record. "You are either simple-headed or sharp," he growled. "I'll let this pass, but no more of such foolery. Don't disgrace the ship, much less me or any other officer. You'll promise, though, to swear off this doping. Let me see the true American come to the fore, Coverley."

The apple of the petty officer's throat worked as he saluted and turned away.

The day of the gun-pointer's test. It is that test against the time coming when bursting shell and thudding projectile have torn and crumbled deck and superstructure, wrecking everything not behind thick armor, and sweeping away the fire-control station whence the ordnance officer aloft has been directing the firing. Gun-pointers are then thrown upon their own skill and judgment.

"The trial shots are not encouraging, McGriffert," commented the captain in a very acrid voice to the executive officer, who for the month past had been carrying out gunnery duties in relief. "Two shots short of last year's trial scoring. The British 'll put it over us yet; though, good men, they won't say much themselves."

When at length the test was commenced, the lighter pieces showed results that made the bridge exceeding glum. "This is not good at all, McGriffert! You must have been cockering the men skew-eyed," snapped the commanding officer in high disgust. "Huh! This 'll mean I drop two hundred dollars for backing my own ship!"

"The six and eight-inch guns 'll pull us up," the lieutenant-commander hastened to assert. But his heart was in his boots.

The cruiser turned and retraced her course, and the after six-inch quickfiring prepared. The instant the "Commence" sounded, bang, bang, bang went the gun in shocks of excruciatingly sharp sound. Through the pellucid atmosphere the hits were anxiously counted till the "Cease fire" went, and that run was finished.

"The scoring begins at last," said the head of the ship; "eight rounds, six hits. But, if for'd'd they can't improve on that, we don't come out on top. Huh, damned slackness! Too much leave and foolerising ashore."

Again the great vessel turned. Again the bugle shrilled the "Commence." And this time Coverley with the fore eight-inch gun started on the last lap.

McGriffert breathed short and hard. With the glasses jammed against his eyes he stared at the riddled target. "If Coverley 'ud top his own scoring by one," he muttered to himself, noting the succession of almost instantaneous hits, "one—just another one."

Eight rounds—eight hits.

Still, bang, bang, bang, continued the eight-inch. Then broke in a sudden, heartbreaking pause amidst the reek and the intolerable shocks, and while the gun-crew waited the regulation time for the "miss-fire" the time limit ran out and the "Cease fire" shrilled forth. It was followed by the "Secure," so the usual routine on the occasion of a miss-fire occurring was not followed in its entirety.

"Well, I reckon it's a tie with the British," remarked Surgeon Cairnes, who with the wardroom had been watching and impatiently awaiting the results. "You remember what I told you some time ago about Coverley? He might have scored, though, just another hit to give the lie to himself. But the adjustment between brain and nerves is too delicate to be trifled with."

Shortly after, the executive officer paused when passing the eight-inch quickfiring, where the gun-pointer and one of its crew were about to extract the charge.

"One more hit would have done it, Coverley!" said the officer rather truculently. "You'd have found yourself in the papers from Seattle to Key West. Done yourself much good, too!"

"She has a sulky temper," the gun-pointer replied apologetically, laying a hand on the gun, glancing as he did so at the bluejacket who had opened the breech and was placing a hand on the base of the charge.

Alarm, intense, irrevocable, sprang into the seaman's face—instant in significance. On the breech having been opened the inrush of air fanned the powder bag, which had become ignited in the "missfire." Yet even in that flash of thought Coverley hurled himself on the executive officer.

There burst forth flame—a stunning roar—and a cloud of smoke hid gun, officer, and men.

McGriffert they found lying on his face, the blood oozing from ears, eyes, and mouth. But above him sprawled the gun-pointer, with left arm and shoulder and the back of his head blown away. Of the seaman there were but red, scattered remains.

The captain, who had hurried to the fore deck, looked at Surgeon Cairnes as he rose from examining the executive officer.

"I saw what Coverley did," the commanding officer said, clearing his voice.

"Saved McGriffert's life," replied Cairnes. "Coverley has topped his last score."

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1911.

PATRICK VAUX.

CANVASES IN THE SALON.

Another Picture Season Inaugurated in Paris.

Punctually with the bursting of the spring buds on the trees of the Champs-Élysées the Parisian has begun his yearly orgy of art. As usual, the first to spread its banquet has been the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and in keeping with the French tradition which makes the government a patron of painting and sculpture the Salon opened its doors in the Grand Palais under the auspices of the President and Mme. Fallières.

Notwithstanding the vogue of the Post-Impressionists, the Salon is chiefly interesting for what it reveals of the latest achievements of the old guard. There are many promising recruits, but it has been obvious that picture lovers have in the first instance been most anxious to seek out the canvases of Paul Albert Besnard, Alfred Philippe Roll, Jean Boldini, Leon Adolphe Willette, Henri Gervex, Maurice Denis, Jacques Emile Blanche, and Edmond Aman-Jean. And as the Parisian has not lost his respect for authority, his curiosity to examine the official pictures must be satisfied at the outset. He wants to know what are the latest commissions of the government and how they have been executed.

In the new Salon there are three official pictures, the chief being M. Besnard's gigantic ceiling decoration for the Théâtre Français. Whether Jules Claretie is satisfied with that mixture of Adam and Eve and dramatists and lions and flying figures is not of the least consequence; as the Théâtre Français is still ruled by Napoleon's Moscow Decree of 1812, and the decoration has been ordered by the government, it will be duly affixed to the ceiling of Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt's old playhouse whether the administrator-general approves or not. In its place on the Salon walls the scheme is too near for final judgment; the apple of the serpent looks too like an orange, Adam's smile is more like a grin, while Racine, Molière, and Corneille are irritatingly pompous. The coloring is of the fireworks brand; the general effect is as though the spectator had been hit in the eye and made to see a great deal more than his normal vision can account for. M. Besnard has traveled far since he broke away from academic traditions some thirty years ago and began applying the methods of impressionism to light and color.

As the Gobelin tapestry works are still carried on under governmental supervision, the exhibits of MM. Roll and Anguetin are also in the category of official pictures, for they are to be reproduced in Gobelin tapestry. The "Burgundy" of the last-named art will tax the resources of the Gobelin workmen, but what they will do with M. Roll's "The Liberator, José de San Martín," is a puzzle. It is a bewildering allegorical portrait, full of traps for the tapestry craftsmen and a real departure for the president of the Société. Its theme—the glorification of the soldier and statesman of the Argentine who died in poverty and exile at Boulogne—is, however, a pertinent illustration of M. Roll's tendency to paint contemporary ideas. For long he was the Zola of art in industrial realism, painting in swift succession his epics of labor, such as "The Strike" and "Work," but since he became official painter to the government he has been more temperate in his themes.

Signor Boldini, the veteran of the Salon, is untrammelled by state instructions. And his Italian volubility is not in the least chastened by his sixty-seven years or his cosmopolitan experiences. Ever since his fashionable London commissions of the late 'sixties, when high-born dames competed with each other for a place on his canvas, he has been an autocrat in his studio and ruled his sitters with the sceptre of a despot. He shows four victims in the Salon, women of course, whose writhing attitudes are but a weak indication of the physical strain they must have undergone while "sitting" to this exacting artist. He still retains all his old power to make his models look nude even when fully clothed, his facility of seizing movement with the sureness of instantaneous photography, and his skill in suggesting the rustle of silk. One Boldini is impressive, despite the tenuity, the bodiless sense conveyed, as if the model were of air, but a repetition is apt to pall. Yet the artist has set a fashion and there is evidently no lack of women eager to be placed on canvas in the Boldini style.

Another member of the old guard, M. Willette, is as set in his ways as M. Boldini, but who would have him other than he is? As illustrator and caricaturist he has been typically French, faithfully Parisian, ever since he was dubbed "the modern Watteau of the pencil" and began his appeal to the emotional public. M. Willette is in his fifty-fifth year, but he draws and paints with the zest, the laughter, and unjaded spirit of a youth of fifteen. His "Temptation of Saint Anthony," one of the merriest pictures of the Salon, looks like the work of a man in love for the first time and yet one who has had his full experience of woman's wiles. The jolly priest of this lively canvas, winking over his breviary at his fair tempters, will surely take its place with such favorites as "A Good Story."

M. Gervex's four portraits of beautiful women handsomely gowned show that the painter of "Rolla," which was rejected by the Salon of 1878 *pour immoralité*, retains his respect for the conventions in an age when they have become no longer binding. If M. Gervex is anything of a philosopher he must smile sardonically when he thinks of the days when it was necessary for him to favor mythological subjects as affording an

excuse for painting the nude, and of his later subterfuge in taking refuge in a hospital ward to palliate the exposure of a woman's half naked body. Perhaps it is because he knows such devices are no longer necessary that he has abandoned the nude for the clothed figure. And so he affects a dream-world for his subjects in which the fair creatures have nothing to do save wear Worth gowns and carry about armfuls of flowers.

Inasmuch as no Salon would be complete which did not reflect from its walls some visions of theatredom, M. Blanche supplies the needful in his ballet scene of the Russian dancers. This is a new realm for the son of the famous mad-doctor, who has hitherto cultivated the English miss in white gowns drinking afternoon tea as a profitable concession to Anglomaniya. And so he has abandoned his yellows of roses, his blacks of patent leather boots, for greens and golds and deep blues as characteristic of the Slavonic world. Aman-Jean, too, has deserted his Botticelli manner for the making of decorative patterns, while M. Denis is no longer enamoured of nuns, and convents, and altars, and incense, but exercises his Post-Impressionist brush on a group of children by the seashore. It is more orthodox than might have been expected, and another member of the band, M. Le Petit, depicts a "Game of Bowls in Brittany" in as simple and direct a manner as though he had never subscribed to the tenets of Post-Impressionism.

There is nothing sensational, then, in the Salon, for if the heretics have failed to shock it is idle to look for scandal from the believers. But the exhibition presents an admirable summing-up of French art along the best established lines. It discloses on the one hand an emancipation from the thralldom of mythology as an excuse for the nude, and on the other a growth in the tendency to reflect contemporary ideas. And the catholic hospitality of the Salon is well exemplified by the inclusion of canvases by John Lavery, Harold Speed, Lovell B. Harrison, and J. Frieské. The last but one has chosen to be represented by a Brittany scene rather than by an American landscape, while Mr. Frieské's American nationality could not be inferred from his ungeographical sunny gardens.

PARIS, April 25, 1911.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Ararat is not a mountain that is climbed every day, or even every year. Seventeen ascents have been recorded. When James Bryce, unaccompanied, made his remarkable ascent in 1876 he was told by every one whom he met in the vicinity of the mountain that the top had never been reached, and what was more, it never could be. Jinns and fiends and giants had prevented the rascally Kurds from even attempting to scale the terrible mountain, and since the Ark grounded there mortal man had not been allowed to trespass on the sacred heights he was informed. Had not St. Hagop tried again and again to reach the summit in order to silence the skeptics about the Ark? But found himself each morning on waking quietly deposited at the base, whence he started. Finally an angel presented him with a piece of the Ark for his pains, but told him to cease his attempts to reach the forbidden ground. That was in the fourth century of our era, but the piece of the Ark is still to be seen at the monastery of the Eltchmadsin, where dwells the catholicos of the Armenian church. That Russians, or a stray lone Englishman had really reached the top of Ararat was not to be thought of.

Whatever other claims Newburyport, Massachusetts, may have upon public interest, the town may surely be proud of the fact that in the old chain bridge across the Merrimac it possessed the most interesting historical structure of its kind in the world (says the *Scientific American*). Furthermore, in view of the fact that for one hundred years it stood up faithfully under the ever-increasing burden of highway traffic, this bridge, considered from the engineering standpoint, has made a record that is unapproached, as far as we know, among similar structures of the suspended type. The Newburyport span, erected in 1810, and closed in 1909 after a century of useful service, has remained as the most lasting monument to the genius of Finley, its designer.

Laziness has been at the back of many an invention, and it was a lazy switchman who hit on the idea that made the distance signal possible. According to Sir George Finlay, it was in 1846 that a switchman who had to attend to two station signals some distance apart, decided to save himself the trouble of walking to and fro between them by fastening the two levers together by a long piece of wire. A broken iron chair served as counterweight. The wire ran on into his hut, and there he sat nightly and worked the two signals without setting foot outside. This went on until he was found out, reprimanded and promoted.

The commissioners of parks and of docks, New York, propose to fill in a strip of the Hudson River foreshore, 200 feet wide and two and a half miles long, between Eighty-First and One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Streets; build thereon docks, platforms, and railway tracks for steamship freight traffic; roof the structure over; and lay out a park for public use.

A vessel without funnels and without boilers, explosive engines being substituted for steam engines, is to be built at Hamburg for the Hamburg-American line.

DEFERRING OLD AGE.

Old age is a preventable disease, which can be so successfully combated that one need not fear youth as fled at forty or fifty, and may hopefully look forward to a life of ninety or one hundred years, according to the interesting doctrine put forth by Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad, Austria.

The second German edition of his book, "Old Age Deferred," has just been published in this country, and its sub-title, "The Causes of Old Age and Its Postponements by Hygienic and Therapeutic Measures," opens the way for a happy presentation of theory, side by side with facts so firmly established through long experiment that the latter excite no unusual interest.

Dr. Lorand, while advancing a thought wholly within reason, frankly acknowledges that it is impossible to make a young man out of an old one, though it is quite within the bounds of possibility, he declares, to prolong the term of youthfulness by ten or twenty years, which is a great thing after all. Science holds out no promise of a real Fountain of Youth.

At the outset old age, according to Dr. Lorand, is a "chronic disease due to degeneration of the glands with internal secretions," and by successfully treating this degeneration, it is made to respond just as are chronic diseases in general. The principle is simple enough, and, in its way, not unlike that applied by viticulturists in their efforts to prolong the life and productiveness of their waning vines. Ancestry and the extent of its observance of the laws of hygiene have, as may be supposed, no little part in the general scheme to take Father Time by the shoulder and rudely thrust him into the background for a possible score of years. Says Dr. Lorand:

The preventive treatment of old age is in no less degree possible than that of any other disease. To prevent old age rationally we must avoid all those harmful agencies which may be deleterious to the glands with internal secretions, as it is the degeneration of these glands that brings it about. . . .

By avoiding these we believe we could successfully combat old age, but only for a certain time; and if not longer, in spite of our careful hygiene, it would not be our fault, but that of our ancestors of many generations ago who did not observe the rules of hygiene even as well as we do, and left us ductless glands of inferior quality. . . .

That one person may inhale air which contains virulent bacilli and contract tuberculosis, that another may drink contaminated water and find himself suffering shortly from typhoid fever, and that a third may do both of these things and remain free from infection is laid at the door of ancestry with this explanation:

The cause of this is that the first mentioned have inherited defective ductless glands from their ancestors, and probably afterward have ill-treated these glands by an immoderate use of all those agencies that are detrimental to them, such as alcohol, sexual excesses, much meat, tobacco, tea and coffee in large quantities, and thus could not produce anti-bodies to counteract the infection.

Moderation might, in a single word, present the essence of pages of Dr. Lorand's work. Speaking broadly, he contends that more food is eaten than the system actually requires, which, in the long run, impairs the powers of the digestive organs and also several of the ductless glands. Far too much meat is eaten, but, on the other hand, the strict vegetarians will find small solace in the words of the scientist, who points out that a strictly vegetarian diet is not only unwise, but actually dangerous, if persistently followed. The happy medium is struck in the announcement:

The best nourishment for increasing the chances of a long life and to defer the effects of old age is a diet consisting of little meat, much milk, and vegetables.

Standing out prominently in its significance is the stand taken by Dr. Lorand in dealing with beverages. Once more moderation may sufficiently cover many sentences of opinion. A close observer for years of people, under various social conditions, he writes with authority, and, without radically dealing with the subject, he leaves the cold-water theorists equally as well pleased as the wine-imbibers. If wine be used, let it be good red wine, and its moderate consumption is not frowned upon. Far worse in their effects on the human system are the many cups of strong coffee and tea consumed daily, tearing down rather than constructing for old age, as Dr. Lorand states:

Far more injurious than red wine used in moderation are tea and coffee used in large quantities. Unfortunately, many of those who fanatically fight against alcohol indulge in many cups of black coffee or tea daily, and thus poison their nervous system. Besides containing tannin and caffeine, they also aid the formation of uric acid, as they contain bodies from which the purin substances are produced.

Without sound sleep one need not expect good health. He emphasizes the poet's lay, and explains that the disintoxicating glands are most active during sleep, which should cover a period of not less than seven hours nor more than eight. Less salt, less alcohol, and far more water are advocated. "It is advisable to drink plenty of water, especially when much meat is eaten. By this means we can flush out of our kidneys the end-products of proteid food."

Water, air, and sun baths all aid to attain a long life, but climatic conditions should be taken into consideration, that the body may suffer no sudden shock. Loose linen underwear is urged. "Linen possesses the great advantage that it easily absorbs moisture and easily gives it off again."

Plenty of sunlight and fresh air, and the means taken to attain them may lead to one being put down as eccentric, he writes, but "for my part, I prefer to be 100, and to attain this I do not object to be considered 'eccentric.'"

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Herman E. Kittredge Writes a Biographical Appreciation of the Religious Reformer.

Mr. Herman E. Kittredge prefaces his biographical appreciation of Ingersoll with a frank statement of his inability to coax from the law of heredity any explanation of his genius. It is always easy to find distinctive traits in the parents of great men, not because they possess those traits to an unusual extent, but rather because they are disclosed by the special attention that we give to them. Colonel Ingersoll said of his father that he was "a good, a brave, and honest man," and his dim recollections of his mother were always peculiarly sacred to him, but he himself seems to have been doubtful of the value of this sort of research. He is quoted as saying that the children of the great are often small, and that we can account for the great man only as we account for the greatest river or the most perfect gem. We can only say "He was."

Thus we are spared the large measure of irrelevancies that the biographer usually considers as essential to his task. A dozen pages or so and we find young Ingersoll fairly started on his life's work and already showing signs of the unconventional liberty of opinion that was to place him among the foremost figures of his age. He taught school at Metropolis, Massac County, Illinois, and it was his practice to give every pupil a receipt in full for his school fees, whether they were paid or not. But this generosity did not save him from the penalties that were invariably inflicted upon those whose religious views were unorthodox. The story is among the best known of those clustered around the name of Ingersoll, but it will bear re-telling:

Engaged to teach in a rural district, Ingersoll was "boarding 'round." Several Baptist ministers and elders who were conducting a revival in the neighborhood were also "boarding 'round." They made a practice of discussing religion at table. The young teacher took little or no part in their discussions until he was one day pointedly asked what he thought of baptism. He hesitated, but they insisted. Thereupon he said: "Well, I'll give you my opinion: With soap, baptism is a good thing."

The brethren were shocked—horrified! The witty thrust sped from gossip to gossip, and so intense did the feeling against its author become that he was obliged to abandon his school. It is interesting, if not pleasing, to note, however, that the pious zeal which compelled the latter action does not seem to be alive to an overkeen sense of justice; for the patrons of the school concerned failed to recognize, certainly in a practical way, that even an "infidel" teacher was entitled, at least, to compensation for services already rendered according to agreement. As a consequence, young Ingersoll, being otherwise unsupplied with funds, had to make his way on foot to his home—a long distance from where he had merely given an honest answer to an impertinent question.

Ingersoll was among the first of those to respond to the appeal of the Civil War. During 1861 he raised three regiments of volunteers and was under fire at the battle of Shiloh. During the winter of 1862-'63 he was at Jackson, Tennessee, and was ordered to advance toward Clifton. A determined struggle resulted. Ingersoll's men were raw and confronted with overwhelming numbers, but they made a gallant fight before they were overpowered:

It is thoroughly characteristic of Ingersoll that, even at the frightful crisis of his capture, his wit was in active evidence. "Stop firing!" he shouted to Major G. V. Ramhau, of General Forrest's command. "I'll acknowledge your d—d old Confederacy." Immediately after this, the general himself rode up, and substantially the following colloquy occurred:

"Who's in command of those troops?" cried Forrest, pointing toward some of the flying cavalymen.

"I don't know," replied Ingersoll, jocularly.

"Who was in command?" amended the general.

"If you'll keep the secret," said Ingersoll, blandly, "I'll tell you. I was."

At that moment began a warm friendship, which terminated only with the life of General Forrest. He never lost an opportunity to visit the Federal colonel who, "in the great days," unwillingly but wittily became his guest.

He was paroled three days later, and soon afterwards resigned his commission and was honorably discharged on June 30, 1863.

In 1867 Ingersoll became attorney-general of Illinois and would have become governor had he been willing to make his peace with piety by renouncing his religious convictions. This, of course, he could not do:

There occurred, in connection with this campaign, a little incident which, revealing Ingersoll's sense of justice—his tenderness and compassion—even more impressively than the two official replies to the politicians revealed his mental manhood, it is here impossible to omit. The treasure house of English is filled with priceless gems; and long before I heard of this incident, I had decided (for myself alone) as to which was the greatest, which the tenderest, expression in our language; that the greatest was Shakespeare's—"There is no darkness but ignorance," and that the tenderest, most compassionate, was Whitman's—"Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you." But the incident of Ingersoll changed my mind. The particulars of the incident are as follows:

Soon after the campaign, Ingersoll and a number of his associates were gathered in his office in Peoria. Some one mentioned the fact that his orthodox political opponents had circulated the charge that he had referred to Christ as "an illegitimate child."

Now a small man, confronted with this charge, might have replied: "Yes, I said it; and according to your Bible it is true."

A great man might have added to this: "But is it any fault of Christ's?"

But Ingersoll replied: "Gentlemen, it isn't to have you think that I would call Christ 'an illegitimate child' which hurts me: it is to think that you should think that I would think any the less of Christ if I knew it was so."

Not only was the governorship of Illinois open to him, but there were many to believe that this would have been a stepping-stone to a far higher position, in the greatest position in the official life of the State. The Hon. Clark E. Carr was of that opinion,

and no less an authority that Dr. Moncure D. Conway said "that but for orthodox animosity, Colonel Ingersoll would have been President of the United States. Certainly no man of his ability ever occupied that office":

Strange as it may seem to some, the recipient of these intended compliments never appreciated them. And what an alternative mediocrity did put at his feet! As a matter of fact, there was no place in this republic that could have honored Robert G. Ingersoll. And he could no more have preserved silence on religion than Shelley could have refrained from pouring forth the marvelous poetry than now glorifies the realm of fancy. Where is the man with imagination enough to picture that iron frame of ample proportions, that classic head and fine, frank face—that embodiment of all the gradations of temperament, from clown to king—sitting acquiescent at the feet of a Talmage!

And suppose that Ingersoll had become President of the United States. Suppose that, heeding the silent voice within, he had agreed to accept the nomination for the governorship of Illinois—that is to say, the governorship—and that, subsequently, with calloused conscience, using his irresistible eloquence to smooth the way, he had marched to the executive seat of the nation. Would it have been better—better for him and the world?

The year 1867 gave Ingersoll an opportunity to add to his already great reputation as a lawyer and a pleader. Mr. Charles B. Reynolds was prosecuted for blasphemy, his offense consisting of a moderate free thought address at Boonton, New Jersey, and the distribution of a few pamphlets at Morristown. Ingersoll at once moved to the defense. It was the only case of its kind in fifty years, but the law was clear, and Reynolds was convicted and a minimum fine imposed. In his address to the jury Ingersoll asked, What is real blasphemy? and replied to his own question in words that will live after the intolerant bigotry that gave them birth is dead:

To live on the unpaid labor of other men—that is blasphemy.

To enslave your fellow-man, to put chains upon his body—that is blasphemy.

To enslave the minds of men, to put manacles upon the brain, padlocks upon the lips—that is blasphemy.

To deny what you believe to be true, to admit to be true what you believe to be a lie—that is blasphemy.

To strike the weak and unprotected, in order that you may gain the applause of the ignorant and superstitious mob—that is blasphemy.

To persecute the intelligent few at the command of the ignorant many—that is blasphemy.

To forge chains, to build dungeons, for your honest fellow-men—that is blasphemy.

To pollute the souls of children with the dogma of eternal pain—that is blasphemy.

To violate your conscience—that is blasphemy.

We have the story of an amusing controversy that broke out in 1891. Ingersoll was asked if it was a fact that there were thousands of clergymen whom he would fear to meet. He said, "No; the fact is I would like to meet them all in one":

"A Christmas Sermon" by Ingersoll, attacking, in writing, the Christian doctrine of eternal punishment, and indorsing the human, natural, joyful side of Christmas, which he declared was borrowed from the pagan world, was published in the New York *Evening Telegram* of December 19, 1891. This sermon of less than five hundred words seemed to have fully as great effect upon the opposite rank and file of the church militant as "The Crisis," by Thomas Paine, had had upon the latter's own side among the disheartened patriots of Washington's army. While "The Crisis" was read, under the orders of Washington, at many a patriot campfire, there is no record of its having been so read at the campfires of the enemy. Not so with "A Christmas Sermon." This was attacked with great violence by the New York *Christian Advocate*, the editor of which called upon the public to boycott the *Evening Telegram*. In doing this, it was necessary for the *Advocate* to republish at least the substance of the sermon which, consequently, was read beside thousands of Christian hearth-fires that it never would have reached through the medium of the *Telegram*. The latter, stung by such effrontery—by such a travesty of the freedom of the press—promptly dared the *Advocate* to do its worst, and published, at the same time, an answer from Ingersoll—an answer which, again like Paine's "Crisis," "echoed throughout America."

The excitement produced by the resulting controversy has not been equaled, says Eckler, in the history of modern religious controversy. Thousands of newspapers, parsons, and societies took up the challenge, and at last Ingersoll had realized his wish. It may be said that he met all the forces of orthodoxy at one time, and he was content to leave the result to public intelligence.

In 1897 Ingersoll developed angina pectoris, due, doubtless, to his unwearied activities, but with the unselfishness that was his religion he concealed his condition from his family:

During the night of Thursday and Friday, July 20 and 21, 1899, at "Walston" Ingersoll had an attack of acute indigestion, sleeping very little, suffering great pain, which he sought to relieve with nitro-glycerine, previously prescribed; but he went to breakfast in the morning, and afterwards sat on the veranda, as he was wont to do, reading and talking with the family.

About 10:30 he remarked that he would lie down and rest awhile, and would then return and play pool with his son-in-law. Mrs. Ingersoll accompanied her husband upstairs to their bedroom and remained with him while he slept.

About 11:45 he arose and sat in his chair to put on his shoes. Miss Sue Sharkey, a member of the family, entered the room, followed by Mrs. Ingersoll's sister, Mrs. Sue M. Farrell.

Mrs. Ingersoll said: "Do not dress, papa, until after lunch—I will eat upstairs with you."

He replied: "Oh, no; I do not want to trouble you."

Mrs. Farrell then remarked: "How absurd, after the hundreds of times you have eaten upstairs with her."

He glanced laughingly at Mrs. Farrell, as she turned to leave the room; and then Mrs. Ingersoll said: "Why, papa, your tongue is coated—I must give you some medicine."

He looked up at her with a smile and said, "I am better now," and, as he did so, closed his eyes.

Ingersoll was dead.

The author devotes the latter half of his book to a consideration of Ingersoll's beliefs and his influence upon public thought. Ingersoll was always content to say that he did not know. Combatting those who

committed the mistake of affirming the unknowable, he carefully avoided the equal error of denying the unknowable. We may hope, but when once we have passed the circle of the known the savage is the equal of the sage:

A missionary was trying to convince an Indian of the wonderful truths of Christianity. The red man listened attentively, then stopped and, with a stick, drew a little circle in the sand. "This," said he, "is what Indian knows." Then, tracing a very large circle around the first, he added, "and this is what white man knows; but out here (pointing outside both circles) Indian knows just as much as white man."

Ingersoll maintained that substance and energy are from and to eternity and that there is no room either for a First Cause, or for a Creator in the sense in which those words are ordinarily used by orthodoxy. The author quotes him as saying:

If we have a theory, we must have facts for the foundation. We must have cornerstones. We must not build on guesses, fancies, analogies, or inferences. The structure must have a basement. If we build we must begin at the bottom.

I have a theory and I have four cornerstones. The first stone is that matter—substance—can not be destroyed, can not be annihilated.

The second stone is that force can not be destroyed, can not be annihilated.

The third stone is that matter and force can not exist apart—no matter without force—no force without matter.

The fourth stone is that which can not be destroyed, could not have been created; that the indestructible is the uncreatable.

If these cornerstones are facts, it follows as a necessity that matter and force are from and to eternity; that they can neither be increased nor diminished.

It follows that nothing has been or can be created; that there never has been or can be a creator.

There are many men high in the councils of the churches today who would have no hesitation in subscribing to such a creed as this, and without danger of a heresy charge. Perhaps they owe something of their immunity to Ingersoll.

On the birth of Christ he says:

"I can not believe in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ. I believe he was the son of Joseph and Mary; that Joseph and Mary had been duly and legally married; that he was the legitimate offspring of that union. Nobody ever believed the contrary until he had been dead at least one hundred and fifty years." "In order to place themselves on an equality with Pagans they started the claim of divinity, and also took the second step requisite in that country: First, a god for his father, and second, a virgin for his mother. This was the Pagan combination of greatness, and the Christians added to this that Christ was God." "Neither Matthew, Mark, or Luke ever dreamed that he was of divine origin. He did not say to either Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or to any one in their hearing, that he was the Son of God, or that he was miraculously conceived. He did not say it. It may be asserted that he said it to John, but John did not write the gospel that bears his name. The angel Gabriel, who, they say, brought the news, never wrote a word upon the subject. The mother of Christ never wrote a word upon the subject. His alleged father never wrote a word upon the subject, and Joseph never admitted the story. We are lacking in the matter of witnesses."

"At that time Matthew and Luke believed that Christ was the son of Joseph and Mary. And why? They say he descended from David, and in order to show that he was of the blood of David, they gave the genealogy of Joseph. And if Joseph was not his father, why did they not give the genealogy of Pontius Pilate or Herod? Could they, by giving the genealogy of Joseph, show that he was of the blood of David if Joseph was in no way related to Christ? And yet that is the position into which the Christian world is driven."

Ingersoll's views on the questions of the day were no less trenchantly expressed than those on religion. That some of them have become commonplaces is a tribute to the persuasiveness and logic of his genius. He lectured for twenty years on "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," and here are some of his more striking passages collected and arranged by the author:

By physical liberty I mean the right to do anything which does not interfere with the happiness of another. By intellectual liberty I mean the right to think right and the right to think wrong, provided you do your best to think right.

Liberty sustains the same relation to mind that space does to matter.

What light is to the eyes, what love is to the heart, liberty is to the soul of man.

Without liberty, the brain is a dungeon and the soul a convict.

To preserve liberty is the only use for government. There is no other excuse for legislatures, or presidents, or courts, for statutes or decisions. Liberty is not simply a means—it is an end. Take from our history, our literature, our laws, our hearts—that word, and we are nought but moulded clay. Liberty is the one priceless jewel. It includes and holds and is the weal and wealth of life. Liberty is the soil and light and rain—it is the plant and bud and flower and fruit—and in that sacred word lie all the seeds of progress, love, and joy.

His counsel as to the treatment of convicts has not yet been fully accepted, although here, too, there has been a vast improvement since he wrote:

The next time you look with scorn upon a convict, let me beg of you to do one thing. Maybe you are not as bad as I am, but do one thing: think of all the crimes you have wanted to commit; think of all the crimes you would have committed if you had had the opportunity; think of all the temptations to which you would have yielded had nobody been looking; and then put your hand on your heart and say whether you can justly look with contempt even upon a convict.

It would be easy to multiply extracts from this fine work until they became cumbersome. It is the first comprehensive survey of the life of Ingersoll that has been given to us, and that it will now appeal to so large and so sympathetic an audience is due to Ingersoll himself. Preëminent among all other men it was Ingersoll who created freedom of religious thought and utterance in America. He was the fearless spokesman of those who did not dare to speak for themselves. Religion itself should help to weave the laurels for the man who helped to give it the liberty without which its own existence would be impossible.

INGERSOLL: A BIOGRAPHICAL APPRECIATION. By Herman E. Kittredge. New York: The Dresden Publishing Company.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Account Rendered.

Mr. E. F. Benson displays his usual skill in this, his latest novel. Mrs. Winthrop is delightfully typical of her class. She has that overwhelming and uncomfortable sense of duty that keeps her in a perpetual and volcanic atmosphere of reforming other people, of admonishing, coercing, and restricting them. Waves of discomfort follow her wherever she goes, and she shows the same tactless energy in fencing off her son from the supposed advances of the pretty governess, Miss Allenby, as in directing the morals of the poor children whom she is sending to the seaside. Mrs. Winthrop is among the best of women and the most detestable. She makes us wonder how virtue can be so hateful.

But Miss Allenby's pretty face and prettier manners become far less dangerous from the Winthrop point of view when her rich uncle in America has the good taste to die and leave his niece a million and a half pounds. Or is it dollars? And does any one know how much a dollar is? Frank may now look at Miss Allenby as much as he pleases, and by a curious trait of the feminine mind that enables its owner to efface the past as though it has never been, Mrs. Winthrop becomes sincerely unaware that the governess has ever been an "undesirable." Cynics may disbelieve that women have this power, but they have.

Mrs. Winthrop is an admirable piece of drawing, but Lady Tenby is a work of art. Positively we love Lady Tenby, her bubbling good nature, her *camaraderie*, her robust good sense, and her kindness. We recognize an undercurrent of guile about the good lady, a willingness to deceive in small matters when deceit seems the easier road, but we are hardly prepared for the poisonous eruption of this same failing when the interests of her son become strong enough to call it out. The decalogue weighs nothing when a son's good fortune is at stake, and perhaps Lady Tenby is no worse than the majority of mothers with whom domestic advantages are all the law and the prophets. That Lady Tenby's son wishes to marry Miss Allenby justifies everything, but it must be admitted that Lady Tenby thinks more of her son's happiness than of his wealth, and he is a good fellow and loves the girl disinterestedly. Nevertheless maternal love becomes maternal crime, as it nearly always will if crime seem to be needed. That is one of its terrible beauties, that it will shrink from nothing.

Every one of Mr. Benson's characters are worth while. We have met them all in daily life, but we never realized how interesting they were nor what titan forces may underlie the commonplace. That is part of Mr. Benson's art, that he can show us the depths underlying the familiar and the ordinary.

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20.

A Captain of Raleigh's.

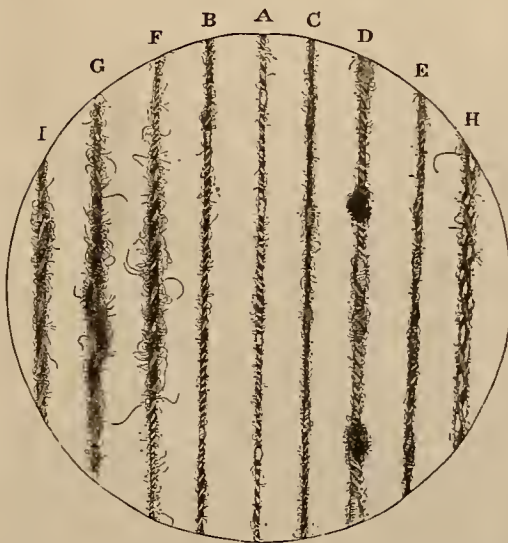
There is always a peculiar charm about stories of the early American settlements, and of the gentleman adventurers whose exploits in less romantic times are called piracy upon the high seas. In the present case that experienced writer Mr. G. E. Theodore Roberts lays his scene in Bristol's Hope, Newfoundland, where Master Thomas Duwaney has founded a colony under the company's charter and maintains its precarious existence against nature, pirates, and the roving fishermen from Devon and Cornwall, who object to the restrictions placed upon their fishing. To Bristol's Hope comes Duwaney's fair daughter in the little ship *Good Fortune*, but they are waylaid on the road by the *Jaguar*, commanded by Captain Percy, who was one of Raleigh's captains and is now roving the seas as a privateer in revenge for the death of his great leader. But Captain Percy makes no war upon women. In fact he becomes hopelessly enamored of Miss Duwaney, escorts her ship to port, and then does desperate deeds in her defense from other pirates less powerful than himself. The story of the fight with the fishermen is excellently told, but the chief praise is due to the depiction of Harold Coffin, who combines the physical deficiencies of a weakling with the courage and resourcefulness of the born soldier. "A Captain of Raleigh's" is an unquestionable success as a story of adventure that is well conceived and well told.

A CAPTAIN OF RALEIGH'S. By G. E. Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50.

The Return.

This is one of the so-called occult novels that are the work of unrestrained fancy and without even a base of ascertained fact or reasonable conjecture on the obscurer aspects of psychology. Arthur Lawford, still convalescent from illness, wanders aimlessly into the village graveyard and falls asleep while puzzling over the inscription on an ancient stone. When he awakes he discovers to his horror that he has undergone an entire physical change. How he finally convinces his wife of his identity and the surprising explanation of the mystery will be found in the book itself by those who are interested in such gear.

THE RETURN. By Walter de la Mare. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.



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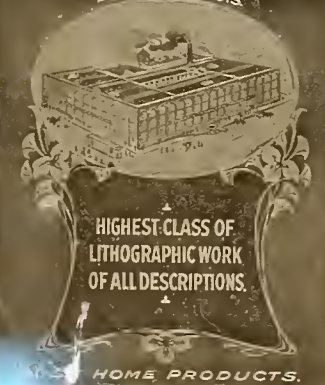
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Education of a Music Lover.

By the education of a music lover Professor Dickinson does not refer so much to an education in the production of music as to an education in the hearing of music. The former is somewhat overdone. The latter very much underdone. Almost any one can be trained to produce some sort of music, but the appreciation of music is of the nature of an art in itself and is not usually appreciated. Otherwise we should not be so often annoyed by the aborigines who begin to make the sounds natural to them as soon as a soloist has finished and before the orchestra has produced the proper conclusion. Musical taste, says the author, can be developed. Just as we learn to know and to love good pictures by looking at them often, so we can learn to know and to love good music by hearing it often. For this reason he has a word of warm praise for the mechanical devices that have now brought good music within the reach of every one.

Untrained musical appreciation usually begins and ends with rhythmic melody. We all like something that "has a tune to it," and perplexity begins only when we are asked to admire something that has no tune. Then we are "utterly confused by the complex tone patterns which, in their displacement of accents, avoidance of cadences, their interweaving of melodic lines and harmonic masses, their cross currents and eddies of shifting tones, seem to avoid every semblance of order and system." Those who are frankly non-musical are accustomed to recognize their limitations and to be humble accordingly. But there are no such limitations, says the author. Nothing is needed but explanation, good-will, and intelligence. These alone will bring order out of chaos and introduce us to new worlds of delight. Already we have the potential taste for good music and for all things beautiful. Attention only is needed to interpret the new language that will surely delight us with its perfections.

Into the author's methods there is no need to enter here. Suffice it to say that they are intended for uninstructed readers. The author calls sinners, not the righteous, to repentance, and he speaks in the language understood by the people. He shows that we can learn to appreciate music, to interpret it, and to benefit by it, even though the written score remains for us as unintelligible as Chinese hieroglyphics. Professor Dickinson has written with a purpose, and he has carried out that purpose with admirable success.

THE EDUCATION OF A MUSIC LOVER. By Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Little Cousin series (L. C. Page & Co.; 60 cents per volume) is "Gerard, Our Little Belgian Cousin," by Blanche McManus, with illustrations by the author. The object of the series is to familiarize American children with the children of other nations, their ways of life, and habits of thought. This is ingeniously done by means of stories.

Stories supposed to be told by animals are rarely a success because we know nothing of the animal psychology and never shall. But "Four in Family," by Florida Pope Summerwell (Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1), is an exception simply because the dog is a transparent and frivolous excuse for a very satisfactory little story. The colored illustrations by George Kerr are as humorous as the letter-press.

In "The Function of the Church in Modern Society," by William Jewett Tucker (Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents), we have a plea for Christian unity as the only way in which the "authority" of the church can be restored. The author writes temperately and persuasively, but without any clear demonstration that the restoration of "authority" to the church is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

From the Broadway Publishing Company, New York, comes an indictment of prohibition by Rev. G. A. Ziegler, D. M., W. E. Rommell, V. D. M., and George Herz. The arguments are well suited to a popular audience, but they are not strengthened by frequent appeals to theological dogmas. Whether Noah planted vines, for example, can hardly be said to have a bearing on the practical problems of today. The price of the book is \$1.

New Books Received.

THE CHASM. By George Cram Cook. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.
A novel of the Russian revolution.

BRAZENHEAD THE GREAT. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.
A new novel by the author of "Open Country," etc.

BROTHER COPAS. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20.

A philosophical novel, independent of, but advantageously to be read in connection with, the author's earlier work, "Sir John Constantine."

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD. By Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

The author tries the famous seaman again and acquits him. Kidd, he says, was a conscientious

and unlucky captain, and, worse still, there was no buried treasure.

THE QUIETNESS OF DICK. By R. E. Vernede. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

A story for boys. Illustrated by Victor Perard.

THE VINTAGE. By Joseph Sharts. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

A novel of the Civil War by the author of "The Black Sheep."

AMERICAN HISTORY BY AMERICAN POETS. Edited by Nellie Urner Wallington. In two volumes. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

A substantial collection of patriotic and historical verse.

AUCTION BRIDGE. By Annie Blanche Shelby. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.

A clear, concise, and up-to-date statement of the tenets, rules, and principles governing the game of auction bridge.

EDUCATIONAL VALUES. By William Chandler Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.10.

An analysis of education regarded as a process of modifying conduct.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT. By Colonel Hugh T. Reed, U. S. A. Richmond, Indiana: Irvin Reed & Son.

A volume of reminiscences now in its third edition.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By James Moffatt, E. D., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50.

Issued in the International Theological Library.

OVER THE BORDER. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$3.

Mr. Winter seeks a new field for his travel pictures: the land of the Stuarts and the Campbells; of McCallum More and Claverhouse; of Macbeth and King Duncan; of Marmion and Macgregor.

THE BLUE GOOSE CHASE. By Herbert K. Job. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25.

A camera-hunting adventure in Louisiana written to interest boys in hunting with the camera.

THE PRACTICAL COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. By Edward K. Parkinson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25.

A handbook for the owner of a country estate, large or small.

THE ETERNAL RIDDLE. By John Wirt Dunning. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20.

A book of devotional religion.

THE SYLVAN CABIN. By Edward Smyth Jones. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

A centenary ode on the birth of Lincoln, and other verse. With introduction by William Stooly Braithwaite.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN TEACHING. By William Chandler Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.10.

A personal and concrete treatment of the principles developed by the writer in his "The Educative Process" and "Classroom Management."

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Una Birch. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

An examination of some of the lesser forces that contributed to the catastrophe.

VALENCIA AND MURCIA. By A. F. Calvert. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A glance at African Spain. Issued in the Spanish series. With 288 plates.

THE TYRANNY OF SPEED. By E. H. Hodgkinson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

"When I read of an accident in which some one is perhaps maimed for life, or, as is often the case, killed, I sometimes partially sympathize with the driver, but proportionally blame the British electorate and its representatives for having allowed such a fearful and chaotic state of affairs to arise."

THE ART OF SINGING. By William Shakespeare. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

Based on the principles of the old Italian singing-masters, and dealing with breath control and production of the voice, together with exercises.

THREE LAYS OF MARIE DE FRANCE. Retold in English verse by Frederick Bliss Luquens. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The tales are "Sir Launfal," "The Maiden of the Ash," and "The Lovers Twain." With introduction and bibliography.

JOHN LA FARGE. By Royal Cortissoz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

The author was a friend of the painter's of twenty years' standing, and he uses his large collection of notes, memoranda, and reminiscences in the preparation of this unique volume. It is fully illustrated with reproductions in photogravure of La Farge's most famous and typical work. Mr. Cortissoz is critic of art and literature for the New York Tribune.

"MEN OF OREGON." Portland, Oregon: The Chamber of Commerce.

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NANCE O'NEIL AND "THE LILY."

Everybody knows, by now, that it was through "The Lily" that New York first became acquainted with the emotional possibilities in Nance O'Neil's acting. After long wandering in devious ways, which included touring country towns, and after having been exposed to the serious danger of being drained dry of her histrionic emotional force by overwork, Nance O'Neil is now safe in the Belasco fold, where she will, we trust, no longer be exploited like a performing tiger.

The first act of "The Lily" gives no indication of there being a tremendous *tour de force* in reserve to startle us out of ourselves into a sense of almost hysterical sympathy with the revolt of crushed womanhood. There is, indeed, in this act, an almost purely artificial atmosphere enveloping scene, dialogue, and acting. It is the artificiality of one who writes down to the more banal American public. That is a besetting sin of Belasco's, generally more noticeable in his comedy scenes, but in this case very antagonistic to the awakening of the sympathies in the first act.

In this act Nance O'Neil does not appear at all. It is largely dominated by men, who do not shine, for Elliott Dexter, as the artist hero of the romance involved, is rather stogy, and the cynicism of his friend Bernard, played by Douglas Paterson, is shallow and self-conscious. When these two, and Huzar, who was so well played in later acts by Oscar Eagle, get to talking about Arnaud's marital infidelities all three make such abrupt plunges from serious sympathy into unfeeling flippancy that the auditor does not feel himself taking things very seriously.

The appearance in Arnaud's park of Christiane, the younger of the two De Maigny demoiselles, tightens up the tension somewhat, although the previous languor of our interest did not dispose us to do justice to the well-modulated acting with which Julia Dean indicated to us that Christiane was having her first taste of heartbreak.

Then, in the second act, we are introduced to the De Maigny household, and to the old count himself, and then the cunning hand of the original author, or rather authors, shows, and every thread of interest is drawn up to a high tension.

As so often happens in these French plays, the original authorship belongs to two collaborators: in this case, Messieurs Wolff and Leroux. There is an enormous number of plays, written in the highest style of the art, being constantly put on in Paris, and criticized, eulogized, and discussed by the world's masters of dramatic criticism. Not surprisingly, perhaps, considering the French temperament, these plays, the major part of which are by men, show a power of very minute analysis of the feminine heart and nature. It really would seem as if French dramatists, like Bernard in "The Lily," who did not believe in matrimony and had loved thirty-two times, must pass their lives cultivating a constant panorama of temporary love affairs, in order to write so understandingly of the emotional feminine. Many of these dramatists constitute themselves the champion of women. They look up all points of the social code, or of law, which bear heavily upon women, and construct the most ingeniously vital situations in which to exhibit their helplessness, or the martyrdom of their lives. "Les affaires sont les affaires," by Mirabeau, Marcel Prevost's "Le plus faible," and Brieux's "La petite amie" are all cases in point.

In "The Lily" it is paternal selfishness and tyranny that furnish the indictment against man, and the motive even involves that old question, so apparently vital to the heart of womanhood, of the varying standard of morality for man and woman. The Comte de Maigny is an old *roué*. In order to pursue his life of illicit pleasure in Paris, he has deprived each of his two daughters of her *dot*, and has depleted the treasures of the ancient chateau by selling precious pictures and tapestries.

As a dowerless girl can not hope to marry in France, the elder, Odette, renounces her love, her hopes, and her dreams, and becomes a quiet, apparently serene image of household dutifulness. Only, as a vent for her thwarted motherhood, she centres all her possibilities of devotion in her younger sister, Christiane, for whose rosy future of a happy love and marriage she vainly, desperately hopes.

Christiane, who lives the usual guarded life

of the French demoiselle, nevertheless has a secret. Bicycle excursions in solitude have given her the opportunity of acquaintanceship with Arnaud, the romantically handsome artist in the neighborhood. The innocent friendliness of first relations has deepened to love. Arnaud can not marry. Separated for ten years from a mutually uncongenial partner, the tyrannous French law holds him bound.

The two bid each other farewell. But nature, which often laughs at the high-hearted resolves of conscience, draws them together again, and Christiane, who sees before her only the gradual withering of beauty, youth, hope, and joy, and a life of renunciation like Odette's, catches ardently at her woman's right to live. A dismissed servant of Arnaud's spreads news of the intrigue, and the degenerate old count, who, like all men, is the last to believe in the smirching of his family honor by the rebellion of his submissive womanhood, is forced to bring the matter to a point of proof.

Christiane is put on trial before the family tribunal. Odette is not present, but there is the count, whose plans for a replenishing of the family coffer by the marriage of his son with a rich merchant's daughter are threatened, and there is the son, who sees his heiress-bridal disappearing from his avid grasp. Each constitutes himself a majestic and outraged judge.

As "The Lily" is a French play, there is, of course, an intimate family friend, in this case the count's lawyer, who is thoroughly aware of his client's worthlessness, and of the selfish despotism with which he has sacrificed his daughters. He is the only one who casts one thought to the desperate suffering of the humiliated girl. And, suddenly, we realize that we are in the intensest kind of drama. The two authors have cunningly contrived to bring in the element of the conflict of the sexes; the tyranny of the man who lives his own life freely, and enforces an unrepealing celibacy upon his womanhood; the frenzied revolt of the woman, who, in the wild luxury of confession, reaches a momentary pitch of exaltation which enables her to glory in that flowering of her being which the conventions have decreed must be her blighting shame.

The scene was splendidly acted. From the moment that Christiane, recognizing that a trap is laid by her father to surprise her secret from her, gives that hunted look at her accusers, and around the walls of the room, and utters the frenzied cry "Odette!" there is an utter forgetfulness of self in the audience, a breathless state of absorption in the drama before them.

The Comte de Maigny, played with fine comprehension and subtle shading by Charles Cartwright, feels himself well within his rights. Shameless old voluptuary that he is, he is pained, outraged, that a stainless De Maigny should fall from her dizzy height of purity into such a mire. His dignity, his outraged paternity, is real, not assumed.

Julia Dean showed such an unexpected power of emotional expression in the scene of the confessions, she simulated so well the tremors of the guilty girl, and the terror of a feeble woman threatened with physical violence, and, above all, she so shone with exaltation during the rapture of Christiane's avowal, that she awakened a wave of hysteria in feminine bosoms, which swept in a sort of instantaneous contagion over the house.

And then, following this, came the tremendous scene in which Odette, casting aside the restraint of years, made herself one with her erring sister in her repudiation of her father's claims, her arraignment of his hideous selfishness, and her passionate declaration of a woman's right to love and live.

Heretofore, all through the play, Nance O'Neil, as Odette, had been gentle, soft-voiced, solicitous, full of cares and duties; she carried herself as the self-suppressed, submissive, deferential daughter whose mainspring of conduct is duty. With her body inclined, and her hands fluttering before her to do service, or clasping themselves in gentle resignation to momentary and unused idleness, she was the picture of the "lily," the matured maiden who had never known, would never know, of the roses and raptures of life. The effect of Odette's tremendous outburst, after this previous serenity, was as a tempest succeeding a deceitful calm. The audience, already wrought up to a high pitch of emotional response by Christiane's anguished humiliation and her passionate confession, fairly tingled, mentally and physically, with ardent reciprocal emotion. And when the two women, carried away on the crest of that great wave of passionate insurrection, left the father stranded in temporary defeat, the house gave vent to its enthusiasm by round after round of applause.

Nance O'Neil was receiving a new kind of welcome—that accorded to one who had attained a safer and more legitimate position in the realm of her art. As a result, she had to make a speech of acknowledgment, which she did in the softest, most velvety tones of her voice.

Everybody wants to know if Miss O'Neil has improved. I'm sure I do not know. I never before saw her play a rôle in which she had to subordinate herself, and that subordination was conscientiously done, and all the characteristics of Odette consistently maintained throughout the play. Those who have

seen her play Magda—and their number here is legion—have a very good approximation of our emotions during the great scene.

After the first act, we discovered that "The Lily" was being presented by an excellent company. Merit always awakens merit, in acting. Pretty Antoinette Walker, as a sweet little brainless giggler, had no great opportunity in the Americanized rôle of Lucie, but she looked the character to a dot, and Ethel Grey Terry was a handsome and well-dressed cousin. Alfred Hickman always puts vraisemblance in his neat, deft impersonations. Mr. Dexter carried himself with more dignity and sincerity in a later, finer scene, and Charles Cartwright's Comte de Maigny was fine in every way. William Holden's bourgeois merchant was appropriately fussy and underbred, entirely founded on stage traditions of what a member of the bourgeoisie should be, although a departure, no doubt, from many a really typical one, as the upper bourgeoisie is, in fact, a class trained in the most irreproachable manners and standards. It is, indeed, the bone and sinew of the French nation, and a highly important element in its progress. In his horror at his daughter entering a family one of whose daughters is stained, Monsieur Plock is thoroughly consistent with the standards of the middle-class French, who are respectability and conservatism personified.

The play, as a whole, has certain defects; an inconsistency of treatment, arising, no doubt, from the fact of its adaptation. But there is no paltering in the third act. Probably there was less change there than anywhere. In the last act there is an attempt to adjust things to American standards. Christiane is to be made happy legitimately through the awkward expedient of killing off the artist's mother-in-law, who has hitherto opposed the divorce. In spite of this inartistic bungling, however, there is opportunity in the last act for a short scene in which Odette gives beautiful expression to her devoted affection for Christiane, to whose new life her own wounded one is to be joined in that loving service which the poor "lily" must render as the best and highest expression of her thwarted capacity for loving.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

ORPHEUM ENTREES.

It is song and dance and burlesque week at the Orpheum, and the only tears shed by emotional people in the audiences come by the joy route rather than from pleasurable pain. Nevertheless, many have been seen to wipe their eyes, though not surreptitiously and shamefacedly, as at the teary drama.

There is no disgrace in laughing till you weep at that serious burlesque, "From Zaza to Uncle Tom." Serious only in the demeanor of W. H. Murphy, who represents the barnstorming manager who has been deserted by all but two of his "troupeurs" and is forced to "change the bill." He says he has played "Uncle Tom" with two people, and can surely do it with three. He proposes to kill all the characters in the first act who can not be "doubled." And the rehearsal proceeds. No description in print could give a hint of the humor that is offered in this burlesque of theatrical life. Blanche Nichols is Eliza, crossing on the rocking ice, and Lillian Palmer is Simon Legree and Little Eva, with a ferocious moustache still clinging through the quick change. Should the orchestra play *forte* during the last scene you could not hear it—your neighbors would not let you.

In the "Hotel St. Reckless," another skit, of almost old-time minstrel flavor, George W. Jones and Benjamin N. Deely are partners, though Jones, the blackface comedian and song-writer is the chief provoker of cachinnation. Somebody said there was "class" to his singing, but it is easier to listen to than to classify. There would be nothing after him on the programme if the audience could have its way.

But there is a great deal more, and all of it good for dull care antidotes. J. Francis Dooley is a fat man with a monologue so silly that he often has to wait for his hearers to catch up in their mirthful interruptions. His aid, Corinna Sayles, is petite and dainty, and an invaluable foil, though Mr. Dooley says confidentially that he can not afford to let her be too clever or he will lose her.

M. Golden's Russian Troubadours tinkle melodiously on balalaikas—so named on the bill—but it is when they sing, and when they dance, that they are most effective. Perhaps you are not a connoisseur in Russian pulchritude, but it will be greatly to your advantage in your studies to notice the plump young lady with the soulful eyes in the right half of the semicircle. She is a cherub, without a curve lacking or too much, and every one in perfect drawing. Speaking in accordance with the canons of art.

Mary Marhle and Sam Chip are as pleasing this week as last in their Delft sketch, "In Old Edam," though they have new songs. This is their second visit with this production, but it is not yet ready for the shelf. There is skill in the plan by which they give a little less of their abundant cleverness than the audiences demand. In "A Baseball Flirtation" Henry Bergman and Gladys Clark do some good singing and dainty dancing. Their

second week shows no diminution of their interest or applause. Clarice Vance sings coon songs with a delicate appreciation of harmony and humor, and in this regard is a most welcome contrast to the usual perpetrator of these banalities. The Marvellous Millers do a waltz and two-step with some gymnastic frills that display spring steel attributes.

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OAKLAND
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Knabe Piano
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VANITY FAIR.

The little fuss at the Annapolis Naval Academy is another proof that we are an emotional, but not a rational people. It will be remembered that one of the midshipmen invited a girl friend to an academy dance. After the dance was over, he was asked to be a little more circumspect in future and to withhold his invitations from girls in domestic service. As a matter of fact the girl was not in domestic service. She was the daughter of a professor, and she was acting as companion to the wife of a lieutenant-commander. But that is neither here nor there. The fact that a social distinction, any social distinction, had been made at Annapolis was seized upon as a dire affront to the democratic spirit of the country, and some words of salutary warning were thundered at the Annapolis midshipmen from Atlantic to Pacific. They were told that no matter how a girl got her living she was just as good as a midshipman, which is not saying very much, and that henceforth all such snobishness must be excluded from naval academics. It was all very nice, and very proper, and very democratic, and for the moment we felt like going straight home and inviting next door's housemaid into tea. We might even have done so but for the timely recollection that next door's housemaid is a Japanese boy.

That timely recollection gave opportunity for a moment's salutary thought. After all, are we not all of us doing pretty much the same thing as the Annapolis midshipman? It is very sad and dreadful that it should be so, but do we not all of us govern our social relationships by just these same considerations? At the back of our minds is the perpetually lurking question: How do you get your living? It is all very well to say that we do not shake hands with the stable boy because his hands are odorous of his occupation. That is a miserable sufteruge and we know it. We do not shake hands with him—except at election times—because he is a stable boy, and we every one of us have some kind of caste idea that governs our handshakings, our salutations, and our invitations. We know we have. It is a matter of fact that we do not invite the housemaid to tea, nor the hutchy boy, nor the teamster. We love them, we honor them, we revere them, but we do not invite them to tea. It seems that the Annapolis midshipmen have somewhat the same discreditable ideas as ourselves, but being young and silly they carry them further and do it more obtrusively.

We find the same thing everywhere. If two men walk in file one must go on front. In official circles they say who that one shall be and there is an end of it, but that is caste. There is nothing else for it. At a White House reception the judges have their place, the secretaries have theirs, and the ambassadors have theirs. There again we have caste, and it is based upon the various ways these beautiful people get their living. Outside of official circles we arrange these matters unofficially and therefore irregularly, and so we are filled with a holy indignation when we find some one else's arrangement is different from ours. Just at present we can not get away from caste. We are lucky if we can get away from hypocrisy.

Paris is enjoying another little scandal over the sale of decorations. This time the decorations are not even real ones. They are entirely bogus. They represent nothing. They are simply an ingenious invention.

Imagine the state of mind of the honest citizen who will go to a shabby office in a shabby suburb, pay a sum of money, and come away the proud possessor of the Order of the Red Crescent of Morocco, or the Red Cross of Pounani. It is believed that there is such a place as Morocco. It is where the French soldiers go and never come back. The larger birds of prey they carry them away, and they never see their soldiers any more. But there is no Red Crescent of Morocco. And as for Pounani, there is actually no such place, and therefore no Red Cross of Pounani. But the simple Parisians bought their orders just the same, and even Germans bought them.

Talk about money! Why, money is not in it in comparison with a bit of red ribbon, a button, a medal. Men will not knowingly die for money. They will live for money and sell their souls for it, but not die for it. But they will die for a decoration, and die happy and gloriously in the knowledge that it will be pinned to the old sword, or perhaps only to the enlarged photograph over the stove. The love of distinction is the strongest force in human nature. The craving for money is only a dirty aspect of the same thing, and perhaps the poor fools who bought the Red Cross of Pounani are really more respect worthy than those greater fools who give their souls for riches. There was a time when the man who wore a ribbon had really done something worth doing. Even now, most of the *decorés* in France have done something, if only to be faithful servants to one employer for a quarter of a century. You get a ribbon for writing a useful book, for founding an honest savings bank, and for winning a victory. Most of these decorations are something honorable. Small wonder that they could buy them and so pretend to have

done something honorable. The French *decoré* is at least a more worthy figure than the popinjay of the secret society who prances through a modern city clad in steel armor and with a very pitiful stomach-ache under it caused by the unwonted equestrianism. One day we may have the sense to reward good citizenship with a ribbon as they do in France, or with a peacock's feather and a pocket mirror as they do in China. It would be only the politicians that would not want them.

And talking about mirrors, they have a new wrinkle in London. They insert a little looking-glass into the inside crown of the hat, so that every time you salute a lady you can see just how you appear to her. Rather a painful experience, one would think, but there is no accounting for tastes.

The mirror can be put to many uses. The first moments in church, while the face is reverently hidden in the hat, may be utilized for self-scrutiny and for the evocation of a devotional mien. In fact the device can be used for so many purposes that it is strange no one has thought of it before.

The English Socialists are up in arms because of the news that the Coronation Durbar in India will cost about five million dollars. Mr. Keir Hardie, who has occasionally honored this country with his incendiary presence, says that the Durbar will be only a glorified circus, and that it is a sin and a shame to spend so much money while thousands of the people are dying of the plague.

It is a lot of money, but the Durbar can not be damned by calling it a glorified circus. Let us admit that it is a circus, and what can be jollier than a circus? Now if the money for the Durbar were taken directly from the plague relief fund there might be something in Mr. Hardie's contention. But it is not. It will not make the smallest difference to the plague sufferers. Does Mr. Hardie really mean that we must allow ourselves no pleasures so long as there is disease in the world, that we must not go to the circus because they have cholera in Russia or infantile paralysis in Texas, or hookworm in Virginia, or graft in Pennsylvania? What a cheerful, happy world it would be.

Socialism seems to have a good deal of the hateful old Puritanism about it. It is imbued with the idea that somehow or other it is wrong to be happy if it costs money to be happy, that it is wicked to look at beautiful, costly things, to be expensively hospitable, or lavishly magnificent. It is wrong to do unnecessarily pleasant things at the cost of other people, but before we can agree with Mr. Hardie we must decide that the Coronation Durbar is unnecessary and that it is at the expense of the plague sufferers. And both of those propositions are hereby denied. Pageantry, and pictures, and theatres, and music, and jewels, and splendid hospitalities are necessities of life, not superfluities, and the plague victims would not benefit one whit if the Indian coronation were carried out in the vestry of the Baptist Church instead of on the plains of Delhi, and with sidesmen and deacons instead of Maharajabs and Boojums. Now Mr. Keir Hardie himself is a superfluity, and should be abolished or adjoined.

Who knows the origin of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning"? We all know the result of that convivial refrain, but who knows its genesis? Sir Ernest Clarke, chairman of the Folk Song Society says that he does. According to this authority, Marie Antoinette used to sing to the Dauphin a popular song, "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre." Malbrook was the Duke of Marlborough, and so the song was translated into English:

Malbrook, the prince of commanders,
Has gone to the war in Flanders,
His fame is like Alexander's,
But when will he come home?

And the translator supplied the answer, which is not in the original:

He won't come till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

The concluding sentiment was so obviously appropriate to convivial occasions that it passed into popular currency.

The management of the Fair of Fashions to be held in London during coronation week has now published its programme. There are to be eight elaborate tableaux designed to represent the perfection of costume for the various social occasions in which women ordinarily participate. Six of these tableaux have been finally decided upon. The first will be a country lane with figures dressed for riding, walking, golf, tennis, fishing, and so on. The second will be a picture of a church parade in Hyde Park on a sunny Sunday. The third will be a dinner party at Claridge's restaurant, and probably this will be the most brilliant of all. Then comes the lawn at Ascot during an interval between the races. Perfectly dressed women will pass to and fro, and every effort will be made to reproduce in detail the scene associated with Ascot. The fifth tableau will be a hooir in a West End mansion, and the seventh is to be the terrace and garden of a country house. These scenes will be mounted upon a stage equal in equipment to that of the most up-to-date the-

atre, and the changing of the scenery will be done mechanically in the space of a minute or so. The theatre will seat 700 people and several representations will be given daily.

A jury in East St. Louis has refused to grant an application for divorce made by a woman who complained that her husband had spanked her, actually and physically spanked her. But the wretched man had something to say in his own defense. He asserted that his wife had scolded him for four consecutive hours during the otherwise silent watches of the night and that it was only in desperation that he had arisen and hestowed corporal punishment upon her. The jury seemed to think that he was justified and that a woman who scolds for four hours, and in the night, too, ought to be spanked. And of course she ought. Upon her side it might be urged that her tongue was her one and only weapon and that to deprive her of it was as cruel as it was certainly unusual. On the whole, we may congratulate the husband that he was able to spank his wife. In these days of feminine athleticism it is not every man who could attempt this feat with sure and certain hope of success.

Mr. A. H. Meyer, who has been a collector of egrette plumes for nine years, contributes a statement to the New York *Evening Post* for the purpose of refuting the assertions of interested persons that these plumes are collected without cruelty to the birds and, in

fact, that they are picked up from the ground. Some of them are indeed gathered in this way, but very few of them, and they are nearly worthless. Mr. Meyer says:

My work led me into every part of Venezuela and Colombia, where these birds are to be found, and I have never yet found or heard tell of a garzaro that was guarded for the purpose of simply gathering the feathers from the ground. No such condition exists in Venezuela. The story is absolutely without foundation in my opinion, and has simply been put forward for commercial purposes. The natives of the country, who do virtually all of the hunting for feathers, are not provident in their nature, and their practices are of a most cruel and brutal nature. I have seen them frequently pull the plumes from wounded birds, leaving the crippled birds to die of starvation, unable to respond to the cries of their young in the nests above which were calling for food.

I have known those people to tie and prop up wounded egrets on the marsh, where they would attract the attention of other birds flying by. These decoys they keep in this condition until they died of their wounds or from the attacks of insects.

To illustrate the comparatively small number of dead feathers which are collected, I will mention that in one year I and my associates shipped to New York eighty pounds of the plumes of the heron and twelve pounds of the little recurved plumes of the snowy heron. In this whole lot there were not over five pounds of plumes that had been gathered from the ground, and these were of little value. I was so incensed at the ridiculously absurd and misleading stories that are being published on this question, that I want to give you this letter, and before delivering it to you shall take oath to its truthfulness.

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Chicago	72.50	Montreal	108.50
St. Louis	70.00	Quebec	116.50
		Portland, Me.	113.50

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May 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31.
June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 28, 29, 30.
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two men were to be hanged for horse-stealing. The place selected was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The rope was not securely tied on the first victim to be dropped, and the knot slipped; the man fell into the river and immediately swam for the shore. As they were adjusting the rope on the second he remarked: "Say, will ye be sure and tie that good and tight, 'cause I can't swim."

Governor Woodrow Wilson recently gave a hearing on a bill requiring the inspection and regulation of cold-storage plants to a party of warehouse owners, who argued that the limit of storage (six months) proposed was too low. They were especially persistent in citing the case of cheese, which they urged might be kept several years and still be considered good. "Yes," remarked Governor Wilson suavely, "I am aware that cheese has its own standard of respectability."

The old Emperor William used to tell a story against himself which well serves to illustrate "that most gratuitous form of error, prophecy." When the emperor was only King of Prussia, he saw one day among his troops an untidy looking lieutenant. "Who is that man?" he asked. "An officer," he was told, "who has just left the Danish service and joined the Prussian." "That man will never get on in the army," said the monarch; and he used to add, in telling the story: "The man was Moltke, and my judgment of him gives you the measure of my insight."

An industrial commission appointed by Congress was conducting certain investigations with reference to the operation of mills and factories in various parts of the country, and the members became especially interested in the working of one mill in a Southwestern State. The investigators were in one room when the whistle blew for noon. The operatives put up their tools and vanished as if by magic. "Do all the workmen drop their tools the instant the whistle blows?" asked one of the commission. "No, not all," answered the man who was acting as guide. "The more orderly have their tools put away before that time."

At a reception at the Tuileries the Emperor Napoleon Third asked Edmund About if he knew Spanish. About, who had been long sighing for an important diplomatic post, answered prudently: "Not yet, sire." But the very next day he went hard to work to learn it, and a few months later he said to the emperor: "Sire, I can speak Spanish now." Though the sovereign seemed rather surprised About continued, nothing daunted: "I have learned Spanish because your majesty asked me if I could speak that language." "Ah, yes," answered Napoleon, "I remember now. I had just been reading 'Don Quixote' in the original, and had taken great pleasure in it."

Talleyrand was nineteen when, on his first arrival in Paris, in 1773, he attended a reception of Mme. du Barry at Versailles. The young men around him were boasting of the favors they had received from the fair sex, and the devastation they had wrought. Talleyrand sat thoughtful and silent. "You say nothing, Sir Abbé," said the lady of the house to him at length. "Ah, no, madame," replied he; "I was indulging in very sad reflections." "And these were?" "How much easier it is in a city like Paris to win women than abbacies." The king, to whom the reply was repeated, is said to have conferred on him the benefice of St. Denis at Rheims, with a yearly revenue of twenty thousand pounds.

James Brown lost his wife after a somewhat prolonged illness, during which she was carefully nursed by a widowed cousin. This lady being of suitable age and more or less attractive appearance, the bereaved widower became her suitor, and two weeks after the funeral they were married and began house-keeping. This naturally caused more or less excitement among the neighbors, and the next night a large crowd gathered about the house to give them a charivari. Mr. Brown discreetly kept out of sight, but the second Mrs. Brown came to the door, and with great indignation said: "This is perfectly indecent! How can you think of raising such a commotion when you know this is a house of mourning?"

In South Carolina, where everybody is a born aristocrat, rules of court prescribed that not only the judges, but also the attorneys, must wear robes in court. Against this rule the leader of the bar—his name was Petigree—stoutly rebelled. He constantly appeared in court in the rough costume of a planter, and the judges pretended not to notice it. One day, however, when he was leading counsel in an important case, and he rose to address the court in his usual pepper and salt, the presiding judge felt compelled to draw his attention to the rules of court

regarding the attire of attorneys. Petigree smiled and observed: "I understand your honor to say that the rules of court must be executed." The judge bowed. "Then, sir," said Petigree, holding the rules in his hand, I read this rule: "'The sheriff shall attend this court in cocked hat and sword.' I now draw your attention to the sheriff there. His hat is cocked, but most certainly his sword is not."

An American archaeologist with a great enthusiasm for the period of the Cæsars was wandering about the Roman forum one morning, when a woman poked her head over the wall. "Hey!" she said, in the familiar accent of western New York. "What place is this?" "This is the ruins of the forum," responded the archaeologist. "And what might that be?" she asked. Amused, but glad of a chance to induct a fresh mind into his hobby, the archaeologist explained. He waxed eloquent; he began at its foundation; he pictured the pageant after pageant of history; the successive armies and races that made that spot memorable. Finally he ran down for want of breath. "My!" she said. "Quite a historic spot, isn't it?"

At Tennyson's table once there was a new guest. Dinner over, the butler, having filled this guest's glass, placed the decanter of port before his master. The talk was on a subject which deeply interested Tennyson. As he talked he drank, and not noticing his friend's empty glass, filled his own till the decanter was drained. Then he said: "That was a very good bottle of port, don't you think? Shall we have another?" And, the guest assenting, the butler brought in a second decanter, which went through just the same experience as the first—Mr. Blank having one glass from the butler, and Tennyson, entirely engrossed in talk as before, consuming all the rest. Early next morning his guest awoke, to find Tennyson standing by his bed and regarding him with a sort of friendly solicitude. "How are you this morning?" was the host's query. "All right, thanks." "Sure you are all right?" "Quite sure." "Ah, but pray, Mr. Blank, do you always drink two bottles of port after dinner?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Force of Habit.

It was a dainty summer girl,
Who, knocking at the gate,
Inquired of good Saint Peter—
"Say, is my hat on straight?"
—The Club.

Reflections of a Goat

How doth the husy little girl,
Improve each passing hour,
By chewing slabs of tulu-gum,
With all her jawful power.
How cunningly she wads it up,
How quickly turns it o'er;
Shifts it from port to starboard, then
She chews it more and more.

Who taught the little girl the way
To work her husy chin?
Who showed her how to twist her jaws,
Such weird grimaces in?

Who taught her deft prehensile tongue
The lasso's work to do?
To corral the elusive gum,
And chew, and chew, and chew?

Ah me, she learned the art at school,
Matriculation day,
And hadn't learned a great deal more,
What time she came away.

Then let us all, with heart and will,
Keep gum on hand to chew,
And find some occupation still
For idle jaws to do.

—Robert J. Burdette.

All the Same in English.

One afternoon I chanced to stray
Into a popular café.
While sitting there I heard a waif
Remark: "This is a dandy café."
Which made a smart young woman laugh
And say: "Hear what he calls a café."
When her companion, bright and chaffy,
Remarkd: "He should have called it café."
And to myself I groaned: "Why can't
It still be called a restaurant?"—Truth.

The Walking Delegate.

"Yez had better not do anny worruk," says he,
"Till yez j'ine the union, Moike."
So I pawned me coat and me Sunday shoes,
And I j'ined the union and paid me dues—
Thin he ordered me out on stroike.—Puck.

"There is no use giving you a check, my dear. My bank account is overdrawn." "Well, give it to me, anyway, George. And, say, make it for \$500. I want to pull it out of my shopping bag with my handkerchief at the bridge game this afternoon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week has been marked by social affairs of only the most informal nature, and with the exception of the engagements, which continue to be announced with unusual frequency, there has been little of note to interest society. Two large musicales, that of Mrs. Eleanor Martin on Thursday, at which Miss Estelle Neuhaus presented the programme, and that of Mrs. J. B. Merritt on Saturday, at which she entertained the members of the Browning Club and others, were the most pretentious affairs of the week.

The engagement has been announced of Mrs. Evelyn Wheeler and Mr. William Willoughby Ashe. The wedding will take place next month. Mr. Ashe is a son of Mrs. Walter Seymour (formerly Mrs. William Ashe) and a nephew of Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Elizabeth Ashe.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Bonnie Carter and Mr. William McLaine. The bride-elect is the daughter of the late Judge Carter and her fiancé is the son of Mrs. Laughlin McLaine and a nephew of Mrs. Henry Crocker and Mrs. Othello Scribner.

The engagement of Miss Fanny Grant, the youngest daughter of U. S. Grant, Jr., to Mr. Hart Purdy of New York has been announced. The wedding will take place in the summer and the home of Mr. Purdy and his bride will be in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ellsworth Heacock of New York announce the engagement of their daughter, Augusta Freer Heacock, to Lieutenant Andrew Francis Carter, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Emma Baker and Mr. Rowland F. Allen took place Saturday at the home of the bride's aunt in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Allen have gone East on a honeymoon trip and on their return will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Kate Elkins and Mr. William Delaware Nielson took place on Tuesday, May 2, in Philadelphia.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Biven and Mr. Clarence Walker took place Monday at the home of the bride's parents at San Mateo. Mr. Walker and his bride will spend their honeymoon in Australia.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge entertained at a tea on Saturday, at which her guests were Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. George Boardman, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. E. A. Dimond, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Mrs. Sarah Sloss, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Waller Gale, Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Lucy Otis, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening complimentary to Mr. Joseph D. Redding. Their other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McNerny, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Mrs. Edgar Preston, and Mr. William M. Newhall.

Miss Helen Hibbs entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday. Her guests included Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Alexandra Shields, Miss Jean Oliver, Miss Laura Peckars, Miss Margaret Kingston, Miss Ruth Malley, Miss Adele Sucka, Miss Bessie Shelton, and Miss Hancock.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale entertained at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry.

Mrs. Chrystal Harrison entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Colonel John Wisser and Mrs. Wisser. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shields, Mr. and Mrs. Ivy Borden, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shields, and Mr. Neal Powers.

Mrs. Norris Mundy was hostess at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. R. H. Havemeyer of New York. Among the guests were Mrs. C. N. Haskins, Mrs. Edward Brayton, Mrs. F. W. Jackson, Mrs. Augustus MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone, and Mr. Norris Mundy.

Mrs. James Sterrett Wood entertained at a tea on Friday in honor of Miss Lucy Harrison, the fiancée of Mr. Melvin Pfaff.

Miss Agnes Tillmann entertained at a linen shower on Tuesday in honor of Miss Maud Wilson. Among those present were Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Marian Mil-

ler, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Frances Martin, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Anita Maillard, and Mrs. Alan MacDonald.

Miss Fanny Friedlander, assisted by her sister, Miss May Friedlander, entertained at a tea on Wednesday in honor of Miss Mary Keeney. Among those invited to meet the complimented guest were Miss Edith B. Coleman, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. John Boyd, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Esther Moreland, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Lottie Collier, and Miss Olive Wheeler.

The Presidio hop on Wednesday evening was largely attended by guests from town, among whom were Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Winona Derby, Miss Maizie Coyle, Miss Angela Coyle, Lieutenant and Mrs. Myron Crissy, Major and Mrs. George Apple, Mrs. Paul Beck, Miss Fulton, Captain Arthur Keesling, Lieutenant Richard Furneal, Lieutenant M. E. Lee, Lieutenant Frank Hines, and Lieutenant William Wilson.

Dr. Harry Tevis entertained at his home at Los Gatos over the last week end a house party that included Mr. and Mrs. George Kellam, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, and Miss Augusta Foute.

Mrs. Frank Kerrigan entertained at a tea in honor of Miss Charlotte Hall on Wednesday. Assisting the hostess in receiving her guests were Mrs. James McNab, Miss Susie McNab, Miss Priscilla Hall, Miss Ruth Hall, Mrs. Fred Henshaw, Mrs. Charles Dunphy, Mrs. George Herrick, Miss Enid Gregg, and Miss Elyse Schultz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Jr., entertained at dinner in the red room at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lukens, Miss Esther Moreland, Miss Augusta Foute, Mr. Knox Maddox, and Mr. Cordova de Garmendia.

Miss Louise McCormick entertained at a dinner on Wednesday in honor of Miss Maud Wilson and her fiancé, Mr. Edingham Sutton. The guests included Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Barbara Sutton, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Herbert Gallagher, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Robert Van Sant, Mr. Ward Maillard, and Mr. William Henderson.

Miss Marian Crocker was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Washington Street on Thursday, which she gave in honor of the four brides-elect, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Leslie Page, and Miss Dora Winn. The other guests were Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Leslie Page, and Miss Dora Winn.

Miss Marie Rose Dean was hostess at a bridge party at her apartment at the Kellogg on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Davis was hostess at a luncheon on Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. J. K. Armshy, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. George Roe, Mrs. George Plummer, Mrs. Goodloe, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. W. P. Treat, Mrs. E. Van Bergen, and Mrs. Willard Wayman.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner on Monday, at which she entertained Mr. and Mrs. William T. Summers, Miss Delphine Dibblee, Miss Inez Dibblee, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mr. Frank Stimson, Mr. Philip Paschell, and Mr. Peter Martin.

Mrs. J. B. Merritt entertained at her home on Presidio Terrace on Saturday afternoon. The affair was a musicale and those assisting the hostess in receiving her guests were Mrs. Goewey, Mrs. Winfield Scott Davis, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Mrs. John D. McKee, Mrs. Philip Baneroft, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, and Mrs. Andrew Rowan.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Mee and her daughter, Miss Margaret Mee, have decided to remain for six months in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have gone to Castle Crag, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Boswell King will spend the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Anna Peters of Stockton is again enjoying a visit in San Francisco, and is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. S. L. Braverman and Miss Florence Braverman sailed for Honolulu on Wednesday. They will spend several months in the Islands.

Mr. Benjamin Foss, son of Governor Foss of Massachusetts, is a guest at the home of the parents of his fiancée, Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mrs. J. P. O'Neil, wife of Major O'Neil, left Friday for San Diego, where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, after a visit in Los Angeles, will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mrs. James L. Martel is spending several weeks in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Bishop have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Peter Martin and her son left Monday for New York. After a brief visit there she will sail for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Miss Natalie Coffin is visiting Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook at Portland.

Mrs. Richard William Davis will leave Sunday for New York, en route to London, where she will join Commodore and Mrs. Richards of New York and together they will tour the Continent.

Lieutenant Frederick Mears, First United States Cavalry, has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Mears, and his sister, Miss Winnifred Mears, at their home on Pierce Street.

Miss Edwina Hammond sailed for Europe last Monday, and will spend a year abroad.

Miss Amalia Simpson has been the guest for the

past week of Miss Florence Cluff at her home at Menlo.

Miss Amy Bowles is visiting Miss Marguerite Doe at Santa Barbara, where Mrs. Eleanor Doe has a cottage for the summer.

Miss Dorothy Boericke has returned from a lengthy visit in the East and is with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke, in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Baker (formerly Miss Pansy Perkins) have returned from Washington, D. C., and are at their home in Nevada. Later they will spend the summer at the Perkins home in Oakland.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave, who has been living with her brother, Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, in New York, is visiting Mrs. Emory Winslip.

Mrs. Roy Bishop has gone to New York, where she will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and Miss Jane Hotelling visited in Seattle en route to New York, whence they will sail for Europe the last of June.

Mrs. Paul Beck left this week for San Antonio, Texas, where she will join Lieutenant Beck. Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn are preparing to leave for West Point, where Captain Ashburn will be stationed.

Mrs. James C. Jordan left Wednesday for Westmoreland, N. B. She will then go to Boston and sail for Europe to remain six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cudahy (formerly Miss Nora Brewer) sailed this week for the Orient, where they will travel for a brief period before going to their future home in Chicago.

Mrs. William Babcock will leave the middle of June for Europe.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs sailed for Europe on Tuesday. She will be absent about three months and return for the late season at Newport.

Miss Jennie Blair will spend the month of June at Bartlett Springs.

Mrs. Arno Dorsch will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, at their country home at Alta.

Mrs. J. Edward Poillon and Miss Gladys Poillon are at Coronado again, after a visit at Los Angeles.

Mrs. Virginia Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, will spend part of the summer at Coronado.

Mrs. Bowditch Morton has reached Manila on her round-the-world trip en route to her home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murietta (formerly Miss Mabel Gregory) have been spending their honeymoon at the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Charles Gross has returned from a visit of several months in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, who have been enjoying a visit in New York, will return to San Francisco in a few weeks, and will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Grant Fraser at Petaluma.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have returned from a six months' visit in the East.

Mrs. William S. Wood has returned from Europe, where she has spent the last two years traveling on the Continent.

Commander and Mrs. Victor Blue will leave this month for Washington, D. C., where they will remain indefinitely.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick are spending a week at the Fairmont Hotel from their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Russell Bogue has returned to New York, after a visit here with her mother, Mrs. Eugene Freeman.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard spent the weekend at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman have gone to their summer home in Napa County and are anticipating a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, with their guest, Mrs. A. G. Barker of Toronto, are at Del Monte for a short stay, after which they expect to visit Castle Crag.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. P. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Getz, Mr. and Mrs. S. Getz, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Callahan, Mr. W. F. Hougaard, Mr. George W. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wight, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Martindale, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barnard, Mr. Sanford Sachs, Mr. C. L. Barnett, Mr. F. M. Marriott, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Hellwig, Mr. J. H. Watkinson, Miss Pearce, Dr. Beasley, Mr. H. McNally, Mr. and Mrs. J. Klein, Miss Wickesham, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fanning.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Blanche Ring will make her last appearance in "The Yankee Girl" at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday evening, and the distinguished Shakespearean stars, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, will come to the McAllister Street playhouse for two weeks, commencing Tuesday, May 16. The repertoire for the first week will be as follows: Tuesday night, "Macbeth"; Wednesday night, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Thursday night, "Hamlet"; Friday night, "Twelfth Night"; Saturday matinee, "Macbeth," and Saturday night, "As You Like It."

On Monday night Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will play at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, presenting "Macbeth," and the Savoy Theatre will consequently be closed on that occasion.

The new Sothern and Marlowe presentation of "Macbeth" will be the most pretentious Shakespearean production these two eminent artists have yet given to the American drama. For nearly two years they have been steadily elaborating their ideas of the great tragedy, spending ceaseless hours studying all the different authorities and versions, to gain as near absolute accuracy as possible. Scene painters have turned out, under Mr. Sothern's direction, the greatest effects of their skill and experience in the twenty scenes of the play, and last summer Miss Marlowe brought from England, after a ceaseless study of the authentic costumes of the eleventh century, wonderful exemplifications of the costumer's art. In the supporting company are Frederick Lewis, Sydney Mather, Rowland Buckstone, William Harris, Malcolm Bradley, Albert S. Howson, Eric Blind, John Taylor, Frederick Rowland, Alma Kruger, Lenore Chippendale, Mrs. Woodward, Norah Lamson, and a large auxiliary organization numbering nearly one hundred people. Owing to the elaborate nature of the performances, the curtain at night will rise at eight o'clock sharp and at two o'clock at the matinees.

The repertoire for the second and last week, commencing May 22, is as follows: Monday and Tuesday nights, "Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday and Thursday nights, "Macbeth"; Thursday matinee, "As You Like It"; Friday night, "Romeo and Juliet," and Saturday night, "Romeo and Juliet."

William Gould, who will appear at the Orpheum next week, is now as big a favorite "on the road" as he is in New York, where he is considered one of the best of raconteurs. Accompanying Mr. Gould and contributing to the success of his act is Hattie Lorraine. They are presenting dainty and witty vaudeville with a number of songs of which Mr. Gould is the writer. Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale, who will make their vaudeville debut, like "good wine, need no hush." For several seasons they have demonstrated their histrionic ability at the Alcazar Theatre, and are deservedly favorites in this city. Their appearance in vaudeville is due more to accident than design. At the last benefit for the Charity Fund of the Theatrical Managers' Association they appeared with success in a one-act play written by Mr. Hickman entitled "Disqualified." Morris Meyerfeld, president of the Orpheum Circuit, witnessed the performance

and was so delighted with it that he immediately offered them an engagement over the Orpheum Circuit, which was accepted. Tom Waters will be an enjoyable feature of next week's bill. His performance will include his inimitable pianologue, together with a monologue of wit, song, and mimicry. The little Cuban Robledello, wire walker, has a dexterity and skill that ranks him among the greatest of his class. Robledello first attracted attention in this country as a feature of Ringling Brothers' Circus. Next week will be the last of M. Golden's Russian Troubadours; Jones and Deely; Dooley and Sayles, and also of W. H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols, whose skit, "From Zaza to Uncle Tom," is proving the biggest laugh vaudeville has known in years.

"The Lily," with its intensely interesting story so ably told by Nance O'Neil, Charles Cartwright, Julia Dean, Oscar Eagle, and other excellent players included in the David Belasco company, will continue as the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for a second and final week commencing Monday night. There is no questioning the success achieved by this play which has been adapted from the French by David Belasco. Not only has he given the piece one of the most elaborate productions seen here in years, but he has cast it to absolute perfection. Nance O'Neil has achieved many a success in San Francisco, but her performance in the rôle of Odette in "The Lily" will also be remembered as the most subtle, convincing, and interesting characterization ever given by her. Charles Cartwright is an actor who never does anything badly, and in this play he is seen at his very best. Julia Dean as the sister is also to be praised in the highest terms. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

An interesting and educational discourse on Panama and the Canal Zone will be given at the Columbia Theatre on the afternoon and night of Sunday, May 14. This lecture is sure to prove popular, as the subject is the most interesting of the day. It is delivered by Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, who have spent considerable time in gathering together their material for the lecture, and give a fine description of a truly wonderful country. It is illustrated by a series of motion pictures, obtained by Mr. Kemp and his assistants, and colored by him direct from nature. They are endorsed by the Canal Commission. Seats can now be secured at the box-office of the Columbia at 25 and 50 cents.

John Drew will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, opening his engagement there on Monday night, May 22. The Frohman star is presenting this season a new comedy called "Smith" from the pen of W. Somerset Maugham. Mr. Drew is supported by an especially fine company, including among others Mary Boland, Isabel Irving, Sybil Thorndike, Jane Laurel, Morton Seltin, Hassard Short, and Lewis Casson.

Pepito Arriola's Concerts

Pepito Arriola, the musical genius of the century, will give two farewell piano recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, offering programmes that even Paderewski might be proud of. The first of these will be given this Sunday afternoon, May 14, and will include Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 53 (Waldstein), seven Chopin numbers, three gems of Schumann, and two Liszt compositions.

The second concert is announced for Saturday afternoon, May 20, when Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a Chopin group, and works by Claude Daquin, Scriabine, Rubinstein, and Liszt will be given.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and special tickets admitting children to any seats may be secured at the minimum rate of fifty cents, as Manager Greenbaum is desirous of giving every child studying music an opportunity of hearing this marvelous lad.

In Oakland Pepito will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Friday afternoon, May 19, and the programme will be the same as at the San Francisco concert on the following day. Seats will be ready Monday at Ye Liberty Theatre, and the same concession for children will be made.

The Mary Garden Concerts.

The Mary Garden concerts will be the musical and social events of the end of the season, for no artist before the public has been so paraphrased and photographed as this unique artist, in whom is combined all three attributes necessary for a sensational success on the stage—great musical talent, exceptional histrionic gifts, and wondrous beauty. Mary Garden has been called "the Sarah Bernhardt of the Opera," and her magnetic temperament is evidenced on the concert platform as well as on the boards of the opera houses.

The three concerts will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium, and the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday morning. Mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, and these must be accompanied by check or money order.

At the opening concert, on Sunday afternoon, May 21, Miss Garden's numbers will be the aria from her first success, "Louise," by

Charpentier; aria from "La Tosca," Puccini; "Ave-Maria," Bach-Gounod (with violin obligato); "Ariette," Debussy; "At Parting," Rogers; and "Du bist wie eine Blume," Arthur Rosenstein.

Mr. Arturo Tibaldi, the violinist, will play numbers by Beethoven, Bruch, Stearns, and Wieniawski; and Mr. Howard Brockway, the pianist, will offer novelties by Sibelius, Debussy, and D'Albert, besides a group of his own compositions.

The second programme will be given Thursday night, May 25, when the star will sing an aria from "Thais," by Massenet; waltz from "Mme. Chrysanthème," by Messager; aria from "Herodiade," Massenet; and songs by Massenet and Campion, and by special request "The Hawk Song," from Herbert and Redding's opera "Natoma."

The farewell concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, May 28, and Miss Garden's numbers will be an aria from "Natoma," by Herbert; aria from "Mme. Butterfly," Puccini; "Air Fortissimo," Messager; "Ah qui brula d'amour," and "Chant Venitien," Bemberg; "Le Nil," by Leroux, and other works.

In Oakland Miss Garden will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday night, May 23, and will repeat the programme of her opening concert in San Francisco. Seats for this event will be ready at the theatre on Thursday, May 18, and mail orders may now be addressed to H. W. Bishop.

CURRENT VERSE.

Calvary.

Within each heart there is a Calvary—
A place of sacrifice—whereon there stands
The cross that bears a dead divinity
Slain by our own mad hands.

For some truth perishes, for some faith dies,
But chiefly from that cross within each breast
Looks down at us with too forgiving eyes
The love that loved us best.

—Theodosia Garrison, in *Ainslie's Magazine*.

To a London Statue.

Chill-lipped and cold and carved in stone,
Enslaved by thundering seas of sound,
Fame's trumpet o'er them mutely blown,
Three dreamers stand on London ground:
Three dreamers who have climbed the heights,
And won the ever-deadly days,
Watch here o'er London's days and nights
Musing amidst her busy ways.

Here see we in his native town,
Whose varied life he loved to view,
Our first sweet singer of renown,
Dan Chaucer, man yet dreamer too;
Who read as books his fellow-men,
And with rare wit and wisdom limned
Their portraits with a faithful pen
Whose truth nor Time nor Change have dimmed.

Next him we love perchance the best,
So human yet immortal still,
A man with passions like the rest
And yet their master, honest Will:
By mirth and fear and anger swayed,
Most wayward yet most innocent,
On whom the winds of fancy played
As on some sweet-stringed instrument.

Last, Milton, mighty-souled and strong—
For weapons weighty words had he—
Waging fierce war against the wrong
For love of truth and liberty;
Who, battle over, sought again
The Muse he wooed in days more bright,
Turning blind eyes, and not in vain,
Toward that inner, peaceful Light.

With thoughts remote, in chilly mood,
The mighty three stand silent there.
The music of the multitude
Rings loud in London's thoroughfare,
Now harsh, now sweet, yet never thrills
Their ears, nor sets one pulse abeat.
Hark! What faint breath Fame's trumpet fills,
And stirs the folds about her feet?

—W. J. Cameron, in *London Spectator*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Could you give up drinking for my sake?" "I'm not drinking for your sake."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Mr. Newcome—Does keeping boarders pay? Mrs. Hashleigh—It doesn't pay unless they do.—*Boston Transcript*.

"She must be a very clever card-player." "What makes you think so?" "She has so much hand-painted china."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story as yet?" "Yes; he says he owes about two hundred thousand plunks."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Mrs. Naylor—You seem rather hoarse this morning, dear. Mrs. Lushman—Well, my husband came home rather late last night.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Client—I won't pay your bill—it's extortionate. The Lawyer—What will you do? Hire another lawyer to contest my claim and pay his?—*Toledo Blade*.

Teacher—What is it that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature? "Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.—*Chicago Daily Socialist*.

"How is it I never hear you say a word about your old college days?" "The college I went to didn't have a very good baseball team."—*Washington Herald*.

Hoax—Old Bjones has six sons, and they all play poker together. Joax—Well, sometimes I suppose it pays a man to raise a big family.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I am going to ask father tonight for your hand in marriage." "How dreadfully old-fashioned you are!" "In what way?" "Don't ask him; tell him."—*Houston Post*.

Literary Caller—Say what you will about Hsien, one has to admit his pertinacity. Hostess (slightly deaf)—Yes; I've heard that his plays are somewhat so.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is the pursuit of something, not the catching of it." "Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased an owl car on a rainy night?"—*Toledo Blade*.

Kalem—Duler seems to be looked upon as the most famous man in your town; what is the reason? Silig—He was the first inhabitant to mortgage his home to buy an airship.—*Chicago News*.

"What was the cause of that awful language I heard in your back yard yesterday?" asked the neighbor. "That was pa doing his intensified gardening," replied the young woman.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Wife—After all, Adolphus, this visit isn't going to be so expensive. With the half-dozen dresses I simply had to get and your clothes cleaned and pressed, we'll manage splendidly.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Pottle—Why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher? Poof!—If I failed to show up at her house every evening she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother.—*Pathfinder*.

"Couldn't you tell the ballet master you want to get off because you have lost your grandmother?" asked one coryphee. "No," replied the other. "Grandmother saw him first and told him she wanted to attend my funeral."—*Washington Star*.

"I am going to ask your father for your hand." "Oh, that will be lovely." "You are glad?" "Delighted! I will call and bring you flowers every day until you are able to be out again. I have never seen the inside of a hospital."—*Houston Post*.

Celtic Stranger—Tim Hennessy has just been arrested; what will yez charge to defend him? Very Young Lawyer—Ten dollars is my fee in police-court cases. Celtic Stranger—Well, here it is. I've had it in for Tim this long time, an' 'tis wort' tin darlars to kit even wid him!—*Puck*.

"How do you like your new chauffeur?" "He's utterly impossible! On Park Heights Avenue yesterday he completely missed two dogs, one baby, a telegraph pole, and another automobile. I am afraid he has had some great disappointment in life that has taken the spirit out of him."—*Baltimore Sun*.

"Do you believe in a college education?" "Believe in it? What do you mean?" "Do you think it is likely to help a man?" "Certainly. If my son Bill had never gone to college it isn't likely that he would ever have been noticed by any of the managers of the big league clubs."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—Ye might like tae leave me a hoh or twa tae drink ye a safe journey, Wullie. Wullie (feigning regret)—Man, I canna. A' my spare shullin's I gie tae my auld mither. Donald—That's strange. Because yer mither told me ye never gie her anything. Wullie—Weel, if I dinna gie my auld mither anything, what sort o' chance dae ye think you've got?—*Punch*.



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Judiciary Recall.

President Taft is to be congratulated on the courage with which he throws himself across the current of popular hysteria and denounces the judiciary recall. He describes it as a nostrum, and he could have chosen no better word. Earnestly committed to a reform of our criminal procedure, he sees in these proposals a distinct backward step, and if he expresses himself in terms of becoming deliberation, they none the less voice the consternation with which he views such an assault upon justice and liberty.

That generations of statesmen have regarded the independence of judges as the one essential safeguard to freedom and to the rights of minorities counts for nothing with the advocates of the new panacea. The elevation of the judiciary above the domain of kings on the one hand and of mobs upon the other has been the watchword of reformers since the day when human rights first assumed a practical meaning. Over a century ago, when England rose in rebellion against the last of the Stuart kings and ejected him, it was solemnly

enacted that the judges should be absolutely independent of all forces above and below, so that the rights of minorities and of the poor should be protected forever. Even Russia is struggling for this very thing today in her aspiration toward the liberties that we are ready to abandon. If we arrange the countries of the old world in the order of their political civilization we shall find that we have arranged them also in the order of their reverence for the independence of the bench. The framers of the American Constitution, believed until now to be among the most illustrious pioneers of human freedom, held that the independence of the judges was the surest safeguard against the evils from which the country had escaped and refused to allow even the Senate and the House of Representatives to interfere. But to discuss with the passions of ignorance is to plough the sands. They must take their course and go upon their way until they discover for themselves that to invoke the forces of tyranny is to invite the calamities of tyranny.

The Hetch Hetchy Title.

From recent Washington dispatches it is evident that the California congressional delegation are in favor of supporting the Raker bill granting the Hetch Hetchy water-shed to San Francisco. Our California congressmen have apparently concluded that the "permits" of the Interior Department do not constitute a sufficiently sound title for San Francisco to incur millions of indebtedness upon. They are right. Those amiable but visionary persons who still believe that ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Garfield, ex-Secretary Ballinger—and other ex-excellencies who are now plain misters—can legally convey to San Francisco the property of the United States are probably now revising their opinions. The new Interior Secretary, Walter L. Fisher, is said to be "well disposed toward San Francisco," and is coming here in July to investigate the Hetch Hetchy territory personally and to confer with our city officials. It is a beautiful country up there, and we hope the Secretary will enjoy his outing. But as the Washington dispatches say that "Secretary Fisher has some doubts of his full power to convey irrevocable rights to San Francisco," we question whether he will attempt to repeat the folly of ex-Secretary Garfield. As a result of that Roosevelt-Garfield assumption of private ownership in public lands, this city has lost several years of time. No bureau and no bureaucrat can give to San Francisco legal title to United States lands. Only Congress can do that. If the authorities of this city had not wasted years in running after the Garfield will-o'-the-wisp, and had devoted their attention to getting a grant from Congress of the lands they wanted, they might have owned them now. As it is, about eleven years have been wasted in trying to turn James D. Phelan's gold-brick reservoir site in the Hetch Hetchy into something which would hold water. During those eleven years the whole country has been roused up. Every "nature-lover" in the land is against the Hetch Hetchy going to San Francisco. No Eastern journal ever mentions it without calling it "San Francisco's attempted grab." Our dear brethren in Southern California knock us with the greatest dexterity whenever the scheme is mentioned.

Even if San Francisco were to go ahead and begin work with no more tangible title than the worthless Garfield grant, the other Bay cities would refuse to put up money for a water system resting on such a poor title. Even if those cities had been weak enough to follow San Francisco's folly, and had issued bonds based on this bureaucratic sham title, they could have sold no bonds. All of the Bay cities together could not have sold bonds based merely on a precarious "permit" issued by a bureau secretary who is no longer a secretary.

Where is Mr. Roosevelt now? Where are his executive orders? Where is Mr. Garfield now? Where are

his secretarial permits? Where is Mr. Ballinger now? Where are all the other misters? Where are last year's snows? Gone whither go the old moons. But Congress is still doing business at the same old stand.

The Graft Inquiry.

The graft inquiry by the grand jury goes steadily on its way. So far from there being any sign that the issues will be narrowed, they seem to be growing broader as the ramifications of the sewer are disclosed one after another. Half a dozen or so sadly reluctant witnesses will be examined as soon as they can be persuaded to return from the health resort vacations and the pressing business engagements that are so often coincident with a session of the grand jury. Thus Theodore Lutge was suddenly driven to Napa by a heart weakness—palpitation, doubtless—while Mr. Cleveland Dam, special attorney to Mayor McCarthy, has been called from town by a business engagement that will brook of no delay. Police Commissioner Spiro has gone to Los Angeles and Police Commissioner O'Connell is on the sick list.

There is naturally some public impatience for the evidence before the grand jury of the committee of clergymen. No doubt these gentlemen have already been summoned or soon will be. According to their own belated statement they are in possession of vital facts which a judicial inquiry can hardly overlook. As shepherds of lost sheep it was they who first discerned the approach of the clinical wolf, and that they silently and unobtrusively departed by the most direct route is no reason why they should not now state what kind of wolf it was and the precise manner of its attack. Indeed, it is incumbent upon them to do so, or should be made incumbent by a subpoena. In a sense they were city officials, fellow-laborers in the vineyard, so to speak, with their medical coadjutors, and they should not allow a natural diffidence, a desire for self-effacement, to stand in the way of a public duty.

But Dr. Eaton is still with us, in spite of the epidemic of sickness and absence, and with his health so far unimpaired. Dr. Eaton has been asked to show cause why he should not be removed from office for extortion practised upon certain women in connection with the medical clinic. Now the exact state of the law upon this matter must be left to experts. The average man has his own ideas of justice and of fair play, and if the law does not agree with these ideas then so much the worse for the law. And the average man is asking himself by what power it is possible to select a particular class of the community, no matter how disreputable, to subject the members of that class to proceedings that must be hateful to them, and to make them pay a weekly or a bi-weekly fee for these same hateful proceedings. Now these people are either criminals or they are not criminals. If they are not criminals, then they have just the same rights and privileges as the best citizens among us and they are just as much entitled to protection. If, on the other hand, they are criminals and have thus lost the common elementary rights of citizenship, then why are they not treated as criminals, and arrested and punished in open court under some law? Why are they allowed to purchase immunity for their criminality at a price of 50 cents a week? Why not also license the burglars and thugs, perhaps at a somewhat higher rate?

Of course they are not criminals. No one pretends that they are. They are only human degenerates, so utterly helpless and friendless as to tempt the blood-suckers who are always on the watch for such as they. If it is legally possible to single out these poor wretches, to harry and to tax them at will, then it is just as possible to extend the system. It is just as possible, for example, to pass some hole and corner ordinance to the effect that all red-haired men must be medically examined once a week to guard against a possible cold in the head and that they shall pay 50 cents a week for

the privilege. Perhaps a fee could be worried out of consumptives who may find themselves in board of health jails for the crime of being poor and sick. Indeed there are no limits to this sort of inquisition and taxation, and so we are likely to find to our cost unless we make some effort at self-government in these matters.

The pretense that there was any public-spirited motive behind these clinic proceedings, that they were intended to "clean up" the town in readiness for the fair, is a piece of ugly nonsense. There was no such motive. What the motive actually was, beyond a desire to dominate, to hector, and to bully, may yet be shown by legal proceedings. Perhaps there was no other motive on the part of those directly responsible, but the move was naturally hailed with delight by the armies of municipal vermin, who saw a hundred avenues of graft and blackmail opening before them. Detective Fanning is already indicted. How many more indictments are to come? For how much more advertising of this odorous kind are we to thank a board of health that passes laws, inflicts penalties, and imposes taxes with the light-hearted irresponsibility of a Bedouin sheik and that has not so much representative character as a sheriff? So far from asking the board of health to help us with the fair, we had better see to it that the board of health does not become an additional burden to be carried.

There will be no disposition to attack the administration without good and sufficient cause. At present its errors seem to be those of ignorance rather than of malice. The administration should have known that the clinic business has been tried among free peoples a dozen times and has never failed to result in scandal. It should have watched for the first sign of wrongdoing, even of indiscretion, and nipped it in the bud. A show of frank indignation, of a desire to investigate and to be investigated is all very well in its way, but vigilance before the act would have been better. So far as the administration is concerned, its troubles are still of a purely domestic nature. Its enemies are those of its own household, and its chief assailant, Mr. Carroll Cook, has never before shown a lack of enthusiasm for Mr. McCarthy. In fact, Mr. Cook has been always numbered among the elect and with a status almost, if not quite, equal to that of, say Mr. Flannery.

The Trouble in Morocco.

It is only three years since the last outbreak of serious fighting in Morocco, and now it seems that all the main features of the trouble are to be repeated, with such additions as the accentuated situation may bring with it. Sultan Mulai Hafid is facing a widespread rebellion of his savage tribesmen. The French authorities who have this particular "beat" in the police system of Europe have sent a force of about twenty thousand men to restore order and to protect the lives of white residents. Spain would like to take a hand in the game, and may do so, but is doubtful of popular approval, and Germany wishes it to be understood that she is profoundly interested and will expect to be consulted as soon as France shall have finished all the fighting. In the meantime the French force is hoping to reach Fez and to strike a heavy blow before the temptation to massacre the Europeans shall become overpowering. That is the real danger in the situation. The presence of a white army in a Mohammedan country is always regarded as a sort of sacrilege. Nothing so quickly arouses the frenzy of the fanatical tribesmen.

The career of Mulai Hafid is a disappointment. Evidently he is one of those men who shine in adversity, but are corrupted by success. In 1908 he headed the rebellion against his half-brother Abdul Aziz, overthrew him, and succeeded him. He gave the most lavish assurances to Europe that he would govern with moderation and wisdom, and that there should be no further cause for anxiety about Morocco or the safety of the white residents. Probably he meant what he said. At least he treated his defeated brother with some consideration, and that was remarkable enough in a country distinguished for the ferocity and cruelty of its warriors. Morocco seemed for the moment to be no longer a problem.

But the relief was temporary only. Very soon the old stories of barbarism, torture, and cruelty began to reach Europe. Then came sporadic revolts of the tribesmen, and these were suppressed by the usual horrid methods. Abdul Hafid first exhausted his treasury, then tried to fill it again by methods of collection rabid even in that lawless country. Women were

tortured to compel them to disclose their husbands' treasure chambers, and the Sultan, in fact, played the part of a brigand, and played it hideously and remorselessly. Then the Riff tribesmen attacked the Spaniards at Melilla, and Mulai Hafid had to admit that they were beyond his control. Consequently a Spanish force took a hand in the game, and this had the double effect of producing the dangerous riots at Barcelona and Madrid and of arousing the religious passions of the Moroccan Mohammedans. Mulai Hafid was blamed for the presence in the country of a Christian army, and the forces of rebellion gained strength and cohesion accordingly, with the result that is now evident.

And yet a word may be said in defense of the unlucky Hafid. His task was an almost impossible one. The only way in which he could conciliate his Moorish subjects was to adopt a truculent and overbearing attitude toward the Christians, and the effect of this was to bring Christian soldiers into the country, and there could be no worse treason than this. His cruelties, so far as we can learn, have been exceptional, but the Moor feels no moral indignation at cruelty. He may rebel in self-defense, but he is not forced by a sense of injustice. Not until the Spanish forces revenged their murdered countrymen at Melilla was there any general national protest against the Sultan. The torture and robbery of Mohammedans by a Mohammedan ruler were among the vexatious incidents of life to be endured philosophically where individual resistance was impossible, but the presence of Christian soldiers was quite another matter. This was an outrage that aroused the Moorish populace to fury, and Mulai Hafid has had to bear the brunt of the protest. The enraged tribes have besieged Fez, and it will be fortunate if the French are able to relieve the city and to prevent a massacre. It is by no means certain that they can do either the one or the other.

Even the relief of Fez may not end the trouble. The famous Raisuli, who has been leading an exemplary life since he abandoned brigandage—and Raisuli was never a really bad man—has been interviewed at Arzila, and he expressed himself as apprehensive of a general insurrection against the Christians as well as against Mulai Hafid, who is, in a way, the disreputable friend of the Christians. Raisuli knows his own people. He would rather have peace than war, and he says that the invasion will have the worst results.

The immediate danger is the outbreak of the Jihad, or Holy War. A war against Christians is not necessarily a Jihad, however much religious feelings may enter into it. The war between Turkey and Greece, for example, was not a Holy War, although it was between Mohammedans on one side and Christians on the other. The Jihad has to be solemnly proclaimed by religious authority, and it means not so much war as massacre. In his heart of hearts every pious Mussulman looks forward to an universal Jihad, and believes it to be inevitable, and of course the more savage the people the more prone they are to be carried away by this sort of religious exaltation. That a French army should approach Fez with its sacred places and that there should be a likelihood of a Spanish advance from Tetuan may well prove to be the spark in the powder magazine. But on the other hand, it was obviously impossible to leave the European residents in Morocco without protection, and they would be in sufficiently evil plight after a successful assault upon Fez. Thus we have one more illustration of the well-proved fact that civilization and barbarism can not exist in the same country.

Mayoralties and Popularity.

It is only a year or two ago that Judge Gaynor was selected as the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York. He was an upright judge, a worthy citizen, a good husband and father, and had always occupied an honorable place in the public eye. Yet when nominated he was at once accused of being Tammany's tool.

In the bitter campaign which followed he was venomously abused. When elected, he turned out not to be a Tammany man, presumably, as he made wholesale removals of Tammany pets. Before election, the anti-Tammany papers abused him. After the election, the Tammany organs vilified him. So bitter was the feeling stirred up against him by the Tammany sore-heads whom he removed from office, that it led to his attempted murder. When one of these shot him down, the abuse ceased for a time. The people made a hero of Gaynor, and a minor hero of "Big Bill" Edwards, who throttled his assassin. While Gaynor lay on his

sick bed the people and the papers gushed over him. They said he was a great and good man and that they would make him governor of New York. They discussed him as a presidential candidate, and placed him at the head of the list—ahead of Harmon, of Wilson, of Champ Clark—but only for a little while.

Gaynor got well, or partly well. Then the volatile people turned from him. They began raving over Roosevelt and his elephants. Then they went crazy over aviation. Next they discussed Mr. Taft's "military manoeuvres" on the frontier, and the Mexican insurrection. In the meantime the semi-sick Gaynor took up his mayor's work again. He continued cleaning up, or rather trying to clean up, New York's municipal government. He ordered the police to stop clubbing citizens. The police got sulky, and stopped clubbing criminals instead. Then the blue-coats indulged in a secret strike. As a result, the news that the police were leaving New York "wide open" flashed over the continent. Thugs, bunco-steerers, crooks, yeggmen, procurers, street-walkers, and beggars hastened to New York in droves. The police passed them unheeded by. Soon the big town became dangerous. The papers featured a first-page "carnival of crime" daily. Gaynor got nettled and tried to mend matters. Between sore-headed Tammany pets, disgruntled police, and barking newspapers, he made no headway. The social evil and other criminal matters got worse. He tried to tackle the subway problem, and he got in wrong—or at least the newspapers say that he got in wrong. That he was honest in this subway matter we believe, although his newspaper and political enemies affect to disbelieve it. Then various of his appointees were attacked. The most noteworthy of these is Chamberlain Charles H. Hyde, a high financial official and an intimate personal friend of Mayor Gaynor. Hyde deposited three-quarters of a million of city money in a bank which burst a few weeks ago, although he had been warned of this bank's weakness. He has now been indicted for receiving bribes for depositing city funds in various city banks. He has not yet been convicted, but that is a detail.

Under and through this great diapason of newspaper abuse runs the shrill note of the Hearst newspapers. Mr. Hearst had a personal quarrel with Mayor Gaynor during the campaign, and he has never let up on him. The quarrel arose over a certain document—the "Cohalan warrant." Of this document Mayor Gaynor averred that Mr. Hearst had published a forged copy. This Mr. Hearst denied. It is only fair to say here that we believe Mayor Gaynor's charge was erroneous.

As a result of all this controversy, personal, political, and press, it is extremely probable that Mayor Gaynor will go out of office broken in health, discredited in political reputation, and wrecked in fortune. Yet we think he is a good, honest, well-meaning, and able man. It is not improbable that his wound in the head, exacerbated by all these political annoyances, will greatly shorten his life; it may even lead to his death in the not distant future.

Why does any wise man seek to be mayor of any great city? The office of mayor is merely that of housekeeper for a municipality. No man is satisfied with his housekeeper unless he is married to her, and then he has to be. The duties of mayor affect intimately the health, the comfort, the pleasures, the morals, and the pockets of all the citizens. To give satisfaction in such a position is practically impossible. Yet men with political ambitions yearn to be mayors.

Tom Johnson got himself elected mayor of Cleveland, and wasted his life in giving the dear people three-cent fares. The dear people took them, kicked at them, and rewarded Tom Johnson by defeating him for reelection. They turned him down hard, and then instantaneously forgot him. When he died the other day, broken in health and fortune, wrecked in political repute, the dear people scarcely gave him a thought.

In San Francisco, years ago, Isaac Kallach was running for mayor. He had about as much chance to win as Emperor Norton. But a political enemy shot him. Kallach took to his bed, a dying man, while the dear people went wild. They elected him mayor with a whoop, because he had been shot. Then Kallach made a good recovery. He was a popular candidate, but not a popular mayor. The dear public turned him down at the end of his term. And when he died the dear public neither knew nor cared of what he died—whether of his wound or of senile gangrene.

A few years later, in 1896, J. D. Phelan was elected mayor by a plurality of nine thousand; rich and poor

voted for him, each class thinking he was its friend. Later each class seemed to think he was the friend of the other; later still, that he was the friend of neither. In 1898 his plurality fell to three thousand. When he went out of office his popularity and his plurality were nil. The poet wrote in the way-back tense: *Ilium fuit*—"Troy was." So one might say: *Phelan fuit*—"Phelan used to was."

To the melancholy ending of Schmitz's incumbency as mayor it is unnecessary to refer. His successor, Dr. Taylor, was scarcely hailed with plaudits by the populace when he laid down his trust. He entered office surrounded by a halo of civic virtues and popularity; he retired attired only in an aureola of hair. The present Mayor McCarthy seems to be approaching the last half of his last year under circumstances so connected with the tenderloin as to make his exit even more nauseous than that of Schmitz. The dear people's verdict on the last four San Francisco mayors might be summed up each in a word:

Phelan? *Fuit!*

Schmitz? *Phew!*

Taylor? *Pooh!*

McCarthy? *Faugh!*

Editorial Notes.

With every desire for peace in Mexico, it would be a mistake to be too sanguine. Madero, as provisional president, has already shown us how very provisional he is by his failure to control his men. If they will not follow him in war, what guaranty is there that they will follow him in peace? It is evident that there are a number of other leaders who are ready to defy him on the slightest provocation, as for example when he wished to save the life of Navarro, whom they wished to kill. Then there are the malcontents, semi-politicals, the turbulents of all kinds, who have everything to gain by turmoil and everything to lose by peace. The low caste Mexican has no idea of leadership. It means nothing to him that this, that, or the other insurrecto is to be a cabinet officer or a provincial governor. His only human ideal is a toreador, and a toreador would have been president of Mexico long ago under a system of popular elections. Of course peace will come presently, but it may be by a process of burning out rather than by one of extinction. In the meantime the American policy will be one of patience, even though provocation should be greater than it has been. With admirable sagacity, President Taft has decided to do nothing without the guidance of Congress, and in such a matter as this we may expect to find wisdom in a multiplicity of counselors. But what a strenuous life we should be leading now if Mr. Roosevelt were at the White House instead of Mr. Taft. The thousands of Americans in the interior of Mexico would be somewhat like fish in a basket—active but hopeless, while the man who "went down and took Panama" was elaborating a similar programme for Mexico in conjunction with his *fides Achatas*, General Leonard Wood.

A minister of religion never appears to better advantage than as an advocate of international peace. Unfortunately there are very few who can do this so felicitously as Cardinal Gibbons, who said that it was unnecessary to open the Peace Conference at Baltimore with the customary prayer, inasmuch as "every discourse uttered today will be a prayer in the sacred cause of peace." It was natural that the proposed treaty of arbitration between America and England should receive a full measure of attention at the hands of the conference, and this gave the cardinal an opportunity for a fine flight of unpremeditated eloquence. "Let Britannia and Columbia join hands across the Atlantic," he said, "and their outstretched arms will form a sacred arch of peace, a rainbow which will excite the admiration of the nations and will proclaim to the world that, with God's help, the earth shall never more be deluged with the blood shed in fratricidal war." This is as good as anything can well be. Sentiment and imagery are perfect, and the cardinal never did a worthier thing than to devote his great powers to such a cause. It is almost unthinkable that there should be any section or any party either in America or in England willing to imperil a scheme so beneficent either to gratify an ancient spite or to secure some illusory party advantage.

Congressman Murdock of Kansas deserves encouragement in his efforts to reform that hoary and impenitent sinner, the *Congressional Record*. He asks for the adoption of some marks that shall distinguish between

the speeches actually delivered in Congress and those other still-born speeches that aspiring orators would like to deliver but had no opportunity, as well as between the spoken words and those happy after-thoughts that never come until too late. No privilege has been so abused as that of the "leave to print," no privilege has been used so deliberately and so consistently for the purpose of deception. The "leave to print" means that any member may load the *Record* with impassioned eloquence which his awe-struck constituents will suppose was delivered to a crowded and shivering house. It is twin brother to that other fraud known as the "leave to extend" a speaker's remarks, such remarks being usually no more than a request for such leave. That these bogus speeches are solemnly printed with absolutely nothing to show that they are bogus is bad enough, but when they are abundantly sprinkled with "applause" and "laughter" we are in the domain of vulgar falsehood cleverly designed to deceive those who have no means of knowing the facts. Congress would best consult its own dignity by ending the whole insincere and tricky business.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Exposition.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The attitude of the people of San Francisco toward the approaching fair is doubtless all that it should be. In conversation and in the general give and take of the streets the dominant note is an impersonal one. The average citizen seems to recognize clearly enough that in this matter San Francisco has been chosen not so much because of her civic merits as because her size, and especially her geographical situation, fit her to represent the nation and the great national undertaking that will be then completed. His primary concern is, then, that the exposition shall be worthy of the occasion, and that it shall have the breadth and scope that the circumstances demand. That San Francisco will benefit immeasurably from a success and that she must suffer grave discredit from a failure, or even from serious errors of judgment, are obvious corollaries to the larger and national issues.

Unfortunately, the average citizen is by no means the most audible, and it is well for us that we have a committee who are not likely to be influenced by shouting and who will know how to balance the arguments of good citizenship and of self-interest. Of shouting we have certainly had more than enough. There is a certain small but noisy section who have the rooted conviction that the exposition is a local money-making scheme designed exclusively for their benefit, to enhance the value of their lots, to fill their hotels, and to crowd their stores. Their emotions take the form of printed placards exhorting us to "put it in the park" or wherever else their ideas of profit may suggest, but a moment's conversation with these enthusiasts is enough to show that their personal advantage is the one yardstick by which they measure everything. If there were any chance that their clamor would be taken for public opinion it would be necessary to point out somewhat forcefully that the only way to secure the minor end of personal advantage is to look single-eyed at the larger end of public and national advantage. Suspicions and criticisms travel fast nowadays, and we can not afford to have it said that either in the choice of a location or in the details of management San Francisco is consulting local interests or making initial mistakes that will be irremediable. Nothing can be done by stealth that will not be made known all over the world. All the world travels nowadays, and preliminary errors will be understood as well in New York, and even in London and Berlin, as they are here, and in many cases they will make the difference between coming to San Francisco and staying at home. For example, it is only San Franciscans who do not know that the Golden Gate Park is the most beautiful in the world, far more beautiful and more wonderful than any exposition can possibly be. The news that its most charming parts have been leveled, and cleared, and graded, desecrated with cement and made hideous with stucco, would be received almost with consternation by intelligent Easterners and Europeans. Visitors will wish to see the exposition and the park, not a horrid combination of the two. Imagine asking a Frenchman to grade the Bois de Boulogne, or a German to clear Unter den Linden or the Thier Garten. Let me repeat that visitors will not have to come to San Francisco before they discover our mistakes. They will know all about them before they start, and if the mistakes are large ones, such as the destruction of the park, a good many will not start at all. And there will be no such discouragement as the idea that we are looking upon the exhibition merely as a device to bring money into the city. The money will come all right if we learn to look upon the city as the representation of the nation and upon the exposition as a national celebration. It is not designed for the benefit of lot owners or even of the shopkeepers on Haight Street.

It is usually labor wasted to ask our countrymen to consider the example of other countries or to profit by the larger experience of older peoples. But perhaps in this case, where we have no precise precedents to guide us, it may properly be done. I say we have no precedents, because there is no precedent for the Panama Canal nor have we ever attempted an exposition so nationally important as is this one. We have to appeal not only to the commercial instincts of the world, but also to its artistic and pageant-loving inclinations. We must attract not only the leisured classes, but also those to whom a long journey means preparation and self-denial,

and who must make every dollar work overtime. There are thousands of Europeans who will pay their first visit to America if they are tempted by a really worthy exposition that shall represent the achievements of the world and its high-water mark of progress. And when the European thinks of expositions his mind reverts to the last great enterprise at Paris. It is true that there have been larger expositions, but never one so perfect, so nearly faultless in management, so free from suspicions of misconduct. It was my good fortune to be in Paris during the whole of the exposition period and for nearly a year before it began. I do not suggest that Parisians are any less eager for personal profit than we are. They are not. But at least they do not show it so clearly. There was no audible clamor of self-interest, no visible pulling of wires. The committees were left, so far as one could see or hear, unhampered in reaching their many decisions, and they were received without murmur. It was the ambition of the authorities that the whole population of France should pass through the turnstiles, and while this of course was impossible I believe it is a fact that the total admissions far exceeded the number of the population. By some curious financial arrangement the price of tickets varied fractionally from day to day, but if I remember rightly the usual price was about ten cents. They were sold in long strips like postage stamps by hawkers in the street, and for very special occasions, when a higher admission price was desirable, one had to deposit two, three, or four tickets. The advantage of such low prices was obvious. Instead of visiting the exposition on a few set occasions, it became the regular daily lounge for thousands of people. No one was too poor to go repeatedly, and it was just as cheap to go to the exposition as to enjoy an evening stroll on the boulevards with the inevitable demi-tasse or absinthe. It was quite usual to buy a hundred tickets at a time, and the fluctuating prices gave the transaction something of the color of a speculation so dear to the French mind. Tickets could be bought and preserved many months before the exposition opened, and doubtless this was a welcome source of revenue when revenue was most needed. The authorities wished the people not merely to look at the exhibits, but to study them. They wished the workman to see the perfection of his trade in all its variations, the artist to see the best pictures and the best statuary that the contemporary world had produced, and the merchant to familiarize himself with the trade products of the world. It was to be an occasion for national education, and not merely for national revenue. And for the pleasure-seeker there was entertainment enough, and I may say there was a great deal more mischief to be found outside the exposition than inside.

I was so fortunate as to hear a speech delivered to some of the foreign exhibitors by a high official of the French government at the close of the exposition. I should like to hear such a speech delivered in San Francisco and with such good cause. Probably I shall. The speaker pointed out to his audience that during the preceding nine months they had seen practically the whole French nation pass through the toll gates. I will ask you, he said in effect, if you have ever on any single occasion seen a drunk man or woman? Have you ever met with the smallest discourtesy? Have you ever heard a voice raised above the limits of decorum? Have you ever seen any horseplay, pushing, jostling, quarreling, or indecorous behavior of any kind? I will heg of you, he said in conclusion, when you go to your home to remember these things and therefore to think appreciatively of the French people that has accomplished this great work without the smallest departure from good manners. It was a great claim, but it was a true one. Not one among us had seen any of these things, at least not so as to make any impression upon the memory. And I will suggest that an exposition of which such things can be said is worthy not of a feeling of rivalry, but one of emulation. Fortunately we have a committee who are likely to do all in their power to repeat such a record and to make our own exposition alike worthy of nation, of the occasion, and of San Francisco.

Obediently yours, JAMES B. MCGOVERN.

To lessen public frauds on the Indian wards of the government, United States Indian Commissioner R. G. Valentine has sent to all Indian agents and Indian superintendents orders to have every Indian who can not write his name sign all official papers and to indorse all checks or warrants covering Indian money by making an imprint of the ball of the right thumb (or the left in the case of loss of right). This imprint must be clear and distinct, showing the central whorl and striations, and such thumb mark signature must be witnessed by an employee of the office or by one of the leading men of the tribe who can write.

The Royal Literary Fund in England was established as a result of the commiseration felt for Floyer Sydenham, a Greek scholar, of Oxford, who was thrown into prison for a debt for meals, and died there at the age of eighty. The establishment of a fund to assist needy literary men was due principally to the efforts of David Williams, a Welsh nonconformist minister, who was a friend of Benjamin Franklin.

Germany is much pleased with the completion of a German submarine cable connecting the Fatherland with Brazil and the German settlements in that republic. The stretch from Emden to Tenerife was laid in 1909, that to Monrovia in Liberia in 1910, and now the cable end has been landed at Pernambuco.

An electric searchlight to be attached to the barrel of a gun to aid a hunter to see game at night is a man invention.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The vigorous agitation against the Mormon missionaries in England has called forth a sturdy remonstrance from the veteran journalist W. T. Stead. He says it is "savagery." He also says it is "unmitigated rot," and these classical expletives are intended to refer to the agitation, and not to the missionaries. It need hardly be said that Mr. Stead has no Mormon tendencies. His many enemies have never suggested an inclination toward polygamy on his part, nor is his Christianity impugned. But he believes in religious liberty, in discussion rather than force, and he has no toleration for efforts to "make us orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks." The anti-Mormon agitation, he says, is persecution, pure and simple. Here we have so great a dignitary as the Dean of Manchester demanding that these missionaries be expelled by law. The Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, not content with such legal processes as may be available, asks that these Mormons "be taken by the scruff of the neck, rushed across our island, and dropped into the sea." That these missionaries are inciting to polygamy, that they have even suggested it, Mr. Stead says is a lie. They are conducting their strange propaganda in just the same way and with just as much decency as Methodist revivalists or faith healers, and are just as much entitled to be let alone. It is of course very sad that there should be religious discord in Great Britain or elsewhere, but it is hardly a new story, and not one to arouse excitement in the tranquil bystander. It was ever so when the tweedledum and tweedledee of rival creeds have come into conflict. We shall do well to imitate the unconcern of the Mohammedan guard over the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem who was asked to account for the furious turmoil in the adjacent street. "It is nothing, effendi," he replied. "It is merely the Christians fighting with each other."

The Chinese government is in grim earnest in its effort to extirpate opium-growing throughout the empire. A traveler who has lived two years in the country and who is familiar with large parts of the interior says that not a single poppy can now be found in extensive areas that were formerly given over to its cultivation. If a solitary patch is allowed to appear it is quickly attacked by officials, who adjust the little difficulty with long-toothed rakes. Should the growers resist their heads are cut off, and this is found to prevent further activities on their part and to discourage the enthusiasm of their friends. There is naturally a good deal of indignation on the part of the opium smokers, who have now to pay excessive prices for their favorite debauch. As a result, an unusually large number of girl babies are sold into slavery by those who must raise money to buy the drug. It would be interesting to know how much opium is considered to be the equivalent of a girl baby. One would think not much. A girl baby takes a long time to grow up. Moreover, she may always "up and die on you."

And, talking of Chinamen, a curious story comes from Newport, in Wales. It seems that a great many Chinese sailors are to be found there, so many indeed that the sailors' union addressed a vigorous protest against their employment to Glen & Co., the shipowners. Messrs. Glen were equal to the occasion. They replied that the Chinese sailors received the same payment as the British, but that it was more profitable to employ Chinamen because they were soher and efficient. In fact, it would be to their advantage to pay higher wages to the Chinamen than to the white men. The union was therefore advised to improve the quality of its members in the hope that they might one day be able to compete with the foreigners and do their work as well and as soberly.

No one has ever suspected the Armour's of Chicago of an enthusiasm for Biblical "evidences" or of a determination to secure them at all costs. But perhaps we have been doing an injustice to this eminent family. Perhaps we have entertained angels unawares. It is said that the Armour's financed an enterprise to ransack the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem and to recover some few trifles supposed to be stored there, such as the Ark of the Covenant, the seven-branched candlestick, the crown, sword and ring of Solomon, and a manuscript of the Bible. It sounds like a fairy story, but certainly it is not all a fairy story, seeing that the Turkish government is seriously disturbed by the success of the expedition and is taking a serious view of the matter. It is certain that some archaeological enthusiasts did visit the Mosque, that they obtained some sort of special privilege, or took it guilefully, that they departed secretly for Jaffa and got safely away on a yacht that was awaiting them. They are supposed to be on their way to England, and it seems likely enough that they secured something worth having. It is commonly believed that the Mosque of Omar contains treasures that were concealed from the Romans during the sack of Jerusalem by Titus, but they have never been shown, the peoples of the Orient being singularly deficient in the self-advertising spirit which shows them to be uncivilized. It is a curious fact, and one suggestive of many things not to be set down here, that Jerusalem and the holy tomb remain in the hands of the "infidels" after so many centuries of fierce crusades and the gradual dominance of the Christian faith. If the Armour's actually engineered this enterprise they may consider themselves as the lineal descendants of Richard Cœur de Lion and the crusading kings of Europe. They should wear the red cross and other appropriate insignia, for it is but a concession to the spirit of the time that whereas their ancestors fought with the sword, those who come after them should fight with pork. And what more suitable weapon against a Mohammedan? There is, of course, one question that the hypocritical may insist upon putting: Is it right for a Christian to steal the decalogue?

There have a Large Families League in France now. The president has eleven children and still hopes, and he would

have his countrymen go and do likewise. He says that 1,804,710 French homes have no children, that 2,661,978 have only one child, and that 2,661,978 have only two children. France, he says, without children, is only a skeleton. Of course the league has remedies to propose. Countries may be poor in children, but never in reformers. The league demands that taxation be remitted with the birth of the fourth child; that official positions be given only to those with large families; that state servants shall be promoted in accordance with the number of their children, and finally that the government shall vote money to sustain the league. That was sure to come, but why clog up the agenda paper with the preceding irrelevancies? So long as the league is adequately sustained with public money France may yet be saved, and France is likely to be saved, by force if necessary, so long as there is money inside the treasury and reformers with eleven children outside of it. We know that breed.

It is to be feared that the world does not often think of King Otto of Bavaria, the mad monarch who lives in the Castle of Fuerstentried. His majesty is just sixty-three years of age, but perhaps even convention will hardly demand the usual felicitations. Twice every year a committee of physicians visits the castle and reports to the Hungarian government. The report is always the same, "No change in the king's condition." As a matter of fact Otto is in splendid health, a grim joke nature often plays upon those whom she has robbed of mind. He recognizes none of his friends. He does not even know that he is a king. He babbles unceasingly to the spirits that surround him or stares moodily into space for hours together. And yet the outward pomp of royalty is maintained. There are troops of servants and sentinels guard the walls.

It would seem that monarchy in Germany has still some arbitrary powers left to it. An order has been issued that all advertisements marring the beauty of the scenery must be removed. No matter whom they belong to, no matter what countless millions are represented, down they must come. The beauty of Germany is not a commercial asset, and those who wish to see it may do so without a reminder of the frailties of the flesh or an exhortation to cleanse themselves with some particular brand of soap. The decision in the case of each advertisement is left with the local authorities, but they are not likely to be merciful with such an example from headquarters. And yet Germany is said to be in the maw of commercialism and to be deaf and blind to the good, the beautiful, and the true. Can it be that a determination to preserve the beauties of nature is in itself the mark of a certain virility that will make its way in the prosaic market and the sordid exchange? And would it be treason to suggest that a country is all the better for the possession of some intelligent authority which is a law unto itself and that recognizes a desirable thing and orders it to be done forthwith?

The good Neapolitan may breathe in peace for another year. Vesuvius may be in its ugliest temper, but its threats will not degenerate into performances just at present. For the miracle of San Gennaro has been once more performed and the blood of the saint visibly liquified in the presence of a concourse of the faithful. The miracle is assumed to imply all sorts of beneficent promises on the part of the complacent saint, and it was only just that such a mark of his favor should be received with the ringing of bells, the burning of candles, and all the other curious things that saints are supposed to like. There will be no cholera in Naples this year, the crops will be good, the weather propitious, and an unusual number of unusually rich and probably heretical American tourists will hasten to pay tribute to the hotels and the shops of Naples.

Primrose Day, the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, has just been celebrated in England. The statue of the statesman was well-nigh buried in primroses, and large numbers of people carried them throughout the day. Probably Lord Beaconsfield would be much surprised if he knew that his memory was associated with the primrose, or indeed with any particular flower. The cult arose in a rather curious way. Queen Victoria sent a wreath of primroses to the funeral. On the accompanying card and in her own handwriting were the words "His favorite flower." Queen Victoria was sufficiently Victorian to use italics with great liberality, as of course the accented pronoun referred to the prince consort and not at all to Lord Beaconsfield. But the public jumped to the conclusion that the queen had special knowledge of the dead statesman's floral preferences, and so the primrose became the symbol of the Beaconsfield cult. And after all, what does it matter? SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Seven brothers and seven sisters living in Foulsham and the adjacent parishes are receiving old age pensions (says the London *Daily Mail*). The oldest of the seven is eighty and the youngest seventy-one. Their united ages total 530 years. Their father was Philip Lambert, a carrier between Foulsham and Norwich, who had a family of sixteen, all born in Foulsham, and of whom eleven are now alive.

A remarkable tree has been discovered about the region of Lake Chad. Its power of increase in every way is remarkable. In one season it is said to grow to the height of from thirteen to sixteen feet. Its foliage resembles the mimosa and its branches are thorny. The wood can be cut into planks and the natives work it up into canoes. The Tilho mission has utilized the wood for making tables and doors.

Electricity now does practically all the work in the kitchen of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Angels of Buena Vista.

[February 22-23, 1847.]

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we bear.

"Down the bills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"

Who is losing? who is winning? "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more,

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe, man, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!"

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on!

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!"

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou bear me? canst thou see?"

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his bride be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
Today, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain.

And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled;

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"

Spoke the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead.

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind

Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;

Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,

And the dying foemen blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;

From its smoking hell of hate, Love and Pity send their prayer,

And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Belfast, Ireland, has the largest masonry dry dock in the world, and it was recently opened to admit, as its first charge, the White Star steamship *Olympic*, the greatest ship.

MARCHING SUFFRAGETTES.

New York's Parade of Women and Men Under the New Banners.

Heaven smiled on the suffragettes, or, as the *Evening Post* called them, "The Suffrage Host." A year ago, when the suffragettes took possession of Union Square, the rain came down upon their heads and they had hardly begun their speech-making before they were dispersed. Those who had the pluck to stand up against the weather had their reward, for the sun came out and smiled upon them.

This year there was not a cloud in the sky. The house in which I live opens out upon Union Square, and has a balcony big enough to hold chairs. From this coign of vantage, I viewed the parade. The ladies, 3000 strong, according to conservative estimates, swirled round the corner of Seventeenth Street and Fifth Avenue, headed by a band of men dressed in Highland costume and squeezing out harsh music from bagpipes. They were called the Pipers of the Black Watch, and are an American corps modeled after the famous Scotch organization. Behind them came four men in knee breeches, white silk stockings and powdered wigs, bearing a sedan chair in which sat a lady of light weight, that is physically, whom they bore in this old-time fashion from Fifty-Ninth to Seventeenth Street. It was said that Mrs. Belmont was to have been carried in the chair, but fortunately for the men a lady of less leading, but more light, was chosen.

All the ladies most distinguished in the ranks of suffrage appeared at this meeting, some afoot, some in motors, and some on floats. There was not a division of labor unrepresented. There were artistic women, industrial women, dressmakers, milliners, laundresses, cooks, hairdressers, artists' models, not, however, "in the altogether," but in hobble skirts and Dutch necks. Then came the professions; there were college women, students, lawyers, architects, engineers, clergymen, doctors, nurses. Some were dressed in white, and all carried flags or banners. The banners bore mottoes such as "Votes for Women." Another carried by the Misses Hill, Milholland, and McPike bore the legend, "We prepare the children for the world; let us prepare the world for the children." The Misses Rose Guylenkrook and Ella de Neergard from the top of a float demonstrated the work of women 200 years ago; it didn't look like very hard work. Miss Guylenkrook stirred a cauldron, while Miss de Neergard went through the motions of weaving on a loom.

Mrs. Belmont did not march, but others did, including Mrs. Henry Villard, the daughter of the late William Lloyd Garrison, a famous abolitionist, who marched with the younger women all the way from Fifty-Ninth Street to the place of meeting. Of course Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch was there, and so was Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, who marshaled a band of writers, including Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman and Kate Jordan. Mary Stewart Cutting, Theodora Bean, and Mary Austin, author of "The Arrowmaker," were in this group. It was not Miss Austin's first march under the suffrage banner, for in London she was one of 10,000 women to parade the streets. Lady Sybil Smith, who had just arrived in this country, was one of the marchers, and so was Miss Annie Peck, the famous mountain-climber. To Miss Peck marching on the level asphalt in cap and gown must have seemed mere child's play when compared with climbing 25,000 feet of mountain height in South America in breeches and iron-spiked boots.

One of the first things that the suffragettes did when they reached Union Square was to sing a suffrage hymn especially composed for them by Mme. Gregori, who, in a picture hat, baton in hand, beat time for the singers who sang and the band that accompanied them. I quote the words of this song, not because of their stirring quality, but because of their childlike simplicity. I can hardly imagine any words less likely to bring an audience to its feet, or fill a marching host with enthusiasm:

Come every matron, every maid
That in this fair land of ours doth dwell;
Hear the clarion call
Bidding us one and all,
Tarry no more, but haste the ranks to swell.
Our purple banner flutters in the air,
Hear our trumpets blowing far and near;
Let your voice resound
All the world around
Till the whole world at last shall hear!

Marching, marching, onward, hand in hand,
Ever united, true and brave we stand,
Pleading for the right,
Ready for the fight,
Only for Justice and for all that is noble we are
Marching, marching, onward hand in hand,
Ever united true and brave we stand,
Come then with us,
Let your hearts never fail.
Hail, to our cause, all hail!

The funniest sight of all was that of the marching men. They came at the end of the procession, just about where they would come if women have the vote, I should say. It must have taken a good deal of courage on their part, but they bore themselves well and smiled back at the scoffers and bowed to the cheers of the ladies, who lined up and applauded them as they swung around the loop and grouped themselves near the platform of the speakers.

The anti-suffragists were not idle on this auspicious day. They distributed handbills to the crowds along the sidewalks in which they set forth some of their

arguments against votes for women, but every one was good-natured and the suffragettes are confident that they have made great strides in the direction of their ambitions.

The day came to an end with the first suffrage ball ever given. The dancing members of the Fourteenth Assembly District flocked to Terrace Garden as guests of Mrs. Belmont. Mrs. Belmont did not open the ball, as was expected, but sat in a box and watched the dancers. With her were Dr. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Henry Villard, and Miss Harriet May Mills, president of the State Equality Association. Miss Inez Milholland, the belle of the suffragette party, took part in the grand march. Dr. Shaw, who never loses an opportunity, made a little speech, and there were refreshments and more dancing. A few men appeared on the floor, among them Mr. Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Mr. Howard Taylor, both well known as leaders of the cotillon.

There is no doubt that it is fashionable to be a suffragette; it is the antis who are plainly dressed and the suffragettes who wear the latest thing in hats and the tightest thing in hobbles. I didn't notice any harem skirts in the parade, at which I wonder, for I should think that they were much more comfortable for walking than the hobble skirt.

I don't know that any one was converted to woman suffrage by the big parade, but it did no harm and it made a lot of women happy.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1911.

Ten years ago Scotland had a population, in round numbers, of 4,500,000. Now it has 4,800,000, so that the increase in ten years has been less than seven per cent as compared with more than eleven per cent for the previous decade. Various causes have been assigned for the check to the growth of the community, but the greatest cause is undoubtedly the extraordinary emigration from all parts of Scotland to Canada and the United States during the last five or six years. About 90,000 persons have gone to Canada alone in this period. Both the country and the cities are affected. Thousands of old homesteads have been abandoned by those who have yielded to the attractions of the new world. Agriculturists and many of the best artisans have gone with their families.

Broadly speaking, scientific management is simply the expert study of details and the application of intelligent methods to save unnecessary labor, coupled with an incentive to the workman to interest himself. If it be found that in common practice the bricklayer makes eight motions in setting a brick and lays 120 bricks per hour, whereas the same thing can be done equally well by three motions and the result be an increase to 350 in the number of brick laid per hour, the economic benefit is self-evident. Such has been actually effected. Even in the lowest kind of manual labor, such as the moving of pig-iron, it has been found possible to triple, and even quadruple, the accomplishment per man. These are not theoretical estimates. They are actual results.

In Berlin a novel insurance scheme is being introduced, recommended by the Kaiser, having for its chief feature insurance against accidents to school children on their way to and from school. The policy covers all accidents to children within the walls of the schools, as well as on the playgrounds, as during lessons in physics and chemistry. The premium is 40 cents a year and in case of death a sum of 3000 marks (\$750) is paid to the parents, while total disability entitles the child to an amount of \$1500. For temporary disablement, the company pays all doctor bills and 75 cents a day.

Andrew D. Davidson, "the father of the American invasion" which has taken thousands of American farmers from the United States into Canada since 1902, was born on a Canadian farm, where his boyhood days were spent. He came over the border, however, before he was twenty, and began railroading. Later he went into land and lumber, became very wealthy, and is now president of ten banks. At one time his land-selling organization numbered 3000 agents. He is a born manager of men and money, and is always on the lookout for young, capable lieutenants.

There are now no wolves in France, but the positions of "lieutenants de la louteterie" are still in existence and are eagerly sought. The lieutenant has no work to do, but he wears a uniform adorned with wolves' heads, and he has the right to shoot in all the state's preserves.

Korean children in school use sand boxes instead of slates. They write the difficult Chinese characters and have to learn them early in life. The character is drawn in the sand with a stick and then the box is shuffled to prepare for another.

Blue Arctic foxes are bred extensively on the islands of the Alaska coast. These creatures can not be tamed, but they are fed all the year round and trapped in special houses in the winter when their coats are in suitable condition.

Motor clothing and hearth-rugs are often products made from the skins of a special breed of goats bred in large and increasing numbers in Switzerland.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

United States Senator Lafayette Young, of Iowa, at the age of sixty-three, is a regularly enrolled student at Drake University at Des Moines. He is a "special," and when at home attends classes twice a week. The line of study which holds his close attention is astronomy.

Lady Eileen Knox, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, and a direct descendant of William Penn, has been chosen as one of the six trainbearers at the coming coronation of Queen Mary. Lord Ranfurly, her father, was lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria and governor of New Zealand for seven years.

King Maha Vajiravudh, the new ruler of Siam, was educated at Oxford and Sandhurst, and is anxious to introduce modern methods in every line of operation in his country. He is thirty years old and has spent more of his adult life in England than in his native land, studying the educational and business life of the Britons. He was crowned with commingled Buddhist, Brahmin, and secular ceremonies.

Professor Logan Grant McPherson, lecturer on transportation at Johns Hopkins University, is the first of several Americans to be selected this year in the exchange between the United States and Prussia to lecture on technical subjects. He will discuss American railways at Charlottenburg University next winter. He has written several books and many magazine contributions on economic subjects.

Professor Bernard Moses, for thirty years a member of the University of California faculty, is to retire on an allowance from the Carnegie Foundation. He occupies the chair of political economy at the university. Professor Moses was a member of the Philippine Commission, has twice represented the United States at the Pan-American Congress, and has written numerous books. He is an authority on Spanish-American history.

Josef Stronsky, one of the most talented of the younger school of German composers, has been engaged to succeed Gustav Mahler as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. He is still in the early forties and ranks as a musician of advanced tendencies. Berlin has been his home for the past three years, success attending his efforts. Before going to Berlin he was the kapellmeister of the municipal opera of Hamburg.

Miss Kristine Bonnevie, of Christiania, the first woman who has ever been admitted to the Norwegian Academy of Science, is a doctor of philosophy, an author of scientific works, and holds an appointment in the zoological laboratory of the University of Christiania. Several of her books have been published in Norway, Germany, and the United States. Her zoological studies have carried her not only along the Norwegian coast, but also to this country. In 1907 she was elected a member of the Christiania municipal council.

Vice-Admiral Sir George Strong Nares, who commanded one Arctic expedition and took part in another, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday at his home in Surrey, England. He entered the navy in 1845, and in 1852 went with Sir Edward Belcher's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. In 1872 he commanded the *Challenger* on her famous scientific cruise, and three years later was given command of a new expedition to the Arctic. For his services to navigation and exploration he was awarded the K. C. B. and received several medals. His "Seamanship" is still a standard work on the subject.

Prince Eugen of Sweden, youngest brother of King Gustaf V, is not only passionately fond of art, but is himself an artist whose talent has earned for him one of the foremost places among the Swedish painters of the present day. He studied in Paris, perfecting a natural gift. None of his paintings are for sale. At all exhibitions of Swedish art at home or abroad Prince Eugen is invariably invited to act as president, and often consents to do so. He, himself, is a frequent exhibitor. His home, where often assemble the most famous of Swedish artists, is within a convenient distance of Stockholm.

Andrew Carnegie, in appreciation of his gift of the Pan-American Union Building and his advocacy for Western-world peace, was recently presented with what he terms his greatest mark of honor, a gold medal representing the sentiment of twenty-one American republics, the first time in history, it is claimed, that such a tribute from so many nations had been paid to an individual. The presentation was made in Washington, Señor de Zamacona, Mexican ambassador, making the speech. The medal bears on one side the words, "Benefactor of Humanity," and on the other, "The American Republics to Andrew Carnegie."

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, known to the world as Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, despite her ninety-one years recently went from her home in Bridgeport to New York, where she was the central figure on the stage of Carnegie Hall at the opening of the meeting of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City. She does not want to vote and says women are fretting quite needlessly. "I expect to live to be 103," she declared, "and I expect to do my best work yet." Since she began writing she has produced between 6000 and 7000 hymns, more than 400 of which are in constant use in all parts of the world.

THE LINE-RIDER.

Why the Customs Badge Fell into the Canyon.

He crossed the dry San Pedro, and clambering up the sandy bank rode on down the international boundary of Mexico and the United States. He was evidently tired, for one leg rested around the horn of the saddle and he leaned forward, swaying to and fro with the movement of the horse. His hat, white, wide-brimmed, protected his tanned face from the burning rays of an August sun that beat mercilessly down upon the rider and the horse. Now and then a greasewood bush would scrape against the stirrup with a swishing, gritty sound, or a jack-rabbit, its long ears visible above a sheltering sagebrush, would jump far enough out of the way to let the line-rider pass, and seek further seclusion under another root, where, undisturbed, he could resume his dream of his long-eared, soft-eyed affinity. Once in a while a coyote—lean, hungry, seeking prey—seeing the approaching man, would sneak stealthily toward the foothills that lay hot, dry, dusty, at the base of the Huachuaca Mountains, which held their cool, tree-capped heads majestically above the Arizona desert and put one foot across the line into Mexico in utter disregard for boundary laws of either country.

Other than jack-rabbits and the coyotes and a buzzard flying high above the heat-ridden plain, there was no life; no vestige of civilization; not even a telegraph pole or a humming wire to carry the thoughts of men across the barren waste; nothing in fact but sagebrush, sand, and heat, and the man riding on the horse seemed strangely out of place.

Although he rode, head down, seemingly on an aimless mission, his sharp eyes now and then swept in miles on both sides the boundary line in search of a wandering band of Chinese, who perhaps might be seeking unscheduled admission into the United States, or a smuggler, or band of cattle thieves, who, on account of the uncivilized barrenness of the country, carried on, at times, a profitable business, and it was the duty of this sun-tanned guardian of the law to stop their depredations.

Despite his thirty years and an almost boyish face—kind, sympathetic, yet firm—the line-rider was feared by all violators of the law, many of whom had taken unexpected trips to Federal prisons as a result of his vigilance and nerve. In fact he had done his work so well that, except for a lone smuggler who still plied his nefarious trade in bold defiance of the law, he would have had little to do. But almost every day for a month he had seen this smuggler somewhere along the line, riding carelessly across the border, but always out of rifle range, and safe. For the last few days he had taken to waving his hat at the line-rider, who had grown to admire the nerve of the fellow despite daily doubling his resolutions to trap him.

Upon nearing the foothills he suddenly left the line, and, riding up a draw, reached the mountainside and sought seclusion in the timber, yet still able to keep an eye on the line as he rode. The shade of the trees and the higher elevation with its accompanying breeze was a relief to both rider and the horse, and feeling hungry and thirsty he glanced at the sun. "It's about time to eat, Buck, I guess," he remarked to his horse.

The animal answered by pointing a soft, tan-colored ear toward the line-rider, and taking a long breath turned a point in the mountain and brought them suddenly in sight of a log-cabin that stood half hidden by a clump of stub pines, a wreath of blue smoke curling out of the big, old-fashioned chimney.

As he neared the house he heard some one singing, it seemed to him, very sweetly, for it was a woman's voice, and women, in Arizona, were at that time scarce luxuries. He was wondering if she were pretty when a white, broad-eyed bull-terrier appeared in the open door, pricked up his ears, looked back into the cabin, and then giving vent to a muffled "woof," ran forward to meet the man as a girl came and stood in the door. He could see the sun shining on two long braids of hair as she stood wiping her hands on her apron and eying him as he approached. She merely acknowledged his "Howdy!" with a quiet nod.

"Could I trouble you for a drink?" he asked, dismounting, and, dropping the lines on the ground, left the horse and stood in the doorway, resting one hand against the side of the door, while the dog sniffed his boots. "My, but that tastes good," he said, taking a long breath and returning the dipper.

She made no reply, but stood, dipper in hand, staring in open-eyed, innocent wonder at the customs badge he wore, and meekly waited his further orders, recognizing him to be a guardian of the law.

"I should think you'd be afraid, staying here alone, with cattle thieves and smugglers passing all the time," he said, seeking conversation and information in the same utterance.

"Few people pass this way; it's a mile off the trail," she told him. "Anyhow I'm not afraid, for those who do come I treat well and do not know whether they are thieves, smugglers, or honest men."

She said this with a tone of refinement wholly unexpected from a woman living as she was, and he wondered, as he thanked her and threw the line over the horse's head, why she was there.

"Can't I fix you something to eat?" she asked, seeing his going away.

"I thank you; I have a snack in my pocket which I'll eat as I ride along; some other time maybe."

He was glad to see a tinge of gladness in her eyes on learning that he might return, and, mounting his horse, he jogged on down a narrow trail which, it seemed to him, appeared to be well used, and when a bend in it threatened to carry him out of sight of the cabin he turned in his saddle and saw her standing in the door looking at him. He lifted his hat and she returned his salutation with a slight inclination of her pretty head, just as an unsympathetic tree threw its branches between them.

"Somewhat better traveling, Buck," he said, patting the horse's withers. "Wonder where it leads to? Anyhow it's headed toward the line, so we don't care, do we, old boy?" He took his lunch out of the saddle-bags as he rode, shoved the carbine down in the scabbard from which it was trying to release itself, and ate to the accompaniment of thoughts of the girl in the cabin.

It was well along in the afternoon when he passed the last tree and came out on a slope of a foothill, where he paused and, adjusting a pair of field-glasses, scanned the line. Away, far across the border, he saw a man riding on horseback toward the line. Although too far off to be sure, it looked very much like his friend the smuggler, whom he was so anxious to meet.

Quickly leaving the ridge, he rode down a draw, bearing always toward the line; dismounting now and then to climb the ridge and look across the plain toward the approaching rider. Finally, reaching the mouth of the draw, he stopped under the shade of a large boulder and watched, through the blades of a huge cactus, the man wending his way toward the line.

A lizard, panting, came almost slothfully out of a crevice in the boulder and looked at him as though desiring an explanation of his presence there. Now and then a whirlwind, born of the burning sand, danced rhythmically across the level plain until, striking a greasewood, it would break and disappear in a cloud of dust and greasewood leaves.

Evidently having already satisfied himself that the line-rider was not in sight, the man drew nearer to the line, looking to the right and left as though expecting him to come out of the eastern or western horizon. Reaching a stone monument that marked the international boundary, he paused before crossing and looked carefully, not only up and down the boundary, but toward the hills as well; then boldly crossed the line and rode toward the line-rider, yet a little to the west.

When he had left the border a half mile in his wake the line-rider rode from behind the cactus and boldly went to meet him. Other men might have gone over the hill and waited for the smuggler to pass, but in the first place Gordon had almost taken a liking to the man on account of his very audacity, and then again he was not built on the "ambush" order.

He had hardly left his cover when the man saw him and immediately, though not in a way to display any fear or suspicion, turned his horse a little more toward the west, and the line-rider did likewise. As the tangent between them decreased the man tried to increase the angle by going further toward the west until, satisfied that he was being pursued, he struck spurs to his horse and headed for the mountains. But when the fleet-footed buckskin gradually lessened the distance until only about a thousand yards separated them, the smuggler suddenly stopped and, taking off his hat, motioned the line-rider to go back. Seeing Gordon did not heed his warning, he drew a carbine from his saddle, as the line-rider did likewise, and two shots rang out on the hot, dusty air, the smoke drifting away in a cloud of dust. But still the black feet of the flying buckskin pony pattered on the hot sand in bold disregard of danger as the smuggler fired again. His first shot had evidently been a warning, for it ploughed the ground some distance from its mark; but the second shot caught the poor buckskin directly in the throat, and he doubled up and went down, pinning the line-rider's leg beneath him. The smuggler rode rapidly away, waving his hat, but a well-directed shot from the line-rider pierced his arm, and the hat fell to the ground, flopped over and over, and landed against a sagebrush as the smuggler disappeared around a point in the hills.

The sun was just bidding the world a bright adieu, when Gordon, weakened by the heat and pain, unable to withdraw his leg from under the horse, fainted, and lay with his face toward the departing sun.

A buzzard, flying high, paused in its flight to watch the motionless figure of horse and man; then, circling lower and lower, lighted at a safe distance and turned its grizzled neck, edging nearer until, finally, seeing no motion from the bodies, it sprang into the air and lighted on the side of the horse, and looked down on the man, turning its head wisely aside as though trying to decide if he, too, were prey. Although a few minutes before this bird of carrion had held undisputed possession of that particular part of the heavens, now another, and still another, followed by several more, flew on the carcass of the horse and flapped their wings and pushed each other roughly about, one now and then falling over on the man, but quickly springing back, as though in aversion to the human race.

The cry of a coyote, coming from a distant cañon, reminded the birds that their time was limited, and they ceased to quarrel and set to work. Another coyote, seemingly nearer, answered the plaintive wail of his distant friend, and soon the hills and the cañons echoed with their wild, discordant yelps.

A timber wolf—wide-eyed, lank—crept from an edge of the wooded mountain, and pausing on a rocky point, looked masterfully down on the plain below, and after

reviewing the situation, assumed command of the wild recruits by raising his long, bristly nose and giving vent to deep, discordant wails; then came his mate, her tears swollen with her puppies' supper; then came another sneaky eyed friend, who sniffed her flanks, and being snapped away, assumed first lieutenant's place to the general on the rock and joined in the chorus.

The coyotes, knowing their right of possession would be questioned by the wolves, stealthily left the cover of the hills, and congregating in a group, boldly dashed across the plain and drove the buzzards off.

When Gordon regained consciousness his first impression was a pair of tawny, sneaking eyes looking down at him. Quickly raising his revolver he was about to fire as the animal sprang back with characteristic coyote cowardice. But seeing the others pulling and tugging at the horse, now and then almost making it possible for him to remove his leg, he suddenly realized that in them lay his only means of escape before the wolves arrived, and lying back upon the ground he took advantage of every pull they gave the horse, until finally he extricated his leg and lost no time in limping away toward the cabin on the mountain.

It was midnight when a light shining through the trees showed him he was nearing his destination. As he approached the cabin he heard a man's voice within, and weakly stumbling against the door knocked, but no one answered; then he knocked again with the same result; then, fatigued almost beyond endurance, he cast aside the laws of propriety, and pushing the door open dragged himself in.

A man lying upon a rudely made bunk built into the wall was wildly waving one arm and talking deliriously; but the other arm lay wrapped in bandages at his side, and seeing this the line-rider listened to his delirious mutterings.

"My, how the wolves howl," he said. "I'm going to help that line-rider; listen at 'em howl." Raising himself on his elbow, he looked about the room and called: "Nell! Where are you? Get my gun; I'm going to help that boy."

The line-rider released the grip he had taken on his revolver when convinced of the man's identity, and sat down on the bunk. His movement must have attracted the smuggler's attention, for he blinked his eyes several times, staring in amazement. The fever gradually driven down at the command of reason, he said: "Is it you, boy? Let me touch you." He grabbed Gordon's arm with his feverish hand, then looking again with that wild stare, said: "Then the wolves didn't get you."

The line-rider wondered, as he shook his head, how the smuggler could have an interest in the welfare of one who was hunting him down.

"You caught me after all, didn't you? But you did it fair and square, and I aint got no kick coming. I'm ready to go any time you are," he said, trying to get out of bed, but the line-rider stopped him.

"I guess we'll wait a while. Where's your daughter?"

"Humph! Oh, she's gone for a doctor," the smuggler replied, and taking the line-rider's hand, said: "You don't have to let her know, do you?" he pleaded. But Gordon did not reply, for he had fallen unconscious across the foot of the bed at the smuggler's feet and joined in his delirium.

When he awoke, he noticed little pieces of woman's handiwork tacked here and there against the logs, and wondered where he was. A little clock, ticking from a shelf covered with perforated paper, said it was noon, and turning on his pillow he saw the girl who had given him the drink sitting by him in a chair. The sunlight, coming through a crevice in the roof, danced in a ray of golden glee through her silken hair, and the big blue eyes she turned upon him looked like two bits of sky on a summer morn.

"Are you suffering much?" she asked, sweetly.

"No—not now." He wondered how she thought such a thing possible when in her presence. "How's your father?" he asked.

"Oh, he's up and—"

"Not gone, is he?" the line-rider exclaimed, rising on his elbow and looking at her.

"No indeed; he's here. Did you want to see him?" And seeing by his eyes that he did, she laid her work on an improvised dresser covered with cheap calico, neat, clean, tastefully arranged. "I'll get him."

He noticed two great copper-colored braids—heavy, soft, beautiful—hanging below her waist as she paused on the threshold to call her father. He could not help but notice, also, that her figure was lithe and graceful. Then remembering that she was the daughter of the man he was hunting down, banished the first thought of an already maturing dream, and turned to the smuggler, who had entered and stood beside him.

"How you feeling, sonny?" he asked, gruffly, but kindly.

"All right, I guess."

"That's good," the smuggler murmured, and bringing a chair close, sat down, and began: "The Doc says you can't get out for a couple of months yet, so I just want to tell you that you needn't be afraid of my hiking out or doing any more smuggling." He cleared his throat. "You see, it's not hard for me to stop, for I only began about a month ago, after those blame cattle thieves drove off all my cattle, just as I was going to sell 'em, so as to send Nell to school. You see she had her heart set on it." He cleared his throat again.

"So that's why you started in, was it? Rather than disappoint her?"

"You see, she's all I've got in this world, and she's all I've had since her mother died at the time she was

born. It was either that or disappoint her, so I did it; did it knowing the risk I run, and I aint kicking and I aint the only man that's risked his neck rather than disappoint a girl." He looked out the window to keep the line-rider from seeing the moisture in his eyes. "Got a pencil and paper?" Gordon asked, kindly.

"I reckon there must be some around here somewhere. Nell's the only one that knows where anything is around this ranch. I don't know what I'll do when she goes to school." Then suddenly remembering, he smiled and said, "I'd forgot; you're going to look after that part of it, aint you?" Then going to the door, he said, "Nell, get this boy some paper and a pencil, and when Doc's through eating you better have him come in and take another look at that leg before he goes."

Then he went out and sat on the doorstep, smoking his pipe and pulling the skin on the back of the dog; rubbing, now and then, his sleeve across his nose—might have been aiming at his eyes.

As the girl gave Gordon the paper, accidentally her fingers touched his, and when he took her hand and tried to tell her something, anything just to be telling her something, she permitted him to hold her hand just a moment, then she left him to his note.

"I wish you'd mail this for me, doctor; government business," he told the physician as he handed him the letter.

The expiration of the time allowed for Gordon's recovery found him sitting under a tree telling Nell something that was never intended for publication—that is, judging from his having her in his arms. They didn't see her father until he said, "You seem to be feeling better, sonny."

"Yes, I'm feeling all right," Gordon replied, confusedly releasing her. "Your daughter's decided she won't go to boarding-school."

The girl suddenly kissed her father, then ran away, leaving them together.

"You aint going to take my little girl, are you?" the old man asked, drawing a circle in the red sand with the toe of his boot. "Better get through with the old man first, hadn't you? You know we didn't meet under exactly pleasant circumstances." He paused as the line-rider evaded his eyes by drawing a circle in the red sand that lapped across the one drawn by the smuggler. "Don't you think I've been arrested about long enough to go to jail and have the thing over?"

"Somebody been arresting you?" Gordon asked innocently, looking down into the valley, watching a man riding along the international boundary.

"I reckon you ought to know." The smuggler wondered if he was right yet.

"If you mean I did, you're wrong," the line-rider said. "The only time I had the right was when or just before I keeled over on your bed. Since then you could have knocked me in the head a dozen times and gone to China." He seemed to be thinking; then began again: "But if you are itching to get arrested I'll hail that fellow riding along down yonder. He's got my job; I resigned two months ago."

Gordon sat, and the smuggler stood, and neither one looked at the other or spoke. Then the line-rider took off the customs badge, a cheap, shiny piece of metal—took it off and tossed it into a tree that grew out of a cañon that opened into a draw that emptied into the sea of sagebrush and sand, where an occasional jack-rabbit jumped almost languidly out of the way of the new line-rider, and a coyote skulked toward the hills, and a lizard stood panting on a rock, and a buzzard flying high above the heat of the plain were the only signs of life: not even a telegraph pole or a humming wire to carry the news of the line-rider's marriage to the smuggler's daughter—nothing but sagebrush and sand and heat.

RICHARD B. MOODIE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1911.

Engineers announce that by July, 1913, the Keokuk dam, the largest in the world, except the Assouan, will be completed, harnessing the Mississippi. When the waters, guided by engineering craft, pass through thirty turbines they will generate 250,000 horse-power, enough to light every private and public lamp, run every street-car and turn every factory wheel in practically every Mississippi Valley city from the Saint on the north to the Saint on the south. Keokuk will become one of the largest power distributing centres in the entire world. Already contracts have been signed for the transmission of 60,000 horse-power to St. Louis, 175 miles south, to run the street-cars and light the streets of that city. Negotiations are under way to transmit the power north and south, east and west, from St. Paul to Memphis and from Chicago to Omaha.

Emigration is so beneficial to Italy that the government has decided to establish schools in the southern part of the kingdom for teaching Spanish to those wishing to emigrate to Latin America and English to those wishing to go to North America. Italians in the Americas send back home so much of their earnings that the government schools should prove to be a profitable investment.

A French engineer has discovered silver in Iceland, making the third valuable metal deposit on the island. The others are gold and copper, both of which were discovered by the French. The French were leaders in the development of Iceland's mineral industry, but the English have fallen into line.

"HIS HONOR," THE COUNTY COURT.

A Different and a Near View of English Justice.

Like G. K. Chesterton, I have been on a visit to the eastern counties of England. But, unlike him, my amusement was not a quest after Stilton cheese. On the contrary, having half a dozen hours to spare and no better object to which to devote them, I elected the novel, to me, experience of spending them in a county court. It was an official placard which attracted me—a placard which set forth how "His Honor" would sit at 12:30 p. m. in trial of certain civil actions. Somehow that placard reminded me of the United States. It recalled the fact that Americans have a profound respect for English law; that as surely as a spectacular murder trial takes place in King George's country American newspapers improve the occasion by eulogies of the speedy and just manner in which the criminal is dealt with, etc.

For the purpose of this veracious record there is no need to specify the particular town in which I made the acquaintance of "His Honor" and the ways of the county court. Legal friends assure me that most of the judges and the courts are as alike as a row of peas. And I can testify that the buildings of English country towns in which civil law is administered belong in the bulk to that chaste style of architecture which the historian of the future will classify as Victorian. They are as four-square and as hideous as a Primitive Methodist chapel, than which no public building in England is more of an eyesore. And they are dirty to boot; unwashed and harbors for fleas, innocent of paint, and altogether typical of the squalid scenes which transpire within their walls.

There are some sixty of these courts scattered over England and Wales, and an equal number of "His Honors" to preside over them. In the main those judges are barristers who have failed. No one who has "taken silk" and made anything of a reputation as a pleader would condescend on a county court judgeship. The successful barrister in England can count upon an income averaging ten thousand pounds a year; "His Honor" is paid fifteen hundred pounds. Generally he is worth about as many shillings.

But in rural England "His Honor" is quite a big bug. The registrar of his court bows down before him; the pettifogging little solicitors who practise in his august presence would lick his boots if they were not safely tucked under his desk. Being so much of a demigod, it follows that every effort must be made to save him unnecessary exertion. Consequently the cases to be tried in the county court are so weeded and sifted that in the end "His Honor" will have but a beggarly half-dozen actions out of a total of perhaps fifty. So his entrance upon the scene of law is as carefully staged as the appearance of the star performer in a play.

Sad indeed is the lot of those defendants who have to go through the weeding and sifting process. In the main they are poor people who have got behind in the payment of tradesmen's accounts, and are consequently unable to secure the services of a solicitor. Hence they are at the mercy of the registrar, a patriarchal old gentleman who presides at the preliminary court behind a huge ledger and is usually rather hard of hearing. Beneath his desk is a large square table, around which are seated the solicitors appearing on behalf of the grocers and bakers and drapers who can't get their bills paid. They are an odd-looking bunch, those rural solicitors, most of them as shabbily dressed as though they were the debtors. At the further corner sits one who may be described as Mr. Fuzzy-Wuzzy, so unkempt and bushy are his locks and beard; his opposite is conspicuous for his flaming red hair and peg-top head. But they all know their business, which is to kowtow to the antique registrar, call him "Sir" in every sentence, and make pretense that he is directing the proceedings. Flattered by these attentions, the venerable old gentleman administers justice at the discretion of his sycophants, scribbling busily in his ledger such terms of payment as the solicitors suggest. But not all the solicitors are so favored. It is evident that the dear old soul behind the ledger has his pets among the lawyers below and also his aversions, with what consequences can be imagined.

An hour and a half of this travesty of justice prepares the way for the impressive entrance of "His Honor." He is due at 12:30 by the placard, but it is 12:55 before his approach is heralded by the court crier, who announces the opening of the act by exhorting all plaintiffs and defendants to make their appearance and winds up with, "Oyez, oyez, oyez, God save the king!" At those cabalistic words all the people in the court rise to their feet, for lo! "His Honor" enters and marches to his chair with what dignity he can command.

Ere the proceedings have been under weigh for half an hour it is obvious that in some respects the farce of the weeding-out court is to be repeated. That is, heedless of Bacon's "it is more strange that judges should have favorites," "His Honor" quickly demonstrated that he has a soft side for some of the pleaders before him. They knew their advantage and addressed the bench in dulcet tones and with seductive smiles. And of course they won their cases, generally "with costs, your Honor?" But the less fortunate pleaders were balked at every turn; browbeaten with needless interruptions, checked in their cross-examinations, and made the occasion of judicial wit. Before a case had been in progress ten minutes it was plain which way the decision was to go, manifest that "His Honor" had made up his mind

for or against. Again forgetful of Bacon, he met most of the causes "half way," giving ample occasion for counsel to say that his proofs were not heard.

As a matter of fact, "His Honor" talked too much. He was an "overspeaking judge" and consequently no "well-tuned cymbal." He seemed to labor under the delusion that he was a humorist, a fallacy in which he was confirmed by the eager laughter of Mr. Fuzzy-Wuzzy and Mr. Peg-top-head. His jokes were too painful for the reproduction for *Argonaut* readers, accustomed to their column and a half of "Alleged Humorists" and their weekly installments of "Story-ettes." But not content with his pitiful attempts at humor, "His Honor" also played occasionally on the *vox humana* stop. When counsel protested that the only evidence of one witness was his mother's word, "His Honor" pathetically wanted to know "what better proof can a man want than his mother's word, the word of the woman who bore and nurtured him," etc., ignoring the fact that four sons of that same mother had appeared before him and demonstrated the worthlessness of the stem from which they had sprung.

All told the day's work of "His Honor" extended to less than four hours. His first session lasted some ninety minutes, at the end of which he was so wearied as to call for half an hour's recess. The half-hour lengthened out to forty minutes, for once more "His Honor" was unpunctual. And then as the hands of the clock moved round to the hour of five he became increasingly restive. So much so that his pets among the solicitors assured him they would put their cases as briefly as possible and detain him but a few minutes, etc. The funny aspect of all this to the outsider was that in connection with the case of a laboring man who had met with an accident and protested that he was not able to work for more than four hours, "His Honor" waxed now indignant and anon hilarious at the preposterous notion of a four-hour working-day! And the joke is enhanced by the fact that the four-hour day of "His Honor" comes on an average about three times a month! And for this he is paid fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Now and again "His Honor" stumbled upon justice as though by accident. Some cases were too plain for even a wayfaring man to make a mistake in equity. But the day's experience as a whole left me with an uncomfortable impression of the lopsided nature of county court justice in England. All of which is submitted for the consideration of American editors in anticipation of the next occasion for comment on John Bull's legal procedure.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, May 3, 1911.

The bane of outdoor life in England is the excessive rainfall. Shows, pageants, garden parties, seaside outings, cricket matches, regattas, and fêtes of all kinds are to an uncommon degree at the mercy of the skies. No wonder that the English have finally elaborated a systematic scheme to provide indemnity for disappointment or loss caused by wet weather. The new plan, which is associated with Lloyd's underwriters, will first be tried at the resorts on the south and east coasts from May to October. You may insure against rain, to a certain fraction of an inch, on any single day; or against rain during any one week; or, if planning a week-end party, against rain on four consecutive days.

The late Charles Wertheimer of London, who died in his sixty-ninth year a fortnight ago, was perhaps the cleverest art connoisseur and collector of the past generation. His smartest performance was when, seeing a rare and valuable vase in the front window of a private house in Brighton, he bought the whole house with all its contents simply to get the vase. The owner had no conception of the vase's value and believed that Mr. Wertheimer was really after a furnished residence in Brighton. The price paid for the house and contents was \$90,000. Somewhat later Mr. Wertheimer sold the vase to an American for \$175,000.

Among some extraordinary voyages made by deep-sea sailing craft within recent years there may be mentioned that of the *Beacon Rock*, engaged on a short postal trip between two Australian ports. After all hope of her safe arrival had been abandoned, she turned up at Talcahuano, Chili, some 6000 miles from her intended destination. Being in light trim and consequently with no grip on the water, she had been unable to make any progress against a persistent head wind and her master had been compelled to square yards and make a fair wind of it across the broad Pacific.

The referendum recently taken in the Canton Graubunden, which includes the Engadine resorts, as to whether motor-cars should or should not be allowed has not resulted in favor of the motorist. Eleven thousand votes were against it, and only 3000 for opening the roads to motor traffic. However, the matter is not ended yet, and will be discussed by a conference of all the Swiss Cantons, but it is not likely that motors will be allowed in the Engadine this year.

A building has recently been purchased in Peabody, Massachusetts, by the Greek Orthodox Church of New England which is to be used for the establishment of a preparatory school to be known as the American Greek College. It will be connected with the University of Greece and will be the only institution of that kind in this country.

A LIFE OF NIETZSCHE.

Daniel Halévy Tells the Story of a Man Whose Philosophy Is Rejected by the World.

The duel between Nietzsche and civilization is long since over. So speaks Mr. T. M. Kettle, who writes the introduction to "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche," by Daniel Halévy. The multitude has passed its verdict upon the theories of the strangest philosopher that modern times have produced, and on the whole it is a just and a merciful verdict. It dismisses Nietzsche's ideas and it praises both the man and his images. If his philosophy is fundamental nonsense, the nonsense is at least garbed in a most attractive literary dress. He was a master of language and a reformer of style, even though the thinker must reject in their entirety all his efforts to break the tables of stone and to set a new and unmoral ideal for human effort. Perhaps Nietzsche himself would say that Ephraim is still too much wedded to his idols to follow the truth and that the light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not. But however that may be, whatever future ages have to say to the Nietzschean philosophy, there is so far no sign that humanity is willing to construe the Will to Live into that other mystery, vaguer and more malign, the Will to Power. Morality, and not art, still holds the field.

But for Nietzsche the man there can be nothing but a profound admiration and an earnest sympathy such as are the due of all heroic souls who are willing to struggle and to suffer. Mr. Halévy does well to emphasize the character of Nietzsche and to allow his philosophy to gravitate upward or downward to its own sphere. All philosophies must indeed do this in spite of contemporary human verdicts and the applause or the hisses of the audience. At the present time we want none of the philosophy except for museum purposes, but we can not afford to part with our memory of the man or to forget the laurels that are due to his tomb. He was one of the strong men of a day rich in strong men.

Nietzsche the boy was the promise of Nietzsche the man. What strange spectacles of youth are presented by the old German schools, of a youth that is taught to approach life with awe, as something momentous, as the seed time of eternity. There was nothing violent, nothing of the insurrectionist spirit, about Nietzsche's break with orthodoxy. He venerates the old traditions and the old dogmas. Beyond them he sees nothing but uncharted depths and the solemn warnings of shipwreck. To risk one's self on the ocean of doubt, he says, is for a young brain loss and madness. Few indeed are the discoverers of new lands. And yet he must beware lest submission to the will of God and humility "are but a mantle thrown over the cowardice and pusillanimity which we experience at the moment when we ought to face our destiny with courage."

The University of Bonn opened a new life to the young student already hungry for experience:

During the next few weeks he allowed himself to be absorbed by the course of his new life. No doubt he never touched either beer or tobacco. But learned discussions; boatings upon the river; hours of light-heartedness in the riverside inns, and, at evening on the way home, improvised choruses—Nietzsche made the best of these simple pleasures. He even wished to fight a duel so that he might become a "finished" student, and, lacking an enemy, chose for his adversary an agreeable comrade. "I am new this year," said he to him, "and I want to fight a duel. I rather like you. Let us fight." "Willingly," said the other. Nietzsche received a rapier thrust.

There was little in the student life to attract such a boy. It was indeed a life of intense mental activity and there were all sorts of groups feverishly interested in materialism, in democracy, and in the many phases of humanitarian philosophy. But these had small charms for a youth who never desired comforts or material prosperities and who could not understand why others should. But the masses he looked upon as one looks upon aborigines, upon those who are constitutionally unable to conceive of beauty, heroism, and force as the only desirable possessions. Then came the revelation of Schopenhauer. He picked up and bought a copy of "The World as Will and Idea." Nothing exists but Will and it is a famishing Will, since it must feed only upon itself:

Friedrich Nietzsche read greedily the two thousand pages of this metaphysical pamphlet, which had struck at all the naive beliefs of the nineteenth century with terrible force, and had struck from the head of puerile humanity all its crown of dreams. He experienced a strange and almost startling emotion. Schopenhauer condemns life, but so vehement an energy is in him that in his accusing work it is yet life that one finds and admires. For fourteen days Nietzsche scarcely slept; he went to bed at two o'clock, rose at six, spent his days between his book and the piano, meditated, and, in the intervals of his meditations, composed a *Kyrie*. His soul was full to the brim: it had found its truth. That truth was hard, but what matter? For a long time his instinct had warned and prepared him for this. "What do we seek?" he had written to his sister. "Is it repose or happiness? No, truth alone, however terrible and evil it may be." He recognized the sombre universe of Schopenhauer. He had had a presentiment of it in the reveries of his boyhood, in his readings of Æschylus, of Byron, and of Goethe; he had caught a glimpse of it across the symbolism of Christianity.

The meeting with Wagner was one of the great epochs of Nietzsche's life. All Germany was discussing the great composer and Nietzsche was drawn by curiosity toward the tumultuous man who was a revolutionary at Dresden, a "damned" author at Paris, and a writer at the Court of Munich. Casually he received an invitation to meet the composer, and as he had no

money to pay the tailor for his new suit he went in his old one, but greatly doubting whether it would "do for Richard." But Richard was sartorially unobservant. He is interested in his worshiper, "bursts out in invectives against all the productions of his work, those of Munich, which are admirable, alone excepted." Nietzsche writes:

"How I would like to give you an idea of the pleasures of the evening, of our enjoyments, which have been so lively, so peculiar, were it not that even today I have not yet recovered my old equilibrium, and can not do better than tell you as I chatter along a 'fair tale.' Afterwards, before dinner, Wagner played all the principal passages from 'The Meistersinger'; he himself imitated all the voices: I can leave you to imagine that much was lost. As a talker he is incredibly swift and animated, and his abundance and humor are enough to convulse with gaiety a circle of intimates such as we were. Between whiles I had a long conversation with him about Schopenhauer. Ah, you will understand what a joy it was for me to hear him speak with an indescribable warmth, explaining what he owes to our Schopenhauer, and telling me that Schopenhauer, alone among the philosophers, understood the essence of music. Then he wanted to know what is the present attitude of the philosophers with regard to Schopenhauer; he laughed very heartily at the Congress of Philosophers at Prague, and spoke of philosophical domesticity. Afterwards he read us a fragment of his Memoirs, which he is now writing, a scene from his student-life at Leipsic, overwhelmingly funny, of which I can not think even now without laughing. His mind is amazingly supple and witty."

At the age of twenty-four Nietzsche received the extraordinary honor of an invitation to a professorship at Basle. He had not taken his own final degree at Leipsic, but his essays already published rendered superfluous all such formalities as examinations. The Leipsic university at once gave him his full degree without them. They could hardly examine a colleague of Basle.

But although he had become a citizen of Switzerland he was by no means deaf to the patriotic appeal of the Franco-Prussian War. He obtained leave of absence and enlisted in a German ambulance corps:

He crossed conquered Alsace: he saw the charnel houses of Wissembourg and of Wörth: on August 29th he bivouacked not far from Strassburg, where conflagrations lit up the horizon; then he made his way, by Luneville and Nancy, towards the country around Metz, now converted into an immense ambulance, where the wounded of Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, and Paint-Privat, so numerous that it was difficult to nurse them, were dying of their wounds and infectious illnesses. Some unfortunates were given into his charge: he did his duty with kindness and courage, but experienced a singular emotion, a sacred and almost enthusiastic horror. For the first time he considered without repulsion the labor of the masses. He watched those billions of beings, some struck down and marked by death, others marching the roads or standing under arms: he considered them without contempt, he esteemed their destiny. Under the menaces of war, these men have something momentous about them. They forget their vain thoughts; they march, they sing, they obey their chiefs; they die.

And now he experienced a "patriotic emotion," which, he says, "is a new thing for me." He glorifies war. It is force. From it came the Greek genius, from it must come always the influence that counteracts utilitarianism. He saw more of Wagner and experienced a slight disillusion. Wagner was not magnanimous in the hour of national triumph. He remembered the cat-calls in the Parisian theatres and now he "ate Frenchmen" with insatiable appetite. But the break was not yet.

Nietzsche worshiped war as the implacable enemy of the faithful, the medicine sternly administered by nature as the remedy for corruption and speculation. He sings of war as other men sing of God. It is "War and yet again war which exalts the peoples":

"If the spirit of speculation is not thus to debase the spirit of the State, we must have war and war again—there is no other means. In the exaltation which it procures, it becomes clear to men that the State has not been founded to protect egoistical individuals against the demon of war; quite the contrary: love of country, devotion to one's prince, help to excite a moral impulse which is the symbol of a far higher destiny. . . . It will not therefore be thought that I do ill when I raise here the psalm of war. The resonance of its silver bow is terrible. It comes to us sombre as night: nevertheless Apollo accompanies it, Apollo, the rightful leader of states, the god who purifies them. . . . Let us say it then: war is necessary to the State, as the slave is to society. No one will be able to avoid these conclusions, if he have sought the causes of the perfection which Greek art attained, and Greek art alone."

The rupture between Nietzsche and Wagner was already in sight. It was a temperamental incompatibility. Nietzsche loved Wagner, who was necessary to him as a source of beauty and happiness. But in Nietzsche's character there was no flaw of vanity, and he was perplexed and bewildered when he found such flaws in others. He wrote a pamphlet on "The Use and Abuse of History" and Wagner received not even a mention in it, and for this flagrant oversight he was called to order by Frau Cosima. Then a curious idea occurred to him:

Did he merely wish to affirm his independence? or did he wish to correct Wagner? It may be that he conceived the fantastic dream of influencing his master, purifying him, lifting him up to the height of the devotion which he inspired. He took a score of Brahms, whom he admired, and whom Wagner pursued with a jealousy that was comic at times, slipped it in his trunk, and, early in the first evening, put it well in view on the piano. It was wound in the most beautiful red. Wagner perceived it, and, without doubt, understood; he had the sense, to say nothing. Next day, however, Nietzsche repeated the manoeuvre. Then the great man exploded; he screamed, raged, and foamed; then dashed off, hanging the doors behind him. He met Nietzsche's sister, who had come with her brother, and, suddenly laughing at himself, gayly related the anecdote.

"Your brother had again thrust that red score on the piano, and the first thing I see on entering the room is it! Then I fell into a fury, like a hull before a red rag. Nietzsche, as I knew well, wanted me to understand that that man, too, had composed beautiful music. I exploded—what is called exploding!"

And Wagner laughed noisily.

Nietzsche's distinctive philosophy had now excited remark and he had become intellectually dangerous. His books had a small sale and his friends avoided him or secretly grieved. He himself knew that he had reached a time of obscurity, and he compares this time to Norwegian days when the sun remains below the horizon:

His sister had left him; in September he was leading a painful and miserable life, a few features of which we can apprehend. He was avoided, for his agitated condition gave alarm. Often, on coming out of the university, he would meet Jacob Burckhardt. The wise historian would slip off by a clever manoeuvre; he esteemed his colleague, but dreaded him. In vain Nietzsche sought to gather new disciples around him. "I am hunting for men," he wrote, "like a veritable corsair, not to sell them into slavery, but to carry them off with me to liberty." This unsocial liberty which he proposed failed to seduce the young men. A student, Herr Schaffler, has recorded his recollections: "I attended Nietzsche's lectures," says he; "I knew him very slightly. Once, at the end of a lecture, he chanced to be near me, and we walked out side by side. There were light clouds passing over the sky. 'The beautiful clouds,' he said to me, 'how rapid they are!' 'They resemble the clouds of Paul Veronese,' I answered. Suddenly his hand seized my arm. 'Listen,' said he; 'the holidays are coming; I am leaving soon, come with me, and we shall go together and see the clouds at Venice.' . . . I was surprised, I stammered out some hesitating words; then I saw Nietzsche turn from me, his face icy and rigid as death. He moved away, without saying a word, leaving me alone."

He seems to have had a premonition of the end and he made ready to die. Probably he foresaw that he would die mad. He writes to a friend that he will go into retirement, as at such a time "it is fitting that one should be closer to one's mother, one's hearth, one's souvenirs of childhood." But he remained unshaken. He never at any time descended into the realm of personal sorrow. He walked always among the stars, tranquil, serene, like the stars effulgent:

His mother and sister, who saw him suffer, hear witness to the awful days through which he passed. He accepted suffering as a test, as a spiritual exercise. He compared his destiny to that of men who were great in sorrow—Leopoldi, for instance. But Leopoldi was not brave, for, in his sickness, he defamed life, and—Nietzsche discovered this hard truth—an invalid has not the right to be a pessimist. Or the Christ. But even Christ weakened upon the cross. "Father, Father!" He cried out, "why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Friedrich Nietzsche had no God, no father, no faith, no friends. Every prop he had taken from himself, and yet he did not bend. To complain, even in a passing manner, would be to avow defeat. He refused to make the avowal. Suffering did not overwhelm him: on the contrary it instructed him, and animated his thought.

The author gives us a charming instance of his consideration for others, trivial in its way, but then all great things are trivial:

To live courteously, yet withhold from ordinary gaze the secret of one's life, is a whole art in itself; and this art Nietzsche had mastered. Indeed, as regards the scheme of manners that he had composed for himself, this solitary of the table d'hôte was, deliberately, hypocritical and almost cunning. More than once Lanzky was nonplussed. One Sunday a young lady asked Nietzsche had he been to church.

"Today, no," he replied courteously.

To Lanzky, who admired his prudence, he explained that every truth was not good for every one. "If I had troubled that girl's mind," he added, "I should be horrified."

In the search for rest he visited his mother, but the good lady was in despair at the impieties of her son's books. He implored her not to read them. "It is not for you that I write." But she was inconsolable, and he fled to the Upper Engadine, where he was plagued afresh by the importunities and curiosities of visitors. But his gentle courtesy never forsook him:

How did they judge him? Carefully he avoided any speech that might have pained or surprised them. He kept his dangerous thoughts to himself. So far as they were concerned, he wished to be, and knew how to be, an amiable companion . . . learned, refined, and reserved. Still, whatever secret he made of his work, his friends did not fail to get an inkling into the mystery of his reserve. One of them, an Englishwoman in delicate health whom he often went to visit and distract, broached the subject.

"I know, Herr Nietzsche, why you won't let us see your books. If one were to believe what you say in them, a poor, suffering creature, like myself, would have no right to live."

Nietzsche was apologetic, and warded off the accusation as best he could.

Another, having said to him one day:

"I have been told about your books. You've written in one of them, 'If thou goest among women, do not forget thy whip.'"

"Dear lady, dear friend," answered Nietzsche, in a pained voice, taking the hands of her who reproached him in his own: "do not misunderstand me; it is not thus that I am to be understood."

At last comes the end. It is a sad and pitiful picture irradiated only by the beautiful disposition that was above nature and that nature could not destroy, that was always radiant and incorruptible:

He lived another ten years. The first of them were cruel, the later more kindly: sometimes even there seemed to be hope. He would recall his work.

"Have I not written fine books?" he would say.

He was shown portraits of Wagner.

"Him," he would say, "I loved much."

These returns of consciousness might have been frightful: it seems that they were not. One day his sister, as she sat by his side, could not restrain her tears.

"Lisbeth," he said, "why do you cry? Are we not happy?"

The ruined intellect could not be saved, but the uncorrupted soul kept sweet and charming, open to pure impressions.

Friedrich Nietzsche died at Weimar on August 25, 1900. To the industrious sympathy of Daniel Halévy and to the competence of the translator, J. M. Hone, we are indebted for a biography that will be appreciated for its fine workmanship and for its spirit of generosity.

THE LIFE OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. By Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone, and with an introduction by T. M. Kettle, M. P. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Standard of Living.

This volume appears among the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics. Originally submitted for second-class adjudication, it was placed in the first class by the committee and received the first prize in that class.

It would be hard to find a more thorough and at the same time a more condensed analysis of social conditions in America. Every vital phase is passed in review with statistical illustrations that are intended not so much to sustain the theories of the author as to enable the reader to form theories of his own. Thus we have an examination of family expenditures, unemployment, incomes, housing, food, clothing, thrift, health, and other departments of life, with facts drawn from reliable sources and arranged in accessible form. Fluctuations are explained by tables and charts, and statistical appendices supply what may be lacking in the text.

The author argues from the sound economic basis that rates of pay are governed by the standard of living and can therefore be regulated only in an indirect way by legislation or special ameliorative measures. The mass of workers will get whatever they believe to be essential to their welfare, and they are likely to lose whatever they believe to be unessential. They must be encouraged to expect the things that are of good repute—leisure, literature, the means of health, and so forth—and so draw them within the circle of the essential. In other words, the standard of living must be sustained and raised.

The author is wisely chary of recommendations. He reminds us that over 30 per cent of unemployment is due to accidents and sickness. Here, then, are evils largely preventible. He seems to hold that a decrease in the hours of labor does not imply a decrease of production, while it does imply better health, better intelligence, and better morals. The short day means an evening at home, while the long day means the evening in the saloon. Health, thrift, and efficiency are largely matters of education, but not, says the author, the education now given in our schools. He seems to favor the three R's with a little history and civics and of course manual training for the boys and simple cooking for the girls. Since 90 per cent of the boys will have to work with their hands, why not teach them to do so now? Manual training is also moral training, and the power of exact measurement will be followed by a certain four squareness of conduct which is good citizenship.

At least the author shows us that we have a real problem to solve. Five million industrial workers receive less than \$600 per annum, and many do not earn \$500. One-third of these workers are insufficiently nourished through poverty and through ignorance. The modern "reformer" asks for more laws. The sociologist knows that the only remedy is a mental one. The standard of living must be raised. The domain of the necessary and the essential must be enlarged.

THE STANDARD OF LIVING AMONG THE INDUSTRIAL PEOPLE OF AMERICA. By Frank H. Streightoff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

The Grain of Dust.

The late David Graham Phillips in his posthumous novel, "The Grain of Dust," tells us that Americans are nearest to children of any race in civilization, and this because we still believe that "in a social system modeled upon the cruel and immoral system of nature, success is to the good and kind." It depends, of course, upon what we mean by success. If to be happy is to be successful, then we do well to believe in the efficacy of goodness and kindness, but if success means an imitation of the greedy and sordid triumphs pictured in this book, then we shall do well to push goodness and kindness into the background. Certainly none of Mr. Phillips's characters display a scintilla of either.

That is the distinguishing feature of his story, the dreary badness of his characters, all of them. There are no high lights, nor even half-tones, and there can be no work of art without them. It is not a picture of life, because life is never monotone. The artist always finds gradation, melioration, even though none be ordinarily visible. It is the power to do this that makes him an artist instead of a reporter.

In this case the "grain of dust" is a stenographer who has a chameleon-like power of transfiguration. She goes into the room of Norman, her enormously wealthy employer, "not only commonplace but common, a dingy, washed-out blond girl. . . . She was standing there in the majesty of such proud pale beauty as poets delight to ascribe to a sorrowful princess." She does this sort of thing often. No wonder she fascinates the corporation attorney who employs her, so that in his infatuation he allows his business to go to wreck and ruin and faces the abyss of absolute want. There is no need to describe how the villain still pursues her, how he lavishes his money upon her aged father in the hope of winning a smile, how he discards the very superior young woman to whom he was engaged, how, in short, he becomes a

monomaniac under the scourge of his lust. Only when the stenographer finds that she herself is facing want does she listen to him. Even then he is but one of three alternatives, the other two being a law clerk on \$25 a week or the life of a courtesan. She has no moral scruples. None of them have. It is a matter of calculation, and so she marries Norman. Then she leaves him a day or so later for reasons that are grossly suggested, returns penitent, presumably hungry, and this precious pair politely tolerate each other for several years until we are allowed to suppose that they have become indispensable to each other. It is quite possible. Both Norman and his wife are rather sickening, but they might get bearable to one another, although not to the reader. "The Grain of Dust" belongs to that class of fiction that rests wholly upon the physical perfections of a woman, and not even the most private of them is left to the imagination. The story becomes true to life only when we assume that lust and greed are the only basic realities of human nature.

THE GRAIN OF DUST. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30.

Potash and Perlmutter.

All the world and his wife have already laughed at the copartnership ventures and adventures of this inimitable couple. Now we have these admirably done sketches in volume form, and they deserve something better than a place in the ephemeral literature of the day. Indeed they are the work of a very fine and delicate art. Whether we look at their intimate portrayal of a little known trade, that of the garment-makers of New York, or at their broader and human aspect, we are alike charmed by the skill and effectiveness of the telling, by their psychological insight, and by their ethical significance. A less cunning hand than that of Mr. Glass would have been content to give no relief, no contrast, to the sombre colors in which he paints the sordid and clever greed of Potash and Perlmutter. But there is both relief and contrast. Almost with delight we slowly recognize that these traders have the garb of Shylock, but not his heart. They do good by stealth and blush to find it known. They have a real kindness, a real love for each other, that will not be suppressed by the inherited cunning and selfishness of a thousand years. Positively it hurts them to do an unkind thing.

Mr. Glass is one of the few writers of the day who have something refreshingly new to offer us or who can include the power to create among their literary capacities.

POTASH & PERLMUTTER. By Montague Glass. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20.

The Square Peg.

Mr. Norris has told a successful and readable story with some delicate shadings and pleasant sentiment. Cyril Hadlow is a young man who has been trained as an artist only to discover that he is subject to occasional attacks of color blindness. Making a precarious living as an etcher, he receives an offer from a wealthy cousin, Sir Martin Hadlow, who wishes to adopt him. Sir Martin and his wife have lost their children and Cyril seems suited to relieve the loneliness of the old country house. With some misgivings Cyril accepts, and he soon finds that his misgivings were well founded. He himself is a Bohemian of the continental fashion, saturated with radical and socialist opinions, and he finds himself thrown suddenly among the conventions of English country life, where the squire and the parson are popularly supposed to be the direct representatives of an earthly Providence. Cyril is a gentleman and a good fellow, but we see at once that he is indeed "the square peg" in the round hole. For his many adventures and their satisfactory issue, the book itself must be read. It is a faithful picture of English country life in its greatness and littleness, a story of honorable, kindly, and narrow people and with a vein of goodly sentiment running through it. Without any wealth of incident, it is a satisfactory novel and one worth reading.

THE SQUARE PEG. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia.

The ninth volume of this fine work has now been issued under the general editorship of Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D., and a staff of competent associates. Another three volumes will complete an encyclopedia unique not only in conception, but in the thoroughness and breadth of its execution.

The new volume begins with Petri and ends with Reuchlin. It contains, therefore, such important contribution as those on the Papacy, Reformation, Protestantism, and Puritanism. From the historical point of view, the article on the Papacy seems to be particularly good, a useful feature being a list of the pontiffs from Peter to the present day. Among other prominent articles are those on the Pharisees, Phenicia, Pietism, Preaching, Presbyterians, and Prophecy.

In a work of this kind, entrusted as it is to a large number of writers, it is necessarily difficult to assign space to the various headings in precise proportion to their merit and

importance. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that the two longest articles are on Presbyterians and Preaching, the former occupying thirty-nine pages and the latter thirty-two—overweight, both of them. Moreover, a number of the biographies might have been omitted with advantage, especially those of living men. A cursory turning of the pages seems to disclose a good many names that will probably be wholly forgotten in a few years' time, except, of course, for the immortality conferred upon them by the present inclusion. As an example of the modern spirit pervading the work, it may be said that the article on Psychotherapy is an unusually careful piece of work and of a greater historical and general value than many a treatise devoted to that subject alone. It may be said that this latest volume contains nearly 700 headings, contained in 518 pages, and that 170 writers contribute thereto.

THE SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Camera Fiend.

Mr. Hornung's appetite for the bizarre has led him this time into an unwholesome and distasteful path. He tells us of an old scientist who has devoted his life to what is known as spirit photography. If he can but secure a picture of the soul in the act of leaving the body he will set at rest alike the doubts of the materialist and the perplexities of the bereaved. His idea becomes so far a monomania that he commits a murder for the purpose of experimentation and to compensate for the difficulties interposed by authority in the way of more legitimate modes. A thread of love sentiment pervades the story, but hardly saves it from what must be called repulsiveness. Mr. Hornung could hardly tell a story other than well, but he has not shown an equal felicity in his choice of plot.

THE CAMERA FIEND. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

"Cadet Life at West Point," by Colonel Hugh T. Reed (Reed & Son), has reached a third edition. There could be no better book for those curious on the details of the life at the military academy.

"Dave Porter and His Rivals," by Edward Stratemeyer (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25), is a story of boarding-school life, vigorously told and with a wholesome moral sentiment pervading it.

The poetry and the prose of love are well represented in a little volume entitled "The Book of Love," with an introduction by Madison Cawein and illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda (Macmillan Company; \$1.25). Most of the extracts are classical; all are made with taste, and the illustrations are peculiarly pleasing.

The Wisdom of the East series is probably the most valuable contribution to Orientalism of recent years. It now constitutes a little library in itself, the latest addition being "The Bustan of Sadi," translated from the Persian with an introduction by A. Hart Edwards. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co., and the price is 60 cents.

Convinced that oratory can be learned, Mr. Edwin Gordon Lawrence, editor of "The Lawrence Reader and Speaker" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50), has compiled a volume of masterpieces in poetry and prose for the use of the ambitious. The selections are made with nearly uniform discrimination and should be useful to the student.

"The Pendulum," by Scots Sorin (Duffield & Co.), is a story of an abnormally mad woman whose irregularities culminate in a love tragedy between her son and her daughter, who are unaware of their relationship. The idea is an old one and so ugly that it might well be forgotten. In this case the story is told crudely and unconvincingly.

"Crow-Step," by Georgie Fraser (Witter & Kintner; \$1.50), is a novel of the revolution. An early Dutch mansion on Western Long Island has been taken from its owners and turned into a military redoubt. When the war is over it is visited by one of its former assailants attracted thereto by the usual magnet of bright eyes. It is a story fairly well told and of historical accuracy.

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The Obvious Orient.

An Oriental journey of eight months' duration permits of little more than an observation of the obvious. Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart visited not only Japan and China, but also the Philippines and the British colonies in the last, and still he had time for a glance at the North American western coast, including Alaska. He used his time amazingly well, and to his own observations he adds the stored knowledge of a well-equipped mind. The result is a delightful hook, full of things so obvious that we never heard of them before, and they are usually just the things that illustrate national character and temperament. Sometimes, it is true, the author ventures upon a generalization that can hardly be warranted by so hurried a scamp. He says, for instance, that the Japanese will never be Westernized. There will be external imitations of the West, but "they will still be more different from all Western nations than any Western nation is from any of its neighbors." That may be so, but it is hazardous to predict. Elsewhere he says that Japan might have been converted to Christianity by the early churches if they had only kept out of politics, but now, he seems to infer, it is too late. The ridiculous spectacle of fifty different kinds of Christianity all trying to convert the Japanese leads naturally to a stupefying confusion.

Some of the obvious things recorded by the author are none the less suggestive and illuminating. He shows that the Japanese constitution is little more than a legalization of the personal powers of the emperor. Speaking of Japanese trade, he remarks that if a Japanese business colony of wealthy men were to establish themselves in New York, and in their newspapers and clubs should constantly dwell on the slipperiness of American business men and the crookedness of American government and the worthlessness of American laborers, they might expect to see their sales fall off. But that is the way business men, and particularly the English, behave in Japan. This has something to do with the jealousy of the foreigner and the disposition to oust him from educational and other positions where to some extent he has outlived his usefulness. The author is wisely skeptical as to Japan's hellish intentions. He believes that the real Japan desires peace with America, but at the same time he wishes that one could overhear the discussions of the imperial council of the elder statesmen on the navy and learn why they exact such sacrifices to increase it, such a straining of the national credit, such a postponing of the internal development of the country. On the whole, he believes that the navy is intended not as a demonstration against any one power, but against all, and that Japan recognizes her inability to hold anything that she can not defend.

In Shanghai the author spent a day in a court of justice and so was able to observe "many occult habits of the Chinese mind." One of the prisoners is a girl charged with solicitation, an uncommon offense, says the author, "except under Western example." For the most part the cases are settled expeditiously, wisely, and mercifully by the Chinese judge, who, however, is assisted by a representative of either England, Germany, or the United States.

It would be easy to dwell at some length upon the virtues of this interesting hook. Without professing any profundity of insight into Oriental problems it none the less adds largely to our stock of knowledge and increases our sympathy for peoples with whom we are likely to be increasingly intimate.

THE OBVIOUS ORIENT. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D., LL. D., Litt. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

The Face of the Fields.

In this latest nature hook by Dallas Lore Sharp we have a variety of topics, all winningly handled, and with not only a touch of humor, but a range of speculation that classes the author among the philosophers. We like to think, with him, that fear is not a prominent feature in animal life, and this in spite of some modern sages who would have us believe that human fear is a heritage from far-off animal ancestors, instead of being a distinctly human creation. Equality of attack and defense is a feature of field life, and the chances of escape are not discounted by a paralyzing terror. Pursuer and pursued are alike in the game. The keynote of the field is not fear, "but the widest kind of a personal permit to live—joyously, abundantly, intensely, frugally at times, painfully at times, and always with large liberty; until suddenly the time comes to Let Live, when death is almost sure to be instant, with little pain and less fear." Certainly we have heard too much of the cruelty of nature. It is only man, released by free will from the law, that inflicts needless pain upon life, or that is ever cruel. We see nature's inflexibility, but we forget her noddy.

There are nine essays in this little volume, and they are all alike charming. "The Scorching Skunks" is full of rich humor, and "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz" is a masterpiece. Nor do we fail to note Mr. Sharp's

dictum that the true nature-writer "will never touch the flat, disquieting note of make-believe. He will never invent, never pretend, never pose, never shy." And to do Mr. Sharp justice, he himself never does.

THE FACE OF THE FIELDS. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Old Country Inns.

There is certainly no reason why guide-books to England should be so full of churches and manor houses and so empty of inns. The preference is doubtless due to the almost ineradicable conventions of religion and society and to an innate conviction that the history of every country is best represented by its respectabilities rather than by its sincerities. And we may believe that the sincerities are to be found in the inns rather than in either the church or the manor house.

Mr. Maskell and Mr. Gregory have done much to give to the old English inn the status that it deserves. Instead of giving separate descriptions of the famous old hostleries, they have grouped them according to their distinguishing characteristics. Thus we have chapters on the hospices, the guilds and traders' inns, church inns, coaching inns, the inns of literature and art, and haunted inns, not forgetting a section for mine host himself and for inn furniture. Altogether it is a comprehensive and a handsome work. The traveler who takes it with him is not likely to overlook anything that is worth seeing or to miss any of the fascination that belongs to old historical association and to the lingering aroma of ancient sentiments and of great deeds. The volume contains fifty illustrations from sketches by the authors.

OLD COUNTRY INNS OF ENGLAND. By Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

English Cathedrals.

This substantial volume by Helen Marshall Pratt is not the result of a hurried scamp through England, nor has it any suggestion of the impressionistic. The author tells us that she studied her subject for eight years, supplementing her personal observations with hard work in the historical and archaeological departments of the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Bibliothèque Nationale. Her aim is to present not merely a digest of known facts, but to explain why each cathedral was built when it was, the meaning of each, and something of the personalities of its builders and of the men associated with it. As a result we have a hook of nearly six hundred pages devoted to thirty-three cathedrals, each being considered architecturally, historically, and archeologically. Perhaps the author is a little too prone to the sub-head and to the numbered paragraph, but she has certainly produced a hook that no traveler who loves episcopal architecture and history can afford to leave at home. And it is a hook written essentially for the traveler, and therefore free from the recondite and the technical. A competent bibliography, itinerary, and glossary help to make it "a practical handbook for students and travelers."

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCHES OF ENGLAND. By Helen Marshall Pratt. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.50.

New Books Received.

THE LAWRENCE READER AND SPEAKER. By Edwin Gordon Lawrence. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A compilation of masterpieces in poetry and prose with biographical notes and critical remarks.

STEVENSON'S INLAND VOYAGE AND TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. Edited by Gilbert Sykes Blakely. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: 40 cents.

With biography and appended notes.

A MELODY IN SILVER. By Keene Abbott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.

The romance of a country doctor and a spinster.

THE NERVOUS LIFE. By G. E. Partridge, Ph. D. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.

A study of the causes of nerve disorders and of rational methods of controlling them.

SELECTIONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Compiled and edited by Henry Nelson Snyder. Boston: Ginn & Co.; 30 cents.

Characteristic passages in prose and poetry, chosen for high school and college use.

DANIEL WEBSTER: A VINDICATION. WITH OTHER HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.25.

The purpose of the book is to show that Daniel Webster is to be praised, not blamed, for his Seventh of March Speech, and for his support of the Fugitive Slave Law, and that, though not faultless, he was a singularly good and pure man in his private character, by no means the intemperate man he was popularly misconceived to have been.

SPEAKING AND WRITING—BOOK THREE. By William H. Maxwell. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: The American Book Company; 25 cents. A book for the fifth grade aids pupils.

BUDDIE: THE STORY OF A BOY. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

The first in a new series of books for boys.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF JACOB STARR. By J. D. Beresford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel by a new writer who has already attracted favorable attention in England.

ANCIENT, CURIOUS, AND FAMOUS WILLS. By Virgil M. Harris. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$4. The book is divided into seven chapters: Prac-

tical Suggestions for Will-Writing; Ancient Wills; Wills in Fiction and Poetry; Curious Wills under Five Headings; Testamentary and Kindred Miscellaneous; Wills of Famous Foreigners; Wills of Famous Americans. In this collection there are about five hundred wills, which have been obtained from various parts of the world.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Collected, edited, and arranged, with memoir, textual notes, and bibliography, by J. H. Whitty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

Complete edition, containing several hitherto unpublished poems, a portrait of Poe that has never been reproduced, a new and definite text based on the author's own revision, and a memoir by the editor.

THE ICE AGE IN NORTH AMERICA AND ITS BEARINGS UPON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By G. Frederick Wright, D. D., LL. D., F. G. S. A. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company.

Fifth edition, with many new maps and illustrations, enlarged and rewritten to incorporate the facts that bring it up to date, with chapters on Lake Agassiz and the probable cause of glaciation by Warren Upham, Sc. D., F. G. S. A., late assistant on the geological surveys of New Hampshire, Minnesota, the United States, and Canada.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1847-1865. By Ward Hill Lamon. Edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard. Washington, D. C.: Published by the editor.

A new book about Lincoln with much material not before published.

YOUNG MRS. MORTON. By Mary A. Fisher. New York: Cochrane Publishing Company.

A new novel by the author of "The Ghost in the Garret."

WHICH IS MY HUSBAND? By Jules Claretie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Translated from the French by Mary J. Safford.

MRS. THOMPSON. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30.

A new novel by the author of "The Guarded Flame," "The Rest Cure," etc.

QUEED. By Henry Sydney Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35.

The story of a queer, pedantic little person, who drifts mysteriously into a Southern city, settles down in a boarding-house, and applies himself to the composition of a learned tome on "Evolutionary sociology," oblivious of all human interest and associations.

THE UNTAMED. By George Patullo. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.20.

Nine stories of animal life on the ranges of the Southwest.

THE MOVING FINGER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

The story of a young man who goes out into the world to make his fortune and how he does it.

THE LEGACY. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "Nathan Burke."

THE MAN WITH AN HONEST FACE. By Paul Wells. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

"Being the personal experiences of a gentleman who signs the name of Howard Dana, at a critical time in his career."

I WILL MAINTAIN. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

A blend of fiction and history with William of Orange for its hero.

EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$7.50.

The author says: "During twenty-five years I have lectured Saturday mornings to teachers and to students upon education, and this book is the final revision of parts of this course up to date, ending February, 1911. The result is not unlike Uncle Tobey's coat, made over and over, part by part, with not only new fabrics, but new fashions, so that nothing to suggest the original remains."

THE GIRL IN THE OTHER SEAT. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "A King in Khaki."

STANTON WINS. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.

A new novel by the author of "The Game and the Candle." With illustrations by Edmund Frederick.

OLD RELIABLE. By Harris Dickson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25.

The story of a black aristocrat, "a favorite of luck and a hero by accident." With illustrations by Emlen McConnell and H. T. Dunn.

MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Eight tales of Western life.

THE GREAT ENGLISH NOVELISTS. With introductory essays and notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

The aim of these two volumes is to set forth the history and development of the novel, from its beginning in the days of Fielding on down to our own.

MISS GIBBIE GAULT. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20.

A new novel by the author of "Mary Cary."

THE COWARD OF THERMOPILE. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20.

A novel of ancient Greece.

THURLEY RUXTON. By Philip Verrill Mighels. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.20.

A new novel by the author of "The Furnace of Gold." Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

THE AIRSHIP BOYS IN FINANCE. By H. L. Saylor. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; \$1.

An airship story for boys.

FROM ROUGH RIDER TO PRESIDENT. By Max Kullnick. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

A book intended to exhibit Mr. Roosevelt from the German point of view.

Absurd and Unjust

The utter absurdity of the proposed "no seat, no fare" ordinance which the hoard of supervisors is considering, having deferred action for a week, is shown in the manner in which it would work a hardship on the public—on the many thousands who daily make use of the street-cars.

The ordinance provides that a seat must be afforded for every person, and that no person shall be kept waiting for a car longer than ten minutes.

The absurdity of such an ordinance comes out when it is shown that a solid train of cars on both tracks from the ferry to Valencia Street would not give every person a seat during the rush hours.

Within the hours mentioned in the proposed ordinance numbers of people are turned out from various places at one time. It may be a baseball game, a prize-fight, or a theatre matinee. When these places are located on a through line it is impossible to hank a lot of cars at that point waiting for the crowd to come out, as it would tie up the entire system. It would also violate the second provision of the proposed ordinance in causing many other passengers along the line in other places to wait more than ten minutes.

When an American crowd rushes out it seeks to get on the first cars. When the seats are filled, then trouble follows between the conductor and the crowd. Where big crowds gather, rioting would be quite probable under the circumstances, and the police would be summoned. In many cases hundreds of people would have to wait more than ten minutes without any fault of the company, and yet this ordinance would seek to make the company liable to fine and imprisonment.

Another instance of the unjust, unreasonable nature of the measure: After a large number of the cars have their seating capacity filled at such places and have started, there will be people at corners desiring to ride. Cars will be compelled to pass them with their seating capacity filled and none will be allowed to come aboard. They will go by with standing space vacant, whereas many would just as soon stand and pay their fare, provided they could reach their destination quickly.

Again, if the crowd was so large that with the delay in loading it took such a number of cars as would require those people waiting along the street to wait more than ten minutes, the company would, through no fault of its own, under this proposed ordinance, be liable to fine and imprisonment.

And that is what this ordinance would do. Is it in any way just?

The proposed ordinance does make an exception in case of accident, to the ten-minute wait, but it does not provide for the delay due to other causes. When Tetravini sang on Market Street the police ordered the cars to stop running. And yet this ordinance would hold the company liable for such a delay.

Daily heavy trucks become stalled on the tracks, wagons break down, and other things cause delays very often for more than ten minutes.

In case of a big fire the cars would be hung up indefinitely. During the passing of great parades the police request that cars stop for the time being. These and many other causes can not be called "accidents," but this unjust ordinance would fine the street-car company for such delays.

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SOTHERN AND MARLOWE.

An enormous number of Shakespeare devotees assembled at the Greek Theatre on Monday evening to see the first representation of "Macbeth" during the Sothern-Marlowe engagement.

We in San Francisco, who are a little shy of going to the Greek Theatre evenings, on account of the small-hour return we are forced to make—and they wasted nearly half an hour in waits, on the midnight train and boat trip on Monday night—have not yet become habituated to the sheer beauty of the effect of tragedy, as set in the severely classic background afforded by the Greek Theatre. It is a fascinating novelty to make the approach to a theatre over a path winding its way through a grass-sward, and under illuminated trees, and the first effect of the vast amphitheatre, alive with assembling thousands, is always an imposing one.

Mr. Sothern's well-known reputation for furnishing setting and accessories worthy the dignity and beauty of classic drama is always reassuring to those who love to see Shakespearean drama æsthetically dressed, and the stage mechanism of Monday evening's performance was absolutely perfect. There was not a creak to afflict the ear, nor a bad join to afflict the eye. Scene and act followed each other so quickly and so smoothly that the end of an act failed to obtrude itself upon the attention as such.

The composition of the stage pictures was inspired in an artist's brain, the colors of the costumes were variations on russet, with touches of gold and the mingled hues of the Scotch plaid, all softened to an artistic blend that made each scene a harmony of colors.

We have seen many beautiful effects with the lighting on the stage of this temple of dramatic art, but never more so than in the present production. The graduation of the lights made the entrances and exits of the marching armies strangely impressive. One never thought of those glimmering accoutrements and the accustomed dress of the Scottish warriors as coming from a costumer. They seemed always to have been worn against backgrounds of far-stretching heaths or dim-toned masonry.

Save and except for the apparition of Banquo, which blended with too earthly and corporeal an effect with the figures of the revelers at Macbeth's banquet, the supernatural effects were admirably contrived. The figures of the witches on the heath at times looked actually bodiless. They seemed like wraiths, and flitted as incorporeally as will-o'-the-wisps against the dimly lit stone.

And yet; whether it was the effect of a gloomy sky, which momentarily suggested a fall of Pluvius's tears, or whether it was the strangeness of playing under a dome of air, or whether the players had been daunted by the thought of cold weather lessening the attendance, or whether it was just simply and plainly a case of players grappling with something too big for them, it is hard to say. In any case, I scarcely remember either Mr. Sothern or Miss Marlowe ever having afforded us so little of that illusion created by the imagination which makes characters in the drama seem to live before us.

Mr. Sothern was much more Macbeth than Miss Marlowe was Lady Macbeth; his beautiful voice rendered with fine effect those melancholy passages so expressive of a nature violently at odds with itself, and tortured by the visions of an acutely sensitive imagination. But it seemed at all times more like surpassingly beautiful elocution than inspired acting. That sense of being urged on by relentless ambition until there was born the desperation of one who sees no outlet save by further crime was not so much indicated by Sothern, as the gloomier side of a man who is inclined to mournful musings; and his measured, melodious elocution did not sufficiently convey the idea of the complexity of a nature containing so strange a mingling of poetry, philosophy, and ruthlessness in deeds of blood. Haworth, I remember, who, when he was fifty, made Macbeth seem a man driven to an almost insanity of murderous execution by the ambitions of youth, was as successful as any Macbeth I have seen in representing the more virile and violent side of this strange, contradictory being, who wrought his deeds in blood.

Miss Marlowe began on the wrong key at her first entrance. She was at too high a tension to work up to a climax, and never a climax came. Her Lady Macbeth, in its

earlier phases, was just a flat picture; fair to see, lovely in pose, but deficient in conveying that sense of "direst cruelty" that was to "stop up the access and passage to remorse." True, Lady Macbeth's invocation to the ruthless spirits failed, as remorse eventually killed her. But she is supposed to affect our imagination, in spite of her own apparent lack of that commodity. That is just what Miss Marlowe's Lady Macbeth failed to do, except, as I first said, as a lovely picture. Her Lady Macbeth failed to live in our imagination.

Truth to say, I have never seen a Lady Macbeth who seemed as wicked as her own words would make her out to be. I am very much of the opinion that it takes an actress of surpassing genius to play this rôle, one who has that power of mind, temperamental appeal, and witchcraft over the imagination, together with the inspired technique that is born and not made, that can sweep us into that forgetfulness of self, that illusion of the senses that genius can give.

Many actresses have played the sleep-walking scene well. Julia Marlowe did. Her specialty has been to depict women of appealing pathos, of romantic grace, of feminine charm, and in the sleep-walking scene Lady Macbeth is all woman. The pathos of extreme suffering was well indicated, and the sinner, in her purgatory, was at last, dowered with the exculpatory grace of a harrowed imagination that the thane's wife so strangely and unnaturally lacks in her earlier phases.

I think the most human scene in Macbeth is that in which the guilty pair, after the banquets have gone, mount their Calvary together. Shakespeare, with the inspiration of genius, made their partnership in crime a bond which drew husband and wife more closely together. That, he knew, and the torments of their guilt-inspired dreams served to attract to them the element of sympathy in the interest which it is essential that the protagonists of a drama must inspire. This was one of the most sympathetically played scenes of the performance.

A large number of players was needed to fill out the cast, and of these Frederick Lewis's Macduff was the most noteworthy impersonation, although Sydney Mather's Banquo and William Harris's Duncan were also given with the sonorous elocution and dignity of gait and presence so appropriate to poetic or classic drama. Rowland Buckstone's porter was ably built on the traditional lines, although tradition was rudely jostled by the particularly warm reception accorded his "too cold for hell" remark. The witches made a particularly successful effect both on eye and ear.

It is curious how a little thing will sometimes impress one in a great production of the kind. It was during the sleep-walking scene that I noticed this. Miss Marlowe was holding the vast audience mute and motionless as she represented the delirious remorse of the guilty queen. There is sometimes a strange effect in hearing drama out of doors which we are not always conscious of. The wonderful acoustics of the Greek Theatre strangely crystallize the voice, and there seems sometimes to be a sympathetic husband of nature in low-spoken scenes of such poignant effect as that in which the queen walks in her sleep. It was the effect of the hushed voices of Norah Lamison and Albert S. Howson, as the gentlewoman and the doctor attendant on the queen, that afforded such a sense of poignant pleasure. The two musical voices seemed to blend, and, like a Greek chorus, to furnish sympathetic and harmoniously uttered comment and explanation, that fell with peculiar charm on the listening stillness of the night.

There was some acceptably sweet singing; and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, subdued and beautiful but much less attuned to the suggestion of tragic crime and supernatural portents than Edgar Kelley's, furnished atmosphere and mood during the entr'actes.

As for the great scene of the moving forest of Dunsinane, alack the day, I never saw it! Neither did hundreds of others, who were too intent upon avoiding the dissolving crowd and capturing a heartless train that refused to hudge, to wait for it, although they probably gained nothing by an early leave. I regret the loss, for Sothern always does these things well, and we may never again see as effective a spectacular representation of "Macbeth" as that in the Greek Theatre on Monday night.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Denman Thompson used to love to tell why he was afraid "The Old Homestead" would never be a great popular success. Actors who saw it at rehearsals were moved to tears and to laughter just as thousands of theatre-goers have since been moved. It is a well-known stage superstition that when actors like a play at rehearsal the public will not like it when offered for regular performance. "The Old Homestead" was the great exception that proves the rule.

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EASTERN THEATRICAL NOTES.

Emmy Wehlen is appearing successfully in Chicago in operetta, and Percy Hammond, of the Tribune, writes seriously of her ability and its reason. In his reflections there is more than passing interest. Here are the leading paragraphs of his article:

Little Miss Wehlen has by this time heard so much in praise of herself and her art, as disclosed in "Mariage à la Carte," that there really does not appear to be anything left to say. Still something is always owing to art such as she reveals. Most of the native singers in operetta—at least, most of those now active—pale beside this newcomer from Vienna via London. She is nearly all that Miss Scheff and Miss Abarbanell are, with definite gifts possessed by neither, though she lacks the personal "punch" of Miss Scheff, if not of Miss Abarbanell. They suggest themselves for comparison in the premises mainly because their training was had in the same place and conditions as Miss Wehlen's. The art of operetta was not there permitted to die out, as here and in England, so that we may, if there be reason for the prognostication that operetta is again impending as a popular form of the drama, continue to draw singers and actors from the theatres that line the bank of the Wien.

Miss Wehlen's coming makes very plain and explicable why so many persons older in the theatre than I am are so sincere in their lament that light opera should have been driven from the American stage by extravaganzas and what is called "musical comedy." Contemplation of her exact and appraisable talents rewards one with the realization that operetta in the terms of the Viennese and the French—the operetta of Von Suppé, Millocker, Zeller, Johan Strauss, Offenbach, Lecocq, Audran, Chassaigne, et al.—must needs be a true art form to develop interpreters like Emmy Wehlen. It is now easy to understand why Hortense Schneider, Marie Aimée, Judic, Theo, Jeanne Granier, and other operetta singers of a generation ago should have exercised such a spell over the public. That the American and English stage was less productive of performers of the type simply means that American and English composers had not been developed a generation ago. The Gilbert-Sullivan school of operetta developed its own interpreters, and the art of interpreting Gilbert and Sullivan died out here and there when the opera-bouffes themselves were displaced by the abortive form of the continental vaudeville called "musical comedy." Miss Scheff's own revival, earlier in the season, of "The Mikado" was a good example of how impossible it is now to assemble a cast that can act Gilbert and sing Sullivan with the slightest regard for the organic quality of their output.

We have had nearly two decades of musical comedy without developing more than a single artist, man or woman, at all comparable with Miss Wehlen. Those who know hark back to a day when Lillian Grubb, Bertha Ricci, Emily Deering, Emma Carson, Marion Manola, and Marie Jansen were true artists in operetta, but it was well-nigh always imported operetta. To pick up a bit of theatrical jesting, they played and sang the Vienna rôles.

In this connection it is apposite to note that the Shuberts and William A. Brady have determined to make an all-star revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's famous operetta, "Pinafore," at the Casino Theatre in New York, beginning on May 29 and continuing for a special limited spring and summer engagement for four weeks only. Among the performers already engaged are Fritz Scheff, DeWolf Hopper, Marie Cahill, James T. Powers, Vida Whitmore, and May Mackenzie. The last named is a dancer, who has lately become an authoress. She has had many offers to come back to the boards, but yields only for this brief engagement, in which she will have the part of the Midshipman and will dance the hornpipe in the second act. There are few who will believe that DeWolf Hopper and Marie Cahill can obscure their personality sufficiently to make the serious burlesque of "H. M. S. Pinafore" the dominating feature of the production. There are too many stars and prima donnas nowadays, and not enough working comedians and singers to make genuine comic opera the delight it was when the music and the lines were thought to be of some importance.

A plethoric programme was announced for the annual public gambol of the Lambs Club in New York this week. It included ten little plays, which have been tried out in the Lambs' private gambols. Among them were: "Honor Among Thieves," by Frank Craven and Scott Welch; "The Great Suggestion," by Hale Hamilton and Bennett Mussen; "The Telephone Belles," by Clay M. Greene and Raymond Hubbell; "The Unwelcome Guest," an American baby grand opera by Arthur Weld; "A Question of Types," by Clay M. Greene; Donald Brian and J. Fred Zimmerman, Jr., in a Protean sketch; "Babylogues," and George V. Hobart's morality drama entitled "Everywife," suggested by "Everywoman." Other features were monologues and a number of musical selections.

The composer Puccini is to be one of the lions of the festivities at Rome, where he is to be present at the production of "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Costanzi Theatre June 1. But before that he went to London to assist in bringing it out at Covent Garden this week. It will also be given at Brescia,

Budapest, Berlin, and Monaco, as well as in the provincial English cities and Cape Colony. But Puccini will take a well-earned rest after the production at Rome, cruising about the Mediterranean in his little yacht and declining even to glance at the librettos which have been showered upon him by ambitious authors of all Europe and all America.

Harrison Grey Fiske has completed arrangements for a brief tour by Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" to the Pacific Coast this summer. Henry E. Dixey has retired from the company, and is succeeded by Tim Murphy, of "Texas Steer" fame.

"The Winter's Tale" has had a three months' run at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, England. This result is attributed largely to the striking performance of Hermione by Nora Lancaster.

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VANITY FAIR.

Ladies who wish to find favor at the English court must dress with sobriety and decorum. There was a time under the never to be sufficiently lamented Edward when the royal eye rested with toleration, not to say approval, upon extravagances and eccentricities in women's apparel, but those days have gone. The commonplace reigns once more, and the domestic virtues are in the ascendant.

Of course the harem skirt is altogether beyond the pale. Probably Queen Mary has never even heard of a thing so improper. By extravagance and eccentricity she means the hobble skirt, and indeed any skirt that fits closely around the hips. Any lady whose hips are too much in evidence, who affords ocular demonstration of possessing hips, will be excluded by the lord chamberlain, whose chief duty in life is to be proficient in those sartorial mysteries at which the ordinary man blanches. Ladies must dress in such a way as to convey the impression that they are incarnations of the domestic spirit, that the nursery is their favorite habitat and the religious education of the young their mental hobby. The password will be peppermint.

Naturally the dressmakers are consternated. The coronation is approaching with giant strides. Orders for costumes were placed long since, and many of them were of the prohibited kind. They will have to be remodeled, and on the top of everything comes a further hint that the dressmaker who overworks her assistants is likely to hear of it in an unofficial but none the less unpleasant way.

And they say that kings and queens nowadays have no power. It would seem that they never had so much. Indeed, they are so well supplied with power that they no longer need any of the old kind of machinery to display it. In the eyes of the law, Queen Mary has just about as much authority as the old lady who sells apples at the corner of the street. But she does not need the law. She has got past that. All she has to do is to murmur to some underling that she hopes no ladies will wear hobble skirts and she can make more commotion, more fuss, more consternation, than Queen Elizabeth could have done with the aid of the royal executioner and the Tower of London and Temple Bar and Tyburn. Inside of half an hour a hundred court dressmakers will have heard of that murmur and will be weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth, and about a thousand hobble-inclined ladies will be asking their husbands and their lovers to say a few appropriate words for them in the vernacular. And the queen does not even know what she has done. She knows that she has thrown the bomb all right. She meant to do that. She did it on purpose. But she did not see it explode. She did not hear the resulting language. Probably she did not even feel the malicious animal magnetism that followed. All she did was to murmur something more, something in the shape of a rider, so to speak. She said she hoped, she really hoped, that the dressmaking girls would not have to work overtime. And then there was more trouble, heaps of it. But there will be no hobble skirts at the coronation and the girls who will make the other kind of skirt will not work overtime. There need be no doubt whatever about that. The queen has a very low, soft voice, but it carries. Oh, yes, it carries.

Moved by the dire fate of a railroad ticket collector who has just sacrificed an eye on the altar of the feminine hatpin, the New York *Evening Post* is moved to remonstrance in an editorial nearly a column long. It wishes well to the cause of suffrage, does the *Past*, but it believes that one hatpin has counteracted the effects of a year's agitation. What, it asks, is the effect of that incident upon the ordinary man with the ordinary newspaper. Does he not say, "And these are the women who want to vote"? Certainly he does, and when one comes to think of it there are such lots of ordinary men going around, and they have votes already. How can women complain that they labor under inequalities while they themselves walk the earth clad in privilege. Just imagine what would happen to the man who persisted on going into crowds with four inches of pointed steel projecting from his outlying portions. Just imagine it!

Modern man, says the *Past*, has some rights against the modern woman, and here they are:

1. To be immune from dangerous hatpins in crowded railway cars where the slightest jolt may mean laceration and a sharp curve may spell disaster. This right, in fact, is more than a natural right; it is a constitutional right implied in the provision that no man shall be deprived of life and limb without due process of law.

2. To be immune from enormous hats trimmed out with feathers that tickle. While the long hatpin carries with it the possibility of death, the tickling feather induces in the victims all the facial appearances of imbecility and a mental state which passes from simple irritation to acute distress.

To be immune, in short, from the entire lot of dressmakers' fashions which have it for their object to render woman a menace and a nuisance by depriving her of her natural powers

of locomotion, vision, audition, or respiration; as by hobbling her ankles, or by thrusting an inverted basket over her eyes and ears, or by taking for its model of physical perfection the Washington Monument modified by a suggestion of the leaning tower of Pisa.

These, of course, are only some of the chief counts, the main heads, so to speak, in the charter of male liberty. There are other, lesser, clauses, and among them may be mentioned the following: Immunity from having loud conversation in high-pitched female voices on domestic topics forced upon him while going to and from his work. Immunity from enforced attendance at studio tests, charity bazaars, Vedanta lectures, exhibitions of old copper, and symbolic dances from the Sudan and Timbuctoo. Immunity from the prohibition against smoking in bedrooms, living-rooms, and the dining-room. Immunity from giving up his seat in street-cars when he is tired to a lady who is not at all tired, but only surfeited with ice-cream.

There is trouble in the culinary department at the Elysée. M. Tesche, the chef who has ministered to the tastes of many French presidents, has resigned and is now an exile in London. He is willing to cook for an English hotel, but not for a French president who eats garlic in season and out of season, and who is unmindful of the culinary proprieties. In fact, M. Tesche may be said to be wrecked upon garlic. President Fallières cries for garlic in the soup, garlic in the entrée, garlic with the roast, and garlic with the vegetables. Moreover, everything has to be fried in oil, and now the long-suffering Tesche is doubtful of the stability of Republican institutions.

Felix Faure as president was all that M. Tesche could desire. He knew a good thing, did M. Faure, and genius was appreciated at the Elysée. M. Loubet was not so satisfactory, although, worthy man, he did his best. He was a Provençal and had yearnings for the dishes of the south. But he did his manful best to suppress his unworthy tastes and to cultivate discernment under the guidance of M. Tesche. But M. Fallières was hopeless. He seemed to have no realization of his high mission or the duties of his great office. To like garlic was a misfortune that any man might inherit, like kleptomania or Sabbath-breaking, but it might have been corrected by art and a contrite heart. But M. Fallières was incorrigible. He was without sense of sin. He broke the law and he gloried in it. So M. Tesche resigned. He was a poor man, but he had a conscience, a humble man, but he had his pride, and now he says with a sort of sorrowful grandeur that there is still a cook at the Elysée, but there is no longer a chef.

Who ever heard of the battle of Chateaugay? It seems that the Canadian contingent to the coronation festivities proposed to include the battle of Chateaugay in some kind of pageantry that was to be presented, but the London authorities have asked that it be omitted. It appears that the battle of Chateaugay was an American defeat in the war of 1812, and for some reason the Canadians believe that it was a factor in the preservation of the status of the country. But the British government feels that the display would be in questionable taste in view of the large number of American visitors, and so the Canadians must go without their little patriotic outburst. Probably the American guests would have stood the test with amiability, but international courtesy is a strange thing. Some years ago when it was desired to celebrate the anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada the British government refused to sanction the proceedings until assurances had been received from the Spanish cabinet that no offense would be taken.

A German writes to the London *Daily Mail* to protest in a good-natured way against the solemnity of the London dinner. He thus describes the dinner scene at a great hotel:

Elegant toilets, splendid surroundings—and an absence of sound. Slowly, stiffly, like automatons, the dining ladies and gentlemen proceed with their meal. The scene is undoubtedly very impressive, but oh, so sad! Amid the sparkle of jewels and silver and crystal and porcelain, amid a scene that fairly invites, hegs, cries for a bright smile, a low, rippling laugh, or at least that deep, animated hum that makes itself noticed where there is a large gathering, the diners sit as in expectation of the judgment day. Sometimes somebody does speak. One word or two. The lips hardly part. The other nods his head in terrible earnest. Then silence reigns supreme again.

A friend who had been in England once related a story, the point of which I have never fully appreciated until now. Like myself, the first time he had entered a dining-room in London he looked round in surprise. Finally, toward the end of the meal, he called the waiter.

"Tell me, please," he asked, "does anybody ever laugh here?"

"Well," replied the waiter, "I am sorry to say that we have had complaints, but not often, sir—not often."

An Eastern newspaper asks why it is that women are able to wear the thinnest of costumes in the coldest weather, to leave the chest and back practically bare, not to speak of the legs, and yet take no harm. The answer is promptly supplied by "an experienced doctor," who assures us that women have a

special layer of fat all over their bodies, and that it was acquired in the cave-dwelling days when the woman had to stay at home and look after the baby while the man kept himself warm by hunting and fighting.

Now, with all due respect to the "experienced doctor," this explanation seems to be arrant nonsense, if it is still safe to dispute a medical verdict. It was once said that the average man was always ready to advance a positive opinion on the conformation of the hidden side of the moon. In the same way the average doctor is always ready with an equally positive opinion on any matter of health that is submitted to him, no matter if it be beyond the scope of human knowledge, like the other side of the moon. In the first place women are not wholly immune from the results of physical exposure. Otherwise Queen Victoria would not have given special permission for ladies in evening dress to wear wraps until they entered the warmed rooms of the palace, and this in response to representations that illness and death were the frequent results of exposure. In the second place it is perfectly obvious in many cases that women have no extra layer of fat, practically no layer of fat at all, upon their chests and backs. Any one can see this for himself at any time.

Such immunity as women enjoy is, of course, due to the ordinary power of resistance that is developed by every one upon occasion. The human hand, however fatless it may be, is relatively insensible to cold because it is inured. So is the thinnest face. Women have trained their bodies in the same way as both men and women have trained their faces. Presumably the cave-dwelling women about whom the "experienced doctor"

has so much exclusive information could and did light fires. Presumably they had the skins of animals as clothing. And as for keeping warm by hunting, just try it with the thermometer below zero and you will be glad enough to get back to the cave.

The story of the "Lost Orchid" has been frequently referred to as fiction, although the plot really existed. More than sixty years ago an apothecary named Fairree in Liverpool received a rare orchid from Assam which was pronounced of great value, and under the name of *Cypripedium Fairreanum* became well known to scientists. A number of plants were raised from it, but within a few years all had died and the species became extinct. Because it has been considered so desirable for hybridization purposes every possible means for its discovery was considered, and for forty-six years orchid hunters devoted their time and risked their lives in its quest. At least sixteen lives were lost in search of the "lost orchid," and \$10,000 was offered by the London Horticulture Society for its rediscovery. During the Russo-Japanese War L. L. Sea-bright of the British army discovered the species again at the top of a perilous cliff in Thibet, 7000 feet above sea level. Mr. Sea-bright secured 179 plants, which he was able to sell in London for \$2750, in addition to the \$10,000 reward he received.

"But," protested the plain citizen, "don't you consider honesty a good thing?" "Sure," replied the politician, "but it's like every other good thing; you've got to make money before you can afford it."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



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THIRD AND TOWNSEND STREETS DEPOT
BROADWAY AND THIRTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Percy French on one occasion was staying in the country at a house where the landlady professed to give him and board for twenty-five shillings a week. "I assure you," said French, gravely, "I was there a week before I discovered which was the bed and which was the board."

Uncle Ike was stretched at full length under a tree. "Taking a little rest, aren't you, uncle?" said the Northern young lady pleasantly. "Not perzackly, miss," said the old dandy, with a solemn face. "I don't call it res' jes' yet. I's waitin' fo' de sun to go down so's I can quit wuk wid a easy conscience."

Dean Ramsay's story of the artist whose interest in the picturesque was thought out of place on the "Sawbath," recalls an anecdote told by Max O'Rell. Once when the genial Frenchman was staying with a friend in Edinburgh he took up his walking-stick preparatory to going out for a walk. But it was Sunday, and his host remonstrated. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" he said. "It looks more respectable."

Walter Damrosch was describing a very ignorant foreign critic. "In short," Mr. Damrosch ended, "he was as ignorant of music as old Jed Shucks and his wife were of city ways. Jed was describing, at a dorcas, his recent visit to New York. 'An' we went to a big department shop,' he said, 'an' we got inter one o' them 'ere things wot whizzes ye clean up to the top—wot in tarnation is their name, ma?' 'Shop-lifters, Jedediah,' Mrs. Shucks replied."

A vicar was taken suddenly ill, and his church warden was in great difficulty about getting a substitute, when the bishop of the diocese, hearing of the circumstance, offered to take the Sunday services himself. The church warden, wishing "to do the right thing," at the close of the service went up to the bishop and, after thanking him, stammered out: "A poorer preacher would have done for us, your lordship, but we were unable to find one!"

William F. Murray, the boyish-looking Democratic member from Massachusetts, was strolling about the House. Representative Sulzer, of New York, mistaking him for a page, touched him on the shoulder and said: "Young man, go and get me a copy of the report on the farmers' free list bill." Congressman Murray looked around, saw who it was, and walked out. Soon he returned, bringing the report, and on delivering it to Mr. Sulzer said: "Bill, hereafter it will be 'Mr. Murray, of Massachusetts.'"

On the occasion of the visit of a traveling circus to a small town the juveniles of the surrounding country were all agog with excitement, raised by the large posters and gorgeous procession. The young son of a notoriously close-fisted old farmer rushed in to his father and eagerly implored him for sixpence with which to "see the circus." "What!" exclaimed old Skinfint, "sixpence to see the circus, and here only last month I let you go up to Farmer Jones's field to see the eclipse of the moon! Young man, do you want your life to be one perpetual round of gayety?"

Dr. Herold, president of the New Jersey board of health, tells of a young friend who recently graduated as a physician. One of the young doctor's first clients was a fat girl. Her fatness weighed upon her and she wanted to get rid of some of it. The young doctor drew up a careful diet; she was to eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, etc., and to return in a month to report reduction. At the end of the month she could hardly get through the doctor's doorway. He was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously." His brow wrinkled itself. Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Anything else?" he asked. "Only my ordinary meals."

Some of the Macgregors, when their own name was proscribed, took that of Dochart, for a romantic reason. A party of them, hard pressed by their pursuers, escaped by swimming the stream which issues from Loch Dochart, in Argyllshire, and afterward assumed the name in grateful memory thereof. It is told of a youth of this stock that, upon being sent to Glasgow College with a letter of introduction from his minister, he gave his name as Dochart. The recipient of the letter suggested that there must be some mistake, since the letter spoke of a Macgregor. "Weel, sir," the youth explained, "that's the way they spell the name in our country."

A Southern lawyer tells of a case that came to him at the outset of his career, where-in his principal witness was a darky named Jackson, supposed to have knowledge of certain transactions not at all to the credit of

his employer, the defendant. "Now, Jackson," said the lawyer, "I want you to understand the importance of telling the truth when you are put on the stand. You know what will happen, don't you, if you don't tell the truth?" "Yessir," was Jackson's reply; "in dat case I expects our side will win de case."

A steam-heating plant had been installed in the house of the new president of a small, conservative college. The president, startled by a break in the steam pipes, went in search of the college janitor. Being unfamiliar with his new surroundings, he entered the library. "Dr. So-and-So," he inquired, his breath coming in gasps, "how can I find the janitor?" "Well," the librarian replied in a slow drawl, "I find the surest way is to send him a postal card."

One would have it that a collie is the most sagacious of dogs, while the other stood up for the setter. "I once owned a setter," declared the latter, "which was very intelligent. I had him on the street one day, and he acted so queerly about a certain man we met that I asked the man his name, and—'" "Oh, that's an old story!" the collie's advocate broke in sneeringly. "The man's name was Partridge, of course, and because of that the dog came to a set. Ho, ho! Come again!" "You're mistaken," rejoined the other suavely. "The dog didn't come quite to a set, though almost. As a matter of fact, the man's name was Quayle, and the dog hesitated on account of the spelling!"

An old worthy who was in the habit of calling each evening at the village inn for a "drap o' the best," found the landlord one night putting a shine on the taps. After a few remarks about the weather he received his nightly dram. After he had gone the landlord discovered to his horror that he had supplied Donald with a half gill out of the bottle of sulphuric acid which he had been using for cleaning the taps. Every moment he expected to hear of old Donald's death, and his relief was great when the old worthy arrived next evening. "Donald, what did you think o' the whusky ye got last night?" "It was a fine dram, a good warming dram," said Donald, "but it had wan fault. Every time I coughed it set fire to ma whuskers."

The entertainer was seemingly in good voice as he began: "Ladies and gentlemen, having blinfolded my partner, I will now proceed to test her thought-reading powers. I have in my hand an apple. Will you kindly tell the audience what it is that I am holding in my hand?" "An apple." "Correct. I have here a watch. Kindly tell the audience what I have." "A watch." "Quite right. You see, ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to catch her." The entertainer produced a piece of wood and a saw, and commenced to saw vigorously. "Kindly tell the audience what I am doing." No reply. "This is rather a difficult feat, ladies and gentlemen. I will try again. Can you tell me what I am doing?" said the entertainer, continuing his sawing. "Yes. You are singing." Loud applause.

A London judge recently tried a Turkish bath for the first time, having heard of its excellence, and the rubber's violence astonished him. The judge, prone on the wet slab, was beaten and thumped and pinched and prodded by the rubber beyond all reason. He stood it as long as he could. Then he groaned and said: "Is it [thump, bang] quite necessary [whack, hash, slap] to make me black and blue [crash] all over?" "Never you mind," said the rubber, hauling off and giving the judge a terrific left-hander in the ribs. "I know my business" [thud]. "Who are you?" asked the judge. "Your face [bang] looks [crash] familiar." "Oh, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber. "Well, blast yer buttons, mebbe ye won't be so ready next time to give me eight months for prize-fightin'."

To the top-hatted visitor the pedagogue was saying a good word for his most intelligent pupil. "I am proud of Brown. I have inculcated in him the love of learning to such an extent that he now prefers study to play. I expect at this moment he is writing Timmin's Latin prose on that sheet of paper there, while all the other pupils are at play. I will ascertain." He called the lad to him. "Brown," he said, "let us see the result of your industry." "I—I'd rather not, sir," blushed Brown. "Note his modesty," whispered the schoolmaster. "Come, Brown, let me see what you have been writing." Still the boy demurred. But the schoolmaster insisted, and forcefully appropriated the paper. And there, in neat imitation of feminine handwriting, he read the following: "Please excuse my son James from school today. He is wanted at home."

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THE MERRY MUSE.

The First Shoot.

And now arises, hy and hy,
A question moot,
For in the garden I descry
A tiny shoot.
My hired man says it is a heet
And advocates his views with heat.

A neighbor versed in garden dope
Across the way
Came over with a microscope
The other day.
Examining this shoot of mine,
He said it was a pumpkin vine.

Another friend, a careful man,
Demurs to that
And says it's nothing other than
A marrowfat.
And so I'm in the dark, indeed,
I guess it's just a jimson weed.
—Washington Herald.

On the Go.

The motor-car goes whizzing by,
The aeroplane floats through the sky;
But the man who walks, his cares are few—
He gets where he is going to.
—Washington Star.

Except Me.

I ordered out the vans and drays
To move our goods and chattels down
To where, at last, we'd thought to raise
Our household standards in the town;
The men were gentlemanly chaps,
And of their skill I'm free to sing—
For, though they handled all my "traps,"
They did not break a single thing!

They loaded up the lot with ease,
They carried dishes down the stair;
Piano weight to men like these
Seemed nothing much, I do declare;
They'd squeeze a finger, scratch a cheek,
And to commandments old they'd cling;
Though injured, not a word they'd speak—
They did not break a single thing!

Ah, then, of joy I took my fill!
And when they finished with the task,
I took a fifty-dollar bill
And went to pay them what they'd ask;
I gave it to those skillful men—
Ah, but the thought now holds a sting!
It was the same old way again,
They did not break a single thing!
—New York Times.

The Farmerette.

Goddess of Ceres, known of old,
When men loomed large in rural scene,
What is it that we now behold
Guiding the plowshare bright and keen?
Who is it on the ranch is met?
The farmerette—the farmerette.

The crowing and the cackling dies,
The roosters and the hens depart
To make their table sacrifice,
And who, then, wields the axe with art?
Shade of our Dads, he with us yet—
The farmerette—the farmerette.

Far-called, our cows come home today,
While father starts the kitchen fire;
Lo, all is pomp of yesterday,
As Rudyard says, is one with Tyre;
But there is on the job—don't fret—
The farmerette—the farmerette.

Proud men, jeans-clad, were wont to loose
Wild tongues that held not Her in awe;
Such boasting now is ne'er in use—
The woman farmer lays the law;
She is the old farm's one best bet—
The farmerette—the farmerette.
—Denver Republican.

Going Away.

They're going away, hooray, hooray!
It's off to the seashore they're going!
And Dad with his nose to the grindstone will stay—
The original Man with the Hoeing!
—Baltimore Sun.

The Soliloquy of a Fickle Man.

There's Lottie and Alice and Olive and Ruth,
They're a bevy of beauties, I swear;
Each one is as different as day is from night
From each of the others, and try as I might,
I can't tell for which I most care.

Now Lottie is dignified, dark and demure,
And quite of a serious mien;
But Alice is coy, a capricious coquette,
While Olive's a piquant and pert little pet,
And Ruth is a quaint, quiet queen.

I am fond of them all, and by jove, I don't know
Which one I should choose, on my life;
I can't take the lot, but be that as it may,
I need a stenographer right straightaway,
So I'll ask the advice of my wife.
—New York Globe.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social record of the week shows an unusual number of weddings, and entertainments for the brides-elect who will be married next month continue to occupy the attention of society almost to the exclusion of any other form of entertainment. Miss Mary Keeney, the fiancée of Mr. Talbot Walker, and Miss Jennie Lee, whose wedding with Lieutenant Reis, U. S. N., will take place on June 7, have been the most frequently feted of these girls during the past week.

The wedding of Miss Maude Wilson and Mr. Effingham Sutton on Wednesday is the most important social event to be recorded, and it served to assemble a large company of guests at Trinity Church and at the reception that followed the marriage ceremony.

On Tuesday the wedding of Miss Charlotte Hall and Mr. James Kenna claimed the attention of society in Oakland, and many guests from San Francisco crossed the bay to be present at the wedding reception. The June weddings are keeping a number of people close to town who will leave for the East and Europe after they have taken place.

Bride has given place to musicales at the formal afternoon affairs, the most pretentious of these having been given by Mrs. de los Magee on Thursday.

The naval reception at Mare Island, the wedding of Miss Beatrice Guitard and Lieutenant Crissy, and the informal hop at the Presidio sum up the social activity in service circles for the week.

The wedding of Miss Maude Wilson and Mr. Effingham Sutton took place on Wednesday, May 17, at Trinity Church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Frederick Clappett, and the bridal party included Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Barbara Sutton, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Mr. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. Herbert Gallagher, Mr. Robert Eyre, Mr. Robert Van Sant, Mr. Ward Maillard, and Mr. William Henderson.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Guitard and Lieutenant Dana Crissy, U. S. A., took place at St. Francis Church on Saturday. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Etienne Guitard. Lieutenant and Mrs. Crissy are spending their honeymoon in Southern California, and on their return will reside at Fort Miley.

The wedding of Miss Charlotte Hall and Mr. James Kenna took place at the home of the brides' parents in Oakland on Tuesday. The bridal attendants were Miss Ruth Hall, who was maid of honor, Miss Priscilla Hall and Miss Alice Hall as bridesmaids, and Miss Natalie Hall as flower girl. Dr. Channing Hall acted as best man. The wedding ceremony was followed by a large reception. Mr. and Mrs. Kenna will make their home in Oakland after their return from their honeymoon trip.

The wedding of Miss Caroline Biven, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Biven of San Mateo, and Mr. Clarence Walker was solemnized on Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Walker and his bride will sail for Australia next week, where the honeymoon will be spent.

The wedding of Miss Tellulah Le Conte and Mr. J. Arthur Elston took place in New York on Monday afternoon. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Le Conte of Berkeley. The honeymoon will be spent in Europe, after which Mr. and Mrs. Elston will make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Ramona Danner and Mr. Leavitt Baker took place Wednesday, May 17, in Seattle.

Miss Margaret Moore entertained at a dance at the Claremont Country Club Friday evening in honor of Miss Albertine Dietrick and her fiancé, Mr. John Jerome Alexander, of Portland. Miss Moore received her guests with her mother, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., Mrs. Walter Starr, and Mrs. Edington Dietrick.

Miss Louise McCormick entertained at a kitchen shower in honor of Miss Maude Wilson on Friday. Among those present were Miss Agnes Tillmann,

Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Mildred Whitney, Miss Lillian Whitney, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Barbara Sutton, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Constance McLaren, Mrs. Allan McDonald, and Mrs. Ralston White.

Miss Lucy Harrison, the fiancée of Mr. Melvin Pfaff, was the guest of honor at a luncheon on Friday given by Mrs. James Sterritt Wood at her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Thursday in honor of Miss Constance McLaren, and her guests included a score of last winter's debutantes.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry entertained at a tea on Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Jennie Lee. Her guests included Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Irving Scott, Mrs. Reginald Knight-Smith, Mrs. Joseph Corryell, Mrs. B. F. Schlesinger, Mrs. Harold Law, Mrs. William Dargie, Mrs. King, and Mrs. Keithley.

Mr. Frank King was host at a dinner on Wednesday evening, which he gave in honor of Miss Mary Keeney and her fiancé, Mr. Talbot Walker. The guests included Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Helen Keeney, Mr. Charles Keeney, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Mr. Stanford Gwinn, Mr. Frank Jones, and Mr. Stanley Jones.

Miss Nancy Glenn and Miss Miriam Bryan were hostesses at a tea on Friday afternoon, at which they entertained about one hundred of their young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya entertained at a fancy dress party at their home on Friday evening, at which were present Miss Clarice Lucke, Miss Laura Pearkes, Miss Adeline Bogart, Miss Alexandra Shields, Miss Marie Payne, Miss Elaine Hancock, Miss Jean Olliver, Miss Helen Olliver, Miss Ellen Thorndyke, Mr. Wendell P. Hammon, Jr., Mr. Bliss Hermann, Mr. Frank Woods, Mr. Bonner Gordon, Mr. Gerald Lyons, and Mr. Roy Danziger.

Mr. and Mrs. de los Magee entertained at a musicale tea on Thursday in honor of Mrs. John Harold Phillip and Mrs. George Caswell.

Miss Jennie Lee was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, at which she assembled a dozen of her friends to meet Mr. and Mrs. James Woodworth of New Orleans.

Mrs. William Henshaw entertained a hundred guests at bridge on Wednesday afternoon at the Claremont Country Club. She was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughters, Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw.

Mrs. Frederick Stratton entertained at a luncheon on Friday at her home in Oakland in honor of her mother, Mrs. Silas Gregory, who is visiting here from her home in Colorado.

Miss Innes Keeney gave a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Monday in honor of her cousin, Miss Mary Keeney. Among the guests were Mrs. William Burke, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Esther Moreland, Miss Helen Dean, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Gertrude Thomas, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Esther Denny, Miss Kathleen de Young, and Miss Janet Coleman.

Mrs. James Farrell was hostess at a theatre party on Saturday afternoon, at which she entertained Mrs. Henry Ferguson, Mrs. Sylvanus Farnham, Miss Kathleen Farrell, and Miss Elsie Clifford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron chaperoned a group of the young friends of Miss de Young and Miss Phyllis de Young at a dance at the San Francisco Golf Club on Friday evening. Among the guests were Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Ethel Gregg, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Edith Rucker, Miss Linda Bryan, Miss Grace Schubert, Mr. Rudolph Berthau, Mr. Bliss Hermann, Mr. Robert Rathbone, Mr. Frederick St. Góar, Mr. Charles St. Góar, and Mr. Allan Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tevis entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday evening in honor of Captain and Mrs. W. H. McKittick, who have been spending several weeks here from Bakersfield.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus entertained at a large reception at the Navy Yard on Friday evening. The affair was in the nature of a farewell prior to their departure for the East. They were assisted in receiving their several hundred guests by Mrs. Charles M. Ray and Mrs. Hugh Rodman.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Peixotto presided at a dinner on Friday in honor of Miss Francis, who is visiting her brother, Mr. Harry Francis, en route from the Orient to her home in London. Those present were Mrs. W. R. Whittier, Miss Frances Stewart, Dr. Humphrey Stewart, Mr. Raphael Weill, and Mr. Harry Francis.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Elsie Schilling, who has been abroad with Mrs. Simpson and Miss Beatrice Simpson, will return home next month.

Mrs. H. K. Belden and her daughter, Miss Nadine Belden, are in Holland, where they will remain for another year.

Mr. Raymond Ashton, who has been in Mexico for the past year, has returned to San Francisco, and is the guest of his mother, Mrs. George Ashton.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne and their family are at their country home at Mountain View for the summer.

Miss Irene Sabin has gone to Fort Leavenworth to visit Captain and Mrs. Alfred Bjornsted for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard left for the East on Wednesday, where they will remain for several months.

Captain E. T. Dickens and Mrs. Dickens arrived from Manila on Thursday, after a four years' absence in the Orient, and are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr.

Colonel John St. John Chubb, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chubb have returned to the Presidio, after a two months' absence in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates are in Panama, where they will probably remain until the Bates-Devol wedding in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Davis left Sun-

day morning for Boston, where they will visit with Mrs. Davis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lee. Then Mrs. Davis will sail for Europe for the summer and Mr. Davis will return to San Francisco.

Mrs. Peter Martin is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, in New York, and will go to Newport later in the season.

Mrs. Russell Bogue, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, for several months, has returned to New York.

Miss Jennie Stone, accompanied by her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, and by Mr. Herbert and Mr. Philip Baker, left Saturday for Seattle, to be present at the Baker-Danner wedding on Wednesday.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, with Mrs. Nichols and Miss Claire Nichols, is still traveling in the Holy Land, having spent Easter at Jerusalem.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe are in New York.

Miss Sydney Davis, who went abroad a few months ago, is now traveling in Italy, and will continue her journey in Europe for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy (formerly Miss Lurline Spreckels) are spending this month at Vichy.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, and Miss Bessie Hooker are now in London, and will sail for home the last of this month.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her nieces, Miss Laura Baldwin and Miss Mildred Baldwin, are now in Dresden. After a visit of several months in Paris, they will return to San Francisco in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen have gone to Ross, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Emory Winspish, has decided to return East and not spend the summer here as she first contemplated.

Mr. William H. Crocker left Monday for Europe. He will join Mrs. Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker in London and accompany them back to San Francisco.

Mrs. Frederick von Schroeder and her son have returned from Southern California and have taken an apartment at the Keystone to await the return of Colonel von Schroeder from Mexico.

Miss Cora Jane Flood is planning to leave next week for New York.

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb and Mrs. James King Steele have returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have been in Paris for some months, will spend June in London, where they will be joined by Miss Emily Carolan.

Mr. John McMullen has returned from a month's visit to Tahiti.

Mrs. M. E. Blanchard left this week for New York and will sail later for Europe.

Señor A. H. Riquelme, Chilean minister to Japan, was a guest at the St. Francis this week, on his way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Griffin have returned to Del Monte. Mrs. A. S. Williams is with them.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and her daughter, Miss Harriett Alexander, have reached New York and will leave shortly for San Francisco.

The Hon. G. O. Wallenberg, Danish minister to Japan, with Mrs. Wallenberg, were at the St. Francis this week, stopping on their way homeward from Tokyo to Copenhagen.

Mr. Walter Heyneman and Mr. and Mrs. Milton S. Bremer were Del Monte guests this week. Mr. Oscar Beatty and Mr. Knox Maddox played golf at Del Monte this week.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, for the week included Mrs. C. M. Hewitt, Mr. L. H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Dorn, Mrs. C. Sechrist, Mr. W. E. Cumback, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Moore, Mr. G. W. Seyfried, Mr. Willard Chamberlain, Mr. J. E. French, Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. R. Weistock, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Burnett, Mr. P. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Getz, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Callahan.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Seward B. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Foett, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Rapp, Mr. Fred Meyer, Miss Clara Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudgear, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McCoy, Mrs. James Moffitt, Miss Krug, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilhelm, Mrs. Gertrude Tucker.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Smith," W. Somerset Maugham's newest comedy, in which John Drew is appearing, may be said to be one of the few genuine successes of the season, and by far Mr. Drew's happiest vehicle of recent years. It is a comedy with an interesting story, it has wit and humor, is brilliantly written, and while it is in no sense preachy, it points a wholesome lesson. Notwithstanding the fact that it occupies itself almost exclusively with fashionable life, it appeals to all parts of the theatre alike, and the laughter and applause is quite as hearty upstairs as in the orchestra chairs. There is a serious element in the play, in spite of its preponderance of comedy, and here and there a distinctly human note is struck. Mr. Drew's rôle is said to fit him admirably, and to enable him to display a side of his art which his audiences see all too rarely. John Drew will open his engagement at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, May 22, and will be supported by his entire New York cast, including Mary Boland, Isabel Irving, Jane Laurel, Sybil Thorndike, Morton Selten, Lewis Casson, Hassard Short, and others. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays.

With the week commencing next Monday evening, Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe will bring their remarkably successful engagement at the Savoy Theatre to a close. It will long be remembered by followers of the classic drama, for through the conception of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, and the finished and elaborate production they have given to Shakespeare's works, his plays have taken on a new meaning. The present engagement is the first that these two eminent artists have played in this city in six years, and the public fully appreciates the fact that the present opportunity must be seized to see them, as their appearances here can not be regulated, and perhaps as long a time may intervene before an opportunity is afforded theatre-goers again to see them. The novelty of next week's performances will be "The Merchant of Venice," to be given on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and which Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have given the most elaborate production of any of their Shakespearean presentations. This play has been one of the leading features of the Sothern-Marlowe repertory, and in the rôle of Shylock Mr. Sothern is again seen in one of his remarkable character portrayals, of which his Malvolio and Richelieu have been forerunners. Portia has long been Miss Marlowe's favorite rôle, ranking in the appreciation of the public beside her Juliet and Viola. As the brilliant and clever Shakespearean heroine, Miss Marlowe gives another fascinating impersonation to the stage. The repertory for the remainder of the week is as follows: Wednesday and Thursday nights, "Macheth"; Thursday matinee, "As You Like It"; Friday and Saturday nights, "Romeo and Juliet," and Saturday matinee, "Taming of the Shrew."

Out of the eight acts to be presented next week at the Orpheum five will be entirely new. Joseph Hart's production of Frank Craven and George V. Hobart's one-act play, "The Little Stranger," will be the headline feature. The scene is a Southern racetrack and the story is that a broken-down "sport" who risks his last five dollars on a "long

shot" in order to gain funds to provide for the little stranger expected at his home. It will be elaborately and perfectly mounted and given an excellent cast, which will include George Pierce, Percy Plunkett, and Paul Dulzell. Bowers, Walters, and Crooker, "the three rubes," will present one of those indescribable composite comedy offerings. They indulge in grotesque acrobatics, singing, country dancing, and eccentric falls. The act is always a winner. The Five Armanis, who come direct from the Orpheum's Paris affiliated theatre, the Alhambra, will appear in a scenic musical review entitled "A Night in Naples." The title indicates the poetic and picturesque setting of this singing novelty, and each of the Armanis is a skilled musician. Another English music-hall favorite has been persuaded to come to America and will seek the approval of the Orpheum audiences next week. He is Hal Forde, and is known in London as "the Swagger Comedian." He is the possessor of a haritone voice of exceptional range and has an extensive repertory of catchy songs. Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman will appear in a one-act dramatic episode by Mr. Hickman entitled "The Wrong Road," which affords these artists splendid opportunity for the display of realistic character delineation. Next week will be the last of Rohledilo, Tom Waters, and William Gould and Hattie Lorraine.

The final performances of "The Lily" will be given at the Columbia Theatre this Saturday afternoon and night. Nance O'Neil and Charles Cartwright, heading David Belasco's superior company, offer a remarkable production.

Sunday evening, May 28, that favorite actress, Miss May Robson, will begin a week's engagement at the Savoy Theatre in a new play, "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algy" and other successes.

Chauncey Olcott is coming to San Francisco this summer and it is his intention to produce an entire new play, which will be staged under the supervision of a notable stage director, who is coming here expressly for that purpose.

Following the engagement of John Drew at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco is to see Billie Burke in the W. Somerset Maugham comedy, "Mrs. Dot."

The Mary Garden Concerts.

The big musical and social events of the coming week will undoubtedly be the three concerts by Mary Garden, the most interesting personage on the operatic stage today and a woman who may truly be called a genius. In operas that others hesitate even to attempt she achieves success, and her personality and charm simply hold her audiences under a spell whether on the boards of the theatre or on the simple concert platform.

Scottish Rite Auditorium will be the scene of these splendid events, the first of which is scheduled for this Sunday afternoon, May 21, at 2:30. On this occasion the prima donna will sing the aria from Charpentier's "Louise," the work in which she made her first great success in Paris. The aria from Puccini's "La Tosca," the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with violin obligato, and some groups of charming songs will complete Miss Garden's share of the programme. The assisting artists will be Arturo Tihaldi, violinist, and Howard Brockway, pianist-composer.

The second concert is announced for next Thursday night, May 25, when the artist's principal offerings will be arias from Messager's "Mme. Chrysanthe," Massenet's "Thais," and also his "Herodiade," "The Song of the Hawk" from the new Herbert-Redding opera "Natoma," and some lighter lieder.

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 28, with an entirely different programme, which will include the principal arias from "Natoma" and Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly."

The box-office is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday it will be at the hall after ten o'clock. Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

Mary Garden will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Tuesday night, May 23, offering the programme of her opening concert in this city. As evening concerts are rare occurrences in Oakland it is safe to predict that a large and fashionable audience will welcome the "Sarah Bernhardt of the Operatic Stage."

The seats for this event are on sale at Ye Liberty box-office only.

Pepito Arriola's Farewell.

The farewell concert of Pepito Arriola, the child pianist, and the most gifted genius known since the days of Mozart, will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon, May 20, at 2:30. The marvelous lad will play Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," a group of Chopin works, and other important and beautiful numbers.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and children under fifteen will be given seats at the rate of 50 cents in any part of the house.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Under Word.

So much of me is dead—Oh, why not all!
The years are cast upon me as a pall;
The hairs are turned to ashes on my head;
My footsteps are through ashes everywhere—
So much of me is dead!
("But not the living fiery spark of thy despair.")

So much of me is dead—Oh, why not all!
Those who once called me dear are past my call;
Into the boundless Night they all are fled.
I lived in them, and they in me by right—
So much of me is dead!
("But not thy Memory's steady alabastrine light.")

So much of me is dead—Oh, why not all!
Hourly, from mine own self away I fall,
Hope and Desire and Will already shed,
And Knowledge fading as a candle spent—
So much of me is dead!
("But not some kindling Knowledge of the Immmanent.")

—Edith Thomas, in Harper's Magazine.

The Lover.

Were all the women of the world to come
And droop their languorous hair about my heart
They could not hold it in those nets so fine;
And pleading with lips lyrical or dumb,
And howsoever an alluring art,
They could not win the kisses that are thine.

If Helen came, her white limbs hung with gold,
And Deirdre with dim visionary eyes,
And Grania, flame-haired, fiery with command:
If Hero came—reluctant once of old—
And she who all too long with Romeo lies,
And she who led Dante heavenward by the hand.

They could not make me fain of their fair lips,
Nor lure me to the languor of warm breasts
With any soft compulsion of white arms;
And delicate dim touch of finger tips
And fire that flames from eyes and fire that rests
Would leave me cold and lose the name of charms.

Nay, Solomon's Love and Anthony's Desire,
Héloïse, and frail Francesca, and their queen,
Immortal Aphrodite, whom I praise,
And all her passionate daughters veined with fire,
Might pass like old bent hags, for I have seen
Beauty within thy beauty for all days.

—Shaemas O' Sheel, in the Forum.

The House of the Years.

Life's room, in childhood, seems a boundless place,
Full of strange corners and adventurous space;
Youth finds it wider yet, a home of dreams
With shining casements lit by rainbow gleams;
While ripper years bring firelight on the hearth,
Content and welcome, love and work and mirth,
Until the walls draw nearer and more near,
And age beholds them, suddenly and clear.
How small the room! and how each thing recalls
Some memory that breathes within the walls—
Here joy stood smiling, garlanded with flowers,
Here sorrow sate through long and intimate hours;
The mirror's depths glimpse with a shadowy host
That waver, melt, and in the dusk are lost;
Tae fire burns low and quivers on the floor—
Yet, as an unseen hand sets wide the door,
Lo! through its arch, as to the child, appears
The beckoning vision of immortal years.

—Priscilla Leonard, in Liverpool Mercury.

Half a business day will soon be cut from the San Francisco-Chicago time of the Southern Pacific-Union Pacific San Francisco Overland Limited, enabling that train to make the trip in sixty-eight hours, instead of seventy-two and a half as at present. This annihilation of distance, which will be accomplished upon Sunday, May 28, is the initial step toward realizing to the traveler using the Union-Southern Pacific system the advantage made possible by the vast sums expended in improving the roadbed, in installing electric block signal protection, in double tracking, betterment of power and equipment, etc. Time is money, and the clipping of four and a half hours from the schedule is in the nature of a dividend to the traveling public which all travelers, especially business men, will appreciate, since the increase in speed is made without any decrease of the comfort of traveling. The San Francisco Overland Limited under the present schedule leaves San Francisco at 10:40 a. m. and arrives in Chicago at 1:00 p. m.—seventy-two and a half hours later. It will leave San Francisco at 10:20 a. m. under the new schedule and arrive in Chicago about 9:10 a. m., in time to connect with the eastbound morning trains.

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Times-Week New York World (Democrat) and Argonaut.....	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....	4.15

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"My daughter's voice is to be tried today."
"Have you fixed the jury?"—*Toledo Blade*.

"What's the latest from the Mexican revolution?" "Looks as if it might go eleven innings or more."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Nell—He swore I was the only girl he had ever loved. Belle—For my part, I don't care for amateurs.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Moralist—Ah, kind friend, it is deeds, not words, that count! Friend—Oh, I don't know. Did you ever send a telegram?—*Chicago Journal*.

Clara—He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call? Sarah—No, dear; let him keep on thinking so.—*Town Topics*.

"Do you know the woman in the flat next to yours well enough to speak to?" "Well enough? I know her too well to speak to!"—*London Opinion*.

"That man certainly has a unique idea."
"What is it?" "He is thinking of starting a correspondence school of experience."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Thompson's cow got into my garden and ate all the grass off the lawn." "What did he do?" "Sent me a bill for using his cow as a lawnmower."—*Tit-Bits*.

"But it seems to take all your patients a long time to get well, doctor." "Yes, but as soon as I begin to get a larger practice I can afford to let my patient get well quicker."—*Houston Post*.

"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law." "She? Great Caesar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"—*Tit-Bits*.

"Hear Dubbleigh over there bragging about his wife." "What's he saying?" "He's telling Brown that all he is he owes to her." "Humph! Do you call that bragging?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain." "Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."—*Washington Herald*.

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous." "I am." "How do you manage it?" "My motto is: 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done today.'"—*Toledo Blade*.

Citizen—The anarchists are planning a big demonstration down our way. Can't you spare us some cops? Chief—Not a one. This is the night of the freshman-sophomore banquet at the college.—*Puck*.

"Aren't you afraid eating Welsh rabbit after the theatre will give you nightmare?" "No," answered the cynical first-nighter. "I'd rather have nightmare than lie awake thinking about the play."—*Washington Star*.

Her Future Husband—I'm afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I've saved up. Mrs. Reno-Freed (cheerfully)—Never mind, dear. A wedding trip only happens once in three or four years.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?" "Down to the lake. Come along if you want to see some fun. This here goat has just eat a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink."—*Toledo Blade*.

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands had supplied. "Where am I—in heaven?" "No, dear," cooed his wife; "I am still with you."—*Toledo Blade*.

"I've just written a scathing letter denouncing that newspaper, calling it cowardly and spineless," said the indignant citizen. "Did you sign your name to it?" asked the stranger. "No—I signed it 'One who knows.' I didn't want the editor to know who wrote it," he replied.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"What a very affecting piece, my dear," remarked the husband, as they returned from the suburban theatre the other night. "I suppose there wasn't a dry eye in the house." "I observed, however," said the wife, "that there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."—*Tit-Bits*.

Tompkins—Ventley has received a million dollars for his patent egg-dating machine. You know it is absolutely interference-proof, and dates correctly and indelibly as the egg is being laid. Dewley—Is the machine on the market yet? Tompkins—Oh, my, no! and it won't be on the market. The patent was bought by the cold storage trust.—*Life*.

Lady (engaging assistant gardener)—And if I engage you, besides your other duties you will have to attend to the three dogs and clean out their kennels, also clean out the parrot's cage, clean up my sons' workshop and clean both their bicycles, also clean the car except when the weather's dirty. Applicant (overwhelmed)—And shall I have to clean that?—*Tatler*.



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Dr. Woodrow Wilson.

Governor Wilson of New Jersey has no cause to be dissatisfied with the warmth of his welcome on the Pacific Coast, a welcome that Governor Johnson's ill-mannered affront served only to accentuate. The Western States are never lacking in appreciation for men of ideas and of achievements, and political divisions are never allowed to interfere with a hearty recognition of human values. Dr. Wilson has value and to spare. His struggle against the baser elements of his own party in the New Jersey electoral contest aroused the attention of the country, not so much because of the issues involved as because the incident provided a test of moral muscle. The governor triumphed and was at once numbered among the strong men of the country. An educational career such as his has usually resulted in the formation of certain academic traits that in a politician are neither useful nor ornamental, but there is small trace of these in Dr. Wilson. On the contrary, he has an unusual power of assimilating complex questions and presenting them lucidly and graphically. For example, his warnings against the recall of the ju-

diciary are models of clear argument, tersely framed and logically set forth. "It is sufficient," he says, "that the people should have the power to change the law when they will. It is not necessary that they should directly influence by threat of recall those who merely interpret the law already established." It would be possible to write columns and to say less. Take him all in all, Dr. Woodrow Wilson is one of the most interesting figures now on the political stage, and California is glad of the opportunity to see and hear him.

The Tariff Bills.

It is evident that if the Senate eventually passes the Canadian reciprocity bill it will do so unwillingly and under a sense of compulsion. The Senate is not remarkable for its sensitiveness to public opinion, but it can hardly be unaware that in this matter the President has the whole weight of general sentiment behind him and that his determination is applauded by the country at large. To throw itself directly across the current of the popular will and to thwart the reiterated wishes of a Republican President is a large order even for the Senate, and since it has not rejected the bill there is still room to hope that it will screw its courage up to the point of passing it. It would have done this some time ago if it were more alive to its own reputation and to the fortunes of the party. If the Senate ultimately rejects this bill it will do so without the smallest justification from the representative point of view. Hardly a murmur of encouragement for such a course comes from any part of the country, which may be said to stand solidly behind the President in a measure that accords as much with good sense as it does with neighborly feeling. The President never did a more popular thing than his insistence upon this bill. He can now do nothing more popular than stand to his guns. Canadian reciprocity is a Republican measure and is entitled to Republican loyalty. That it happens to have been passed by a Democratic House ought not to affect the issue. It would be the height of futility for the Senate to argue that it would pass a proposal sustained by one party only, but will reject that same measure because all parties are agreed in its praise.

The so-called Farmers' bill stands of course in a somewhat different category, and the President is in no way pledged to its support. And yet the House may well believe that such a measure was included in its mandate. The Democratic leaders were asked to pass a reciprocity bill that was not their own and that was avowedly based on a general tariff of which they disapproved. To a certain extent it would affect the immediate revenues of the farmers, or at least the farmers believed that it would, which is much the same thing, and to protect themselves against consequent unpopularity as well as upon broader national grounds they propose to take the duty from a number of articles of general agricultural use, such as farm machinery, bagging, wire fence, and hoop iron. It is a measure first of all of party expediency, and secondly it is an attempt to cheapen the necessities of life. It ignores Mr. Taft's principle based on the difference in the cost of production between this and other countries and of course it leaves out of account the tariff commission and its possible findings.

And yet the Farmers' bill has met no signs of a general unpopularity. Quite the contrary. The country might have been willing to leave the tariff entirely alone, reciprocity and all, until it could have been approached with leisure and circumspection at a regular session. But the special session left the door invitingly open, and the Democrats can hardly be blamed for seizing an opportunity and carrying out what they assumed to be a mandate for general revision. Since they were invited to consider one kind of tariff reform why not another, seeing that they were elected for that very purpose? However that may be, they so interpreted their mission, and the result is three tariff bills instead

of one. But whatever the Senate may elect to do with the Farmers' bill and the wool schedule, their duty toward the Reciprocity bill is clear. They should pass it, and they should pass it soon.

Clubs, Candidates, and Blackballs.

A tempest is raging in the Washington teapot. President Taft in a speech has denounced the "small-headed men who get on a club directory and manifest their greatness by blackballing men of importance in the community." The reference is to the Metropolitan Club, which recently blackballed some newly elected congressmen. Probably the immediate cause of the President's anger was the blackballing of the new senator from West Virginia, the successor to Senator Elkins.

Following the President's speech three Metropolitan Club resignations were announced: General Clarence Edwards, an intimate friend of the President; Colonel MacCawley, formerly White House aide; and Captain T. M. Potts. It will be well to note that these military gentlemen did not resign their *membership* in the Metropolitan Club, but merely resigned as members of the governing or election committee.

President Taft may be excused for being angry. Any man gets angry when his friend is blackballed at a club. But what can you do about it? A club is a small republic—the majority rules. The United States Senate passes on the qualifications of its own members; so does the House of Representatives. The Supreme Court can not reverse the action of Congress in this regard, and the President can not veto its verdict. Why, then, may not the Metropolitan Club pass on the qualifications of its own members? Another question: If a club does not want a particular candidate, why does that particular candidate want that club?

The army officers above, friends of Mr. Taft, shared Mr. Taft's just indignation at the blackballing of Mr. Taft's candidates; yet they were extremely careful not to resign from the Metropolitan Club. Why? Because after Mr. Taft is no longer President, no longer a power in Washington, there will still be a Metropolitan Club in Washington.

Army and navy officers like clubs. Clubs like them. They are welcome in all clubs. Why? Because they are gentlemen, because they have good manners, because they are agreeable, and because they are used to living together. Raw cubs from the farms, dissipated young cits from New York and Philadelphia, mechanics' sons, millionaires' sons—all of these are taken in together at West Point and Annapolis, and moulded into an assimilable whole. When unendurable, their fellow-clubsmen take them in hand, and they are carefully thrashed in stand-up fights. After being judiciously licked for a year, the worst cub gets some of his rough corners smoothed off. A second year's licking makes him highly polished. Thus, as a result of military discipline, official attrition, and unofficial lickings, army and navy officers get used to living together in harmony—not only in clubs, but at small army posts and in wardrooms; not only with other club men, but even with their own wives.

These remarks about army men apply only to West Pointers. Army officers recruited from civil life have not had the training to which we refer, and may or may not be clubable.

The Metropolitan Club itself is largely made up of retired army and navy officers. Old generals and admirals foregather there, and fight their battles o'er again *per mare, per terram*. It is mainly these old warriors who object to "newly elected senators"; but then some of them would object to angels and ministers of grace. It is written that when the London Athenæum Club was once closed for house-cleaning its members were made welcome at the United Service Club. One day a hoarse roaring as of multitudinous seas came from the vestibule. It was an ancient admiral relieving a young one about the Athenæum guests. "I knew it,"

he roared: "one of those d——d bishops has stolen my umbrella!"

The old sea-dog did not like bishops, and he had a right to object to them within the purlieus of his club. The old admiral liked swearing; bishops do not. Bishops like praying; admirals do not. Hence bishops and admirals get along better when in separate clubs.

The Metropolitan Club objects to many senators and representatives because they are frequently noisy and vulgar. Queen Victoria objected to Gladstone because she said he always addressed her as if she were a mass-meeting. So it is with many senators and representatives—they talk loudly, and always for the gallery. In the Washington hotels and cafés you will often hear a pompous man declaiming loudly at the next table. When he wants a waiter, instead of ringing the bell he will clap his hands. This is because up at the Capitol members clap their hands to summon a page. The pompous man is afraid that people will not at once recognize him as a congressman merely because he is noisy and vulgar, hence he claps his hands.

At both ends of the Capitol weird grammar and curious pronunciations smite the ear unpleasantly. In the House, our Island neighbor is frequently spoken of as "CubLa," and in presidential years the solons refer frequently to the "electorIal" vote. In the Senate, despite the talk of senatorial courtesy, bad manners prevail. When Depew made his first speech in the Senate his seat was in the rear row, as he was a new member. It is the traditional pose in the Senate to sit on a new member. So, although Depew had a national reputation as a speaker, senators yawned, stretched themselves, read newspapers, wrote letters, and pretended to doze. In the middle of Depew's speech, two senators arose and ostentatiously tramped down the aisle. At its foot, where stood Depew, still speaking, they met two incoming senators. A loud conversation took place between them, all four ignoring Depew, who was still trying to speak, standing at their very elbows. This is the kind of manners which prevails in the United States Senate. No wonder the Metropolitan Club sometimes blackballs senators.

Mr. Taft should comfort himself with the reflection that other men besides United States senators have been blackballed by wrong-headed clubs. It is the opinion of thoughtful men that in America the millionaire is what the demigod was in ancient Greece. Therefore the millionaire is greater than the senator. If he be a senator as well as a millionaire, then shall he be doubly great. Even millionaires are blackballed, but the blackballing of millionaires is often potential. The blackballing of a senator will be forgotten before the next election. Not so with the blackballed millionaire. Millionaire John King of the Erie Railway was blackballed by the Union Club of New York. His friends were so resentful that they organized a rival club, the Metropolitan Club of New York, of which they triumphantly made John King a charter member. Still, this proves nothing concerning John King's moral or social status, except that to one knot of millionaires he was *persona non grata*, and to another *persona gratissima*. And that is all that any blackballing proves.

In the old days in San Francisco, when the club members themselves cast the ballots for or against candidates, blackballings were frequent and wars were bitter. Now, the governing or election committees cast the ballots, and blackballings are less frequent. Perhaps in the old days clubs were more representative than they are now, but in these days there are not so many rows. These blackballing rows sometimes caused rifts within the lute. In recent years a schism in a prosperous club in San Francisco led to the birth of another prosperous club. The schism ostensibly began owing to the exclusion of the *Examiner* from the club reading-room after the assassination of President McKinley. All the members of the *Examiner* staff who belonged to the club, led by the late T. T. Williams, thereupon resigned. This led to the organization of a second club. This was only a partial cause, however—a potent factor was the blackballing of some friends of the seceders.

After all, blackballing proves nothing except that Dr. Fell is not acceptable to Judge X, Colonel Y, or Professor Z. Mr. Taft may be certain that greater men than the senator from West Virginia would be blackballed by a modern club. Marcus Aurelius would be stigmatized as a prig, and inevitably blackballed. Socrates's low marriage and hemlock cocktails would surely settle him in the minds of a body of gentlemen. He is in the Martini, the Manhattan, and continental matrimony. Aristides the Just, who was so good that he made his townies tired, would go down to

defeat for that very reason. Martin Luther would be blackballed for fear of exciting religious controversy. Roderick Borgia, who was Pope Alexander VI, might escape blackballing because, like King Edward when Prince of Wales, he always lied like a gentleman about his love affairs. His son Caesar Borgia would surely be blackballed because he was fond of boasting of his amours—hopelessly bad form in clubs. So Napoleon Bonaparte would be blackballed for his ruthlessness to women and his rudeness to men. Macaulay, who has passed into social history as the greatest conversational bore who ever talked, would certainly be blackballed. In fact, we may even say that if John the Baptist were to appear at the door of the Metropolitan Club crying "Prepare ye the way," and demanding admittance and election, the alarmed members would hastily blackball him while he waited.

Mr. Taft should not be chagrined. If the senator from West Virginia can not be elected to the Metropolitan Club of Washington, D. C., at least he has been elected to the Senate of the United States of America.

State Insurance in England.

The most astonishing fact in connection with the new scheme for the national insurance of workers that has just been introduced into the British Parliament is not so much the courage, or perhaps the recklessness, of the venture as its approval by all sections of political thought. It is true that Mr. Lloyd George asked for it an impartial consideration as for something beyond the circles of party, but such appeals are often mere forms of speech. But in this case the request was effective. Conservatives, Irishmen, and labor representatives all hastened to bless the new measure, and if there were some few reservations they were only upon minor points that could be settled by friendly debate. A scheme that seems to be subversive of the political and economic standards of the age was received not only with approval, but with enthusiasm, and the various parties that are usually at war hastened to bury the hatchet in order to expedite a measure that marks a revolution in the social life of England.

It is not easy to epitomize so vast a plan, but some of its main heads will give an idea of its scope. First, all work people whose wages do not exceed \$800 a year must be insured against sickness. Now \$800 a year is a fairly large wage for skilled labor in England, and this particular provision will include nine million men and four million women. Moreover, it will be noted that the provision is a compulsory and not a permissive one. These thirteen million men and women must be insured against sickness in such a way that competent medical advice will be freely at their service as well as a weekly payment to compensate for their wage loss. During sickness the sum of \$2.50 a week will be paid for the first three months and \$1.25 for a further three months. Disabled workmen will receive \$1.25 a week perpetually, while women will receive a payment of \$7.50 at the birth of each child. For purposes of rough comparison these figures may be doubled in order to represent their equivalent under American conditions.

So much for what may be called the sick provisions of this astounding bill which has been introduced by the government and officially blessed by the opposition. The unemployment clauses show a little more caution. For the present these clauses cover two trades only, building and engineering, but with this restriction there are still 2,400,000 workmen concerned who will have the right to demand from the state a weekly sum of about \$1.75 during fifteen weeks of unemployment, that is to say, a sum sufficiently large to keep the wolf from the door.

The premiums for this immense scheme of insurance are divided between the men, their employers, and the state. For the insurance against sickness the men will pay 8 cents a week and women 6 cents. The employers will pay 6 cents and the state will pay 4 cents. This is estimated eventually to yield a revenue of \$100,000,000 a year. So far as the insurance against unemployment is concerned, both employers and employed will pay 5 cents a week. The benefits will be paid directly by government officials, probably at postoffices, except where labor unions are already paying unemployed benefits, and in this case they will handle the government benefits also. Among the subsidiary features of the bill is a grant of \$8,000,000 for the building of tuberculosis sanatoria. There are also provisions for those who are not covered by the main clauses, such as children and tradesmen, but who wish to participate in the benefits.

It is of course easy to criticize the details of such a

measure as this and to predict confusion and danger. It seems fairly to bristle with objections if not with impossibilities, but perhaps it will be better to await the finer constructive work that must come from prolonged debate and the amendments and adjustments that will result. The salient fact still remains that all sections of political opinion have hastened to applaud the main outlines of the plan and that there will be no opposition to the principles involved.

And yet it would seem that it is just these principles that are the most vulnerable. Only the most happy-go-lucky order of economic thought is satisfied with a statement that "the state" will pay 4 cents a week on behalf of nearly fourteen million people. For what, after all, is the state except the people themselves? The workman will pay his share of 8 cents per week, and he will actually pay it, because there is no one upon whom he can devolve it, seeing that he employs no one. But who will actually pay the 6 cents a week that the employer is supposed to pay? Will he not deduct his 6 cents a week from his wage list? And who will actually pay the 4 cents a week that represents the share of the state? If it is to be raised by taxes upon the propertied classes, will not this also filter down and down until it reaches the bedrock of the worker? Do not nearly all taxes do this? Are they not nearly all paid by the weekly wage-earner? Tax the landowner and he raises his rents, the shopkeeper who lives on his land raises his prices or lowers the wages of his staff, probably both. But it all devolves upon the weekly wage-earner. He pays it all, simply because there is no one from whom he himself can exact it in his turn.

The principle of compulsion seems an uncongenial one to the Anglo-Saxon mind. That over thirteen millions of people should be suddenly called on to register themselves, to state their wages, to fill up inquisitorial schedules, to surrender a part of their wages, to abandon their right themselves to pay the doctor's bill or to evade it, as the case may be, seems to be opposed to the traditions of self-respect. It seems to create an ugly barrier between the classes that are independent and those who are henceforth to be supervised by a vast army of officials with a vast mountain of account books. It is true that Germany has a system of insurance against unemployment, and gravely abused it has been, but Germany is used to autocracy and officialism and seems to like them. But the German scheme is a drop in the bucket in comparison with that of Mr. Lloyd George.

Is War a "Science"?

Those who do not believe in the "Science of War"—or rather those who believe that war is not a science at all—will be interested in a book just published in France entitled "The Campaign of 1870 in Lorraine." It is by Colonel Picard, chief of the historical section of the French army. Like all scientific history nowadays, it is buttressed with minute documentation. The author discusses Marshal Bazaine's remaining under the "protection" of Metz, and his failure to take the field under the most favorable opportunities. Colonel Picard does not believe that Bazaine's conduct was due to treason, as the court-martial found; by a careful study of Bazaine's letters, orders, and proclamations. Picard proves that the marshal did not take the field because he did not know how, or when, or where to take it, nor what to do when he had taken it, and feared that if he took it he would be taken himself. Students of the war of 1870 remember the mass of matter concerning Bazaine's motives; why he did not sally forth, keeping Metz as his base, returning every now and then with another German army in a bag. The mystery is now solved by Colonel Picard. Bazaine thought he would lose his army if he got outside of the virgin fortress, so he remained within and lost his army.

Colonel Picard attacks another military legend. We have all heard the story that when war was declared in 1870 Von Moltke was aroused from his slumbers. "Look in the second drawer on the left-hand side of my desk," he said, and turned over to sleep again. In this drawer was found a complete plan of campaign for a war with France. Colonel Picard proves by the records of the German staff that Von Moltke, while the armies were in Lorraine, had no plan of campaign at all, and that his only plan was to take advantage of the enemy's blunders. They were so numerous, however, that this plan turned out to be eminently successful.

In his posthumous memoirs, recently published, Goldwin Smith remarks that he had asked many military men, Northern and Southern, what advantage to

either side in our Civil War had or could have been gained by the awful battles of the Wilderness, and no one was able to answer him.

It will be remembered that Tolstoy in his "Physiology of War" proves that Napoleon in his Russian campaign had no plan, and neither had the Russians; that the so-called Russian "plan" of inveigling Napoleon into the heart of Russia was really due to quarreling among the Russian generals and subsequent retreats; that the bloody battle of Borodino was not intended by French or Russian generals, but was caused by an accidental encounter; that at the close of day each army believed the other had won; that Napoleon never knew what he went to Moscow for; that he did not know why he remained there so many weeks; that the only reason he left was because there was neither food nor forage; that the Russian armies did not harry Napoleon to the frontier, because this was done by the peasantry; that the Russians could not keep up with the fleeing French, because the Russian army had no commissary and no transportation department.

These latter statements would seem incredible were it not shown by the report of the South African War Commission that Great Britain went into the Boer War with no commissary, no transports, no reserve of guns or ammunition, no horses, no maps, and no plan of campaign. This is calculated to amuse Americans, were it not that we suddenly become serious when we remember that we began the Spanish war without any powder. There were a few other trifles that we lacked, such as modern magazine rifles, transports, etc.; but no nation ought to begin a war with absolutely no powder at all, and that is the way we began the war of 1898.

The student of history, on reading this latest work by a scientific military historian, will be forced to believe more firmly than ever that war is not a science at all, but merely a series of stumbles and blunders, in which the general who makes the fewest blunders and falls the least is the one who wins the game.

The Grand Jury and the Courts.

The grand jury is still dredging its way through the ill-smelling scandal associated with the activities of the board of health. Its proceedings are supposed to be secret, but the inquiry is evidently widening, as all such inquiries are sure to do as soon as a single thread of investigation is patiently followed. Now we hear of large sums of money supposed to have been paid by Chinese residents as the price of exemption from the operations of the clinic, of combinations of tenderloin disreputables who are ready to pay for all kinds of immunity and quite sure from experience that it can be paid for, and all the other ugly suspicions that never fail to cluster around an inquiry of this kind. In addition to the investigation by the grand jury, there are the various cases now pending in the courts with their charges and counter charges, and for the whole of this intolerable mess and its resulting injury to the city we are indebted to the board of health.

Unfortunately, we are still without the guidance of the ministers, who are unaccountably varying the long record of their public careers with this interval of unwonted silence. It will be remembered that they were almost the first in the field when the trouble began. No sooner was the charge brought that the board of health was exacting illegal fees than the advisory committee, consisting of the Revs. Nieto, Clamptett, Leavitt, Rader, and Meyer, were quick in accusation and in self-defense. They said that the charges were true and that the half had not been told. That the board of health was conducting a disgraceful resort they asserted to be a fact, and they went on to voice their grave suspicions of financial irregularities. They had been so impressed with the enormity of the proceedings that they had severed their connection with the board of health, and that they had done this secretly and so as not to embarrass the men who they said were criminals in no way detracted from the gravity of their action. Naturally we supposed that out of the wealth of their information these reverend gentlemen would proceed to substantiate their charges. It was an obvious duty of good citizenship, and therefore the more confidently to be expected from ministers of religion. But not a word has been heard from them, at least not publicly. We have heard a good deal from those who suspect, and believe, and conjecture. Testimony has been offered by, or extracted from, many witnesses whose good faith is tainted by their occupation or record, but from the men whose evidence would be conclusive, the men who know, the men who presumably were eye-witnesses of the facts, we can get not one

word. The law may do its best to work righteousness and to remove iniquity, but not apparently, with their help. Its officials may struggle as they will against evasion and perjury and against the worst forms of corruption, but a committee of clergymen constituted for the redemption of the vicious is content to avow its knowledge of the facts and its tacit refusal to impart them. It is an unfortunate situation, unfortunate for the good repute of the city.

The legal status of the clinic itself is still *sub judice*. The immediate point at issue, it seems, is whether the superior court has the power to remove an official appointed by the mayor. But that is not the issue that presents itself to the untechnical but practical mind. What we really want to know is whether there is any official appointed by the mayor or any one else who has the power to impose taxation upon such classes of the community as it may please him to select, to regulate the amount of those taxes, the manner of their imposition, and their unmentionable concomitants. In other words, we want to know if this city is governed by law or by a doctor. It would seem that it is governed by a doctor appointed by the mayor, if we may take Dr. Eaton at his own valuation. Dr. Eaton is reported as expressing his resentment at criticism. If the attack continues, he says, "I will close everything in San Francisco" of a certain specified nature. The personal pronoun will be noted and admired by lovers of democratic government. And Dr. Eaton will take this action, not because it is legal, not because it is demanded by ethics or hygiene, but because he is incensed by criticism and resentful of attack. The board of health powers over sickness and sin must not only be despotic. They must also be unchallenged.

A Revised Decalogue.

Dr. George Douglas ought to be able to count upon the sympathy of strenuous America when he proposes to simplify, amend, and revise the Ten Commandments. Dr. Douglas is canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and he speaks therefore as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. Moreover, he had the support of other eminent ecclesiastics at the Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with such endorsement there should be no difficulty in advancing a reform so urgently needed. Who knows? New York may yet be persuaded to recognize the existence of the Ten Commandments and to make a judicious selection for purposes of reference or even of obedience. New York already spends much money on expensive forms of religion, and mere formalism should not be allowed to waste the time that is equivalent to cash.

The Decalogue, says Canon Douglas, is filled with "meaningless and inflated clauses" that are out of harmony with the spirit of the age and that were written for a leisurely people. They should be abbreviated out of existence or condensed in the manner familiar to every smart young copy reader on our daily newspapers. For example, a marked saving of time can be effected by the omission of the references to the likeness of anything that is upon the earth and the waters under the earth. Why not "cut" this injunction so as to read, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, to worship it, and serve it"? Think of the time that is wasted by the repetition of these unnecessary words. But Canon Douglas should go further still. Why not omit this Commandment altogether, seeing that it is the only one that we are never tempted to break? Moreover, the word "graven" is obsolete nowadays. It should be changed, and the whole text might be made to read, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any image, sculptured, engraved, cast, forged, electrotyped, stereotyped, or processed." But the whole thing might be omitted. An idolatrous piety is not among our failings. We have our weaknesses, but this is not among them. Our worst enemies can not charge us with a disposition toward worship.

The proposal to popularize the Ten Commandments is not a new one. Arthur Hugh Clough tried his hand at this over half a century ago. It seemed to him that the Decalogue was too abrupt and with a lamentable lack of the compromise that lubricates the wheels of life and of conscience. Either civilization or the Decalogue had to go unless some way could be found to import a little more suavity into the latter. For example:

Thou shalt not kill, but needs't not strive
Officiously to keep alive,

was one of his suggestions, and is a great improvement

on the crudity of the injunction as it now stands. Here is another of Mr. Clough's proposals:

Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

There is no need to follow Mr. Clough too slavishly. That might get the church into trouble with the Supreme Court, but as an alternative to abbreviation something might be done to bring the Decalogue to the attention of New York by some plan of rhymed couplets so cunningly contrived as to haunt the memory, like Mark Twain's famous jingle,

Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

The matter is replete with interest and importance and it should not be dropped. We can not afford to be tied to an effete past or to a terminology that was well enough for its day, but that is wholly out of keeping with the glorious achievements of an era undreamed of by the author of the Decalogue.

Editorial Notes.

Mayor McCarthy is good enough to admit that the only way to avoid a modernized edition of the plagues of Egypt is to vote for "a man familiar with the countries of the world and their problems, one capable of coping with questions as they come up, and defending the rights and interests of the people of San Francisco and all California at all times." If the people of San Francisco should unaccountably neglect the ark of salvation thus provided for them they will fall victims to the general lock-out now being organized, which will be greater than that in Chicago in 1900 and which will reduce the means of livelihood to "a few cents a day." Incidentally they will have full permission from the police to dance the "bunny hug" and the "loving two-step" and to engage in those other classic amusements familiar to the mayor through his examination of an illustrated newspaper of gay Paree. Mr. McCarthy coyly excused himself from entering into details of the great conspiracy against him and of the red ruin threatened to the city, but "the people" are fully alive to the situation and are already pledged to vote as one man for a mayor who is "familiar with the countries of the world." There seems nothing for it but to await developments with such patience as we may.

Another labor-union victory in Oakland marks the passing of the only cotton mill on the Pacific Coast. Awakened to a realization of their power by an invasion of the Industrial Workers of the World, or some other happily mis-named combination, the operatives struck, and the mill proprietors, who have struggled for twenty years to maintain a unique manufacturing enterprise under steadily increasing difficulties in the labor situation, reluctantly gave up the effort. There was never a better field so far as natural facilities are concerned. The mill obtained its cotton with lower charges for transportation than the Eastern mills so much farther from the Texas cotton plantations. It sold its products, cordage, twine, etc., largely in the home market. It supported hundreds of families. But it is closed, probably for all time, joining the woolen mills of California that have all been silenced by union labor exactions. Wages were always higher in the Western factories than in the Eastern mills, and until labor union agitators had their way with the workmen both employees and employers prospered.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, now in session at Atlantic City, has cast its eagle glance over the world and has selected the problems that must be settled forthwith if our civilization is to continue. The first is the engraving of Brigham Young which appears on the silver service of the battleship *Utah*. The fact that battleships should still be needed is, of course, of secondary importance and may be postponed. The second problem is a pension fund for themselves, while the third is the prosecution for heresy of the Rev. William D. Grant, who has ventured to say that the story that the Founder of the Christian religion stood on the pinnacle of the temple of Jerusalem must be taken figuratively, since the pinnacle was too small to accommodate a human body. It would seem, therefore, that two of the three agenda relate to the persecution of other religionists, and we may congratulate ourselves that the world is now in such a beatific state that nothing of greater importance could be found for discussion. If Cotton Mather should revisit the scene of his earthly labors he would hardly agree with Galileo's famous challenge to his inquisitors that "the earth does move."

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The reality and intensity of anti-Semitic feeling as it exists in eastern Europe can hardly be realized in America. It is still less easy to understand that this racial sentiment is by no means confined to an ignorant populace, but is shared by those whose education and culture should lift them far above the domain of superstition and persecution. Now the *Novoe Vremya* is probably the most influential newspaper in Russia. It is certainly the organ of the orthodox intellectual and the mouthpiece alike of science and of politics. But the *Novoe Vremya* admits an article by M. Menshikoff, one of the best-known writers in Russia, who is apparently bent on doing all that he can to foment anti-Semitic passion and to give the weight of his name to the barbarous credulities that have survived the Middle Ages. Finding his text in the murder of certain boys in Kieff, M. Menshikoff says that these murders were undoubtedly the work of Jews and for ritualistic purposes. He means that the victims were deliberately sacrificed as a religious rite, and then he goes on to say that if the Jews are allowed to secure political rights in Russia the sacrifice of human beings and their preliminary torture will become even more common than it is now. Whether M. Menshikoff actually believes this abominable nonsense is known only to himself and his Maker, but it seems charitable to assume that he is only lying. But most of his readers will believe it, and when they are further told that these murders "lie on the consciences of all Russians" we may suppose that they will bide their time until they shall have the opportunity to purify their consciences by some such Jewish massacre as that at Kishineff and which shocked the civilized world.

The Empress Eugénie has just celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday, if indeed a day of mournful memories can be described as a celebration. There could be no better commentary upon the passage of her glory than the fact that European newspapers in announcing the occasion find it necessary to remind their readers that this is the lady who married Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, in 1853, and that she was then presented with a magnificent parure of diamonds, which she ordered to be sold and used for the benefit of the poor. The final crash was delayed for nearly twenty years. Then came the battle of Sedan, the flight from France under the guidance of an American dentist, Dr. Washington Evans, and the beginning of a residence at Chislehurst, in England, which still continues. But fate had still another arrow for the aged empress. Her only son was killed by the Zulus, and who can doubt that this was a respite for France against an ambition that was tireless and insatiable. For the Empress Eugénie looked upon the French nation as her personal property and upon the republic as a thief that had robbed her of her rights and that had disinherited her son. There could have been no tranquillity for France with a prince imperial upon her borders. The mysterious workings of Providence are none the less mysterious because they select as an instrument the assegai of a Zulu.

One would hardly expect casually to meet an old acquaintance beyond the almost impenetrable ice barrier of the South Polar Sea and under the forbidding shadow of Mount Erebus. But such has been the experience of Captain Scott of the British polar expedition that has just chosen its final headquarters in readiness for the final dash to the pole. The old acquaintance was Captain Amundsen, who accompanied Nansen on his last trip and subsequently navigated the Northwest Passage in the little *Gjoa*, now lying in Golden Gate Park. About two years ago Captain Amundsen left Norway in the *Fram* with a small but admirably equipped party. He intended to go to the North Pole, but there were rumors that he had changed his mind and would try for the South Pole instead. From that day until now nothing had been heard from Captain Amundsen. He has sent back no messages, and in fact was in a fair way to be forgotten by a civilization blankly uninterested in any project that could by no possibility declare a dividend. But now comes a message from the Scott party to the effect that a neighbor has been found just where a neighbor was least to be expected. The neighbor is Captain Amundsen, who is in comfortable quarters and in fine condition just eighty miles nearer the Pole than his friendly rival. Whether they will choose the same route for the final dash is not known. Scott will certainly follow the track laid down by Shackleton. Amundsen may select the more direct way and face its unexplored dangers. But let us hope that these fine adventurers were glad to see each other and that the best man will win the race. There is glory enough even for the loser.

We should like to understand the precise value of the cat from the medical point of view. In this country we are well used to the threat that with an appearance of plague it may be necessary to destroy all the cats. Although why it should be necessary to destroy cats, seeing that the plague is caused by rats and cats kill rats, it is hard to understand, except on the theory that the doctors had to destroy something and there was nothing else in sight. But in other parts of the world where there is a threat of plague they seem to cultivate the cat as a preserver, and it would be interesting to know which policy is the correct one. A motion is now before the British Parliament requiring all municipalities to engage in a sort of cat culture, to cultivate, encourage, and foster poor pussy as the only way in which the rat can be abated and persuaded to think less of himself than he does now. The public offices in England have their regular cat staffs, maintained at the public expense. The French government also encourages the cat, while from plague-stricken India comes a wail for cats, always more cats. And yet only a few years ago we in San Francisco were told that we should "let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go" and sacrifice our cats if the plague should obtain footing among us. And yet some archaeologists are now saying that the cat was worshiped as a deity in ancient

Egypt, not because of any occult feline powers, but because cats and the plague could not exist side by side. Will not the doctors come together upon this one small point and agree upon some cat theory that shall hold good for the next few days?

Those who are anxious to secure some genuine mummies will have a chance to do so at the public sale of Lady Meux's possessions that is about to open in London and that will continue for two weeks. Mummies are by no means the sole contents of the auctioneer's list. Lady Meux was an indefatigable collector of antiquities and hardly any period of human history will be unrepresented at the sale. But it seems that the ownership of mummies may be attended with risk. In those days the dear departed still possessed some proprietary rights over his remains, or thought he did, and certain shadowy penalties were imposed upon the sacrilegious. Thus one of Lady Meux's mummies is that of Nes-Amsu, who was a priest of the gods Ansu and Khonsu and a personage of some importance. A papyrus was buried with him, and this gives an outline of what will probably happen to any one interfering with his reverence's mummy. The papyrus says that "If any person of any foreign country, whether he be black man, or Ethiopian, or Syrian, carry away this writing, or if it be stolen by a thief, then whosoever does this no offering shall be presented to their souls, they shall never more breathe the air, no son or daughter shall arise from their seed, their name shall be remembered no longer upon earth, and most assuredly they shall never see the beams of the Disc (the Sun God)."

Now, it is 2200 brief summers since Nes-Amsu died, and one might suppose that the curse was now wearing somewhat thin. But it seems not. This particular mummy was found by Mr. Walter Ingram, who was the younger brother of the founder of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Ingram gave the mummy to Lady Meux, but why he did so is unknown. Perhaps he read the curse and hastened to pass on the responsibility, which was ungallant, especially to a lady. Moreover, it availed him nothing, for he was killed by an African elephant in the following year. Lady Meux must have known of the curse, but she seems to have been lacking in a proper reverence for the gods of the heathen, and she kept the mummy. But here, too, we see the fine handiwork of Nes-Amsu, who must have had a mean disposition, for Lady Meux died childless and the baronetcy became extinct. So now there is a chance for some other daring soul who is willing to remain childless and never to see the beams of the disc. It seems risky.

Loyal Scotchmen—and all Scotchmen are loyal—are much perturbed by the continued diminution of the population that has been disclosed by the last census. The Scotch newspapers are asking if Scotchmen "will tamely acquiesce in the depopulation of their country." But what can they do? There is no ready remedy against emigration except to counteract the forces that bring it about. In this case the inimical forces are in full sight. Scotland is suffering because her land is particularly suitable for sporting purposes and depopulated deer reserves pay their owners better than agriculture. When the millionaire goes "to the moors" for his season's shooting he usually goes to Scotland, and in order that he may find plenty of deer and plenty of grouse it is necessary that the cotter should be invited to take himself elsewhere. The remedy for such a disease is no easy matter, if indeed it be a disease. After all, the pride of population is usually a silly sentiment, and it may be a very good thing for the cotter that he should be forcibly shaken out of a contentment that may have its æsthetic beauties, but that certainly has small economic value. The worship of the large population is one of the follies of modern times. In proportion to its area the Bowery in New York has a population vastly larger than California, but even the most enthusiastic of promoters would hardly advertise the population of the Bowery as one of the attractions of that salubrious quarter. The population of Scotland may be growing smaller, but she may claim without fear of contradiction that in virtue, piety, and good sense her strides have been phenomenal. These things at least are not open to the cold and unimpassioned schedules of the census mau.

Berlin and Dusseldorf have decided to employ women police officers, and the capital city has already engaged a staff of thirty. But their duties are strictly circumscribed. They are to concern themselves only with offenses against children, especially of the baby-farming variety, and in order that they may be properly equipped for the task they are empowered to break into any house where they believe that children are being ill-treated. This drastic action is the result of several unpleasant scandals which the authorities are determined to check, but it would be interesting to know how these women police will proceed to break their way into a house that is barred and bolted against them. To invoke the brute strength of the male creature would be humiliating.

The police of Paris are to be provided with revolvers, instead of providing their own, as hitherto they have been required to do. Although the policeman was required to carry a weapon, it was always of an official make, and on leaving duty every officer had to show his fully loaded revolver or else account for any empty chambers or discharged shells. Henceforth his weapon will be supplied directly by the authorities and at their expense, and so an old-standing grievance is removed. But the officer must still account rigorously for its use, and he will probably continue his ancient practice and carry two revolvers. He will use the official weapon when he is quite sure of proving justification, but if he is not quite clear as to his ability to do this he will use his own and leave the explanation to the resulting corpse to those interested in such matters. Paris never excites herself much over a dead criminal.

Henceforth an official guide will be in attendance at the British Museum, and his credentials will be so irreproachable

that to offer him a tip would be to commit a blasphemy. The new guide will be paid by the government, and the pay will be good enough to attract some real scholarship. Every day at noon and at three p. m. the guide will start on a tour of inspection with such visitors as present themselves punctually. He will give a series of condensed lectures in the various departments and will answer questions if he can. And if he can not, he will say so. The services of the guide can be secured at other hours by special arrangement. This will, of course, in no way interfere with the freedom of visitors who wish to wander about the museum at will or to specialize in certain rooms. The accommodation is offered to those who wish to avail themselves of it, and if the public shows itself appreciative the official guide will become a permanent institution like the lord chancellor.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Trout-Rod on the Wall.

This slender rod of mine;
This delicate silk line,
And the reel;
This landing net, these flies
Of every shape and size;
With the reel,

Now banging on the wall
Such memories recall
Of the past,
That I live them o'er again,
And rejoice as I did when
I made a cast.

I can see the shady pool.
Underneath the alders cool—
Bending o'er.
Specks of foam about an eddy,
Circling round with motion steady
To the shore.

Now I see the beauty rise,
As the artificial flies
Strike the pool.
I can hear the water boil.
And the crazy reel uncoil
From the spool.

Ah! he's out upon the bank!
And the specks upon his flank—
How they shine!
Oh! none but anglers know
Why my eyes with tears o'erflow,
As I think of days gone by,
Of the rod, the reel, and fly,
And the line.—James H. Hoadley.

By the Stream.

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang o'er.
And the slopes are green with clover
In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
There I angle,
There I dangle,
All the day.

Oh, 'tis sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter.
As I angle,
And I dangle,
Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout so wary grown.
Now I strike him!—joy elastic!
Scouring runs!—leaps acrobatic!
So I angle,
So I dangle,
All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts, observant,
Say to me, "Your bumble servant!"
Now we see your treacherous hook!"
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly.
While I angle,
There to dangle
With her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the book no page uncloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine. Ah! what can send her
Thus to dangle
While I angle?
Cupid, speak!—Fitz-James O'Brien.

The Angler's Trysting-Tree.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there huds on our willow tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee,
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?
—Thomas Tod Stoddart.

Glass eyes are made principally in Lauscha, a German town twenty miles from Coburg. The trade is a flourishing one, with constant improvements, of value though in minor details. As in many occupations in Europe, the artisans hand down their acquired knowledge and skill to younger members of the same family.

MISS GILDER'S LETTER.

The Manhattan Grand Jury and the Wave of Crime.

The grand jury which was instructed about two months ago to investigate charges that crime was rampant in this city has just brought in its report. It is not a very sensational report, and some of the papers seem to think that it has discovered no mare's nest. At the same time, while it is calm in its statements, it strikes me as backing up much that Judge Corrigan has said on the subject. "Somewhat of an increase" in crime is the conservative summing up of this long report. At the same time the separate statements would seem to prove that the city is not as much of an Utopia as Mayor Gaynor would have us think. While the members of this grand jury commend the mayor for the stand he has taken and the efforts he has made to prevent brutality and grafting by policemen, at the same time they recommend the employment of more "plain clothes men" and "freer use of the club."

A part of the presentment reads: "No testimony was presented to the grand jury showing corruption by members of the police force, nor any public officer; therefore, no such indictments were found." Special attention was paid to the subjects of burglary, larceny, and offenses committed by hoodlums and gangs. The report notes that there is a great volume of these crimes and that complaints are constantly made of inadequate protection in certain parts of the city.

The statistics offered by this board are interesting and would seem to contradict the conservative tone of the report as a whole.

They report that police captains testified that they are not able effectively to control the beggars, and the growing number of disorderly and criminal youths with uniformed policemen alone. Civilian witnesses sustained this opinion. Evidence before this jury indicates "that sailors and immigrants on and near West Street are victimized, assaulted, and robbed to a large extent."

The hoodlum element was never more in evidence in this city than it is today, and that the police are not allowed to carry night sticks or to use their clubs in the daytime does much to encourage the outrages by this class of the community. A policeman without a club is an object of derision to criminal youths, who have great fun in jeering and jibing at his helpless condition. This jury finds that in some parts of the city policemen should have "a freer use of their clubs without having to worry about vengeful charges by criminals and the expense and uncertainty of trial on charges." In the judgment of these witnesses, "it is not well that policemen properly performing their duties should submit to the insult and contempt of criminal and disorderly persons," all of which is absolutely true, and if a policeman can not be trusted to use his club with discretion he should be put off the force.

I do not think that the increase in crime according to the statistics laid before the grand jury can be accounted for altogether by the increase in the population. Comparison of the last quarter of 1910 and the first quarter of 1911: "The last quarter of 1910 shows: Citizens' complaints of burglary, 2140; the first quarter of 1911, 3443; citizens' complaints of all larcenies, last quarter of 1910, 3945; first quarter of 1911, 5199. Total amount recorded as stolen, last quarter of 1910, was \$1,072,994, and total amount recovered was \$372,642. Total amount recorded as stolen, first quarter of 1911, was \$922,431.21, and amount recovered was \$240,407.91." Not a very encouraging showing, is it?

As I said before, there is nothing sensational about this report of the grand jury. It is calm and quiet, but it seems to me to show that crime is very far from being under as much control as it should be if we had an adequate force of uniformed and plain clothes men and a freer use of policemen's clubs.

I am not surprised that the tramp finds New York a happy hunting ground, and I doubt if the country will see as many yeggmen and petty criminals this coming summer as it did a year ago. New York is too good a thing to give up in a hurry.

A new society is being organized whose members are pledged never to ignore the appeal of a beggar. One R. Dan Wolterbeek has organized such a society, which he calls the "Street Friends' Union." This, he says, is simply an old idea under a new name. It is, as it were, a giving-help-quick organization. If any of its members is accosted on the street by a man who claims to be hungry he will at once take him to the nearest restaurant and give him a square meal. He will ask him no questions, he will not even ask him to wash up before sitting down at a table or lunch counter. I suppose he will do the same thing with a man who wants a drink, for often the desire for drink is more imperative than the desire for food. As the nearest restaurant is the one to be patronized by the members of the "Street Friends' Union," I can see a line of hungry "unemployed" hanging around the neighborhood of the Waldorf and that hotbed of eating-houses surrounding Times Square.

This is the season during which conventions of one sort or another are held in New York. If this were a midwest city it would have a big and blazing sign of welcome erected in a conspicuous place, for there is not a day or a night that bodies of men representing trades of one sort or another are not within our gates. The Waldorf and the Hotel Astor are favorite gathering places for these conventions. For one reason, I suppose, because they have large rooms, ballrooms and banquet halls that can readily be used for convention purposes.

One of the most interesting of these conventions is that of the Booksellers. This organization is now about eleven years old, but it has only shown signs of prosperity in the last five years, though in 1909 it could not have been called very prosperous, as there were only thirty-six members who attended the convention. In 1908 there were fifty-nine; in 1909, eighty-eight; in 1910, one hundred and sixty-one, and in 1911, two hundred and fifty-four. They came from all parts of the country and many were the discussions on the subject of the best way to sell books. The consensus of opinion was that notwithstanding the numerous number of books that are sold in this country, it was nothing like what it should be. A young man from Boston, Mr. F. G. Melcher, of the C. E. Lauriat Company, made a great hit with a little speech, a sort of trumpet call to the booksellers. If a speech could be encored his would certainly have had that compliment, for it was more than enthusiastically applauded.

One of the pleasant features of the convention was a visit of its members to the "Country Life Press," in other words, the new Doubleday, Page & Co. establishment at Garden City. A special train took them down and a special luncheon was served outdoors to the tinkling of fountains and the odor of flowers. The "Country Life Press" is an ideal spot, and while it looks as though it was only for pleasure, it is about as busy a place as could possibly be found. Books are manufactured here by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, and magazines are tossed off with incredible speed. There is every modern printing appliance. You throw the manuscript at the typesetting machine and before you know it, it comes out a book on the other side of the room. There is only one way of improving on the present method, and that is to throw in the author and have him come out a book. This would save time in many ways. There would be no throes of composition on his part; there would be no copying with the typewriter. The authorgraph machine would just take hold of the thoughts that are in the man and reduce them to cold type and spread them over white paper before you would have time to say "Jack Robinson." I am expecting to hear before long that some enterprising inventor has patented a process for a thought-reading typesetting machine.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1911.

The ceremony of presenting the freedom of the city as an honor arose in the Middle Ages, when such right was not acquired by mere domicile. No stranger could move into a medieval town and go into business, his own gainful occupation or the civic activities. First, he must become enrolled in the guild of his trade, then he had to undergo an apprenticeship of full seven years before he could be admitted to its livery; then only and thus only could he arrive at the freedom of his city. As a reward for high deeds these mediaeval city republics sometimes conferred on such strangers as had served them well the freedom of the city by solemn act of the burgesses and liveries without the apprenticeship of servitude. Every such recipient of a city's freedom became at once a burgess, free to dwell, free to engage in trade, free to vote for the civic rulers and to aspire to the civic chair. The key was the visible sign of this freedom—the city gates, closed at sunset against the stranger and the foe, opened to the burgess key at all hours, as the door of his own home.

The one thousandth anniversary of the founding of the Duchy of Normandy will be celebrated in Rouen next month. It was in the year 911 that the treaty was signed between Charles the Simple and the Norse seaking Rollo, by which the latter received a tract of land with Rouen as its centre. The settlement of Rollo at Rouen grew into the Duchy of Normandy, which, through his successor, William the Conqueror, was united in the eleventh century with England. The celebration will take place between June 3 and 8. The city will be decorated and illuminated, there will be land and water fêtes, historical processions, jousts, and tournaments, theatrical galas, fireworks displays, and sports. The influence of Normandy upon the history and literature of the world will be illustrated by a congress and by fine art exhibitions.

Nearly one hundred American Indians, representing Zunis, Ogalallas, Onondagas, Yaquis, Navajos, and Apaches, will leave for Paris to show their art in blanket-making, tanning, beadwork, pottery, and carving at the Zoological Gardens, near the Bois de Boulogne. The necessary arrangements have been made with the United States government by M. Fernand Akoun, director of the ethnological department of the Paris Zoological Gardens.

Locomotives so long that the boilers have to be jointed to enable them to take curves properly are the latest thing in traction, and may be seen on the Santa Fé road.

A southern flying machine concern has contracts amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars for exhibition flights the coming season.

More beer is produced in the United States than in Germany or Great Britain. Much American beer is sent to Canada, Cuba, and Panama.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Jersey Benedict Gessner, one of the most prominent lawyers of the South, resides in New Orleans, having inherited her splendid offices and much of her legal business from her father. She receives the same fees for her work which would be paid a man, and it is said she has lost but one case.

Robert Robbins, a large landowner and enthusiastic hunter near Woodland, Washington, has commenced the importation of foxes, with the intention of ultimately stocking that part of the country for sport. He has a pack of deerhounds which he believes will follow a fox as closely as has been their wont when after the antlered monarchs of the rough country.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria is a physician and an accomplished musician, and when his duties as general of Bavarian cavalry leave him free he practices medicine among the poor, who have learned to look upon him as the kindest of friendly benefactors. Recently his work attracted the attention of Dr. Hoch, the consumption specialist of Vienna. It is said the Bavarian doctors resent the interference of the prince with their profession.

Miss Grace Allen, the only woman publisher in England, has just returned to her home after a lecture tour in this country, highly impressed with American institutions, and particularly with New York's hotels exclusively for women. She is a daughter of George Allen, who was the first engraver for John Ruskin and later the publisher of his works. As the goddaughter of the author's mother, she knew John Ruskin from her earliest childhood. In publishing "Flors Clavigera" she relates that every member of the Allen family took part in the work. Since 1890 she has lived in London.

Henry L. Stimson, the newly appointed Secretary of War, who has succeeded Jacob M. Dickinson, is a New Englander by birth, who first came into prominence when President Roosevelt appointed him United States district attorney for the Southern District of New York, in 1906. He was born in 1867, prepared for college at Phillips, Andover, and graduated from Yale in 1888 with honors. In 1891 he began his law experience as clerk with Senator Root's firm, Root & Clarke, and two years later became a member of the firm. At the Saratoga convention last summer he received the nomination for governor.

Frank Billings Kellogg, who prepared the case against the Standard Oil Company, is country bred, having grown to young manhood on a farm, where he laid the foundation for his vigorous later years. He was born at Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, New York, in 1856, and at the age of nineteen began the study of law. As a corporation lawyer he attained a distinctive position, and when the government decided to investigate a number of large corporations, it retained Kellogg for that purpose. Later he was retained by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the investigation of the Union Pacific Railroad and its allied lines.

General Ian Hamilton, who has just returned to England with his aides, after a tour of inspection of British West Indies army stations and a trip to Panama to observe the progress of the canal, has spent his life in active service. He was born at Corfu in 1853, entered the army in 1873, and served in the Afghan war in 1878-80. The Boer war of 1881 took him to South Africa. Then came the Nile expedition, followed by the Burmese expedition. With the Chitral relief force in 1897 he received mention for bravery, and two years later he went through the Tirah campaign. In the last Boer war he served throughout. Later he was the military representative of India with the Japanese army in the Manchuria campaign. He has written several books.

Alphonse Legros, painter, sculptor, etcher, and medalist, who has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, is a naturalized Englishman. He was born at Dijon, France, in 1837. When eleven years of age he was apprenticed to a house painter and then to a decorator at Lyons. His talent developing, he went to Paris and studied with Cambon. In 1863 he went to England, where he was well received. He was elected to the Slade professorship at University College in 1876, and served for many years. His work as an interpreter of peasant life puts him beside Millet, though his "Angelus," a church interior with kneeling women, is among his best-known works. A collection of his drawings and etchings is to be seen in the print room of the British Museum.

Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, regarded as the leader in both the world of electrical and chemical experimentation in this country, was forced to beg for work from door to door on his arrival by steerage from Germany about twenty years ago, with little knowledge of the English tongue. He was finally given a job in a small electrical establishment in Yonkers at twelve dollars a week, lived in a hall bedroom, and cooked his own meals over a smoky gas stove. Today he works in his private laboratory in Schenectady and is the means of keeping 18,000 people busy carrying out his ideas. Dr. Steinmetz was born in Breslau in 1865. His education was received at Breslau, Berlin, and Zurich. Since 1893 he has been consulting engineer for the General Electric Company. He is also professor of electrical engineering at Union College. At present he is studying light, and expects to spend four years on it.

THE INNER BLOOD.

A Coward's Test after Travail.

Bradley Jaynes was a coward.

Ever since he could remember this conviction dwelt in his consciousness like a secret disease. As a child he was afraid of darkness—not like other children, who cry a little while, and then fall asleep. For him there were long, terror-laden vigils, when he lay conjuring up vague, unknown dangers—afraid to stir. As he grew older this abated, but did not cease, and a host of other fears assailed him. He seldom rode on a train without anticipating all the horrors of a wreck; the peculiar sensation one feels in a swiftly moving elevator was to him an actual pain. The slightest altercation with a fellow-being, condemnation, unkindness, misinterpretation of his motives, disturbed him beyond measure. The sight of blood almost prostrated him.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of it all was the fact that Jaynes managed to keep it hidden from the world. By the exercise of every ounce of self-control at his command, he had, thus far, succeeded in appearing outwardly calm. But it was ever a victory won by so narrow a margin that he feared it might not serve on the next occasion.

He began a fierce, concentrated search for the cause of his abnormality. It was not hereditary. His forefathers had played their parts in life with at least ordinary courage. Two had died in the Civil War; one was a noted explorer; the rest were simple citizens who had gone to their graves without stigma.

Baffled here, Jaynes sought other scientific explanations. Arrested development of brain-cells finally became his working hypothesis. He had inherited bravery; therefore he was potentially brave. Fear was an unevolved race-trait, he decided, a relic of the cave-dweller and savage. Yes, that was it: a part of his mind needed education, unfoldment. Somewhere, within him, dwelt the legacy of courage, the inner blood that had enabled his forbears to face life's crises without flinching and with confidence in self. That quality was a part of himself, but dormant. It must be awakened. How?

Finally Jaynes was driven to sharing his secret with another. Among his close friends was a specialist in nervous diseases, great rather than famous, in that finer distinctive sense the world seldom recognizes. To Dr. Van Arden, Jaynes confessed without reserve, and the former, intensely interested, made a rigid examination of his friend, physical, mental, and psychological.

"I think your case a simple one, Bradley," he said, finally. "You are too delicately organized, that is all. The nerves of a woman are much finer than those of a man; yet I have never seen a woman with so intricately sensitive a nervous system as you possess. It is not a disease. Your whole body is perfectly normal in its adjustment, part to part. You are too sensitive, too finely made; that is all."

"I see," said Jaynes, slowly. "I believe you are right. But what is the remedy? I can not remain in a darkened room, guarded from atmospheric changes. I must take my place among men, live their life, undergo their experiences—and sooner or later there will come to me those crucial moments by which men are tested and judged. How am I to fit myself for them?"

"I am coming to that," said Van Arden. "To my mind the remedy is as simple as the inadaptation. There must be a gradual hardening, callousing, of those registers of sensation which science calls nerves."

"And how is this to be accomplished?" Jaynes asked.

"That," replied Dr. Van Arden, "depends on yourself, as to details. I would suggest a gradual but persistent course of experience in those phases of life which have a tendency to blunt the finer sensibilities. Start with prize-fights, visit the prisons, the slums. Study them thoroughly, until you no longer feel nauseated, excited, incensed by what you see. Attend an execution; later an operation or two. Read nothing but the newspapers, go in for outdoor sports, the rougher the better; tire yourself thoroughly by physical exercise and eat heavily of coarse food. Dress carelessly, associate with men of the primitive, forceful type and with their wives and daughters. I would advise going West—after the preliminary course. Try a logging camp, a sheep or cattle ranch. Write me frequently, and if the scheme proves successful stick to it for a couple of years."

When it became bruited about that young Bradley Jaynes was following in his father's footsteps, the majority of those who knew him shrugged their shoulders. A few felt badly and but one understood. Of those who took his "moral decadence" to heart was a girl named Enid Barstow. She and Bradley had been schoolmates and their friendship lasted through the usually divergent years of adolescence into that maturer youth where such relationships are apt to ripen into something very fine.

Several months after Jaynes's interview with Dr. Van Arden, Enid consulted her brother. "Is it true about Bradley; that he is doing—what his father did?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"I hardly know what to think about Brad," Tom Barstow answered. "If you mean that he's drinking or gambling or running after women—no. But he's changed a good deal. I don't know what's come over him. I'll be frank with you, sis, for I know you and Brad are—that is, you're very good friends. He isn't

behaving just right according to my notion. I saw him one night at a prize-fight. He sat in the front row with that sporting-editor fellow from the *Globe*, and he seemed in a regular blue funk; looked as if he might keel over any minute. But he sat it out, with his teeth shut, and never took his eyes off the ring. I thought: 'Well, you're game, but you'll never do this again.' It was a particularly nasty show; very brutal, you know. I decided that he'd been roped in some way and didn't want to let on that it made him sick. But that's where I was wrong. Last week Wilson was telling me he saw Brad at another fight and that he was actually enjoying it. Another time I ran across him on the Bowery with a couple of tough-looking fellows. They seemed to be steering him through and were taking in everything—places where I wouldn't go. I've met him in a number of odd places, always going the limit for sights, and Fisher—he works on the *Times*, you know—told me Brad was at Sing Sing when they electrocuted that Ross chap. I can't understand it at all."

"It seems very queer," said Enid, troubled. "Yet," she went on, after a pause, "it is hardly fair to blame him for doing the same things that—other men do."

"That I do, you mean," said Tom with a grin. "Well, I'm no saint, sis, but I draw certain lines—and I guess Bradley does, too. The trouble is we've never expected anything like that of him. He's always held sort of aloof, don't you know, from, well—what we condone in others."

"I dare say," agreed the girl, tonelessly. "Do you know what he does with himself when he's not attending prize-fights or—seeing men killed?"

"Brad is getting to be quite an athlete, I hear," Tom answered. "He goes in for golf and polo and football. They say he's a mighty pedestrian, too, and can box like the deuce. I'll dig him up and bring him home to dinner the first night I get a chance. You can find out more in a minute by talking with him than I could in a thousand years. Trust a woman for that."

Enid sat for a long time thinking over what her brother had said. Was the riotous blood of his parent claiming its own? Ah, the pity of it! And was it for a lost friend only that she mourned? Her face crimsoned. How long she remained thus she did not know, but, after a time, the telephone bell aroused her.

"Say, sis," said Tom's voice, "I've just run across Bradley Jaynes, and I'm bringing him over for dinner tonight. Is it O K?"

"Yes," answered Enid, faintly. "I must hurry and dress," she told herself. "I wonder if that white lawn—" Again she blushed at the thought that was in her mind.

Jaynes seemed quite his old self when he took Enid's hand that evening and told her, sincerely enough, that he had missed her.

"Where in the world have you been keeping yourself?" the girl asked. "Nobody has seen you for three months. People are saying you have entered a monastery."

Jaynes laughed a little confusedly. "I guess it isn't a monastery I'm suspected of entering, exactly," he said. "Oh, I hear this gossip as well as you, Enid."

They had drawn aside from the others and Bradley searched the girl's face eagerly. "They say of me that I'm going the pace my father went," he told her. "You didn't believe that, Enid, did you?"

"N-no," she stammered. His face clouded with disappointment. "You *did* doubt me, then," he said, sadly. "Ah, Enid, I didn't think *you* would."

A flash of anger sprang into her eyes. "How could I help feeling troubled about you?" she asked. "Why have you kept away from me—avoided all your old friends? Why does one hear all these strange stories about you?" Her eyes softened. "It is not that I distrusted you, thought ill of you, Bradley. I was troubled, worried." She flushed and her tongue raced on, "Perhaps I cared too much." She stopped, confused.

"Enid!" said Bradley, quickly. Then he, too, stopped. He saw that he must not take advantage of her slip.

She saved the situation by a quick laugh. "They tell me you have become a great athlete."

There are times when the truth, incompletely told, is the best deception. "I am taking a doctor's advice," said Jaynes. "You know Van Arden. He's a friend of mine. Some months ago he told me a complete change of habits was necessary to restore my nerves. They're bad, you know. He prescribed outdoor exercise and all that sort of thing. I'm feeling much better, really."

"Did he also prescribe prize-fights and slumming and—executions?" asked Enid, breathlessly.

He faced her stonily and in silence. The hurt in his eyes stabbed her.

"Forgive me," she said; "I didn't mean to be rude."

After a moment Jaynes spoke. "I am glad you care—you are interested, Enid," he said. "That is very good of you—and very sweet. It makes me happy—because, some time, I want to come to you and ask you—a great favor. Not now. Not yet." His voice broke. "There is something to be done first. Something to be made secure. In the meantime you will trust me, won't you? I am going West next week, to stay a year or more. That is part of the plan which I can not confide to you. Will you trust me until then?"

She gave him both of her hands. "Yes, Bradley," she said, "I will always trust you. And when you come back—I may grant your favor. Tom is looking for us," she added. "I suppose we must go in to dinner."

It was rather a silent meal. They talked of Jaynes's

departure. He was going to visit a friend who owned a Nevada cattle ranch. Tom rather envied him the opportunity.

When Jaynes was leaving, Tom managed to leave him and Enid together. He was very fond of them both and hoped Enid might find a way to make Jaynes abandon the Western excursion.

As Jaynes stepped across the threshold, Enid laid a hand on his coat-sleeve. "Tell me, Bradley, you are not in danger?" she asked, tremulously. "You haven't got consumption—or anything like that?"

Jaynes raised the hand to his lips with a gesture of impulsive adoration. Tears stood in his eyes. "No, dear," he said. "I am not ill—in that sense at least. I have a certain work to do—that is all."

A year later Jaynes left the Parsons ranch for San Francisco. His Western experience had done much for him toward establishing the "lower order of intelligence" prescribed by Dr. Van Arden. He was sun-browned like an Indian and "hard as nails" from long rides in the saddle and the arduous, muscle-building, flesh-reducing work of the desert herdsman. Bravery of a fashion he had demonstrated among the rough men who attended his friend's cattle and with whom he had fraternized as with brothers—men whose vices and virtues were simple and strong and who recognized but two unforgivable sins: horse-stealing and cowardice. It had been a great task for Jaynes to measure to their standard, but he had done so, and won their respect.

Yet he was not satisfied. None of his comrades knew how much the nausea of fear had gripped him when a cattle stampede made death seem very near to the little band of men in the path of the bovine avalanche, for Jaynes had managed, despite everything, to sit his saddle and play his part in the precarious game. His cow-puncher companions in the pistol fusillade with hostile sheep men saw nothing in Jaynes's behavior to show that his spirit flinched and quailed with every shot. In both of these instances, and some others of lesser importance, Jaynes had saved himself by the breadth of a hair from absolute collapse. It was the old story over and over again. Among brave men, stimulated by the example of their fearlessness, he had imitated them sufficiently to pass muster. What if he had been among weaklings instead—a panic-stricken crowd for instance? Would he, then, have been as craven as they? He did not know, but he was staking his last card now. As a boy he had implored God for courage or death. Now he was going to force Providence into giving him one or the other by going to war. Fighting was bitter in the Philippines just then. It was warfare of the most dangerous sort, made doubly so by a disease-breeding climate which did even more execution than the wily and active foe.

"If I conquer this thing, I will come back and marry Enid," Jaynes told himself as the train sped on. "If not—well, I won't come back."

The train reached Oakland Mole early in the morning and a thick mist lay upon the water. Fog horns tooted incessantly. One could scarcely see ten feet ahead.

The thought of suicide came to him as it has come to many aboard the ferryboat. He looked down at the water. There seemed a menace in its cold, gray swirls against the vessel's side. He shivered at the thought of submersion, strangulation in that vast, slate-colored mass. The chill of the fog gripped him. "Not that," he said, half aloud. "No, not that."

Cr-r-rash!

The sharp prow of a river steamer struck the ferry amidships. There was a rending and tearing of wood, a clash and tinkle of breaking glass from below; then a moment of intense stillness.

A woman cleft it with a piercing scream. She had lost her baby. It was the keynote for a chorus of chaotic, horror-laden sound. A hundred pairs of feet rushed, helter-skelter, to and fro, without intelligent direction. Women shrieked without cessation; some laughed hysterically, peal after peal of weird, uncontrollable cackling. Children whimpered in terror. Men, white and silent, stood still, trying to collect their scattered wits; some cursed, softly. Several deck hands were busied with the lifeboats. Others called loudly upon the passengers to be quiet; that there was no danger. From the pilot-house the captain bawled orders through a megaphone and shouted calls for assistance to the dimly visible craft nearby. Mingled with it all was the hiss of escaping steam and the throb of engines not yet stopped.

Bradley Jaynes, shaking, unnerved, clung to a stanchion, fighting to compose himself. It was upon him again—the horrible, crushing sense of paralyzing fear. It was benumbing his limbs, making a *thing* of him—a vile thing instead of a man. Ah, what was the use? Why fight it any longer? Why not end it here—stand forth, once for all, his real, shrinking, loathsome self, instead of the masquerader in a garb of manhood which was always slipping off?

The boat gave a great list to starboard.

"We're sinking! We're sinking!" cried a dozen voices. A score of men rushed, headlong, toward the lifeboats. The deck hands, armed with marlinspikes and oars, strove to beat them off, crying that all would drown unless there were order. But the men were panic-mad. They surged on, pushing aside, trampling on, striking at everything in their way. At their heels, one by one, came others, caught in the tide of their frenzy: women who clawed and bit and scratched their way toward the front, some dragging children after them—children half dead with fear.

Jaynes plunged after them, caring nothing now—moved only by a mad instinct to preserve the life he had held so worthless a moment hence. Then, as though some powerful electric shock had deprived him of further movement, he stopped short. Ahead of him was a girl calmly endeavoring to soothe a frightened child, whose mother had joined the mob. It was Enid Barstow.

Just what followed has never been clear to Jaynes. Somewhere within him something snapped, gave way—and a thing that had been behind it, caged, sleeping, a thing he had never known, burst forth like a raging lion. He died and was born again, full armed, in a single moment. He saw himself, like a detached personality, spring into the thick of the terror-stricken crowd, yet apart from them, like a god; fighting his way with a scarcely perceptible effort to the side of the battling sailors; restraining, awing, soothing, convincing with his words, his presence; dispersing the rush, bringing order out of chaos, helping to lower the boats, assisting passengers into them—women and children first, then the old men, next the young; standing, clear-eyed, collected, masterful, beside the captain, after the last crowded boat had put off, on the deck of the sinking ship; the shock of the icy water, as he went beneath it; the battle for life as he rose. The line that was thrown him from the river boat and the cheer that arose when he clambered aboard; the crowd about him—men wringing his hands, women kissing him hysterically, and, after that, a tall girl standing beside him with a look of adoration in her eyes. It was all like a dream.

And then, all at once, he connected this wonderful being with himself—this hero. And the girl at his side was Enid.

He gave a little glad sob of understanding. "It is the inner blood," he said to himself. "The inner blood—and I've won. Oh, my God!"

Then he let them lead him below.

LOUIS J. STELLMANN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1911.

The Chiltern Hundreds are a range of chalk eminences separating the English counties of Bedford and Hertford, and passing through the middle of Bucks, to Henley in Oxfordshire. They comprise the Hundreds of Burnham, Desborough, and Stoke. They were formerly much infested by robbers. To protect the inhabitants from these marauders an officer of the crown was appointed, under the name of the "Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." The duties have long ceased, but the office—a sinecure with a nominal pay—is still retained. A member of the House of Commons can not resign, but acceptance of office under the crown vacates his seat. Whenever, therefore, a member of Parliament wishes to retire, he applies for this office, which, being granted as a matter of course, his seat becomes vacant. He then immediately resigns the stewardship, so that it may be vacant for the next applicant. In case of need the stewardship of the manors of East Hundred, Northstead, and Hempholme may be made to serve the same purpose. The custom dates from about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Geographical Society of Philadelphia has undertaken to raise a fund to establish a memorial lectureship in the name of the late Angelo Heilprin, who was for sixteen years professor of geology at the Academy of Natural Sciences. It was he who made the first valid barometric determination of the height of Orizaba, and he made other important contributions to the study of the great central plateau of Mexico. In 1892 he led the Peary relief expedition to Greenland. But the world will longest remember his brave ascent of Mont Pelee on May 31, 1902, three weeks after the destruction of Martinique by the volcano. Against almost insuperable odds he ascended to the rim of the crater and there remained two hours amid hissing steam clouds and showers of mud and cinders, calmly noting the physiographic changes, with a white-hot pool of lava threatening to engulf him where he stood on the crumbling brink of the crater.

Sudd of the White Nile, which is to be manufactured into fuel, consists mainly of papyrus and "um soof" reed, with masses of earth clinging to the roots. It accumulates in great blocks twenty feet thick, over which a man can walk. The effect of these blocks upon the river may be illustrated by the fact that when clearance operations were carried out after the fall of the Khalifa, the removal of one block alone brought the level of the river above down by five feet in four days. When another burst the floating vegetable matter took thirty-six hours to pass a given point. One block removed later was seven miles long. It was found impossible to blow up the sudd, which was too elastic, so that the explosive only made holes in it. The method was to burn the surface matter, dig great trenches in the remainder and then tug with a steamer.

A great institution in embryo is the remarkable Emanuel College at Saskatoon, in the diocese of Saskatchewan. At the present time sixty young men are being trained there under Principal Lloyd to meet the rapidly growing demand for young clergymen in the vast territory of western Canada. A picture of this college shows a lot of wooden huts of the simplest species, standing on the open prairie. Two tutors live in shacks also. The men have nowhere to sit except in the lecture rooms or in their bunks.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Pictures and Artists and the Changes of Time.

Bond Street is a free thoroughfare. Its half-mile length from Piccadilly to Oxford Street may be traversed without cost as many times a day as the pedestrian's physical endurance will permit. And his journey is made pleasant by a constant panorama of pictures. For almost every other window in Bond Street is that of an art dealer who displays his oils, or water-colors, or engravings for the æsthetic delight of the passer-by. The pictures are duly titled, and in most cases priced. Consequently Bond Street partakes largely of the nature of a picture gallery where there is no charge for admission or catalogue.

Burlington House is in another category. It is the official home of the Royal Academy, in the galleries of which the Londoner seeks his "annual art treat." No one can pass its turn-stiles without depositing a shilling, and another shilling is demanded for the dumpy little catalogue. The first charge has been in existence as long as the Academy. It was imposed with an apology. As the exhibition was part of an institution supported by "Royal Munificence"—so ran the advertisement of the catalogue in 1769—"the Public may naturally expect the Liberty of being admitted without any Expense. The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other Means than that of receiving Money for Admittance, to prevent the Room from being filled by improper Persons, to the entire Exclusion of those for whom the Exhibition is apparently intended."

Having erected their shilling barrier against "improper Persons," the Academicians generously threw in the catalogue "gratis." That liberal policy lasted nearly thirty years, and then a charge of sixpence was imposed, to be increased some ten years later to a shilling. No apology has ever been offered for that imposition; probably the ingenuity of the Academicians was exhausted by the "improper Persons" theory. Hence for more than a century the "annual art treat" of the Londoner has cost him fifty cents.

Is it worth it? As a human spectacle it may be. During the early weeks of the Academy, when the small-talk of London dinner-tables lightly turns to thoughts of "art," Burlington House is the fashionable promenade of the British capital. It is an indoors Rotten Row. The galleries are crowded with Lord Tom-Noddies and Lady Vere-de-Veres, with Honorable Misses and Honorable Masters, with rural Deans and urban Canons. To "do the Academy" is the fashionable duty of the hour. Some of the victims find it an irksome task. For such the Academicians have thoughtfully provided comfortable settees in all the galleries, where they sit and yawn or recline and sleep indifferent to the surging crowd. There is also a refreshment room to relieve the monotony. With these aids to the weary flesh it is possible to "do the Academy" without undue physical exhaustion.

But as a picture-show? Is it worth fifty cents on that score? Hardly. The fact is, the Royal Academy started badly. Is any one in these days familiar with the high-sounding name of Mauritius Lowe? Students of art history learned in the smallest details of their subject may recall him as one of the worst painters even England ever had, and yet it was to Mauritius Lowe the Royal Academy awarded its first gold medal "for the best historical painting"! It has been doing that kind of thing ever since. The Academicians, with their sensitive dislike of "improper Persons," have all along been a conservative little coterie, jealous of their own "set" and keeping all innovators at arm's length. Constable was denied recognition until he had but a few years to live, and even then was insulted by being told he ought to consider himself "fortunate" in being elected. More strangled with red tape than almost any other British institution, the Royal Academy has ceased to represent British art because it has no hospitality for new ideas. By the time it recognizes a painter that artist is usually a spent force.

Even John Sargent seems on the road to being asphyxiated by his "R. A." Of course his portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury is a centre of attraction, much nosed out by obsequious parsons and clergy-loving females, but beyond the fact that the black robe of the prelate is admirably painted there is little to be said in its praise. And the same artist's "Armageddon," a huge lunette intended for some decorative purpose, is not satisfying either for design or color. Another failure on a large scale is John Lavery's "The Amazon," an ambitious attempt to combine portraiture and landscape. The principal figure is a modern woman on horseback, set in a wide landscape, but between puzzling whether to look at the amazon or the view the spectator quickly loses all interest in either. The Hon. John Collier is represented by three exhibits, one a society portrait which is notable for the fine marble column against which the sitter is posed, a second—"Eve"—of the "naughty-naughty" type, and thirdly a fierce transcript of Lord Kitchener high among the mountains of the Northwest frontier clad in all the glory of full regimentals. For once E. Blair Leighton has deserted those mediæval castles and distressed ladies which have served him so well in the past for a slushy composition entitled "The Unknown Land." This is Charon's boat plus weeping mother deprived of her offspring. Marcus Stone is more faithful to his past; his "June" is another arrangement

of his famous garden seat with a fair sitter and a large summer hat. W. L. Wyllie, too, clings to the sea and patriotism as paying assets with his battleship picture of "New Zealand's Gift to the Old Country," and C. Napier Hemy is still as wedded to his fishing boats and the open ocean as ever T. Sidney Cooper was to his polished cows and well-trimmed fields.

Among the genuine horrors of the exhibition are Fred Roe's "A City Banquet," which depicts a monocled speaker addressing a unique collection of grotesques; Hilda Fearon's "The Morning Drive," in which the feet of the mother stepping from her carriage and those of the child running to greet her are almost large enough to block out a view of the rest of the canvas; J. Watson Nicol's "Hail, Holy Light!" with its skinny angels tiptoeing on enormous shells; William Strang's "The Celestial Globe," a crudely drawn family group taking a lesson in geography; and Frank Craig's "The Abbé Pichot," an ecclesiastical scarecrow plastered against a wall. But the sculptors press the painters hard. No fewer than six of the former have tried their hands at portrait busts of the late King Edward, and with disastrous results. They all might be of different men, and not one is a likeness or worth a moment's consideration as a work of art. The largest object in the sculpture galleries is Sir George Frampton's model for the bronze fantasy of "Peter Pan" which Mr. Barrie's copious royalties have enabled him to promise for the disfigurement of Kensington Gardens. It is a trivial piece of nonsense, representing a rugged rock bespattered with rabbits, snails, and women, all wending their way upward to the summit on which is posed an irritatingly precocious figure of Peter Pan. *Punch* assures us that Mr. Barrie's example has already proved infectious, and that "Mr. G. B. Shaw has arranged with M. Rodin for a nude mammoth statue of himself, accompanied by a pigmy Shakespeare, to be erected opposite whatever site is chosen for the Shakespeare memorial, in honor of Man and Superman."

After all, one of the best tests of an exhibition of art is—How many pictures are there one would like to live with? This truth seems to have dawned upon Val Havers, who entitles his two canvases simply, "Living-room Picture." And they are so companionable that it may be hoped other artists will take the hint. For really one might almost count on the fingers of one's two hands the sum total of the pictures which would be endurable in a living-room. To wander from gallery to gallery in search of art among this wilderness of painted canvases and gorgeous frames is to be reminded of Haydon when he took his "Dentatus" picture to the Academy with Leigh Hunt for a companion. The poet made fun of the artist the whole journey, saying, "Wouldn't it be a delicious thing now for a lamplighter to come round the corner, and put the two ends of his ladder right into Dentatus's eye? Or suppose we meet a couple of dray-horses playing tricks with a barrel of beer, knocking your men down, and trampling poor Dentatus to a mummy!" And poor Hayden grew so nervous under the torture that he did trip up with his picture and almost ruin it. A Leigh Hunt ought to have accompanied most of this year's exhibitors; the world would have been no poorer had lamplighter's ladders or dray-horses prevented the bulk of the canvases from reaching Burlington House.

For after a couple of hours' vain quest in search of art it was impossible not to agree with the overheard question of another weary pilgrim, "Really, do you think it's worth while staying any longer?" And it would have been equally unreasonable to resent the obvious amusement of a couple of French women who evidently derived more diversion than æsthetic pleasure from their inspection of the pictures. Of course it is difficult to discern Old Masters under New Paint, and the artist of Anno Domini 1911 may take refuge in Hogarth's satire of Time smoking a canvas into immortality. Taste is so fickle a thing that a century hence some Pierpont Morgan may be drawing a million-dollar check for any one of these Royal Academy exhibits. But it seems more likely that the bulk of them will have gone the way of Mauritius Lowe's gold-medal effort.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, May 11, 1911.

The city of Gloucester, in England, annually presents the king with a pie. Almost from time immemorial Gloucester, until the year 1834, followed the custom of expressing its loyalty to the throne by sending to the king a lamproy pie. In 1834 the custom was suspended, but it was revived in 1893, and has since continued. It was felt that the year of the diamond jubilee required some special effort, and therefore the 1897 pie, which was in May dispatched to Balmoral upon a gold dish, was of a more than usually elaborate character. The pie weighed twenty pounds and was adorned with truffles, fine prawns on gold skewers, and aspic jelly.

Drunkards' Island is the name by which the Salvation Army's latest colony for inebriates, off the coast of New Zealand is known to passing mariners. Its real name is Pakatōa. All spirits and alcohol in any form are forbidden on Pakatōa, and the colonists lead the simple life on a fruit diet, without drugs or policemen. The New Zealand government recently passed an act giving magistrates power to commit persons who have been four times convicted of drunkenness to Pakatōa. The residents work at market gardening, fruit culture, framemaking, and the manufacture of children's toys.

JOHN LA FARGE.

Royal Cortissoz Writes a Memoir and a Study of a Great Man and a Great Artist.

Royal Cortissoz writes so admirable a "memoir and a study" of John La Farge that we wish we might always have such handling of great men and that the biography might disappear from among us. Only the memoirist has the full liberty of choice and selection in the material before him. Only he can exclude at will the thousand things of a human life that we do not want to know, the things that belong wholly to the world, the banalities of family, of education, of early efforts, and of finance. The biographer is the foe of mystery and of imagination. The memoirist can isolate his character before the vague background of the unknown and invite us to look only at the spiritual realities that make up the heroic individuality.

And so the author gives us just as much of John La Farge as we wish to have and just enough to enable us to appreciate him as a man. Characteristically enough, his opening sentence tells us that La Farge had an instinctive dislike to the promiscuous shaking of hands and that he had a gift for the delicate avoidance of the things that he did not want to do. This trait was in no way due either to obstinacy or a lack of sympathy. But he was infinitely fastidious, combining an old world courtesy with a reserve and an aloofness that often belong to exceptional fineness of mind. He had an undeviating sense of fitness and would refuse to show a picture in his studio if the light seemed unpropitious:

Refinement in its very essence was subtly proclaimed in all the details of his appearance and in all his little idiosyncrasies. I saw him occasionally, in other colors, in gray or in brown, but as a rule he is associated in my mind with black. Whatever he wore testified to an intense fastidiousness. Linen and silk could not be of too fine a texture for him. He lived softly, as the saying goes, not from an indolent or sensuous taste, but because the artist in him rebelled against the second best or the thing rough to the touch. He would be as exacting about his handkerchiefs, say, as about the implements on his painting table, or the Japanese paper on which he made so many of his drawings. His garments were like his demeanor, unthought of by him, in a sense, but part of his belief that life should be gracious and dignified, neat, well ordered, and always protected, somehow, from carelessness and disrespect. And never for an instant did his conformity of taste chill or otherwise overpower his sheer delightfulness.

La Farge, says the author, was essentially a man to love. With a due sense of the value of conventions, he never allowed them to intrude upon spheres that did not belong to them. He knew how to blend an entirely mundane sophistication with the easy, informal, lovable traits of a man wholeheartedly given to artistic and intellectual things:

I have heard some brilliant talkers, Whistler amongst them, but I have never heard one even remotely comparable to La Farge. He knew nothing of the glittering, phrase-making habit of the merely clever man, to whom the condensation of a bit of repartee into an epigram is a triumph. "I am not a clever man," he once said to me, "but sometimes I do clever things. I think when that happens it is the work of the demon of Socrates." He gave me a droll instance. He was dictating to a typewriter who made a mess of the names of some Chinese gods. "Like a flash I said to her, 'Miss X, you have put in here the name of your best man.' She blushed violently and admitted it." He paused. "They often do that," he added, with one of his understanding smiles.

This curious divinatory power was frequently shown during ordinary conversation. To talk with him, says the author, on a thousand things was to feel that he flung out a "myriad invisible tentacles of understanding, electric filaments which in an instant identified him with the subject of his thought and made him free of its innermost secrets."

La Farge had an intensely human side to his character, and it was never concealed from those who had won his confidence. He adored preposterous "limericks," and he knew not only how to laugh, but also how to chuckle, and to chuckle, says the author, is a gift incomparable with cynicism. There was always time for mirth in an evening spent with La Farge:

I would receive an invitation from him, couched in his never-failing terms of eighteenth-century courtesy, as in one summons to a new apartment he had taken—"the room is clean, that's one thing, not much else in its favor except your coming"—and then there would be the familiar allusion to the tobacco without which a symposium was supposed to be unthinkable. "I have cigars," he would write, "decent whisky, some poor champagne, and average brandy—enough to put aside a few moments." We soon put them aside. With meticulous care he would see that all was in order, especially the matches, and then, in clouds of smoke, we would forget the liquids. Apropos of the latter, by the way, he told me that only once in his life had his taste in wine exceeded his discretion. With the late Russell Sturgis, himself a seasoned connoisseur, he sat down to enjoy some notable Burgundies. The feast had been appointed for that purpose. They gave their minds and palates to so many vintages as to so many works of art. Their heads were untouched. Ideas came only the more speedily. Conversation had never been more luminous or delightful. But when, with immense satisfaction in their evening, the diners sought to rise, their legs calmly refused to perform their accustomed office. That was all that had happened, and that, though temporarily embarrassing, was inordinately funny.

Ill-health was always a heavy handicap to the artist, but his driving power was so great that he never allowed it to interfere with the performance of his work. Indeed he found physical weakness to be an enormous incentive to struggle. The lame foot of Lord Byron he believed to be part of his equipment as a great poet, and the same was true of Whistler and of Delacroix, who suffered, as did La Farge himself, from lameness due to lead poisoning. In a letter to the author he says:

Some forty odd years ago, when I undertook the beginning of my work in churches by painting Trinity Church, my assistants had always to help me up the thirty-foot ladder on to the great scaffolding. Not to mention Saint-

Gaudens, who is dead, and others, Mr. Maynard, for instance, will remember our conditions. This did not prevent my painting on the wall, slung on a narrow board sixty feet above the floor of the church, with one arm passed around a rope and holding my palette, while the other was passed around the other rope, and I painted on my last figure, eighteen feet high, which had to be finished the next morning at seven o'clock. I painted five hours that night in that way, and painted for twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four. For a sick man, you can see that the strain was well met, and many times since I have had to go through this physical strain of painting a big picture on the wall from the scaffolding.

He had to treat himself, he says, as a broken-down automobile which yet had to get back home. But he did not believe in the paralysis of old age. The operations of art, he says, are intellectual and may be continued if the proper knowledge has been acquired. He had a wholesome liking for appreciation and was much pleased when the German emperor told Alma Tadema that the only thing he envied him was his possession of a La Farge window. Rodin sent him a complimentary message and he was "much set up":

He was the most assiduous experimentalist in art that we have ever had. He came back from Europe a student, and in 1903, when he inaugurated the Scammon lectures at the Art Institute of Chicago, he began by saying to the huddling artists in his audience, "Notwithstanding my greater age, I am still a student." Letters written in his last illness beautifully illustrate the joyous, almost boyish, zest with which he always talked to me of his interest in pigments and processes. "I had a bad yesterday and night and morning today," he writes. "It's all I can do to hold on." But even then he was busying himself over the cataloging of nearly a hundred water colors that were going off to an exhibition in Boston, and, with his accustomed buoyancy, lifting him above ill-health to the things he loved, he goes on to say, "In all these things of misery I have had a great consolation. I have found the Japanese and Chinese paintings chosen for me by Okakura some years ago—all, of course, of great purity and of long tradition. Such a 'Kano' blue! The exact Chinese vermilion of the extreme heat! This is not necessary but it may help if I live—and it is especially valuable as a superstition, because it looks as if luck smiled a moment through the clouds. The colors of A. D. 812, of A. D. 1340!"

La Farge loved to dwell upon the early days of experimentation and of companionship with kindred minds. He knew William James, who drew "beautifully," and of Henry James he said that he had the painter's eye, adding that few writers possessed it. With particular pleasure he remembered that when Stanford White came to him with the ambition to be a painter he had urged him to embrace architecture instead. He liked to talk of a meeting with William James some twenty-one years after their early comradeship:

"He reminded me as we dined of our going out sketching together at the Glen, Newport, and of what I was painting then, and that I was not copying. On the contrary, I was merely using the facts to support my being in relation to nature. It is Rousseau who said, for painting out of doors in study, 'You can paint a chestnut well from an oak if you are in the mood to feel nature call on you.' Well, this had intrigued James all these years (fifty) and also my manner of painting. The ground of my panel was absolutely black. I should think so. It was a beautifully 'varnished' Japanese black panel of which I had taken off the top shining coats to get at the dull 'preparation' underneath, on which as you know the work is based. It could not be blacker and safer. It will last a thousand years and stand being in the sea, etc. And my picture, of course, has not altered. It is in the Boston Museum. And across all those years W. J. remembered it. I explained to his satisfaction. Then he said: 'Do you remember the bread and butter, and there was a red-headed girl served us.' 'W. J. I said, 'many a red-headed girl I have met (and white horse), but I'll take this one for granted.' 'Well,' he concluded, 'John, who could have guessed then that today we should be sitting here, each one an authority in his own profession!' Is that James-y or not? And isn't it pretty?"

The great picture of "The Ascension" in the Tenth Street Church was attended with great difficulties. The weight of the canvas was enormous, the lead paint that was used to fasten it being over five hundred pounds. The wall was a new one, and it seemed unlikely that it could stand the weight of the canvas and the strain of stretching it. As a matter of fact the wall tumbled down and it had to be rebuilt:

La Farge was amused by the puzzlement of some of his friends over his mode of work. They could not always understand his not making quantities of studies in color before he laid out his cartoon, but, as he said to me, the preliminary work in black and white was equally important with that which was to follow. Moreover, in the color stage there were bound to be some modifications, and, said he, "You don't start with your modifications." When he was painting the decoration to which I have just referred he indulged himself in playful comment on this subject. Confucius is reading from a scroll and on this La Farge got Okakura to help him inscribe in Chinese characters one of the sage's sayings, "First the white, and then the color on top." He loved to talk about Confucius, whom he had found as interesting as a novel when he was studying him with Okakura's help, and he told me an odd story of what then happened to him. He painted another Confucius in one of the panels which he placed in the courthouse at Baltimore and for purely decorative reasons he wanted a perpendicular mass in the center of it. Finally, he thought of putting a white curtain behind Confucius to shield him from the air as he sat, after his wont, beneath a favorite tree. Okakura, coming in, was greatly astonished at La Farge's scholarship and told him that Confucius had various names, one of them being the Man of the Curtain. But the artist had only been solving a technical problem. He recalled the story of Confucius one day making a little music, as he always did, before he began work. A disciple said to him, "That was not like you; it sounded so cruel." The master replied that he had seen a rat in the grass which a cat had killed, and, said he, "The cruelty got into my music." "There," remarked La Farge, "you have your modern music. What you see and feel, what goes on about you, goes into your work." It is with a sense of his own subjection to that law of human experience that we leave him as a painter, pouring into all that he did the abounding substance of his nature and his life.

The author tells us that La Farge's ruling passion was the love of knowledge, a judgment sufficiently curious in the case of an artist. He seemed to see so much of every problem that hasty or sweeping opinions became impossible to him. This gave him a liberality of mind that refused to regard any question as

settled or any personality as conclusively understood:

There was always the other side of the medal to be accounted for. What was it like? He hungered to know. But to get the knowledge he used all the discretion imaginable, and when it was his he was doubly anxious to treat it with respect, to be quite sure. The new knowledge did not round out, any more than it canceled the old. It only complicated the original question—and thereby made it more delightful. He was a Heracleitean. He saw life in a flux and that gave it, for him, its charm. The most La Fargesque saying I know occurs in a letter written in sickness and noting how an invalid necessarily disturbs all the people around him. "I stood as well as I could," he says, "the annoyances I inflicted." In that remark, absolutely accurate, sincere, and characteristic, there is perfectly mirrored his inability to see only one side of a question, his completely disinterested interest in both sides of it.

La Farge always had a certain shrinking from the outside world and from contact with those who were temperamentally incapable of understanding the atmosphere in which he moved. Of the evils of gossip he would tell the old story of the French employee who finds a good deal of money in big bills and faithfully brings it to the office and is thanked. A few years after he is mentioned for advancement. The "ministère" in charge of the office says, "But why? I remember his name. Was he not implicated in an affair about money found? No proof against him—perhaps?"

There is an old tale about the great Duke of Wellington ruefully murmuring that he was "much exposed to authors." La Farge was much exposed to committees. I think he liked them, or at any rate that they had for him a kind of dark fascination, as of august bodies whose *terribilità* might at any moment drift into an amusing phase. There is, to be sure, something about committees that is not wholly solemn. From the member of shrinking modesty, who knows nothing about art but "knows what he likes," to the member who doesn't know even that, and is accordingly, like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*, they are all, in the nature of things, possessed of a demon. I do not recall if in that amusing book of M. Le Bon's on "The Psychology of the Crowd," which I read long ago, there is a chapter on committees, but if there is one it must account for their ways on mystic grounds. No doubt committees, and individuals, occasionally thought that they had reason to be vexed with La Farge. There is, of course, something heinous in an artist's failure to finish and deliver a piece of work, according to contract, on a given Wednesday afternoon at half-past two. But sometimes one wears of the hypothesis that the business man is the only respectable type in an imperfect world, whose orderliness, punctuality, solvency, and unassailable rectitude must excite our blind veneration. For my own part, over the anguish of the owners of those Brahminical toes on which La Farge may have reposed himself from time to time, I can not weep salt tears. On the contrary, I contemplate it with that emotion sanctioned in one of La Rochefoucauld's best-remembered maxims. After all, a great artist is not necessarily supplied with all the virtues of a stockbroker or a manufacturer. And to any one who really knew La Farge it was plain that he longed to keep his affairs in apple-pie order. It was not easy to do this, with his ill-health and with the mountains of work that he had to get through, but his good faith was inextinguishable, as was his desire to meet the wishes of those with whom he had dealings and to share with them the sweets of good-will. We used often to talk about his adventures in the world of every-day business, where practical considerations rise up like ravening wolves in the path of the artist.

The commercial side of his work always troubled La Farge vastly, and sometimes he would say things that were subject to sad misinterpretation:

Upon a memorable occasion he spoke out with electrifying effect. When, in January, 1909, at a dinner given by the Architectural League of New York, that body bestowed upon him its medal of honor for the best work of decorative painting shown at its exhibition that year, he remarked in his speech of acceptance that a certain firm of architects had not, for twenty years, given him any work to do. Of course this made a sensation in the newspapers of the next morning and early I received a hurried note, saying, "Oh, why were you not at the dinner of the league last night? 'They' had the most stupid account in some of the papers of what I may have said—so inaccurately reported as to make me seem to attack persons and things." He was cruelly distressed, and a little later there came in the *Tribune* this explanation of the spirit in which he had spoken:

"I am simply voicing my regret at the lack of coordination between the arts—between the mural painters and the architects. We were all friends at the dinner and knew each other well. As for my statement that McKim, Mead & White had refused to give me any work, that was based on something the late Stanford White said to me. We were intimate friends; yet he remarked to me once that for business reasons he could never have me do any work. Why, I do not know. "As for the medal presented to me, when I said that I received it with 'some reticence of thanks,' I meant simply that I was getting to that time of life when such things meant little. At my age one thinks more of the heaven in 'Andrea del Sarto'—how does it go? Well, never mind—it's fifty-two years since I've read it. But it is about painting within the four walls of heaven with Michael Angelo and the others."

One of the innocent prides of the artist's was to write letters and to see them in print. He was an assiduous correspondent, and on one occasion he wrote, "It is amusing to be in print, and I can realize the joy of battle of so many in the wars of the press." Unfortunately, his writing was often illegible, due probably to the effort to compel hand and brain into unison:

Miss Barnes has told me of a quaint episode due to this illegibility. He had written a letter to the late J. Q. A. Ward and, on receiving a reply a day or two later, found it impossible to make it out. Meanwhile he had forgotten just what he had wanted to discuss with his friend, but feeling vaguely that it was something important he contrived to get a message sent to Ward which brought him to the studio. After a little while La Farge remarked, casually, that he had received the reply to his letter, but perhaps it had been written in haste and, in any case, he couldn't quite get at its contents. "Oh," said Ward, with a laugh, "I merely wrote to say that I couldn't make out a word of your letter!"

The author tells us enough of La Farge easily to persuade us into agreement with him that he was "something of the universal genius." There was no subject of general interest that was not of interest to him. He read and thought "until his intellect was a very cosmos of sensations." But above all, and beyond all, he was "a man to be loved."

JOHN LA FARGE. A Memoir and a Study. With illustrations. By Royal Cortissoz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Outlook to Nature.

Professor L. H. Bailey has so far revised the earlier edition of his book that it is practically a new work. It is marked by the spirit of devotion to nature that characterizes everything the author writes and that often takes the guise of unconscious poetry. By nature Professor Bailey means "the natural out of doors," the things that men have not made and that they have not yet spoiled. We are glad of the explanation, for there is too often an easy assumption that man, in some mysterious way, has placed himself and his works outside of nature and that there is an antagonism between them. And yet the automobile belongs as much to nature as the primrose, and if the congestion of cities is a stage of human progress, that, too, is in the "plan of nature," as well as the cow pasture and the anthill. It is also natural that enthusiasts should urge us to return to country life, a thing that only a very small minority of us are in any way able to do and at the same time earn our living.

But the creation and the fostering of the country community is a thing earnestly to be desired, a thing indeed imperative either by our own volition or under the compelling hand of economic necessity. If we can not ourselves return to the country—indeed, can not even want to, most of us—we can at least so humanize the country community that it shall hold its own against the magnet of the city, and to do this is not only an economic, but in a very real way a patriotic duty. Professor Bailey is not merely a theorist. He has some very clear-cut ideas of how this thing may be done. His advice is practical, his enthusiasm is genuine, and he attacks a very real problem in an earnest and ingratiating way.

THE OUTLOOK TO NATURE. By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Miss Livingston's Companion.

A very successful piece of historical romance for readers who are not too exacting in the matter of accuracy. Sir Lionel Marchmont falling into indiscreet love of an actress whom his father courted before him, is sent to America to learn life. He meets Miss Livingston's companion on board ship and continues his acquaintance on land, and with most satisfactory results. Coming to America to see life, he certainly sees it. He meets Alexander Hamilton, Burr, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, and even Tom Moore. He is accused of stealing the city funds of New York, is defended by Hamilton, pursues Indians with Fenimore Cooper, fights yellow fever and contracts it himself, and does all the other things that an adventurous young man might be expected to do by favor of the gods. And yet the story gives no impression of being overstocked nor are its many heroes dragged in by the heels. It is well planned, carefully elaborated, and it never flags in interest.

MISS LIVINGSTON'S COMPANION. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Company.

Joyce of the North Woods.

An interesting but artificial story and with touches of hysteria. Delicate and refined girls like Joyce do not live in the North Woods. Not even the pressure of environment would make them marry such coarse and drunken brutes as Lauzon. And a girl such as Joyce, once married and with a child, would hardly need a sudden revelation to show her that the village is sure to misunderstand her when she leaves her husband and goes to live with the interesting young city man with a past. Such innocence is not of this world. The author seems to have written from a viewpoint of exaggerated femininity.

JOYCE OF THE NORTH WOODS. By Harriet T. Comstock. With illustrations. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Moving Finger.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is hardly to be congratulated on a departure from his old style of fiction. We like his stories of fanciful politics, or romantic crime, and of city adventure, of the glamour and mystery of metropolitan life and the undercurrents of national movements. For the first time Mr. Oppenheim has become morbid.

His hero is Bertrand Saton, who is introduced to us as a poor boy in a convalescent home. He casually encounters a local country magnate who obeys a momentary and eccentric whim and gives the boy a large sum of money in order that he may have a chance in the world, but on the understanding that at some time or other the money is to be returned. Eventually Saton makes his reappearance. He is now a man of the world, polished, apparently wealthy, and with an extraordinary power of fascination over women. He allows it to be understood that he is a student of occultism. He performs some amazing feats such as predicting the death within a few minutes of one of a party of men who are all in apparently perfect health. Then we are allowed to see that Saton in conjunction with an impressive foreign adventurer is the unseen head of a number of fashionable fortune-telling establishments that are conducted as feeders to a highly success-

ful blackmailing establishment. Of course exposure follows, but not until a number of highly placed women have come within Saton's sphere, much to their detriment.

It is a curious feature of the story that we are allowed to look upon Saton's powers as genuine but misapplied. Behind the scenes, as it were, there is a genuine occultism devoted to the altruistic development of spiritual powers, and Saton eventually forsakes his charlatanism and returns to the true fold. Mr. Oppenheim is too much of an artist to allow his hero to fall hopelessly into the mud, but it must be admitted that the picture of Saton's career among women of the fashionable world, their abject subjection to him, and his pitiless extortions, is not a pleasant one, perhaps not a wholesome one. We prefer the earlier style and crimes that are more elemental.

THE MOVING FINGER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

Wandering Ghosts.

The late Marion Crawford always had an inclination toward the occult, but this took a much more acceptable form in his novels than in his short stories. In "The Witch of Prague" and in "Mr. Isaacs" we see this tendency at its best, but the hald ghost story, such as we have here, is far less acceptable. Mr. Crawford was well able to treat the occult as a mysterious phase of human consciousness and to do it artistically. That is very different from the mere recital of weird horrors such as we have in the ghost story.

There are seven of these stories in the present volume. In one of them, "The Upper Berth," we see the author's descriptive powers at their best. The others are not so good, touched as they are both with sensationalism and conventionalism. "The Upper Berth" is worth preservation as illustrating Mr. Crawford's ability to produce horror, but the collection as a whole is hardly consonant with the shelf of fine fiction that makes up the Crawford library.

WANDERING GHOSTS. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A Book of Dear Dead Women.

Without going so far as to compare Mrs. Underwood's short stories with those of Poe, they are undeniably powerful and richly imaginative. Moreover, they have the virtue of showing research into history and literature. The story of the Countess Tatjana Tschaska and of Napoleon is probably the best and "The Painter of Dead Women" is at the other end of the scale. "The Mirror of La Granja" is a valuable piece of Spanish lore, and "Sister Seraphine" is a fine bit of work. There are nine of these stories, and they justify the hope that Mrs. Underwood will write more.

A BOOK OF DEAR DEAD WOMEN. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

Miss Gihbie Gault.

This is practically a continuation of the author's earlier story, "Mary Cary." Mary is now a young woman and back at Yorkburg resolved upon reforming that village whether it wishes it or not. Miss Gihbie Gault, eccentric, masculine, and affectionate, is the strong character of the story, but its chief charm is to be found in the picture of the village worthies, male and female, whose humor and shrewdness are admirably drawn. Mary Cary is, of course, now marriageable, but with "views" that are often found in girls of her age, but that are rarely unchangeable.

MISS GIBBIE GAULT. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.20.

Two Impostors and a Tinker.

This is a story of two young people, brother and sister, who find themselves suddenly reduced to poverty. A sudden inspiration causes the boy to accept the mastership of a pack of Irish hounds in the hope that he can live upon the hunt revenue. The invitation is actually intended for a millionaire relative who understands hunting, which the hero does not. The plot is thin, but not too thin to allow of a picture of Irish country life photographic in its detail and not without suggestions of Lever.

TWO IMPOSTORS AND A TINKER. By Dorothea Conyers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

Sixpenny Pieces.

This is an English story of a "sixpenny doctor"—that is to say, a doctor who surrenders his unremunerative practice in the country for a far more lucrative one among the London slums, where sixpence covers the cost of both "advice and medicine." The author has studied the kaleidoscopic life of east-end London to some purpose, and he wisely allows the humor of it to predominate over the pathos. There is a good deal of both.

SIXPENNY PIECES. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Brief Reviews.

The novice in Italian travel will make no mistake if he leave himself in the hands of Mr. Henry James Forman, whose little handbook "The Ideal Italian Tour" (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50) is not likely to give occasion for after regrets. The tours are not only well chosen, but they are clearly and suc-

cinctly described and with a sufficiency of small and finely executed illustrations in tint. Moreover, the volume is of pocket size and well bound in limp leather, and so is well suited to be *compagnon de voyage*.

The Yale University Press has published in volume form and under the title of "Industry and Progress" the series of addresses delivered by Norman Hapgood before the senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. The price is \$1.25.

A good story for boys is "What Happened at Quasi," by George Cary Eggleston (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50). Quasi is the name of a plantation on the coast of South Carolina. Four schoolboys are camping there and things happen to them.

The latest addition to the Popular Library of Art under the general editorship of Edward Garnett is "Hogarth," by Mr. Garnett himself (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents). The biographical material is satisfactory and the forty-eight illustrations are more than satisfactory.

Readers of the Washington Herald will be familiar with the verses of Allie Sharpe Balch. These numerous contributions to the Herald have now been published in volume form (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25), and should be welcomed by those who admired them for their sincerity and harmony.

"African and European Addresses," by Theodore Roosevelt (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50), is a volume of addresses delivered during the journey in 1910 from Khartoum through Europe to New York, with an introduction by Lawrence F. Abbott presenting a description of the conditions under which they were given.

The Spanish series, edited by Albert F. Calvert, now contains eighteen volumes, the latest addition being "Valencia and Murcia" (John Lane Company; \$1.50). As with others of this series, this volume is composed mainly of illustrations, there being 288 plates that should prove the best of all aids to the traveler and to the student.

"Auction Bridge," by Annie Blanche Shelby (Duffield & Co.; \$1), is to be commended to those who wish a concise statement of the rules and principles governing the game. The little volume contains also "The Laws of Auction Bridge" as used by the leading clubs:

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The Passing of the American.

The author tells us that there are nine hundred thousand Italians in Greater New York. Adding the immigrants from other nations, "the metropolitan city of America is not quite one-fifth American." A similar tale may be told of other cities where the foreigner is in a majority and will presently discover that fact. Walking up Broadway from Tenth to Fourteenth Street, Mr. Royce tells us that he did not hear a word of English. Union Square was crowded, but no English was spoken. In the Bronx Park he asked his way six times and was answered either in a foreign voice or in a foreign tongue. He asks what these things mean? Do they constitute a national disease? And if so, what is the remedy?

He tells us that the American is ousted because he is inefficient. He is clever, fearless, and adventurous, but he will neither learn nor will he work. Spoiled by the prodigalities of nature, he has never learned either self-control or thrift, and now that nature is drawing her purse-strings he can not get a living for himself where the immigrant and his large family can easily thrive. His duty now is to become efficient. He must regulate his schools and persuade them to teach something. He must regulate his children and discipline them into courtesy. He must regulate his public institutions and insist that they shall be run for the benefit of the public and not of a group.

Mr. Royce has a good case, but he injures it by sensationalism. He lacks the judicial spirit. He is too indignant. It is only a very skillful pleader who can give illustrations without weakening his case. That public life is sadly lacking in dignity we all know, but we do not know it any better by being reminded that Speaker Cannon, after a hard day's fight in Congress, danced a jig for the edification of the Vice-President of the United States and his friends, and that the Vice-President published the fact as a proof that Mr. Cannon was a "sport." Generalities are so much stronger than particulars, and a nation can not be attacked by selected extracts from newspapers. America is a very big country. It is not represented by four Broadway blocks, not even by Bronx Park, not even by Congress. Vices are always more evident than virtues, noisier and more aggressive. If Mr. Royce were more of a philosopher, if he could stand off and get a better perspective, he would be just as righteously earnest as he is now, but he would better understand the impermanence of evils that belong peculiarly to short but crucial periods in national life.

THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN. By Monroe Royce. New York: Thomas Whittaker; \$1.20.

The Song of the Stone Wall.

Miss Helen Keller's audiences will at least be sympathetic, but it is admiration rather than sympathy that is demanded by this fine blank verse poem. That the author is blind seems no bar to her enjoyment of nature, nor, *mirabile dictu*, to her comprehension of it. Many poets who can see yet see far less clearly than she, and if sometimes we are reminded that her vision is only an internal one by such pathetic lines as—

With searching feet I walk beside the wall;
I plunge and stumble over the fallen stones,

we wonder nevertheless at the clearness of that vision and we envy it. It is a vision that can write convincingly of the old house where "the lights are out forever," and of the "green felicity" of the hills, and of the "golden heads" of the children. The terms of hearing and of feeling come of course most frequently from Miss Keller's pen, but those of sight are never misplaced and they are always felicitous. The finely printed and decorated volume is enriched by eight full-page reproductions of photographs of the author.

THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL. By Helen Keller. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20.

Bawbee Jock.

This is among the stories that owe their interest to sentiment rather than to incident. A young heiress, Angela Tempest, while on a visit to a Scotch country house, meets John Murdock Mackenzie, who is chief of the clan, but reduced to poverty by the prodigalities of his younger brother. Angela first discovers why Mackenzie does not deserve the reputation of stinginess that attaches to himself, and of course sympathy ripens into something deeper. Eventually Angela marries him, but in order to preserve her sense of his disinterestedness she conceals her wealth from him with momentarily distressing consequences. The story is told with skill and sincerity, but the sentiment is overdone. Sometimes it suggests nerves and hysteria.

BAWBEE JOCK. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

New Books Received.

THE STREET OF TODAY. By John Masefield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.
A novel of English life.

THE THEORY OF HUMAN PROGRESSION. By Patience Agnew. Abridged by Julia A. Kellogg.

New York: Isaac A. Blanchard Company; 25 cents.

The purpose of the abridgement is to aid a reform of the land system in line with the ideas of Henry George.

THE LONG ROLL. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40.

A novel of the Civil War by the author of "Lewis Rand," one of the finest novelists of America.

THE GOLD FISH OF GRAN CHIMU. By Charles F. Lummis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents.

A little story of Peru.

MENTAL EFFICIENCY. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents.

A popularly written volume of "hints to men and women."

SUNSHINE, RAIN, AND ROSES. By Allie Sharpe Balch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A volume of verse.

TORCHY. By Sewell Ford. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A new story by the author of "Shorty McCabe." With illustrations by George Brehm and James Montgomery Flagg.

THE CLAW. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

A story of South Africa at a time when the gloom of war hangs over the country.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW. By E. M. Forster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of Italy and England by the author of "Howard's End."

DOWN OUR STREET. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

A story of suburban life in England.

ORPHANS. By Helen Dawes Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20.

A novel portraying the effects of divorce on the children of separating parents.

FIRST YEAR ALGEBRA. By William J. Milne, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: American Book Company; 85 cents.

MOLIERE'S "LES FEMMES SAVANTES." Edited by Charles A. Egbert, A. M., Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents.

With introduction, notes, and vocabulary.

THE TREASON AND DEATH OF BENEDICT ARNOLD. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

A play in two acts.

BY THE SEA, AND OTHER VERSES. By Anne Cleveland Cheney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

PRIEST AND LAYMAN. By Ada Carter. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$1.20.

A new novel by the author of "The Seamless Robe."

PAY ENVELOPES. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.25.

Tales of the mill, the mine, and the city street, by the author of "Wild Oats."

SIDELIGHTS ON CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. New York; B. W. Huebsch; \$1.

Adapted from lectures delivered before Socialist audiences and intended to define the author's position in the party.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION APPLIED TO PRACTICE. By W. Franklin Jones, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.10.

A pedagogical treatise intended to state the aim of education, to work out that aim in terms of

actual schoolroom experiences, and to give definite statements of a group of principles of education.

LEGAL DOCTRINE AND PROGRESS. By Frank Parsons. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.

A plea for evolution instead of revolution, for law instead of turmoil.

JOHN SHERWOOD, IRONMASTER. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20.

A new novel by a well-known author.

AN ARDENT AMERICAN. By Mrs. Russell Codman. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20.

The first novel of a new author, written in the form of a diary.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SUMMER STARS. By Mary Proctor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents.

A popularly written handbook on astronomy.

THE NEW HESPERIDES. By Joel Elias Spingarn. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.

A volume of verse.

FAVORITES FROM FAIRYLAND. With an introduction by Ada Van Stone Harris. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The childhood choice of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabee, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Miss Jane Addams, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, the late Julia Ward Howe, and the children of the late Grover Cleveland.

BRAIN POWER FOR BUSINESS MEN. By Annie Payson Call. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents.

The author gives simple and direct advice to enable business men to save their nervous force, to get rid of nervous strain, and thus to gain more wholesome and vigorous brain power.

ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "Men Born Equal."

BABES IN THE WOOD. By B. M. Croker. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

A story of two young people who are brought together in the jungles of India.

THE PRINCESS OF NEW YORK. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

The story of an American girl written by an English novelist.

THE GATES OF THE PAST. By Thomas Hunter Vaughan. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

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COST-KEEPING FOR MANUFACTURING PLANTS. By Sterling H. Bunnell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.

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THE CAPTAIN OF THE "S. I. G's." By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

The first volume of a series intended for boys.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ISLAND. By Joseph Hornor Coates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

An American novel with Martha's Vineyard for a setting.

THE OLD DANCE MASTER. By William Romaine Paterson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by an English author who is said to have a Dickensian touch of humorous exaggeration.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.

An idyl of Kentucky by the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky."

"NO SEAT, NO FARE"

Impossible Ordinance Would Work a Hardship on the People.

Laws are not made in this age demanding the impossible, but if the street-car ordinance which the board of supervisors of San Francisco has drafted is adopted, it will place the governing board of the city in the position of demanding the impossible, the unjust and unreasonable, and the ordinance will soon prove that it can not be enforced.

Concisely, the ordinance provides that if there is no seat for a passenger during rush hours, and his fare is demanded, the company shall be liable to fine and imprisonment, and that if any passenger is compelled to wait longer than ten minutes for a car, except in cases of accident, again fine and imprisonment stare the company in the face.

Nothing could be more unreasonable. It would be physically impossible to comply with these terms, and the manufactured cry of "No seat, no fare," becomes ridiculous when the facts in the case are duly considered. The most complaining straphanger would be among the first to object to such an unreasonable ordinance when he found that he might have to wait an hour before a car came along in which he could find a seat, whereas dozens would go by meanwhile with standing room for scores of people, ready to carry him to his objective point.

On Market Street, the main artery of the city, large and commodious cars are being operated at less than a thirty-second headway. Even with this headway, during the rush hours, if passengers were compelled to wait for a seat, many of them would be delayed for over an hour. They prefer, during the rush-hour traffic, morning and evening, to stand and be carried in haste to their destination, rather than to wait until a car comes along with vacant seats.

Even if cars were run one after another, making a solid train from Valencia Street to the Ferry, during the rush hours, if passengers were required to wait for a seat, they would be delayed considerably longer than ten minutes. Think of the hardship this unjust ordinance, then, would work on the thousands of shopgirls, workmen, clerks, and business men, all anxious to reach home quickly. Fights and riots would ensue and people would be inconvenienced a thousand times more than at present.

And in that case the company would have done all in its power to give transportation satisfaction, and through the terms of this impossible ordinance would have been forced to violate the law.

Again, the proposed ordinance makes no provision for interrupted traffic caused by repairs and extensions to the street-car lines. This work often stops cars for hours and days even.

Fires, parades, unloading of heavy trucks, gatherings such as that when Tetraxini sang, and other happenings stop the cars for more than ten minutes. This ordinance does not make proviso in these instances, yet it would fine and imprison the company for failure to meet with its impossible requirements.

In every city in America there is a crowded hour on the street-cars when some passengers stand. No remedy has ever been found. It has been shown that solid trains many blocks long would not help matters much. The proposed ordinance will make matters a great deal worse. The new cars being added—seventy are now in use—will give much relief, and it is interesting to learn that the United Railroads are considering other features beneficial to the traveling public.

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As a general thing he is allowed to dress impeccably, and to be considered, in spite of his sterling qualities, as unquestionably a very desirable drawing-room ornament.

Some of his quondam admirers hold all this against him, estimating him as a man who has failed to rise to the full measure of his abilities, by refusing to hitch his wagon to an unprofitable star.

But when we reflect that John Drew and youth, even comparative youth, are strangers—his appearance to the contrary notwithstanding—remind ourselves of the immense competition in his profession; when we also bring to mind the fact that his line of feature and mode of expression lend themselves particularly to light modern comedy, and not to intellectual or romantic drama, and when we still further realize how often the more gifted players are obliged to fall back upon Shakespeare again, and yet again, in order to have a suitable vehicle for their art, it is not surprising that men like John Drew have settled down to earning a good living in light and ephemeral plays.

Some of these in which Mr. Drew has figured in the past have been peculiarly idiotic; therefore we have much less cause to cavil at W. Somerset Maugham's plays, because this playwright of the hour really affords us pictures of contemporary society. They are, it is true, purely superficial studies, but it seems to me that there is more merit to "Smith" than to any other of the three or four Maugham plays I have seen.

The excessive devotion to bridge-playing, as everybody, no doubt, is aware, forms the motive of the play. With this for his knout Mr. Maugham flagellates society. The deterioration wrought in the moral and emotional side of those whose lives are given over to bridge forms the subject of a brief discourse in which Tom Freeman—personated by John Drew—goes for the men and women who frequent his sister's drawing-room. "Strange, sexless creatures," he calls them to their faces, "without any blood in their veins, whose only vice is cigarette-smoking, and only passion is bridge."

On the face of it, it sounds almost farcical that Maugham has caused his gently born hero to turn with distaste from these anemic beings, who have almost lost the virtues and even the passions of elemental manhood and womanhood, to Smith, the admirable parlor-maid, who ministers to the comfort of Tom's sister's household. But, in fact, the farcical side is really lost sight of. Smith, in spite of her automatic perfection of service, is a real woman among automatons. She is young, vigorous, "a handsome woman," as Tom says, although immediately snubbed by his sister for his colonial directness in speaking of a servant as having other than "a good appearance."

Tom, it should be premised, has come from his Rhodesian plantation in Africa, after eight years' absence from England, in search of a wife. During his long absence the bridge fever has risen to a mania. He has speedily become engaged to a bridge specialist, who wins him by feigning a long-hoarded love for him that touches his vanity and his soft heart, without awakening a corresponding love; and he is as speedily released by the lady, partly in an access of remorse for having fooled him, and partly in terror at the prospect of living upon a Rhodesian farm.

Tom, fresh from the womanless solitude of his ranch, has not failed to observe that Smith is young, pretty, healthy, heedful, sensible, well-balanced, and has a heart. The absence of this last commodity in the mental and moral make-up of the men and women around him makes its presence in Smith peculiarly acceptable, although the literal Smith, when proposed to by Tom in a sudden access of whimsical desperation, says primly, "I

don't hold with people coming out of their class."

Smith is not the parlor-maid of romance at all. Mr. Maugham has been clever enough to make her a portrait, of a kind. She is a rosy, calm-pulsed, respectable, level-headed young woman who temperately balances the claims of the porter's matrimonial advances against the calmer joys of single life. Tom's greater muscular strength awakens her admiration, and kills the porter's last claim to her sentimental consideration. Tom draws her out. He finds her simple, literal, and disposed to accept the utterances of an invisible, hut consistently pessimistic cook as gospel. She is always in character; never for a moment has Mr. Maugham invested her with a romantic halo.

For that we respect him. And, besides, it makes the play just so much more of comedy.

The events in "Smith" are of the mildest description. Nothing acrobatically funny or sweetly romantic is there to please the lover of action. The most dramatic happening is the announcement to a neglectful young mother at the bridge-table that her baby is dead—a very well-handled episode.

But there is a gentle ripple of humor all through the play, plenty of good dialogue, a fair proportion of wit, and several very neat studies of types in contemporary English society.

There is Rose, the sister, a woman whose capacity for gentle emotions and the domestic affections has become atrophied by disuse. This ungrateful rôle was played with her usual admirable finish by Isabel Irving, who looked young, fashionable, and as pretty as a pink.

Another clever study is that of Algy Percorin, a specimen of the social parasite who relieves a complaisant husband by dancing attendance upon an exacting young wife. This youth, in some very neat quizzing between himself and Tom, defines himself with insolent hardihood as a member of the genus commonly known as a "poodle dog," or "a tame cat." Algy's pose is that of witty cynicism, shameless effrontery, and amusing impertinence. It is his way of earning his living among a hored set who wish to be amused. He also acts as a buffer for the wife's humors, a fact which partially accounts for the complaisance of the husband. The rôle was very cleverly rendered by Mr. Hassard Short, who gave to this characteristically London product a strong English flavor.

Sybil Thorndike plays the rôle of the woman who is considered, by her special friends, "to play bridge a little too well." Sybil is the weary husband-angler, prematurely *passée*, of thirty who catches Tom upon her cleverly sharpened hook, only to release him again. Miss Thorndike is, in physiognomy, adapted to the rôle, and possesses not only the requisite social ease, but also acts the sincerer and more sympathetic phases of the character with correctness and finish.

Morton Selten played the complaisant husband with the same effect of quiet, correct finish. One couldn't but smile in quiet appreciation of the colorlessly correct reception that he gave to the wife's guests, and the infinitesimal starts with which he recognized the coming of matrimonial squalls. It was like Algy's palpable hating of himself for something disagreeable, like a schoolboy resigned to a whipping, during his last interview with Rose.

The company, in fact, is excellent, each rôle, down to Lewis Casson's porter, being done perfectly.

Mary Boland, who plays "Smith," the highly trained product of the English system of service, is a pretty young woman who, except for the rather high shade of her hair, is absolutely suited physically to her rôle. She plays it with such consistency in indicating the repressing of Smith's youth to the exigencies of her service, that she made the parlor-maid seem a genuine product. How much she adhered to, or deviated from, the type she represents we home-staying Americans can not tell, but she was in character every minute of the time. Smith's exits and entrances were admirably done. The quiet zeal with which she fulfilled her duties, the neat, workmanlike, impersonal manner with which she answered questions, and her simple, honest literalness in the colloquy about the cab proprietor, was delightfully consistent. It matched the author's unusual exercise of this same virtue in working out the character, which has nothing thrilling about it, even in the moment of the final avowal, but affords one much quiet enjoyment.

By degrees, as the play goes on, Smith, humanized by the persistent friendliness of Tom, is made to speak less like a well-trained automaton, and more like a specimen of simple womanhood, and the brief burst of feeling after the baby episode was a further touch of simple humanness, escaped from the trammels of a servant's decorum.

Smith is, in fact, something of a departure, and rather an acceptable one, from ordinary sentimental traditions, for she remains a servant to the last moment, unlike the crowning absurdities introduced in the last act of "Merely Mary Ann."

As to the marriage between the two, on account of the effect of realism caused by this same consistency we find that instead of taking it in a farcical spirit we begin to

commend Tom's good sense. He has won a desirable and suitable partner for his life of isolation, who will make him a faithful, devoted mate, and hear him sturdy-sons and daughters. She will save him from following in the footsteps of the squaw man, and bring him the gift of modest happiness, for, as Tom says, in giving his recipe for matrimonial happiness in the wilderness. "When a strong man and a strong woman come together, love will come, too."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

GOSSIP OF DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Advance notices of Mary Garden and her art left little new for the critics to say of her concert programmes here. Even the warmest praise seems to have been justified, and it is quite as pleasant to record that her appearances have been greeted by audiences worthy in numbers and appreciation.

Opportunity for much serious discussion of the present aspect of plays and playgoers is afforded by the notably successful Sothern-Marlowe engagement in Shakespearean productions at the Savoy Theatre. Are the large audiences attracted by the stars or the plays, or by the happy combination? Would Mr. Sothern or Miss Marlowe have equal appreciation in other dramatic offerings, separately or together? Is not Shakespeare still the greatest force in the theatre of today, when adequately presented? Does any playwright of modern times offer the player of serious ambition such opportunities as are given in the grand yet familiar rôles? Do the academic claims for Ibsen, and Sudermann, and Maeterlinck, seem of sturdy growth in the reflected light of the master dramatist? Are the delighted thousands who have gained new standards of comparison for their ideal Shylock and Portia, Katherine and Petruchio, Rosalind and Jaques, Juliet and Romeo, merely adding to their knowledge or experiencing the keenest enjoyment the playhouse can give?

After all, it is not what the theatre means for a day, or a month, or a season, but the heights it has known and the heights it may occupy, that deeply concern the essayist. Vitality is its own reason for persistence.

Ethel Barrymore revived "Mid-Channel" during her Chicago engagement, and the Chicago Tribune critic says her success in the character of Zoe Blundell is "the most important matter of the dull season now near its finish." The time is close at hand when Ethel Barrymore will be acknowledged to be one of the few great actresses on the American stage.

Gustave Mahler, the eminent musical conductor, died a few days ago in Europe, aged fifty-one. He had but recently left America. The death of Mahler calls attention to one of the most significant changes in the musical world (observes the New York Evening Post). His emoluments—\$30,000 for five months' work—were the highest ever paid an orchestral leader. Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl received only one-tenth of that sum for one-third of Mahler's work. Yet they got three times as much as Wagner did in 1856 for conducting a whole season of Philharmonic concerts in London. The conductor's importance is being more and more appreciated, and so long as great orchestral interpreters are as scarce as great operatic tenors or sopranos, they can virtually make their own terms; yet if they are wise they will observe moderation in their demands, lest the sponsors who make their engagement possible conclude that first-class orchestras are too expensive playthings for them.

Alice Nielsen sang at an Alhambra Hall orchestral concert in London this week, as there was a strong demand in the English capital to have her there during the coronation season.

Marc Klaw, of the theatrical firm of Klaw & Erlanger, is said to have talked to London managers recently in this strain: "You people here can strum longer on one string than anywhere I know of outside of a Chinese orchestra. What I can not understand is why you are continually catering to that handful of people known as the West-Enders. All of your plays seem to invite them and you forget the great middle class which supports the drama, as it does everything else, in London as well as everywhere else. You overlook them entirely, leaving their entertainment to the music halls, which as a consequence are declaring the highest dividends. You seem to be content to leave the censorship of your playhouses in the hands of seven rows of stalls occupied mostly by people who go to the theatre to kill the interval between dinner and supper. We recognize the middle class in the United States, and as a consequence our playhouses are more prosperous."

George M. Cohan's comedy, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," will have its three hundredth performance in New York next Friday evening. Good plays are really scarce.

Francis Wilson and company are back in New York with "The Bachelor's Baby," and the farce goes as well as ever. It is announced, however, that it will be seen no

more when its season at the Criterion Theatre ends.

Maude Lillian Berri, with a company of Scotch lassies, is appearing in an operetta called "Cupid in Skirts," at a new vaudeville theatre at Brighton Beach, Brooklyn.

Blanche Bates has just closed a continuous season of eight months in New York as Roxane Clayton in "Nobody's Widow." This Belasco success is good for at least another year, including its prospective Western tour.

"The Pink Lady" is the big continuing musical success in New York, and in spite of the warm weather the metropolis has had. Hazel Dawn, who plays the leading rôle, is a young American who studied the violin in Europe for the concert stage. She plays the instrument charmingly in her part in the comic opera.

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VANITY FAIR.

There need be no doubt that Mr. Taft has ample justification for his arraignment of the Washington clubs. The right to blackball a candidate can be used for the best of purposes, and it can be used for the worst. Gentlemen will use it and cads will misuse it. There seem to be a good many cads in the Washington clubs and they naturally use the weapon of the blackball in their animosity against gentlemen. And, being cads, they are not able to understand that the blackball is intended to insure a certain measure of social congeniality and must be used only when social congeniality is endangered. Political differences, for example, ought not to weigh at all except in a political club.

It is understood that the case of Mr. Loeh weighed somewhat heavily in Mr. Taft's mind. Mr. Loeh was recently blackballed at one of the chief Washington clubs, and we were quickly told the precise reasons by a number of people who knew nothing of them. They said that the fatal blackball was cast for racial reasons, and this explanation might have held water but for the fact that Mr. Loeh does not belong to the race in question. So, at least, he himself said, and he ought to know. A far better explanation was furnished later on. It was said that the wife of one of the members had been stripped naked or otherwise searched at the New York custom-house and that the blackball was intended to mark the husband's resentment. Of course such an incident is annoying. There are some thin-skinned men who will get quite huffy when a male customs inspector tries to satisfy himself by digital methods that a lady is not wearing any of those contrivances for the improvement of the figure that are so unflinchingly advertised in women's newspapers, and using them for the purpose of defrauding the revenue. It may be hyper-sensitive, but then some men feel that way, and the flesh is weak. Now Mr. Loeh's responsibility for such proceedings is an indirect one, at most. It was not a matter that should be introduced into club life. To blackball a public official for acts done by his subordinates even in pursuance of an avowed official policy simply shows that the blackballer should himself have been blackballed immediately after birth.

Perhaps Mr. Taft's generosity carried him a little too far. The club that excludes gentlemen who are socially irreproachable will soon be recognized for what it is, and the socially desirable will take care not to put themselves in the way of a blackball.

Mr. Clarence Rook, writing in the London *Daily Chronicle*, has discovered the source of the handicap that lies like a light upon the progress of women. Male tyranny has nothing to do with it. None of the things that we hear so much about have anything to do with it. It lies in the absence of pockets. Why is it that these great epoch-making discoveries always fall to the lot of men?

We live in an age when the race is always to the effective and to the efficient. Women are ineffective and inefficient because they have no arrangements for carrying supplies or equipment. Human beings would be singularly defenseless animals but for the art that supplies natural deficiencies. In other words, the human animal, to be efficient, must carry with him a certain amount of cargo, and he must have pockets to carry it in. Women refuse to carry cargo. Therefore they are inefficient. What can he clearer?

A human being, suggests Mr. Rook, is something like a warship. The warship has its radius of effectiveness, its guns have a prescribed and prescribable range, its coal hunkers enable it to "keep the sea" for a given time, and its lockers carry provisions for crew and officers. Thus it is with a man. His pockets and their contents correspond with radius of effectiveness, range of guns, coal and provisions. He is self-sustaining and he can "keep the sea" for a long time. But a woman is largely as nature made her. She has no pockets, no supplies. However pressing the need, she must keep within sight of the home ports. She is neither victualled nor equipped for a journey. She has no pockets.

Now a man, a self-respecting man, has thirteen pockets to his suit—and cries for more. If he put on his overcoat he has five or six extra ones—and cries for more. The steamer advertisements say, he has ample accommodation for cargo. Mr. Rook turns out his own pockets, and what does he find. He has a watch, a hunch of keys, a gold coin purse, loose change, eyeglasses, card case, pencil, pen, knife, cigar case, pipe, tobacco pouch, two boxes of matches (one stolen), two handkerchiefs, railway commutation ticket, another pencil, cigarette case, check-book, gloves, two unanswered letters, and a map of London. Also a piece of chocolate as a safeguard against sudden hunger. Probably he had also a piece of string, and—if he was on his way home it is likely that he had a number of other articles unspecified. Also he should have had a small book and a newspaper. He could stow away all these things in his pockets. It will be observed that they are all essentials. There is nothing superfluous, nothing superfluous. He was sail-

ing almost under bare poles, equipped, but not overlaid. He was in a state of efficiency. Add a toothbrush, and he is ready for a foreign voyage, for a fight or a frolic. But with a woman, how different. Of course she has her stockings, but accommodation is strictly limited here. She has also a silly little bag which throws one hand entirely out of action until she accidentally leaves the bag in the car while telling the other woman about the sickening maladies of her maiden aunt and the eccentricities of her own digestive apparatus. There is a genius in the East somewhere who has discovered that a bricklayer can lay twice as many bricks with the same labor if he will economize his movements and abandon the needless ones. Watch a woman with a bag and the way she pays a street-car fare. Count her movements and compare them with those of a man when he makes a quick dive into the southwest corner of his trousers and comes up with the coin. To minimize effort is to be efficient. To multiply effort is to be inefficient. Pocketless woman is inefficient even in the intervals between losing her bag simply because she has no pockets—not that she could find them if she had—and because she habitually uses twenty movements when one would suffice. Man owes his superiority first of all to his virtue, but secondly to his pockets. He has mobility, equipment, range, radius, efficiency. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

When President Taft went to New York for a brief stay of thirty-six hours he had to eat, or to pretend to eat, seven official dinners. Now what do you think of that? Isn't that a pretty heavy tax to be laid upon a man because he happens to be President? Of course it is all very nice in its way and complimentary, but when civilization gets civilized it will find some other way to welcome distinction than by stuffing it with food. Mr. Taft is said to be a man of simple tastes. It is probably true, but it is quite certain that he is a man of busy life and of crowded days. What an imposition, then, it is, one might almost say what a crude, unmannerly and vulgar imposition it is, to ask him to waste the time necessary for seven formal dinners, and all within the space of thirty-six hours. At the very lowest computation these seven dinners must have occupied ten hours, and is it thinkable that the President of the United States can lose ten hours of working time without grievous inconvenience. Of course some of these ten hours must be taken from sleep, and to take away from the President such sleep as may be allowed him by Mexico, Canada, Mr. Lorimer, and the Supreme Court ought to be rewarded by hanging, drawing, quartering, and an official reprimand.

And talking about dinners, it seems that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has put his foot down, and it is a foot. Mr. Morgan is indifferent to votes—and so is Mr. Taft—but Mr. Morgan is not in the diplomatic line, not noticeably so, and he can say what he thinks. When Mr. Morgan was in Paris recently he was overheard to say to a friend: "Yes, a game of bridge or anything you like; only, for heaven's sake, don't give me anything more to eat—no haquets and no course dinners. I am sick and tired of this eternal eating." Now there spoke a man of sense who was free from the constraints of official life. But a President who talked in the same way would win applause, because anything with the ring of common sense goes straight to the heart of the people. If Mr. Taft were publicly to refuse to eat seven dinners in a day and a half, and to explain that he is neither an ostrich nor a hoar constrictor, but only a human being with the limitations prescribed by an all-wise Creator, his refusal would be met with a shout of merriment and applause and he would earn the thanks of hierarchies of Presidents yet to come.

Attention has already been called in these columns to the republican love of decorations, but the republican love of titles is no less remarkable. In countries where titles are authorized by law they are practically never misused except for purposes of fraud. Where titles are unauthorized by law they are created wholesale by convention and scattered around promiscuously. A German or an English civilian who allowed any one to call him "Colonel" without instant and amazed correction would be thought mad, but with us the title of Colonel and even General is a commonplace. The man who has been director-general of a village fair remains "General" for life if his neighbors like him, while the title of "Colonel" is given with absolute indiscriminate.

It is the same thing in France, but the army being very sacred in France its titles are never misapplied. In France the favorite complimentary title is President. To preside over a tea-table or a dog-fight is sufficient. A writer in the *Daily Mail* observes that M. Georges Clemenceau is spoken of by every one as M. le President. Well, M. Clemenceau was prime minister several years ago, so there is some shadow of justification, although he was never President. But no matter of what you were once president in France the scent of the roses will hang round you still. You will be "M. le President" until

you enter that other and heavenly republic where it is said that there are no grades nor ranks, although the statement may be doubted. In the French Chamber there are sixty members who must be given an unreal title and in the Senate there are sixty-two. The writer tells us of a little town in the provinces where eighteen men used to meet every evening to play cards. Each one of the eighteen, with one exception, is called "Monsieur le Président," or "My dear President," for all of them have presided over something at some time or other. The one exception is called "Major." He was once in command of the fire brigade. One day we shall all have titles. After all, what is Mister but a title. It has become universal and so is unvalued. Consequently we have invented others that still have some distinctiveness about them. We must have something to suggest to the eye or to the ear that we are a little better than others. And of course we are.


King George has ordered some new clothes for the coronation, as is right and proper. The ordinary man knows well that a new suit produces a state of spiritual exaltation obtainable in no other way, and are we to suppose that kings are debarred from a like pleasure?

At the same time we are a little puzzled. We know all about coats and trousers and waistcoats and such like gear. But what is a colobium sidonis. The king is having one. And what is a supertunica? Such a thing is not to be found on Market Street, at least not under that name. And what is a pallium? Our wardrobe is sufficient till the winter and a possible "raise," but we have no pallium. Nor have we a stole, and we do not even know what a stole is, at least not like this in the past tense. Is there something malign hidden away here. Is this the entering wedge of a new fashion? Shall we also be required to wear these things at the hiding of an

effete monarch called George? The supertunica might be tolerable. It sounds cool, but we are nervous about the pallium and the stole. They might do for church or for 1915, but not for every-day wear. Surely not. And as for the colobium sidonis, we can't say it nor remember it. Moreover, we will not make ourselves absurd to please any one. Kings, of course, can wear all sorts of things, and we will try and toil after them. We don't mind turning up our trousers or even padding our manly chests. We will even abolish the outside breast pocket of our overcoats—although that was a bitter blow—but when it comes to the colobium sidonis we draw the line. What is it, anyway? Does it hutton, or lace, or hook and eye? Is it a substitute or an addition. Fancy being late for business because you could not find your colobium sidonis, or because your pallium lacked a button, or your supertunica a lace. Moreover, we should like to be sure that these garments are modest and decent. The winds are pretty high out here sometimes, and we are a little particular about the proprieties in San Francisco, in spite of what they say in the East.

What a great country is Australia. It is a country where one can get things done and no words about it. No back talk. The ladies of Melbourne, they of the hohle-skirt persuasion, have found a difficulty in mounting the steps of the street-cars, and now the authorities have ordered that the steps be lowered so that the foot need not be raised beyond the limitations imposed by fashion. And we call ourselves a free country.

"John, that man next door came over here today and offered to tune little Lucy's piano." "Great! Did you let him do it?" "No, dear. He wanted to tune it with an axe!"—*Baltimore Sun.*




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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

She had stopped, panting, by the road to rest. It was the shell road in Bay St. Louis, and she was black. Beside her was a heavy market basket filled to overflowing. A passer-by smiled at her with sympathetic friendliness and she responded with full and free confidence. "Yassm. I is some tired. An' lame. All painful wid miseries. Yassm. I coulda done sen' some one else to mahket fo' me. Mah grandson he coulda done gone. But I dasn't trus' him. He spends mah money too briefly."

There was an aged Scotchman who by native shrewdness made a fortune, and he did it without the slightest bit of education. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan: "Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell bird." "B-u-r-d," said Duncan. "I tell you you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred you can't spell bird." "I'll tak' ye," quickly replied Duncan. After the money was put up Duncan said: "B-j-r-d." "That aint the way you spelled it the first time." "I wisna bettin' then."

Under ordinary conditions, he was a man of prominence—but, as he ascended the steps of his residence, very early in the morning, it was very evident that he desired to be as much otherwise as possible. The cabby was lingering near by to see that his charge was safely disposed of for the night. The door opened before the man on the steps could get the key to work, and he was greeted with the question: "Henry, where have you been?" (Silence.) "Hen-ry! Where Have You Been?" (He turns to descend the steps.) "Are you going to answer my question?" "Yes, dearie heart, I sure am. From my personal knowledge, heloved o' my soul, I can't give th' desired inf'mation. So you jest lay down again while I go hack an' ask th' back driver!"

The young man was told that the ranches of the West were fine places in which alcohol and rum could be worked out of the human system. He journeyed forth and accosted a ranch owner with this: "I'm the swiftest fellow you ever saw. I was known as the swiftest thing on Broadway. Give me a joh!" The ranch owner looked him over, had a fit of hysterics, and decided to get rid of him by giving him a joh big enough to kill him. "There's a flock of sheep, two hundred of

them," he said. "Go out there and drive them into that corral you see a mile away. When you've done that I'll give you a real joh." In fifty minutes the Swiftest Thing came back and reported: "I've got 'em all in—two hundred sheep, and nine lambs." "There aint any lambs," objected the ranchman. "Come and see," suggested the Broadway racer. "I know. I rounded them up." The ranchman went and took a look. The swiftest thing on Broadway had driven into the corral the two hundred sheep and nine jack-rabbits.

A story from the Folies Bergère has to do with Sig. Curti, the imported ballet master, who spent half an hour trying to drill into the walnut head of a chorus man a bit of pantomime. At last the chorus man said: "Aw, what's th' odds? Thuh Americans don't care for pantomime, anyhow." "It makes me think," said Curti, "of the old tenor. Broke, down and out, he had been sleeping in the livery stable for three months, when he suddenly got a chance to sing the rôle in which he had once been famous. La Scala at Milan was packed that night. He sang—most painfully—before that vast audience. At the end the audience hissed with drilled unanimity. 'Ahh!' said the old tenor, in the wings. 'Ees eet not painful? Zee Italian people, zey no longer care for Verdi.'"

He was an immaculate servant. To watch him serve a salad was to watch an artist at work. To hear his subdued accents was a lesson in the art of voice-production. He never slipped, he never smiled, and his muton-chop whiskers marked him as one of the old and faithful stock. But one evening, to the surprise of his master, he showed unaccountable signs of nervousness. When the chicken came on, he confused it with the pheasant. He served everything in the wrong order, made blunder after blunder, and put a final touch to his shame by upsetting the salt over the only superstitious member of the party. Then, at last, when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, he touched his master on the shoulder. "I heg your pardon, sir," he said in a respectful undertone, "but could you manage to spare me now? My house is on fire."

A German gentleman wanted to take a day's drive through the country. He applied to a stable for the horse and carriage. The owner, not knowing the German, was slow to give him the team. Finally the German pulled out a roll of banknotes and said: "I will buy your horse and rig, providing you will buy them back at the same price when I return this evening." The dealer, not wishing to offend a probable future customer, consented.

When in the evening the German presented himself and expressed his pleasure at the ride, the dealer, according to agreement, paid him back his money, and the customer started to take his leave. "I beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed the dealer; "but you have forgotten to pay for the hire, you know." "Pay for the hire? Why, my dear sir," coolly replied the German, "I fail to see that. If you will exercise your memory a trifle you will agree that I have been driving my own horse and carriage all day, and now you have bought them hack they are yours. Good-day, sir!" And he left the astonished dealer to reflect.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Fatigue.

Left home in the morning,
Dodged a trolley car,
Got wet by a sprinkling cart
Before I traveled far.
Nearly got run over
By a passing train,
Had to step from underneath
A capsize aeroplane;
Motor-car came whooping
As it turned a curve.
Managed to get past it,
But it surely took my nerve.
I love my work sincerely,
There isn't any doubt,
But getting down to do it
Is what wears a fellow out.

—Washington Star.

A Good Reason.

My Mabel can not sing a note,
She writes no verses free,
She can not paint a little boat
Upon a waveless sea.

But friend, I bid you, do not pause
And say with knowing look:
"He loves his Mabel just because
She certainly can cook!"

It is not that she cooks, O no!
That wins her place so high—
I can and do love Mabel so
Because she doesn't try!—Puck.

She Stopt Among the Untrodden Ways.

She stopt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A car, which there were none to praise,
And very few to shove.

An auto by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Still as a star, when only one
Is shiny in the sky.

She stood alone and few could know
When motion ceased to be;
But gasoline was gone and oh,
The difference to me!
—Roscoe Gilmore Stott, in Life.

All's Well.

He had full many theories about the cause of all disease, he felt convinced that he could cure all ills that mortal ever bore;
He felt that were he so inclined some new contrivance he could find to reach the highest mountain peaks and through the air serenely soar.
The thought he often reveled in that he could make gold out of tin, that he in many other ways could banish want from off the earth;
A book he thought that he could write that would bring wisdom in a night—he thought the world would value it at more than libraries were worth.

He thought it was an easy thing to teach a rabbit how to sing; he had no doubt that he could make a rose's fragrance years remain;
It would not be so great a feat to turn pork into turkey meat, and with a little effort he could make beer taste just like champagne.
Some magic potion he'd prepare to cover bald heads thick with hair, and for a person's sustenance one meal a fortnight would suffice;
He would not find it very hard to change a prosier to a bard, and he a patent had in mind to write an epic in a trice.

No doubt you think that men were quick to say the fellow made them sick, that he was called a crank and fool and other names that you may guess;
No doubt you think that he was sad with all the theories he had, that he was weeping bitter tears and buried in unhappiness.
But he was gayest of the gay and happy all the livelong day; he cuddled all his fancies queer and hugged the joys they brought about;
The prospect seemed in no way dim for no one knew what bothered him—he kept his notions to himself and never worked his problems out!
—Nathan M. Levy, in New York Sun.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Social gayeties are being gradually transferred from town to the country homes in Marin County and on the Peninsula, and to Del Monte and Santa Barbara. The two large affairs of the week were contributed by the service set, the hop at the Presidio on Friday evening, which filled the officers' club at the post with guests, and the dance at Yerba Buena, where the commandant and officers at the Naval Training Station acted as hosts.

The engagement around which social interest has centered for the past few days is that of Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert Henderson, and a number of small informal affairs have already been given in their honor.

The garden fête and vaudeville at San Rafael on Saturday afternoon attracted a large society contingent from the city, and an unusual number of week-end house parties were entertained in Marin County in consequence.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have announced the engagement of their daughter Louise to Mr. Robert Henderson. The wedding will take place in the fall.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethel Melone, daughter of Mrs. Drury Melone, and Mr. Caspar Brown of Worcester, Massachusetts. The wedding will take place next month at the Melone country home, Oak Knoll, at Napa.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott was a luncheon hostess at the Hotel St. Francis on Saturday, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Lillian Goss, and Mr. John Spreckels, Jr.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon on Wednesday. The guests included Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. E. V. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. George Kellam, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. William Denman, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Mary Friedlander, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant was host at a luncheon at the Pacific Union Club on Friday in honor of Mr. William R. Sproule. Among the guests were Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. Louis Hanchett, Mr. William Byrne, and Mr. Quay.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a theatre party on Tuesday evening, which followed a dinner at her home, at which she entertained for Miss Delphine Dibble of Santa Barbara. The guests were Mrs. Barclay Henley, Miss Gwinnette Henley, and Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday, followed by a matinee party, which she gave in honor of Miss Constance McLaren. The guests were Miss Dora Winn, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Marian Crocker, and Mrs. Norman McLaren.

Mrs. Nicholas Van Bergen celebrated her eighty-second birthday on Saturday with a reception, at which she entertained her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and her intimate friends.

Mr. Gayle Anderton was host at a tea on Wednesday afternoon at the Palace Hotel, at which his guests were Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Helen Bertheau, Mr. Wilberforce Williams, Mr. Phillip Westcott, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, and Mr. John Gallois.

The Misses Marie, Ysobel, and Helene Brewer entertained at an informal card party at their home in Mill Valley on Thursday, which was attended by a number of guests from town.

Miss Marie Payne entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Saturday in honor of Miss Adeline Bogart, who left the next day for the East. Among the guests were Mrs. Albert Vance, Mrs. John de la Montanya, Miss Anna Birmingham, Miss Violet Cook, Miss Mersfelder, Mrs. Vera Ormott, Miss Marie Ormott, Miss Ruth Scott, Miss Irene Fallon, Miss Goldaracena, Miss Ellen Kennedy, Miss Marjorie Morse, Miss Hadley, and Miss Dorothy Parker.

Miss Madeline Cummings entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Friday, when Miss Marie Payne was the guest of honor. Mrs. Tracy Cummings and Mrs. Shelby Cummings chaperoned the affair. The guests were Miss Miriam Bryan, Miss

Nancy Glenn, Miss Violet Cook, Miss Estelle Jacob, Miss Ramona Hamberger, Miss Helen Espe, Miss Irene Mosher, Miss Inez Mosher, and Miss Gertrude Mitchell.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a bridge party on Saturday, at which she entertained a dozen guests and which was the fourth of a series of Saturday afternoon bridge parties that she has been giving during the season. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. George Gale.

Pay-director Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray entertained on Thursday at a card party in honor of Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus and Mrs. Osterhaus, who left Mare Island next day for Washington, D. C.

The hop at the Presidio was unusually well attended on Friday evening, and a number of army matrons at the post entertained at dinner preceding the dance. Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Captain and Mrs. Leonard Waldron, Captain and Mrs. Louis Chapplear, Captain and Mrs. John Burke Murphy, Captain and Mrs. A. B. Warfield, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Captain and Mrs. J. M. Wheeler, Lieutenant and Mrs. George Wertenbaker, Lieutenant and Mrs. L. D. Pepin, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. B. Corey, Captain and Mrs. T. B. Steele, Lieutenant and Mrs. R. P. Winslow, Captain R. F. Woods, Lieutenant J. W. Wuest, Captain J. P. Spur, Lieutenant Albert Barkley, Lieutenant R. L. Tilton, Lieutenant R. E. Lee, Captain Philip Fost, and Lieutenant F. P. Hardaway.

Mrs. Frederick von Schrader entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening at her apartment at the Keystone, and with her guests attended the hop at the Presidio afterward.

Colonel and Mrs. John Wisser were luncheon hosts at the Presidio on Saturday in honor of Colonel Deems. Among the guests were Captain and Mrs. Theophilus Steele, Captain and Mrs. Chapplear, and Mrs. Miller.

Miss Gladys Wickson entertained at a reception at her home on Wednesday in honor of Miss Jessie Clark, whose wedding with Mr. John Fletcher will take place in June.

The commandant and officers at the Naval Training Station at Yerba Buena entertained at a dance on Wednesday evening which was attended by many guests from Oakland and San Francisco. Among those who acted as hosts on this occasion were Captain C. B. T. Moore, Captain A. S. Halstead, Lieutenant R. Morris, Lieutenant C. P. Huff, Lieutenant J. S. Woods, Medical Director H. Ames, Dr. E. C. Curtis, Dr. Stebbins, Paymaster Fred Perkins, Paymaster Grayson Skipworth, Paymaster S. Knowles, and Lieutenant D. Gardner, U. S. M. C.

Mrs. H. Clay Miller entertained at a tea on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Orrin Wolfe (formerly Miss Mahel Watson), who is spending the summer with her parents at Sausalito.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Kate Stone and Miss Dorothy Baker, who went to Seattle to attend the Baker-Danner wedding, have gone to Vancouver, where they will visit for a month before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moody have returned from a motor trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, accompanied by Colonel Henry May of Washington, D. C., and his daughter, Miss Cecilia May, sailed on Saturday for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham of Los Angeles sailed this week for London, where they will attend the coronation festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering will leave next week for their country home in Santa Clara Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Henry Kiersted, left for San Mateo on Saturday, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, accompanied by Miss Frances Howard, went East on Friday. They will be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer have taken the home of Mr. and Mrs. Abercassis at Woodside for the summer.

Mrs. William Sherwood will spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lovell White will spend the summer at her country home, The Arches, near Mill Valley.

Mrs. William Montrose Parker, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Doyle, left Monday for Atlantic City to join her husband, Captain Parker, who preceded her several weeks ago.

Mrs. Andrew Bogart and Miss Adeline Bogart left on Sunday for the north, en route to Victoria. They will spend the entire summer in Canada.

Miss Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard are en route to New York, where they will spend several months.

Miss Esther Moreland has returned to her home in Pittsburg, after a visit here with her aunt, Mrs. George Marye, Jr.

Mrs. Charles Butters sailed last week for Europe, where she will spend a year.

Mrs. Gilbert Allen (formerly Miss Augusta Kent) arrived last week from the Philippines and is the guest of her mother.

Mrs. William Duncan and Miss Bessie Duncan of Detroit are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin.

Lieutenant Dana Crissy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crissy (formerly Miss Beatrice Guittard) are spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and Miss Jane Hotaling sailed from Boston on Saturday and will spend the summer in Paris.

Mr. Temple Bridgman has arrived from Connecticut and is a guest at the home of the parents of his fiancée, Miss Anita Maillard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols) have returned to San Francisco to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker (formerly Mrs. Laura P. Fuller) have gone to New York for the remainder of the year.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is at present in Paris, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike (formerly Miss Edith

Simpson) are now settled in Cincinnati, where they will remain for a year or more.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn and their sons, Kenneth, Dudley, and Russell, have returned from abroad and are at their home in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Miss Gertrude Joliffe have returned from New York.

Lieutenant-Commander Dudley Knox, U. S. N., and Mrs. Knox left Friday for the Atlantic coast, where Commander Knox will join the *Connecticut*.

Mrs. Arno Dosch (formerly Miss Elsie Sperry) arrived from New York on Thursday and will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, at their country home at Alta.

Miss Dorothy Chapman and her fiancé, Mr. Benjamin Foss of Boston, were the week-end guests of Mrs. Alfred Tubbs at her country home near Colusa.

Mr. and Mrs. Hesketh Derby (formerly Miss Nora Leary of Virginia) have arrived in San Francisco and are making their home at the Hillcrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton are spending their honeymoon at Coronado.

Mrs. Robert Greer (formerly Miss Charlotte Ellinwood) arrived from her home in Seattle and will spend the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood.

Major and Mrs. Ross, who are traveling from India to Vancouver, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl at their home at Burlingame.

Mrs. Arthur W. Dodd has returned to San Francisco, after a visit with Mrs. Frances B. Gatewood at Mare Island.

Miss Laura Benet is spending a week at Mare Island, where she is the guest of Miss Emily Simons.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Green will spend the summer at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loring B. Doe at San Mateo.

Mrs. Walter Macfarland arrived on the last steamer from her home in Honolulu, and is at the Hotel St. Francis during her visit here.

Mrs. Harry Holbrook is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, at her home at San Mateo.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and Miss Claire Nichols have reached London and will remain for the coronation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett have returned to their home at San Mateo, after a visit to Etna Springs.

Mrs. James Farrell and her daughter, Miss Kathleen Farrell, have gone to Coronado, where they will spend the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan have returned from Europe and are now in New York. They will go to St. Louis to be present at the Garneau-Murphy wedding before returning to San Francisco.

Miss Hazel Pierce, who went East to be present at the graduation of her sister from Vassar, is now visiting friends in New York.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges, who has been spending the past year in Paris, is expected here shortly, and will pass the summer with her sister, Mrs. Clarence Breeden, at her home at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hart have returned from their trip to Cuba and Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Cudaby (formerly Miss Nora Brewer) are enjoying a tour of the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick will spend part of the month of June in Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Wolfe (formerly Miss Mahel Watkins), wife of Captain Orrin Wolfe, U. S. A., arrived from Washington, D. C., Thursday of last week. She will remain with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, at Sausalito during June and July.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, for the week included Miss Grace Jewett, Dr. W. B. Spafford, Mrs. N. Bachmann, Miss F. Bachmann, Miss M. Bachmann, Miss B. Amer, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Bach, Mr. W. E. Cumbach, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Moore, and Mr. Willard Chamberlain.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs were Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. West, Miss Melone, Mrs. John Daniels, Mrs. Kate Pirmer, Miss Albertina Pirmer, Miss Katherine Pirmer, Mr. Charles Pirmer, Mr. C. M. Ratich, Mr. S. J. Bimane, Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Reynolds, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Stephens, Mr. James A. Thomson, Dr. R. A. Archibald, Mr. Rollo J. Hough, Mr. A. G. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Ford, Commodore and Mrs. Frank Wall, Mrs. W. J. Patterson, Miss Peixotta, Miss V. Dollarhide, Miss W. Dollarhide, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Francis.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will conclude the most successful Shakespearean season ever known in San Francisco at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday evening, and on Sunday night that favorite comedienne, May Rohson, will begin a limited engagement in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," in which she scored so signally on two previous visits to this city. Since she was last here, Miss Rohson has duplicated her American success in London, where she was immediately recognized as being an exceptional actress, and her eight weeks' engagement at Terry's Theatre was most successful, both from an artistic and financial standpoint. "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" has no dull moments, no ambiguous plot nor problems, but is simply a very amusing story well told and well acted. Miss Rohson has achieved an international reputation as "Aunt Mary" and has given the theatre-going public a distinct characterization of an eccentric woman of New England, and who is uproariously funny and yet occasionally blends the humorous and pathetic so evenly that one appears to be laughing at one moment and silent the next in noting the changes. The star is supported by the same excellent cast that crossed the pond with her. In addition to the regular matinees of Thursday and Saturday, there will be a special afternoon performance on Tuesday, Decoration Day.

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" will be the last attraction of the season at the Savoy Theatre.

John Drew has only one more week at the Columbia Theatre, and while his first week has been productive of large and delighted audiences, the indications are that the second and last will be even more gratifying in results. "Smith" is a vastly entertaining play, a decided advance by W. Somerset Maugham on the best of his previous works, and it gains immeasurably by having John Drew's authoritative methods, manner, and ingratiating personality dominant in almost every scene. "Smith" is in the best vein of modern comedy, clean, delicate, and productive of laughter at every turn.

The first appearance of William H. Macart and Ethlyne Bradford next week at the Orpheum will be an event of importance. Their vehicle will be a wholesome, mirthful comedy entitled "A Legitimate Hold-Up." Mr. Macart and Miss Bradford have gained much renown in musical comedies such as "Birdland," "The White Cat," and "Mother Goose." "The Musikal Girls," who also come to the Orpheum next week, will win the approbation of lovers of all sorts of music—those of rag-time as well as grand opera. This is partly because they are all musicians of recognized ability, as was evidenced when they were soloists with the Ladies' Fadettes Orchestra of Boston. Mary Wilizek, the violinist, toured the country with the Thomas Orchestra before she became concert-mistress with the Fadettes; Lillian Pringle, the cellist, recently returned from Germany after a four years' further study of music. Equally capable and studious is Eleanor Piper, the cornettist, who for five years was a Fadette star. Then there is Edith Swan-Corbett, whose tone on the trombone is said to be unequalled. Last, but by no means least, is Estelle M. Churchill,



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who is the same jolly "drummer girl" as when she was with the Fadettes. In the present act, however, she also displays ability as a pianist and vocalist. A feature of the performance will be a descriptive finale called "Teddy After Africa." Ed Wynn and P. O'Malley Jennings are included in the new attractions. Mr. Wynn is the funny college boy with the accommodating hat. Mr. Jennings was a distinct hit as the eccentric English comedian in "A Night on a Houseboat." Henry Clive, the favorite entertainer, whose clever travesty on second sight and thought transmission is expected to be one of the hits of the coming bill, is a versatile artist. His act this season, hurlesque magic, includes a skit on lightning calculation. The holdovers will be Bowers, Walters, and Crooker; the Five Armanis; Hal Forde, and "The Little Stranger."

Miss Billie Burke will be seen in "Mrs. Dot" at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, June 5. "Mrs. Dot" is the comedy by W. Somerset Maugham in which Miss Burke has won one of her highest triumphs as a star. The rôle is one of the best in Miss Burke's repertory, and gives her an opportunity to prove her right to a place among the foremost comediennesses of the day.

Mrs. Fiske is to make her appearance here early in July and will be seen in her newest success, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh."

Henry Miller will offer his newest play, "The Havoc," at the Columbia Theatre late in July.

There will be no Sunday performances during the John Drew, Billie Burke, or Ethel Barrymore engagements at the Columbia Theatre.

Children's Hospital Donations.

Report of the Mothers' Tribute Campaign for the building fund of the Children's Hospital, May 11:

Receipts from donations.....	\$11,250.60
Collections in banks.....	1,582.30
Collections in clubs.....	621.13
Automobile pennants.....	2,232.75
Moving picture theatres.....	2,762.34
Mite boxes.....	2,128.61
	\$20,577.73
From donations and subscriptions received prior to May 11.....	40,500.00
Total.....	\$61,077.73

In addition, two \$10,000 memorial beds were received. The money thus received is not, however, available for the building fund, but will be added to the endowment fund of the hospital.

Newspaper Impertinence.

A German publishing firm advertises a musical book by Herman Stephani, called "Das Erhabene insonderheit in der Tonkunst und das Problem der Form im Musikalisch-Schönen und Erhabenen." The second chapter is said to be just as interesting.—*Musical Courier*.

An English paper tells about an American actress "who hails from the small town of Iowa." But Iowa is a metropolis compared with those hamlets of Delaware and Rhode Island.—*Denver Republican*.

A Down East society woman says that London fogs are useful to hide English complexions—and this, too, just as we are trying our best to bring about international peace.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Brander Matthews declares that the feet of the drama are pressing constantly upward. This is certainly the direction of the feet of the chorus.—*Houston Post*.

England has hitherto been so free from the color restrictions which prevail in America that we are sorry to read that the North-eastern Railway Company has issued a circular prohibiting the carrying of chimney-sweeps in ordinary passenger carriages.—*London Punch*.

It is reported that the farmers who have gone to Washington to protest against reciprocity as ruinous put up only at the most expensive hotels in Washington and travel on board Pullman cars. Probably the explanation is that they are not proud, but are only observing how their investments are being managed.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Colonial Dames of New York recently unveiled in Pelham Bay Park a memorial tablet to Anne Hutchinson, whose religious beliefs led to her banishment from Boston by the Puritans in 1638. The tablet is of bronze and is set in one part of Split Rock, which is about a mile above the Bartow station. The inscription sets forth that Anne Hutchinson was banished from the Massachusetts Bay Colony because of her devotion to religious liberty, that she sought freedom from persecution in New Netherland, and in 1643 she and her household were massacred by the Indians. Her home was not far from Split Rock.

The home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur B. Crist in Washington, D. C., was brightened by the advent of a son on May 17. Mrs. Crist was formerly Miss Kitty Kutz, daughter of Captain Kutz, who is stationed at Mare Island.

CURRENT VERSE.

In the City Crowd.

With hurried feet or feet more slow,
But ever with regardless eye
The friends whom we shall never know,
Forever pass us by.

Oh, sad-eyed father gray from years
Of bitter, sharp ungratefulness,
Cordelia, orphaned and in tears,
Is near you in the press.

Unrealized, my brother, we
Now step a little side by side.
A Hamlet lost in misery;
Horatio, friend denied.

Miranda fair! that blush which ran
A moment in your cheek was fanned
Not by attendant Caliban
But passing Ferdinand!

And you, white-lipped Antonio,
Who go to pay your debt with death,
Against you Portia's ribbons blow,
And on your face, her breath.

And yet with hurried feet, or slow,
But ever with regardless eye
These friends, whom we shall never know,
Forever pass us by.

—Rhoda Hero Dunn, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Shell.

And then I pressed the shell
Close to my ear
And listened well,
And straightway like a bell
Came low and clear
The slow, sad murmur of distant seas,
Whipped by an icy breeze
Upon a shore
Wind-swept and desolate.
It was the sunless strand that never bore
The footprint of a man,
Nor felt the weight
Since time began
Of any human quality or stir
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.
And in the hush of waters was the sound
Of pebbles rolling round,
Forever rolling with a hollow sound.
And bubbling seaweeds as the waters go
Swish, to and fro
Their long, cold tentacles of slimy gray.
There was no day
Nor ever came a night
Setting the stars alight
To wonder at the moon:
Was twilight only and the frightened creak,
Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
And waves that journeyed blind—
And then I loosed my ear—oh, it was sweet
To hear a cart go jolting down the street!


—James Stephens, in *Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mourn, Ye Heart-Broken Women.

Mourn with red lips, pale women who wander alone,
Having each a sorrow too great for another to share,
Deirdre, whose fate was saddest because you were most fair,
Finavar, doomed for your pride to carry a heart of stone,
And all who were broken because of your loveliness,
Mourn with disheveled hair, for you understand
The heart of a lover and know that its utter distress
If love should fail is more than the grief of a land
For its strong spear-bearing sons who have met defeat
Mourn, for I tell you my love who is passing sweet
As berries in autumn, and fair as a blossomy bough,
And proud with the pride you know, pale sorrowful ones,
Has taken her thoughts from me and broken her vow,
And the world is a terrible crumbling of moons and of suns,
Mourn with dim eyes, O sad and beautiful ones!

—Shaemas O Sheel, in *New York Sun*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I always agree with my husband." "Very sweet of you." "Except, of course, when he is in the wrong."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Brownly—Is Jones contented? *Townly*—I should say so; I never heard him complain of the way his child is taught in school.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mistress—When you leave, I shall want a week's warning. *Bridget*—It's me habit, num, merely to give a blast on the auto horn.—*Horper's Bazar*.

First Undertaker—How is business in your city? *Second Undertaker*—Well, the death rate isn't near up to where it ought to be.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Bronson has gone to Europe for his health." "How did he lose his health?" "Earning the money to go to Europe."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The Hague has 'done much toward promoting the peace of the world.'" "Yes," replied Miss Cheyenne, "and so has Reno."—*Washington Star*.

Blobbs—Well, poor old Bjonas has joined the silent majority. *Slobbs*—Gracious! When did he die? *Blobbs*—He isn't dead. He's married.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Employer—I hope you save something out of your salary, James? *Office-Boy*—Yes, sir; 'most all of it, sir. *Employer* (eagerly)—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?—*Puck*.

"Ave you 'eard that old Jim 'as stopped smoking?" "No." "Yes; you see, 'e's a little near-sighted, and the other day 'e emptied his pipe into a gunpowder harrel!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Mrs. Nagleigh—I suppose you are satisfied now that you made a mistake when you married me? *Nagleigh*—I made a mistake, all right, hut I'm not satisfied.—*Boston Transcript*.

Mistress (after the quarrel)—Norah, you must stay until I get another girl. *Norah*—I intend to. It's only roight some wan should tell her the kind of a woman ye are.—*Boston Transcript*.

Agent—Could I sell you a copy of this book, "One Hundred Ways of Winning a Woman"? *Mose Jackson*—Ah knows two hundred ways mahself—wot troubles me is getting rid oh 'em!—*Puck*.

"Yes; I'm saving for a house." "I can't save any money. How do you manage it?" "By getting my wife to go without things. She thinks we're saving for an automobile."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mistress—Why have you been so long, Marie? I told you we wanted the lobster for lunch, and it is now past one o'clock. *Maid*—It's on account of your hohhle skirt you gave me, madame.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The Friend—I suppose it was hard to lose your daughter? *The Father*—Well, it did seem as if it would be at one time, hut she landed this fellow just as we were beginning to give up hope.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blunderhy, "my boy Willie has been through all the alimentary schools." "Alimentary?" questioned the caller. "Oh, I see; you are going to make a food specialist of him."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Jowback—My dear, I was one of the first to leave. *Mrs. Jowback*—Oh, you always say that. *Mr. Jowback*—I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home.—*Toledo Blade*.

The Lady—Will you send this rug on approval? *The Salesman*—Certainly, ma'am. *The Little Girl*—Hadn't you better tell him to be sure to get it there on time, mamma? You know we give the party tomorrow night.—*Wiltoukee News*.

Somewhat Superior Young Minister of the Episcopal Church—No, dear lady, frankly, I can not persuade myself that it would be safe to let women vote. "And what, may I ask, is your reason for opposing it?" "Well, dear lady, I can not hut think that if women were to vote it would make them, let us say—a little—er—er masculine." "Oh, I don't know. It has never had that effect upon the clergy."—*Life*.

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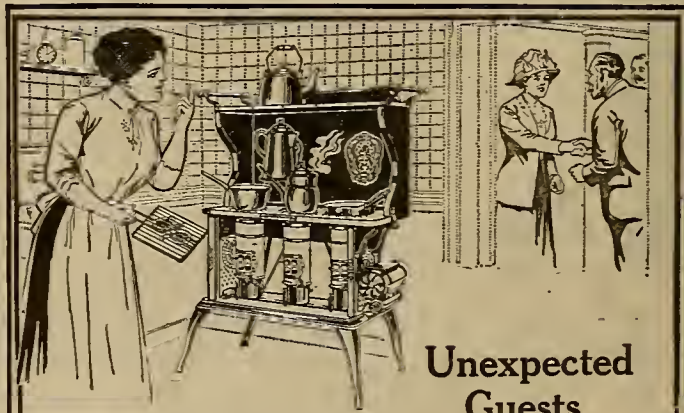
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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Justice for Gompers.

The findings of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case were of such magnitude and importance as to overshadow all other adjacent events. But, curiously enough, another decision was handed down on the same day that would have attracted its full share of attention at a less momentous time. There is no need to recall the details of the Bucks stove case. It is sufficient to remind ourselves that Mr. Gompers was found guilty of contempt of court for recommending the continuance of a certain boycott, and for this offense of contempt he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Of course he appealed to the Supreme Court, and with every secret confidence in the impartiality of that court. His confidence, which he would be the last to avow, was well placed. Within a few minutes of the reading of the judgment in the Standard Oil case the court announced its finding in the Gompers case. That finding was to the effect that the trial court had erred in in-

flicting a sentence of imprisonment, that contempt of court had indeed been committed, but that the legal punishment was a fine. The sentence of imprisonment was therefore quashed.

So what becomes of the well-worn contention that the higher courts are so prejudiced against the labor cause that they can not be trusted to do justice? Here we have not merely a labor leader, but the chief labor leader of them all, who appeals to the highest court in the land, a court made up of judges who are not even elected and whose prejudices, if they have any prejudices, would be all against him; and he appeals successfully. Without a dissenting voice they pluck him from the shadow of the gaol and, in brief, administer the same measure of justice to him that they would to the greatest corporation in the country. No wonder the labor press is silent. The Socialist papers have not even that degree of propriety. They say that the Supreme Court was terrified by the Socialist successes through the country. It may be admitted that the Socialist frog has puffed itself up quite remarkably, but hardly to such an extent as to terrify the Supreme Court. Moreover, are we to understand that Mr. Gompers is now a "comrade"?

The Situation in Mexico.

There is something of tragedy in the withdrawal of Porfirio Diaz from Mexico, but whether the tragedy is for Mexico or for Diaz remains to be seen. The simple-minded people who hailed the resignation of the aged president as the end of the struggle are now ready to revise their judgments. Indeed, there are plenty of observers who say that it is only the beginning, and it must be admitted that they have some cause for their pessimism. Many days have now passed since the official cessation of hostilities, but reports from many parts of the country are as red-hued as ever they were. Bands of brigands are said to be roaming over the country and there are terrible tales of massacre and even of torture. Madero himself says that there has been no time for his peace proclamations to reach the more distant bands and that they will lay down their arms when they hear of it. Let us hope that they will, but we have our doubts. Then again we are told that the unauthorized fighters will be suppressed with a high hand as soon as Madero takes over the control of the governmental machinery. Once more let us hope that this is so, but so far Madero's control even of his own insurgents has been of a shadowy kind, and this does not promise well for his influence over the men who were his enemies yesterday and who can hardly love him after their defeat. In the meantime Madero does not show any alacrity in going to Mexico City to receive the felicitations of those whom he has rescued from the "tyranny" of Diaz. Doubtless he knows his countrymen and recognizes that discretion is the better part of valor.

In the meantime De La Barra has been declared provisional president and has taken the customary oath. This, of course, is a mere formality. Madero intends to be President of Mexico, and De La Barra is filling the chair until the elections can be held. One of the accusations against Diaz was his interference with the ballot-box. He knew the men who ought to be chosen and he never hesitated to indicate them for the guidance of the voters. There is no question that his way of doing this was often abhorrent to the democratic ideas prevailing elsewhere. He himself said that he had no option in the matter, that the great majority of the people were absolutely incapable of exercising political rights, and that free elections meant a ruined Mexico. In other words, he talked of the Mexicans as we ourselves now talk of the Filipinos, as people who may one day, in the dim and distant future, rise to the level of citizenship, but who are still a long way from their goal. Madero himself is now a candidate for popular election. Other officials must be chosen by the

same machinery. We shall see what we shall see. Already we hear of a "nation-wide conspiracy" in favor of Bernardo Reyes, who was to be made president with or without election, and this by the very men who revolted against Diaz because he was unconstitutional. Evidently the old Latin-American spirit is already in full play, the spirit that looks upon an election only as a convenient way to decide which party shall rebel. Diaz seems to be justified already in his distrust of the self-governing powers of the people.

Is it possible to hold free elections in Mexico? Our own brand of reformer, whose sympathies are usually wide enough to include Mexico, and indeed the whole world, will answer unhesitatingly in the affirmative, but that is because his opinions are unhampered by facts or by reflection. Those who know the facts are doubtful. Mexico contains about 15,000,000 people, and half of these can neither read nor write. Of the total population only 19 per cent are pure white, 38 per cent are Indians, and 43 per cent are described as "mixed." Only a small number of the "mixed" can be said to be in any way civilized. All these classes enjoy equal political rights. The 8,000,000 people who can neither read nor write, the 80 per cent who are illiterate Indians and half-breeds, have the same influence politically as the small residuum of the intelligent and educated. And these are the people who are moved to indignation by an illegal interference with the electoral machinery.

Of course there are other grievances. There is the grievance of peonage, which is nothing less than slavery, and slavery of a peculiarly cruel kind, seeing that the enforced service is for a term of years and therefore the slave is not even protected by the self-interest of the owner. But is it likely that the curse of peonage will be removed by a revolution of those who are not peons and who have never shown any particular sympathy with the peons? Madero himself is said to owe his vast wealth to this very abomination, and he is therefore not likely to be enthusiastic in its abolition. That it will be abolished at some time is a certainty, but we can not feel that the day of freedom is advanced by an outbreak that must certainly create many more pressing problems for solution.

Therefore the outlook is not an encouraging one. It would be gloomy enough if the revolution were in any way comparable with other revolutions whereby nations have forced their way into freedom. But it is not comparable with these. It is impossible to suppose that millions of illiterate and semi-savage peoples can have any conception whatever of political rights or any wish for them. It is equally difficult to believe that the flame of rebellion can be ignited among such a people without the disasters of a widespread anarchy, rapine, and pillage.

Mayor, Police, and Public.

If Mayor McCarthy has half the sagacity attributed to him he has realized by this time that he has made the mistake of his career. He has alienated the solid body of his supporters, and in return he has nothing to show but the maudlin applause of the little group of people who defile and ruin every cause they touch. Mr. McCarthy is not the first official to identify the tenderloin with the voting list, or to expect that the electorate will purr because he scratches the back of the half-world. It has been done before and with some temporary success, but not by those whose whole stock in trade is immunity for vice and who have nothing in their shop windows but things that make decent people blush. The mayor has failed, lamentably and irretrievably, and his final appeal to the iniquities is no more than a despairing snatch at a floating straw. And no one knows this better than he.

It is quite possible that he can dispossess Chief Seymour, but it will make no difference except to quicken his pace to the breakers. Every one knows that Seymour is to be ousted, and every one a

for the causes that have led to his downfall. A few weeks ago the mayoral fourth-form vocabulary was well-nigh exhausted in praise of an officer who, it seems now, is the embodiment of civic vices, and must be dismissed at all costs in the interests of the city. Only last October we find an explosive letter from the mayor to the police commission demanding the suppression of the "well-intrenched evils and the flourishing establishments of vice," and asking for aid in his "determined endeavor" to regulate "the down-town tenderloin district." It was an edifying display. It seemed almost too good to be true after we had braced ourselves to the McCarthyian interpretations of Parisian life. But Chief Seymour took it all seriously. He proceeded to do his duty and to enforce decency. The more flagrant displays of vice were suppressed, misconduct was hurried into the background, and the grosser forms of evil had at least to be inconspicuous. Such has been the policy of Chief Seymour since he took office, and it is his policy today. No one suggests that he has changed since the mayor's letter was read to an incredulous police commission.

The mayor himself, never having had any convictions, can hardly be said to have changed them. But he changed his views as to his own self-interest. At the time of his election he believed that the "Paris of America" scheme was a winning card, and so he played it. Then he saw a great light and adroitly slipped it back into the pack. The "Paris of America" was unpopular. Real estate owners did not wish to see values depreciate by contact with nastiness. Decent citizenship everywhere was affronted and the mayor's strength was correspondingly decreased. So for a time we heard no more of the beatification of the tenderloin, and the police were allowed to do what they could to enforce the law and to interpret it on the side of decency. Indeed they were ordered to do so.

Now there is another change. Something has to be done to stem the tide of unpopularity, and when men of the McCarthy type try to do something it is usually something connected with the tenderloin. That is about all they know of civic mechanism, to swing the pendulum between the encouragement of vice and its suppression. Since the tide was on the wane with the "lid on," the obvious remedy was to take the lid off, and so we see the sails swung around once more and the ship on a new tack. But Mr. McCarthy is just as indignant as ever. He is always indignant. He preserves his ornate and resentful phraseology, but his course is a new one. Instead of "intrenched evils" and "establishments of vice" we are asked to consider the fate of those well-conducted and modest maidens who have a consuming desire to dance the "bunny hug," the "loving two-step," and other chaste amusements of the kind, and who are prevented from doing so by a tyrannical police chief who says that the "bunny hug" is indecent. Such a policy on the part of the police chief is an outrage. Mr. McCarthy is under a pledge to foster and encourage the bunny-huggers and the loving-two-steppers. They elected him. For too long he has been diverted from their interests in a futile chase after the votes of good citizens. He perceives now that he can not have these in any case, and so he returns to his first loves and such few votes as they can command. Since Chief Seymour has not the same agility in altering his course, nor indeed the wish to do so, then Chief Seymour must go. Anyway the course must be altered.

Mr. McCarthy is showing a curious lack of diplomacy nowadays. Does he suppose that the workingmen will be pleased to have this demand for an open town ascribed to them, to be told that it is in their interests, and in fulfillment of their wishes that the lid is henceforth to be off, that the "Paris of America" was to be in gratification of their tastes, and that it is they who want this blare of cheap music and flaunting of tawdry finery? The men who earn their wages by the week presumably have the same idea on such things as those who earn their wages by the month or year, or who do not earn wages at all. They are just as jealous of the virtue of their children as any one else. To speak of the workingman as demanding the open town is an insult and a libel, and is a part of the McCarthy affectation of dispensing beneficences from another and a higher sphere. There is not a decent workingman in San Francisco who has any complaint to make against Chief Seymour, there is not one whose pleasure has been intrenched upon by the breadth of a hair, there is not one who would willingly come within the scent of his eyes and the joints that Mr. McCarthy champions. He is speaking for those same dives and joints,

and for nothing else, if we except a few well-to-do people who are silly enough to suppose that trade can profit from vice. It is this fatal inability to recognize the essentials of good government, the necessity for constructive civic workmanship, that has brought the mayor into disrepute. Instead of substantial actions that would benefit workingmen and every one else, he has nothing better to offer them than facilities for vices that they do not practice. It is a long time since there were so many men out of work in San Francisco as there are today, so many establishments closed and abandoned. And when the victims of this kind of misgovernment and of an arrogant example and precept begin to withdraw their support from the mayor, he seeks to revive their loyalty and enthusiasm by an official permission to dance the "bunny hug," and if this does not make them feel better they may try the "loving two-step." Evidently Mr. McCarthy does not know his audience.

A Devil's Advocate.

The office of devil's advocate is often a necessary one, but it is not usually the subject of keen competition. Therefore there will be no disposition to challenge Mr. Roosevelt's position when he stands isolated in the limelight as the only figure of prominence upon two continents to protest against the arbitration treaty with Great Britain. When all the world cries peace Mr. Roosevelt alone cries war. When the statesmen of the two greatest nations on earth, nations that sprang from the same root, that have the same ideals and the same language, outdo each other in expressions of amity and of determination to settle their disputes like men instead of like pirates, Mr. Roosevelt's is the only voice to stimulate distrust and to suggest a continuing policy of violence. That he uses the columns of a semi-religious periodical for this purpose is a final touch of incongruity. Mr. Roosevelt and the *Outlook* stand alone in their respective spheres.

And yet it is hard to understand exactly what Mr. Roosevelt wants. What he does not want is a positive assurance of perpetual peace. That is clear enough, but when we come to an analysis of his utterance we have the usual fog of contradictory pleas. America, it seems, must never arbitrate a question of national honor. That is an elastic term, and a dangerous one. All nations, at all times, and in all quarrels, have felt that their honor was involved. But a little further on and we find Mr. Roosevelt hedging. He will agree to arbitrate anything if only the bill has a preamble to the effect that certain things have now become "unthinkable and impossible." But if they are unthinkable, why think about them? If they are impossible, why assume their possibility? Why write down in black ink and cold blood that "this country would fight at the drop of the hat" if Great Britain should set up the old right of search "with its incidents of killing peaceful fishermen within the limits of New York harbor"? What arrant and pernicious nonsense it all is. Russia did an exactly parallel thing when her warships fired upon and killed the Dogger Bank fishermen, and no one suggested that Great Britain was insensitive to her honor when she refrained from avenging the killing of these men by killing several thousand other men who had nothing to do with it. Mexicans killed Americans only a few weeks ago, and when Mr. Roosevelt says that "we have chosen to submit to such invasions" we have a sufficiently clear indication of what would have happened had he been in the White House. There would have been a great many more dead Americans today whose widows and orphans would doubtless have exulted at the satisfaction of "honor." While Mr. Roosevelt is making our flesh creep with the things that are "unthinkable and impossible" he should cast his eye toward the Canadian frontier, where three thousand miles of territory are wholly unprotected by a single soldier or a single fort against the hordes of bloodthirsty barbarians that threaten us from Winnipeg, Regina, and Calgary.

It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt should both address themselves to this question in public speeches delivered on the same day and almost at the same hour. Mr. Taft, speaking to soldiers, said that "when the books are balanced the awful horrors of strife far outweigh the benefits that may be attained in it." Mr. Roosevelt, speaking to civilians, could see no reason why we should not have peace "so long as other nations behave themselves." There we have the difference between the sentiments of progressive humanity and of the truculence that we still share with the whole animal kingdom.

Mr. Roosevelt's final conclusion is that we must never agree to arbitrate on questions respecting our "honor, independence, and integrity." That means that we must never arbitrate anything, and that of course is precisely what Mr. Roosevelt wants. It is a curious doctrine. It belongs already to the international museum. It is a dying gasp of the barbarism that has lingered in human minds after its external forms have been suppressed. But the curious part of the whole thing is that Mr. Roosevelt should write it and that the *Outlook* should print it. Surely the cheers of the Clan-na-Gael are not sufficient reward. No one else will cheer.

What of the Supreme Court?

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case seems to be a turning point in its history. Up to a recent period that court has occupied a unique position in the United States and in the world. It has been beyond question the highest legal tribunal in the world—partly by reason of the population, wealth, and power of the United States, partly by reason of the power of the court itself within this mighty republic. For it is a unique tribunal. Among the great nations of the world there is no other court of which we have knowledge which has the last word in matters of legislation. In Great Britain, the highest tribunal, the court of last resort, is the upper chamber of Parliament. But in the United States the tribunal of last resort is the Supreme Court. The British Parliament makes its own laws and construes them. The American Congress makes its own laws, but the Supreme Court construes them. At least, that is what it has done in the past. Now, it would seem, it remodels them.

In its recent decision the Supreme Court declared the meaning of the Sherman Act, passed twenty-one years ago. The court found it a difficult matter to construe this statute in accord with the law, and at the same time in accord with the present mood of the people. Therefore it apparently decided to construe it in accord with the present mood of the people. It is not the *Argonaut* which thus reviews the law of the Supreme Court—it is the President of the United States; it is the one dissenting jurist, Mr. Justice Harlan; it is the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate. According to a decision rendered by the President when he was Judge Taft—which is cited with approval by Justice Harlan—the Supreme Court has reversed its own decision by holding that into the Sherman law can be interpolated the word "reasonable" before the word "trusts." So Justice Harlan. So the Senate Judiciary Committee.

This epoch-making decision is in the face of the fact that Congress twenty-one years ago refused to insert the word "reasonable" in the Sherman Act, as the debates of the period show; likewise, Congress ever since has repeatedly refused to make that interpolation. It is evident, then, that for over twenty years the American Congress has refused to make a change in the Sherman law which the Supreme Court has now seen fit to make. Such a procedure is revolutionary.

These lines are not written with any desire to comment adversely on the recent decision of the court. It is the law. It is probably good law. But it is not the law as our lawmakers laid it down.

What interests us in this discussion is not the fate of the Standard Oil, but the fate of the United States Supreme Court. What will become of it? The American people have been thought to be conservative. They have been in the past. Perhaps they are so still. Yet it would not seem so nowadays. With the popular demand for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, it would seem that radicalism rather than conservatism is the dominant note among the American people today. This recent decision is popular. But the next one may not be so. In that contingency, what will the people do? Beyond question, they will eventually take from the Supreme Court its mighty power. The last word in legislation will cease to be exercised by that court; it will be left with the lawmakers, the representatives of the people. For the people who make can unmake; they who create can also destroy.

Administration Financiering.

San Francisco taxpayers may not have observed that the administration bond-figurers, in endeavoring to scale down the amount of our bonded debt, always leave out the three and a half per cent bonds issued some years ago but not sold. "These," they say jauntily, "can not be included in our bonded debt, because they

are only printed, but not sold." We have always looked with suspicion on this disclaimer. A few millions of bonds voted for, issued, signed, and ready to be sold, are far too great a temptation for such tax-eaters as our present labor-union rulers to resist. Our suspicions, we now observe, are warranted. Large as is the sum raised out of the taxpayers by the annual budget—nearly \$12,000,000—and large as are the bond issues already sold, the supervisors are short of money. They want more money to pay more salaries to old job-holders, and they want more money to pay new salaries to new job-holders whose jobs they are creating weekly. Hence they are hard up. They are endeavoring to purchase more school lots. As there is no bond-money voted for this purpose, they are trying to negotiate with lot-owners to take the old three and a half per cent bonds at par as the law requires, and then make up the difference between that and the new bond rates out of the taxpayers' pockets. Likewise they are trying to get contractors to accept the old three and a half per cent bonds at par for constructing municipal buildings such as the contemplated Free Public Library, making up the difference in the same sharp way. They will doubtless succeed. Taxpayers may rest assured that all of the old bonds will be "cashed in" by the tax-eaters, and that the taxpayers will have to pay them, principal and interest, in addition to the new bond issues.

Eight Hours for Women.

A report from Los Angeles says that 5000 women now employed by the hotels of Southern California are under notice of dismissal as a result of the eight-hour law passed by the last legislature. The report may be exaggerated, but there seems no reasons to hope so. Indeed, some such drastic action was inevitable as soon as the legislative vote was taken. Every student of economics knew it to be inevitable. Many of those who voted for it knew it to be inevitable, but the habit of cringing before ignorance is ingrained. These 5000 women will now have leisure to study the blatant stupidity that supposes that economic laws can be changed by a ballot-box. They can be changed, but not in that way.

The hotel-keepers are not to be blamed. It is no gratification to them to dislocate their service and to remodel their establishments. It means waste, confusion, and difficulties. And to the women who have lost their employment it means much more. Generally speaking, they were not overworked, although in many cases their hours of duty may have been long. There are very few wives and mothers in the State who do not work far harder than these hotel employees.

It is to be feared that this bad business in the south will be repeated elsewhere and that the women of many other trades will suffer. A law that includes all employed women in one general restriction without reference to the kind of work they are doing is an incalculable stupidity and one that is certain to bring suffering. The hotel-keeper, in spite of some exceptions, is in precisely the same position as a shopkeeper whose narrow margin of profit is instantly swept away by an increase of working expenses. He must compensate himself by economies, or he must raise his prices, or he must go out of business. The hotel-keeper can not raise his prices without driving away his customers, and so he must economize by employing men instead of women, and perhaps by using Chinese or Japanese labor. He can not regulate his prices, or only to a very slight extent, and as the legislature has arbitrarily interfered with his expenditure he has no option but to place himself beyond the reach of a silly law by getting rid of the labor to which that law applies. If the legislature should order him to pay double wages to red-haired men he naturally determines henceforth to employ no red-haired men. And it is the red-haired men that will suffer. An indiscriminating eight-hour law for women is just one more statute to fall into neglect or to be repealed, but not before it has done its part to bring the law, and the lawmakers, into contempt.

Editorial Notes.

It is surpassingly strange that the world should be so unwilling to do justice to its notabilities while they are alive and should yet be so eager to pay empty honors to their bodies. Of this the case of General Sutter is the latest example. General Sutter, next to Consul Larkin, was the greatest figure in the conquest of California. His efforts nearly ruined him. His great possessions were taken from him by squatters and his prop-

erty dissipated. He could get practically no redress, and at last he died and was buried at Littitz in Pennsylvania. Now, after all these years, there is a movement to exhume the body and to bring it to California for burial. It seems likely to be done, since the relatives have consented, and no doubt some sort of monument will be erected which will be pointed out to visitors as a mark of public appreciation. If so, we may congratulate ourselves that General Sutter will never know anything of it. He had a gift of blunt and direct speech and he might exercise it.

There is no reason to suppose that Colonel J. P. Wisser, commander of the Presidio, has any sectional political feelings or that he is actuated by anything else than the welfare of the troops under his control. And Colonel Wisser says that if licenses are granted to the saloons near the Presidio entrance—in other words, if the mayor's latest policies are carried out—he will exclude the public from the Presidio by closing the main gates, and he will recommend the reduction of the force to the bare necessities of the situation. This in itself would be a bad business, but it means also the cessation of extensive construction work and the choice of some other city as the headquarters of the Western division. It seems a heavy price to pay for the gratification of Mr. McCarthy's disreputable supporters, for of course the plea that it is demanded by "the workingmen of San Francisco" is mere froth and folly. It will take more than Mr. McCarthy's glibness to persuade any one that the workingmen of San Francisco are asking for amusements of such a nature that soldiers of the United States army must be hurried away from their degrading influence. Nor is it very creditable to the city that even an official protest should be needed to protect the soldiers against villainies that are carefully created by the municipality itself.

It is a singular fact that the recent death of Colonel T. W. Higginson did not appear in the telegraphic columns of any San Francisco daily. In the Eastern dailies the space given to his death was large—in one as much as sixteen columns. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was eighty-seven when he died, and during his long life he had filled a large place in the life of the nation. He was a scholar, a soldier, a politician, a writer, an orator. He was one of the first of the anti-slavery agitators, and he was one of those who wanted to fight as well as to talk. He led an attempt at the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston at a time when there was some killing, and he was among those indicted for murder. He volunteered to serve with the Kansas Free-Soilers. He got up a plan to release John Brown from his Virginia captors by force of arms, which scheme he abandoned only because Brown forbade it. He refused to enlist in the Civil War until slavery was abolished, when he organized a negro regiment and fought with it through the war. The list of his published works includes scores of volumes. Without prejudice for or against him, such a man may be said to be a person of importance. Yet his death was not deemed worthy of a single telegraphic line in a single San Francisco daily.

The hand-to-mouth way in which San Francisco has been governed since the fire is shown by the condition of the hospital inmates at Ingleside. When the city was destroyed, there was no shelter for its unfortunate wards. Thomas H. Williams, president of the Jockey Club, offered for their use the buildings at the Ingleside racetrack—temporarily, as the Jockey Club owners supposed. Will it be believed that during all the years that have passed, and the successive administrations, these unfortunates have been allowed to remain billeted on private citizens at Ingleside? It is only recently that the present labor-union administration has begun work on a new hospital, although the bond-money for its erection was ready some years ago. In the meantime the Jockey Club has sold its holdings at Ingleside to a realty company, which has been vainly trying to get the labor-union administration to take the city's wards off its hands. Up to this writing the realty company has failed. It has been forced to give notice to the municipality to vacate the buildings in sixty days, to disinfect those that are unsanitary, and to burn those used for housing contagious cases. Even this time-limit is rapidly passing, and all that has been done so far is for the McCarthy board of health to discuss languidly the purchase of tents under which to cover these unfortunates on some of the city's vacant land. The city of San Francisco had to shelter its

sick and poor under tents in 1849, but at least it did not leave them to private generosity. That was reserved for labor-union administrations.

In last week's *Argonaut* was a review of a new volume by the late Marion Crawford entitled "Wandering Ghosts." It is, as the title indicates, a collection of ghost stories, and the reviewer remarked that in a story entitled "The Upper Berth" the author's descriptive powers are seen at their best. It may be worthy of note that this story was printed in the *Argonaut* many years ago. Henry Norman, now a member of Parliament, was at that time a London journalist and publicist. He conceived the idea of issuing a Christmas annual entitled "The Broken Shaft." A group of authors, actors, artists, and composers find themselves on an Atlantic liner. The shaft breaks, and during the days of waiting for it to be mended these persons tell stories to amuse the passengers and themselves. This framework, it will be seen, is of the cumbrous early Victorian order adopted so frequently by Dickens and others in books like "The Uncommercial Traveler" and "Twice Around the Clock." The various narrators, Marion Crawford among them, are supposed to tell their stories in *propria persona*. This epoch was before the days of the international copyright law, and the *Argonaut* then had a correspondent in London who promptly forwarded promising literary matter. Hence "The Upper Berth," Crawford's story, now reprinted "for the first time in the United States," was in reality printed a quarter of a century ago in these columns.

The Portuguese authorities have taken drastic steps against the agitators of Oporto who are casting longing glances toward the "king over the water." Doubtless these agitators are wrong in supposing that the king can do anything for them, but they can hardly be blamed for their dissatisfaction with a system that has so far encouraged the strike movement as to turn Oporto into a vast city of the dead, where the holder of a union card is avowedly supreme over police and magistrates alike. Republicanism, unionism, and anarchy have been synonymous words in Portugal, while the authorities have gone on the easy theory that the only way to control the mob is to allow it to do precisely what it likes. A show of force may ward off the danger for the moment, but the real danger to the country is not the king, but the murderous tyranny of the new labor unions.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Punch, Brothers."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your issue of this week I observe that you refer to "Mark Twain's famous jingle, 'Punch, brothers, punch with care,' etc. We always expect the *Argonaut* to be absolutely correct, and therefore I was surprised to see the *Argonaut* quote the product of Isaac Bromley and Noah Brooks as the inspiration of Mark Twain. The last line, which resisted the efforts of both—"All in the presence of the passin'aire"—for more than twenty-four hours, was finally evolved by Brooks in a moment of inspiration.

The hymn which was in use in the *Tribune* office for some time without a chorus, was finally furnished with one by Moses Handy and Mr. Wyckoff, the scientific editor, and the work was pronounced "good" by the then directors of public opinion in New York. Yours cordially,

J. H. MORSE.

[The facts are, of course, as our correspondent states them, but it was Mark Twain who gave the jingle its immortality and associated it peculiarly with his own name. None the less let honor be given where honor is due.]

George W. Coleman, who in three years' time has developed the Ford Hall Meetings of his native city, Boston, into one of the most remarkable institutions in the community life, began his career on a trade paper at \$2 a week. He has been assistant editor, business manager, advertising manager, and publisher, rising in salary and reputation. He is not a college man, his education having stopped with the high school and a Franklin medal. Necessity harnessed him to business life, but his youthful dreams were all of scientific discovery, public service, and authorship. Now his ambition is being realized. Five years ago he conceived the idea of a Cooper Union for Boston, and managed to induce a body of Baptist officials to permit the use of a great religious trust fund for the purpose. Ford Hall seats 1200 and is filled every Sunday night in winter by listeners eager for scientific fact and moral truths, set forth by virile speakers. Coleman and interested friends have also created the Sagamore Sociological Conference, devoted to constructive social work.

Munich has a museum in which the development of illumination from the pine splinter of centuries ago to the most modern electrical devices may be studied.

No married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the British Home Secretary, is an ardent advocate of the daylight saving bill, which now seems likely to be passed. The plan is simplicity itself. It is proposed that on the third Sunday in April all the clocks in the country shall be set forward one hour and that on the third Sunday in September they shall be set back an hour. That means borrowing an hour of daylight and returning an hour of darkness. If every one acted together in the matter, says Mr. Churchill, no one would notice any difference and "the whole movement of society would swing forward into the new position without the slightest derangement in the sequence of the numberless interdependent arrangements of daily life." That, by the way, is a creditable sentence for a politician, if impromptu. But the arrangement strikes one as a little childish. If we wish to get up an hour earlier in the summer, which we do not, nor intend to, by all means let us do so without the make-believe of changing the clock. Of course the theory is that we should also go to bed an hour earlier, but should we? We should be compelled to rise by the new time because business would be governed by it, but when it came to going to bed we should glance at the clock and supply a mental correction to its lying story. And so the net result would be equivalent to the domestic tragedy that sometimes happens even in the best regulated families when we are accidentally called an hour too soon and then told that since we are up we may as well clean out the stove. And we know how that feels.

Among Egyptologists Dr. Flinders Petrie comes easily first, but his book, "The Revolution of Civilization," introduces him as a sociologist. Perhaps Dr. Petrie's researches into antiquity have tempted him to the task of comparison, but it is rather a shock to find that the art of today is inferior to that of Egypt 6000 years ago. But is it, or is this merely the unconventional opinion of a scholar? Our museums show us what Egypt was doing in the art line 6000 years ago, and we are not impressed with a picture-making that knows only one plane and that is wholly innocent of perspective. The Egyptian painter showed astonishing skill in making the most of a minimum of lines, but is that art? Dr. Petrie shows elsewhere that he has a spite against civilization. Like Carpenter, he regards it as a disease and always a fatal one. Civilization, he says, is due to strife against nature and between man and man. Capital and wealth are causes of decay because they lessen the need for daily struggle. Forms of government, he says, have little influence or importance unless they are democratic, and then they are the cause and symptom of decline. Rome fell because she was civilized and therefore diseased. An influx of wholesome barbarism was needed to clear the air, and all civilizations must fall from their necessary and inherent weaknesses. Civilization is therefore intermittent and a regularly recurring phenomenon.

Prince Ching, the Chinese statesman, is once more in trouble. The affair is worthy of mention because it throws such a light upon Oriental methods and the impassable gulf that divides East from West. The story is almost incredible to those reared in the purer atmosphere of modern civilization, but it seems that a certain official, already disgraced and exiled, has made a reappearance in Peking with \$200,000 as a present to the prince, who thereupon promised his reinstatement. This has made a painful impression upon the Chinese mind, and it ought to. A Shanghai newspaper figuratively rends its garments and says that if such a thing happened in the West—impossible supposition—it would be necessary for the prince to court the fullest public inquiry in order to clear his name, but in China he need only to ignore the charge or put it aside with a wave of his hand. Can such things be? Does Prince Ching realize that if he is able to get away with the goods it will constitute an indictment of the Chinese people who tolerate such a transaction, and that he is bringing discredit upon his nation and involving the innocent? Thus ruminates the Shanghai newspaper and casts longing glances toward the political Elysian fields of the West. Perhaps Prince Ching will yet be heard from. It may be open to him to explain that he had no option in the matter since the official in question was "one of the boys."

A truly Gilbertian situation will be created if the French government should be forced to bring action against workmen who refuse to register themselves under the new pension law. In Paris only 37,000 complied with the law, in Dijon only 6000 out of a total of 20,000, at Orleans only 37 out of 20,000, at Melun 800 out of 4000, while at Clermont-Ferrand and at Thiers only eight and two respectively were registered. This is said to be due to the Socialist contention that the workman should contribute nothing at all to the state pension fund, and that his small share in the proceeds of his labor in itself constitutes a contribution. It would certainly be amusing to read that several thousand people have been fined for refusing to accept a pension.

May Day in Paris must have been a festive occasion. In more conventional times we are told that upon such occasions the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but we have changed all that, and now the Parisian young man thinks of barricades and trivialities of that kind. A lumbering omnibus is an almost irresistible temptation, and the cobblestones seem to be created by an all-wise Providence for the heads of policemen. But the authorities were upon their guard against such exuberances. Twelve thousand troops were drafted into the city. Throughout the morning squadrons of cuirassiers, troops of republican guards, companies of Zouaves, chasseurs à pied, and infantry of the line were moved unostentatiously into position, so that every avenue leading from the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, the Tuileries, and the Invalides was strongly guarded. The Place de la Concorde was like a parade ground, and the hand of the soldier was in evidence everywhere. And

in this way the natural joyousness of a light-hearted people, and the effervescence of springtime were sobered by the brutal realism of things as they are.

The Begum of Bhopal has arrived in England for the coronation festivities, closely veiled and secluded like all good Moslem women, but with a personality that no veil can obscure. The Begum governs a territory of 7000 square miles and about 1,000,000 people. And she does govern. She hears and decides all legal appeals, criminal and civil; she supervises all the departments of state, and her activity on behalf of her people is unceasing. She is a good musician, an accomplished artist, enthusiastically devoted to education, and converses easily upon all the current topics of the day. She is the third woman in succession to govern the state, which is one of the most prosperous in India and one of the most immune from the plague, thanks to the Begum's example in adopting modern hygiene for herself and so setting an example to the people. She was present at Lord Curzon's great durbar eight years ago, and although her religion would not allow her to show her face or to speak in public she wrote her speech and had it read, which came to pretty much the same thing. And it was not a conventional speech either. She asked her fellow princes why they had not preserved the virtues of their ancestors. "Through your negligence and laziness," she said, "you have not preserved these qualities. Luxury and love of comfort have become part and parcel of your nature." The Begum of Bhopal is likely to be heard of before she returns to her country. As soon as she arrived she asked to be taken to the best paint shop in order to renew her stock of colors, and it is said that she will add another volume to the two that she has already published. But it is fairly safe to assume that her portrait will not appear in the newspapers.

It seems that the exploration party to Jerusalem that has been the object of such grave suspicion to the Turkish government did not steal the Ark of the Covenant or the sceptre of Solomon. At least they say they did not. They say they did not steal anything, but they admit having made some remarkable discoveries. They opened a shaft which was first discovered by Sir Charles Warren many years ago, but which had been choked with rubbish. Before tunnels had been driven very far under Mount Orphel the explorers found a number of natural caves situated at a slightly higher level than the tunnel itself, and after a quantity of debris had been removed human bodies were found lying on natural shelves of rock. These were clearly remains of Jebuzites who had been buried before Jerusalem was taken by King David, and were probably of the date of 3000 B. C. There were indications that the bodies had merely been laid on their rock slabs without any covering except a few stones. In an adjoining cavern the excavators found Jebuzite pottery of the same period, which gave evidence of a very high state of civilization quite equal to that of the Israelites of perhaps 2000 years later. At a lower level the diggers came across rock-cut chambers with regular niches, evidently intended for the reception of corpses. Some Israelitish lamps were found in the niches. On the site of what was a portion of the garden of Solomon's palace the explorers found a stone two feet six inches high, and with an upper surface about two feet square, clearly, from its fashioning, of ancient use.

Such a story as this would be hardly complete without a cipher. A report from Finland says that in 1908 a Finnish doctor discovered in the Book of Ezekiel a cipher revealing information regarding the hiding places of the Tables of the Law, Temple archives and treasure. According to the cipher, the treasure was hidden under the Temple in a spot connected with the Temple water supply, so that the approaches could be flooded should an emergency arise. Soon after the Finnish doctor made the acquaintance of Captain Parker and others, funds were subscribed, and the expedition was set on foot with the results above recorded. It is Captain Parker who denies that anything was unlawfully taken. On the contrary, he says that the Turkish officials knew what was going on and gave their assistance.

The French correspondent of the London *Daily Express* says that while the whole world is talking of peace, in Paris popular peace—peace among individuals—seems to be further off than ever. The little town of Laurière has been giving a curious example of the manner in which French people ask for reforms nowadays. For this eleventh year of the twentieth century has brought with it the age of violence in France. Frenchmen used to be world-famous for politeness. Nowadays, when a person wants something and can not get it in France, he becomes violent, and usually gets his way. The towns are following the individuals. The south of France began, the Champagne district followed, Corsica is threatening, and now the townspeople of Laurière are waving the red flag.

There is more talk of arbitration and of war prevention than there ever was before, and yet the Paris newspapers have never been so full of quarrels settled by means of revolver shots, fists, and knife-thrusts. The Chamber of Deputies takes little notice of any interpellation which is unaccompanied by a tumult. The government orders reforms after, and not before, a stormy strike. And the whole world talks of peace between the nations. Somehow it seems a little paradoxical.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The ancient Oriental monarch who offered a fortune for a new dish would be amazed, if he lived today, to find how difficult it is to coax a nation into the enjoyment of a new delicacy. The grape fruit has only recently become known to any extent in England, and chiefly through the efforts of the wife of a prominent publisher; and tomatoes, without which no American seems to be able to exist for a long time, are seldom eaten in Europe.

OLD FAVORITES.

Discipline.

A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarroti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

Listening, there stood beside him one
Who smiled the while he heard;
'Til he saw an angel from the stone!
Such was the sculptor's word.

Soon mallet deft and chisel keen
The stubborn block assailed;
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure;
The waking eyes outshone;
And, as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone.

Beneath the chisel's edge the hair
Escaped in floating rings,
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed;
And where the shapeless block had been
An angel stood instead.

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the master's tools
Forming a work divine?

O hope that crumbles to my feet!
O joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies?

Sculptor of Souls! I lift to Thee
Encumbered heart and hands;
Spare not the chisel! Set me free,
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills
Which draw my thoughts to Thee
Should only prove that Thou wilt make
An angel out of me. —Anon.

The Restored Picture.

In later years, veiling its unblest face
In a most loathsome place,
The cheap adornment of a house of shame,
It hung, till, gnawed away
By tooth of slow decay,
It fell, and parted from its moldering frame.

The rotting canvas, faintly smiling still,
From worldly puff and frill,
Its ghastly smile of coquetry and pride,
Crumpling its faded charms
And yellow jeweled arms,
Mere rubbish now, was rudely cast aside.

The shadow of a Genius crossed the gate;
He, skilled to re-create
In old and ruined paintings their lost soul
And beauty—one who knew
The Master's touch by true,
Swift instinct, as the needle knows the pole—

Looked on it, and straightway his searching eyes
Saw through its coarse disguise
Of vulgar paint and grime and varnish stain
The Art that slept beneath—
A chrysalis in its sheath,
That waited to be waked to life again.

Upon enduring canvas to renew
Each wondrous trait and hue—
This is the miracle, his chosen task!
He hears it to his house,
And there from lips and brows
With loving touch removes their alien mask.

For so on its perfection time had laid
An early mellowing shade;
Then hands unskilled, each seeking to impart
Fresh tints to form and face.
With some more modern grace,
Had buried quite the mighty Master's art.

First, razed from the divine original,
Brow, cheek, and lid, went all
That outer shape of worldliness; when, lo!
Beneath the varnished crust
Of long-embedded dust
A fairer face appears, emerging slow—

The features of a simple shepherdess!
Pure eyes, and golden tress,
And, lastly, crook in hand. But deeper still
The Master's work lies hid;
And still through lip and lid
Works the restorer with unsparing skill.

Behold, at length, in tender light revealed,
The soul so long concealed!
All heavenly faint at first, then softly bright,
As smiles the young-eyed Dawn
When darkness is withdrawn,
A shining angel breaks upon the sight!

Restored, perfected, after the divine
Imperishable design,
Lo, now! that once despised and outcast thing
Holds its true place among
The fairest pictures hung
In the high palace of our Lord the King!

—J. T. Trowbridge.

Ten years ago a direct line of steamships between Jamaica and England was established, chiefly for the purpose of giving the British public a plentiful supply of bananas. The government was interested in the project to the extent of granting an annual subsidy of £20,000. With the end of the decade, however, it became discouraged and withdrew the subsidy, and the line has now been discontinued. This result is not surprising, in view of the fact that whereas during the six months ended September 30, 1910, 9,000,000 bunches of bananas were shipped to the United States, England took only 400,000 bunches.

MISS GILDER'S LETTER.

New York's New Library Opened—The Opera Season Again and Differing Critics.

The 23d of May was a great day in New York, for it saw the formal opening of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, Tilden Foundation. For what seems like a generation, but is hardly a decade, work has been going on between Fortieth and Forty-Second Streets and Fifth Avenue, where the old reservoir used to stand. A great many of us liked the solemn massiveness of that stone structure which at one time held all the water that the city of New York needed, and it was so associated with our earliest recollections of the metropolis that we were loath to see it torn down, but now we are so proud of the magnificent white marble building erected on its site that we have forgotten all the affection we once had for its homely predecessor.

There is nothing in the way of modern library conveniences that will not be found in this new building erected by Carrere & Hastings. There is a room for children, with little chairs and tables, there is a room for the blind, with books in raised texts, there is a lending department, a reference department, and everywhere light and air. It is said to be the finest library building in the world, and though I have not seen all the other library buildings in the world, I dare say that it is, for I do not well see how anything could be finer. It has been built for all time; no matter what happens to Fifth Avenue, and everything that is disagreeable seems to be happening to that once fashionable thoroughfare, this library building will stand a monument to the good taste of the city.

It is always interesting to Americans to know what things cost, and the more they cost the better we like them. I don't know the exact figures, but I believe that \$30,000,000 would probably cover the entire investment. Instead of dividing the money left by the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden wills for the building and endowing of separate libraries, the three funds were brought together and the whole united in one building, under one president and one librarian-in-chief.

There were two sets of invitations given out for the opening day, 500 for the sheep, 1500 for the goats. The 500 invitations were very carefully distributed, and admitted the bearer to the formal turning over of the house by the architects to the president and board of trustees. The president of these combined libraries is the Hon. John Bigelow, now in his ninety-fourth year, who returned from Europe only a few days ago to be present at the ceremony, and there was nothing more inspiring about the entire proceedings than the appearance of this veteran diplomatist and man of letters on the platform. Mr. Bigelow entered the hall leaning on the arm of President Taft, and he carried himself with all the vigor of half his years. His appearance aroused the greatest enthusiasm, as well it might, for he is not only a grand old man, but he is the oldest man in public life in this country, perhaps in the world.

Mr. Bigelow's strength was put pretty well to the test when he stood erect on the platform for ten long minutes while Mayor Gaynor delivered his address. He had no support whatever, not even the back of a chair to rest his hand upon, and he didn't carry a cane because he held his address in one hand, and he was obliged to keep the other free to take the key from the mayor. I imagine that he was pretty well tired by standing for so long, from the fact that he did not deliver all of the address that he had written out. He spoke a few words, but said that his address in its entirety would be published in the morning papers.

Governor Dix did not show the same courtesy to Mr. Bigelow that the latter showed to Mayor Gaynor, for he sat firmly in his seat while Mr. Bigelow stood to address him.

I dropped in at 21 Gramercy Park on the evening of the 23d to inquire from his family how Mr. Bigelow had borne the exertions of the day. I supposed that he had gone to bed immediately after dinner, but to my surprise I found him in the drawing-room discussing in vigorous French with Mr. Baccarini the hanging of his portrait in the trustees' room at the Public Library. He didn't seem in the least bit tired, and was very much interested in all that the painter had to say about the proper lighting of the portrait. You probably know that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who by the way is related by marriage to Mr. Bigelow, had the latter's portrait painted by the famous Peruvian artist whom he ranks with Velasquez. It is a wonderful portrait, for which the artist was paid \$12,000. It was not his intention to paint so elaborate a portrait when he began, but he was carried away by his subject and did for \$12,000 what in ordinary circumstances he would have charged \$20,000 for.

Not only was Mr. Bigelow in his drawing-room when I called, but he sat there taking an active part in the conversation until his usual bedtime, about ten o'clock.

On the 13th of this month the *Evening Post* did me the honor of reprinting my letter on the New York opera season, which appeared in the *Argonaut*. It was published on the page devoted to a review of music and the drama, and I suppose that somebody liked it or it would not have been reprinted; but evidently the musical editor of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Henry Theophilus Finck, was not around at the time, or the letter would never have been published in the *Post's* columns. So fearful is Mr. Finck that his readers will hold him

responsible for my views that on the 20th, the Saturday following, he washed his hands of them. What is more he called me a "lobster": "On perusing the remarks on our last opera season, written for the San Francisco *Argonaut* by Miss Jeannette Gilder, and reprinted on this page last week, some readers must have been reminded of the famous definition of a lobster as 'a little red fish which walks backwards.'" Then Mr. Finck proceeds to take up many of my statements one by one and to deny them; he doesn't prove what he says, and his denials are not in accord with the remarks of his fellow-craftsmen, Mr. Henderson of the *Sun* and Mr. Krebhiel of the *Tribune*. "Miss Gilder," continues Mr. Finck, "sorrowfully recalls the good old days of Christine Nilsson and Italo Campanini." Mr. Finck is wrong. I recall those days with pleasure, not with sorrow. What this critic is pleased to call "one more nugget of historic lore" is my statement that box-holders in "those good old times" did not turn their backs to the stage and talk during the performance. He then quotes from a notice posted January 15, 1891, in which the directors of the opera house complain of the annoyance produced by the talking in the boxes during the performance, and request that it be discontinued. This was in 1891. I was not talking of 1891; I was talking of the good old days of the Academy of Music, not of the Metropolitan Opera House.

In closing his comments upon my letter Mr. Finck again quotes the line, "A lobster is a little red fish which walks backwards." After all, my dear Mr. Finck, is it not better to be a lobster, even if one walks backwards, than to be a fossil and stand still?

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1911.

The gem most sought after is the Australian black opal, which is found nowhere else in the world. It appears in limited quantities in the matrix of ironstone and sandstone in the Lightning Ridge District of New South Wales. It is estimated that since 1890 opals valued at over \$5,500,000 have been found in the State of New South Wales. The State of Queensland also produces many opals, the production up to the present time amounting to nearly \$1,000,000. Sapphires rank next among Australian gems in value of production. They are found in New South Wales and in Queensland, chiefly in the latter State, in the gravel or creek beds. The gems show excellent fire and lustre, but the color is darker blue than the Oriental sapphire. In Queensland the present production amounts to about \$75,000 per year, the total output to date being about \$700,000.

The great national experimental tank, which was recently completed at the National Physical Laboratory at Bushy Park, a suburb of London, gives the impression of the greatest swimming bath that has ever been built. It is 30 feet broad, 550 feet long, and 12 feet deep. In a few weeks' time wax *Dreadnoughts*, liners, and cargo boats will speed across its surface drawn by one of the most remarkable pieces of machinery that has ever been built. Although this wonderful tank, with its wax boats, is like an exaggerated sailing boat pond which may be found at seaside resorts, its importance as a factor in the construction of future ships is beyond question. It will be the experimental tank for all the greatest shipbuilding firms in the country.

The John Howard Payne memorial gateway at Union College, Schenectady, New York, will probably be completed and dedicated at commencement this month. The gate will have a central pylon eighteen feet in height with a driveway on each side. The entire structure will be about ninety feet in width. A bust of the poet will occupy a niche on the front of the central pylon, and a bronze tablet inscribed with the words of "Home Sweet Home" occupies the reverse side of the pylon. The college has just come into possession of some new letters of Payne, also the manuscript of a poem entitled "Home," in Payne's handwriting, which antedates by many years the famous song.

The recent dinner given by Confederate veterans at Gastonia, North Carolina, to one hundred former slaves was an unusual event, and one also which can not take place at all after the passing of a few more years (says the *Springfield Republican*). It was a joyous occasion, according to the reports—the dinner taking the form of a reunion of old-time bondmen, their former masters and mistresses, and the children of the slave-owners. In view of the way in which the races have seemed to grow apart, the event inspires the hope of more sympathetic relations in the future.

Automobilists in England—they call them motorists over there—are much interested in the success of an invention known as "solid petrol," or gasoline in little bricks. Its exact composition is, of course, a secret. It contains 80 per cent of ordinary gasoline, a percentage of soapy matter, and 1 per cent of a foreign substance which gives it solidity. A small block of it is said to be equal to a gallon of liquid motive power, and its inventors say that enough to propel a car 1200 miles can be carried in a little box on the running board of the machine.

Alpine glaciers are receding and some of them disappearing entirely. Some attribute this action to the boring of tunnels and building of mountain railways.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Willa A. Leonard, official counterfeit expert of the Treasury Department, has handled more money than any other living woman. It is not unusual for her to handle \$12,000,000 in a single day to determine if it contain a bad bill.

Governor Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut, lawyer, judge, and expert in penology, advocates the restoration of whipping as a punishment for juvenile offenders and a deterrent of juvenile crime. He has been a delegate to three international conventions on penology, and is an authority on all matters pertaining to the treatment of the criminal.

The Duke of Grafton, K. G., who is to be presented with his portrait in oils on the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday, which falls on Coronation Day, is one of three nonagenarian peers in the upper house. He has lived in five reigns. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he is still very active, and recently, when a fire broke out at his Northamptonshire seat, he mounted a ladder and directed the firemen.

Prince Katsura, formerly a marquis, has advanced from a position of comparative obscurity in his almost meteoric career, and has steered the state throughout the momentous epoch of its modern existence. In 1899 he formed a cabinet under circumstances which had baffled Prince Ito, made it a stepping-stone to success, and in its life of eight years three important achievements were added to Japan's history—the alliance with England, the war with Russia, and the annexation of Korea.

Mrs. Leona M. Wells, assistant chief clerk of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, is said to be the highest paid woman in the employ of the United States. She receives a salary of \$4500 a year. She is a little more than thirty years old, and an acknowledged expert in questions relating to military law and legislation. Since going to Washington six years ago she has taken a course in law, but prior to that time had studied in the University of Chicago. She is a Wyoming woman and a suffragist.

M. Bayard Brown, an American, who has been held by a British judge to be a resident of Essex, and as such to be within the terms of the English income tax, has, ever since 1889, lived aboard his yacht, *Valfrayia*, which all these years has swung at anchor a few hundred yards off the Essex shore at Brightlingsea. He is a former New Yorker and once well known in the fashionable set. Wealthy and eccentric, he lives on the large income received at regular intervals from his New York bankers, seldom goes ashore, and does not welcome visitors to his yacht.

Prince Leopold, regent of the Kingdom of Bavaria, the oldest ruler in Europe, who recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday, is the sole survivor of all the great German princes who took part in the making of the empire, and is regarded with veneration by all sections of the German public. Professionally he is a soldier, and rose to be field-marshal and inspector-general of the Bavarian forces. He is an ardent sportsman and lover of outdoor life. Living in such a centre of art as Munich, he has always zealously patronized art and music.

Rear-Admiral Joseph B. Murdock, until recently in command of the second division of the Atlantic fleet, on the battleship *Minnesota*, has just succeeded Rear-Admiral John Hubbard, commander of the Asiatic fleet. The exchange was made at Yokohama, where unusual courtesies were extended by the Japanese government. Rear-Admiral Hubbard had reached the statutory age of sixty-two years, and his successor will be retired February 11, 1913. He was stationed at Brooklyn Navy Yard for a number of years, and in the war with Spain served as executive officer of the *Panther*. In the cruise of the battleship fleet around the world he commanded the *Rhode Island*.

C. E. Ashburn, of Staunton, Virginia, has held what is probably the most unique office in the United States, that of business manager of the city, an undertaking which has sent him, a nervous wreck, to a sanitarium in Washington. For years he ruled supreme, being delegated by the citizens of Staunton with sole power to conduct the affairs of the city government according to his own judgment, just as he would conduct a big business house of his own. He had the power to employ and dismiss all city employees, and his system proved a success. Never has Staunton accomplished more in the way of public improvements than under his administration. It is said that his worrying by office-seekers finally broke him down.

Walter Greaves, an English painter aged over seventy years, once a pupil of Whistler, has suddenly leaped from obscurity to fame, and is heralded as a master by the London press. His life has been remarkable. His father was a boatbuilder in Chelsea. Whistler took him as a pupil, forbade him to exhibit his paintings, but allowed him to show his etchings. Until two years ago Greaves continued to sell only etchings, storing up his canvases in his house. Recently he was induced to place his paintings on exhibition in a dealer's gallery, which brought forth this statement from one journal: "To the list of great English painters of the nineteenth century has been added a name which will sound unfamiliar to the ears of many who claim to be well informed."

MADAME.

Time Refuses to Turn Backward.

The great actress swept through the wings from the last curtain-call toward her dressing-room, a couple of nearby stage hands pausing to regard her as she went. Though far on in years, she was still queen of her art wherever her foot trod the boards. She was a phenomenon, a wonder, a creature of temperament and fire such as is bred, perhaps, once in a century. Back in the auditorium the applause still rang faintly, blurred by the lowered curtain, and she smiled as over her shoulder she turned her head for a lingering moment in that direction. There was a light of flowing, slightly pensive gratification in her eyes, of artistry that gloried in that direction. She went on, with a certain added pressure on the arm of the leading man. It was an unconscious tribute to his youth. He was an extremely handsome fellow; the best Armand, the actress was in the habit of saying to newspaper representatives, who had ever loved her Camille. He left her at her dressing-room door, with a word or two in undertone, and strode on down the narrow corridor, a slim, trim-shouldered, significant figure.

Inside, the great actress stood gazing at herself in the mirror, while her maid took from her shoulders the light cloak she wore. Her eyes, filled with far fires, showed as attractive as of old, but set in flesh that even the clever make-up revealed as ancient. And yet it was a face of mobile expression, of peculiar hypnosis, and even youth. Something breathed through it—an eternality of feeling that defied time; the lips carried still their curve of passion, the kissing bow. With a slight, upward movement of her aristocratic shoulders the great actress beheld and sighed. Her maid was undressing her rapidly. Then, having got into a heavy flannel kimono, she sat down to remove the make-up, while the maid carried away the disrobed silks into a smaller adjoining room. The make-up did not remove so easily. The grease paint clung to the softly sagging flesh of the neck and cheeks. The black about the eyes widened slowly into broad circles under the use of the cream, magnifying the brilliant centres. The great actress paused for an instant to contemplate herself thus—and went on with her task. She massaged rather than rubbed, and at length cheeks and eyes showed free. Then, over the crow's-feet that proclaimed themselves too plainly she used a camel's-hair brush that left a soft suggestion of shadow. Her lips she wiped clear, then touched with rouge again. She smiled in the mirror now, a girlishly defying smile, and called the maid to brush her hair.

The maid, dainty, petite, and with a quick hand, proceeded to do this skillfully, dropping at the same time bits of praise and gossip in madame's ear. What a glorious performance it had been; and madame—madame had truly gone beyond herself. As for Monsieur Beranger—he was the very greatest of lovers always. Her mistress interrupted her rather sharply, requesting some article of the toilette, spread in uneven variety, like a child's soldiers, negroes, and dolls, over the wide dresser. Marie was pretty, with blue eyes that sighed of themselves. But a week ago madame had caught a glimpse of Monsieur Beranger kissing her in the dim hall of an hotel where they had stopped. Of course madame had been young once herself and—; indeed, madame would always be young.

"Marie," she suggested, "there are times when you annoy me."

Marie proceeded with her task for a few moments in silence; then, by way of appeasement, drifted into some gossip of a minor nature, dwelling at length on the beauty of the flowers sent to madame, which were piled in a large seat in a corner of the room, filling the place with delicate odors. Then she opened the door to admit a newspaper man, a thin, nervous fellow with compressed lips and a hook nose.

He shook hands with madame half awkwardly, glancing sharply at everything in the room, and very sharply at the pretty maid. Then, having asked a question or two, and, with a show of being at ease, stroked the terrier which had come from beneath something to nose about his feet, he went out, bowing cordially—to write a page interview of questions and answers accomplished in such short order. He was looked upon as an exceptionally able critic.

With a shrug of her shoulders at the interruption, madame now retired to the smaller room to dress. As she came out again there was a rap on the door. A messenger stood there with a large bouquet in his hand. Its fragrance was so inviting that madame at once put out her hand for it, examining it with relish and a certain glowing light in her shadowed eyes.

"Extraordinaire! Magnifique!" she exclaimed. "What taste!"

The blossoms of different variety were, indeed, arranged beautifully and, as madame accustomed to the language of flower arrangement noted immediately, with meaning as well. The colors and perfume drifted into each other, making a perfect harmony of effect; yet, at the same time, with outstanding contrasts and distinctions. It was an art of the past, lost to the present, but which madame knew well. She put the flowers to her face, their perfume in its pungent intensity carrying her back to the tripping byways of her childhood—that girlhood so strong in its dreams and desires, so filled with the luxury of outlook and the thrill of daring. A wondering expression came into her eyes and grew about her mouth. The boy had left

the door slightly ajar. She closed it, and then sitting down in front of the mirror, looked to the sender, breaking open the small envelope attached. A personal card bearing the name—Carl Brugurie—was enclosed, and a neatly folded sheet of perfumed note-paper. She breathed the name with surprise and read, her brow gathering slightly:

I have seen you again tonight for the first time in forty years. The sweetness of the old days is strong upon me. The sight of you has made my heart young again, though I fear I have grown old. You, wonderful woman, are the same as ever. Even time has loved you. For the sake of the past I know that you will see me, perhaps favor me to the extent of dining you—one of the old dinners. I am free to do so, as I have never married. The prey of many memories, I am pacing up and down the corridor of the stage entrance—waiting.

The great actress placed the flowers on the corner of the dresser, and, sitting down, read the letter over again. "Carl Brugurie," she murmured, "Carl Brugurie!" Then, with the letter drooping from her hand, she sat staring at her reflection in the glass, or, rather, into her own eyes, looking back to that one over a score of love affairs embracing a period of forty years that stood out a single, odorous twilight in the sighing, intense beauty of its melodic expression, its poetry of rich tints and rare, wayward blossoms, and vibrating through all that vivid, personal ardor of heart and soul denoting one of the really great spirits of the time.

Almost at the beginning of it all was Carl Brugurie, a young dandy and dilettante, known on the Avenue de l'Opéra, who had begun life as an artist, fell into an inheritance, and become merely a lover. But what an admirable lover he had been. Is it not always so with regard to the first—the first at any rate to reach the heart? That time it really goes out; for the rest it but palpitates. Even with souls of fire capable of variety in this respect, perhaps, the initial episode, the petaline girlhood breathing its ardor of response for the first time, carries the farthest and sweetest memory. Madame felt it so now. The fragrance of that courtship belonged so intimately to her clinging, throbbing youth that it wafted back to her with a sting of pain. She put out her hand again for the bouquet where she had laid it, as if once more to grasp that far happiness with all that pertained to it, but ended by staring at the flowers. It was forty years ago, and they were of today's plucking. The great actress, gazing into her own eyes in the mirror, could not realize that it was so long; but the computed years stood out monumentally in cold, engraved figures that formed and fixed in the brain.

"Forty years!" She breathed it as one wondering at herself. And beyond that period, blossom by blossom, she regathered the bouquet of that adorable courtship. It had been just as beautiful, as rich of colors and odor as the flowers she held in her hand. Even when circumstances had forced its discontinuance she had treasured it, put it away in a quiet nook of her soul where at times she paused to remember. And across the chasm of years over which she now yearned she saw herself as she then was, felt the reflected pulse of her panther, velvet youth, her blood swelling in her veins at the thought, tasted again with a sudden, impatient hunger the relish of her fragrant girlhood. A suffocation came into her breath. Her eyes swam in a haze and she put her hand to her head in pain. Critics boasted of her youth still, she lived herself in the belief of it, as she lived parts on the stage; but that was her youth—and it could never come again. This was illusion, wonderful though she made it. Realities gripped and stunned her.

In a voice of anger she called her maid, instructing her to bring a glass of wine. Then she leaned forward, her elbows on the dresser, her temples clasped in her hands. She had just finished the wine when the doorkeeper rapped and poked in his head, announcing another newspaper man.

"Just for a moment, then," she conceded, making a sacrifice to a "first night."

The young man who entered she received with dignity and a slight raising of the slanted eyebrows, one of her noted peculiarities. The interview, exactly similar to a thousand others, consisted of a few questions, ordinary in trend and succinctly answered. A certain expression on her face brought it to rather abrupt end, but as she had thrown in one or two of her rare smiles, it was entirely adequate, or could be made so from the newspaper point of view.

As the door closed behind the journalist the great actress shrugged her shoulders. Then, through long artistic habit, resuming her emotions where the interruption had occurred, she spoke to the maid standing behind her.

"Bring me 'the little box,'" she ordered.

"The little box" presented itself as being rather large. It was made of red mahogany, inlaid with silver. From a girdle of keys she selected one and turned it with some difficulty in the lock, the maid standing by curiously. Though one of her closest personal effects, something she carried everywhere, she had never before seen madame open the box. The lid flew open, revealing under a chamois skin different sized compartments packed with photographs. Having found the one she wanted, madame closed the box, and, glimpsing the maid, ordered her about her duties. The picture was that of a man of handsome, cavalierish features, whose downy monstache drooped silkily over a mouth of ardor. His eyes, large and luminous, shone with a caressing hypnotic flame. For an intense period madame returned the gaze of the eyes, then she set the portrait

down with a sigh. Carl Brugurie must be close to seventy years old. He had begun with her and become the greatest philanderer in all Paris. In fine, that first time he had given his heart, and might never give it so again. And with his many loves his fine phrases took on a rapier point. Even now young cynics of the clubs quoted his caustic saying that his success with women was due to the proper timing of his inattentions. Madame had taken up the photograph and was again regarding it when the leading man rapped and entered the room. Immediately she snapped the lid of the box and called the maid to take it away. The actor glanced over her shoulder at the picture.

"An extremely handsome fellow," he remarked. "When did you know him?"

"He is outside waiting now," the great actress replied evasively.

"Ah! then madame does not wish to keep our little engagement tonight. She is to renew some pleasant association elsewhere. Very well!"

He spoke with something of the fervor of his Armand still upon him, a challenge of tone that might have sounded extremely strange to an observer noting his fine youth and madame's tottering illusion of it. The hypnotism and power of her eyes and smile, however, were about all they had ever been. It was with quick relinquishment of them, a rebound of freedom that the young man went on. "I shall no doubt for myself be able to find something pleasant to do." He turned toward the door.

The great actress glanced at him, something pathetic in her look. "Armand!" she breathed in a tone of penetrating appeal.

He turned instantly and stood regarding her.

"We are going just as we had planned," she said softly.

He stepped over and raised her hand to his lips. Their eyes met for some moments. Then she put the photograph gently to one side. Another moment and at her order she had been furnished with writing materials and a pen. She wrote:

MONSIEUR CARL BRUGURIE: My heart is still the heart of a girl of seventeen. The night is too moonlight for me to budge forty years.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1911.

BILLEE GLYNN.

Nowhere in all the world today can be found as many confirmed drunkards as there were among the Thracians, the Iberians, the Celts, or the Scythians. The man who didn't get drunk every day or two was regarded as queer. The Greeks were moderate drinkers until they began to copy the luxury of the Persian feasts. The Romans imitated the Greeks. Then the whole world went on a mad drunk. It was a saturnalia. Caligula owes his niche in the hall of fame to the drunken banquets with which he made even Rome marvel. The excesses made fashionable by such potentates as Lucullus, Nero, Verres, Tiberius, Caligula, Vitellius, and Domitian really began in the days of Pompey and they mark the beginning of the end of the republic.

The discovery by Oscar Pacius of Monterey, Mexico, of a process for extracting wax from the candleilla weed has created a new and important industry in Mexico and Texas. The candleilla weed is a desert plant which grows abundantly upon many millions of acres of semi-arid land in northern Mexico. Mr. Pacius found that the candleilla contained wax to the amount of 3½ to 4 per cent. He perfected a process of extracting the wax, and it is in practical operation in several factories that have been established in northern Mexico. The cost of producing a ton of the wax is \$75 gold. One important and valuable advantage of the new industry is that the refuse of the weed is available for fuel for the factory.

A sherbet made of extract of violets was much esteemed in the East, and Mohammed is reported to have said of it that it surpassed all other extracts. In some parts of Europe it is customary to mingle violets, roses, and lime blossoms with preserves to add a flower element to the fruity flavor. In Egypt and Turkey violets are used in making sherbets as mint is employed in juleps in Kentucky.

One hour by wireless from Glace Bay, C. B., to Dakar, on the coast of French Western Africa, is the astonishing feat accomplished at the Glace Bay wireless station. The message was flashed to the Eiffel tower at Paris, and from there relayed to the Dakar station, the whole operation taking only sixty minutes.

Canary wines have been known for centuries, and winemaking has been an important industry, although lately Madeira has outpointed it in the competition. The grapevine was taken to the Canary Islands from Crete in the fifteenth century.

The hyacinth has been banished from the Boston public garden on the suggestion of the city forester, who pointed out that hyacinth bulbs poisoned the soil and that the plant often caused an irritating skin disease to those who handled it.

In forty years the life-saving service of the United States has aided 22,000 distressed ships, carrying 147,000 persons and tonnage and cargoes valued at \$235,000,000.

ROYALTY AT DRURY LANE.

King George and Kaiser Wilhelm See a Bulwer Lytton Comedy with a Star Cast.

Drury Lane Theatre was transformed into a fairy bower with flower garlands and drooping foliage Wednesday night, May 17, at the gala performance of Bulwer Lytton's old comedy "Money," given in honor of the German emperor by a "star cast," which left the principal rôles in half the London theatres in the hands of understudies.

The king and queen and their imperial guests had dined early at Buckingham Palace, and then had driven in procession to the theatre through crowds of cheering spectators. Drury Lane's dingy exterior was brightened with festoons of greenery and illuminated with the royal and imperial ciphers. Inside, the house was a blaze of light and color. The whole of the floor space was occupied by fauteuils in ivory white and gold upon a fond of deep lavender, that being the tone selected for the carpet. The back of each seat bore a posy of flowers, the view of the parterre approximating in effect to a vast garden of flowers. The dominant note of the decorations was a delicate cornflower blue upon a ground of ivory white, the emphatic note being afforded by magnificent groups of deep rich-colored tulips forming the point d'appui for wreaths of foliage garlanded by the tulip-red of soft silk ribbon.

A delicate bloom of moonlight-green was given by the pale tone of the tulip leaves. The horizontal lines of the tiers were broken by a central canopy over the seats of the royal and imperial party, and from either side fell great pendent draperies of royal ermine, showing between their folds the glint of deep-red satin on the reverse sides of the canopy hangings. The ceiling was completely hidden by a dextrous arrangement of pendent foliages disposed between wreathed electric lights.

The imperial and royal box, occupying the whole of the grand circle, seen from within, was a blaze of beauty. There were five rows of seats. In the centre of the front row were four great tapestried throne-chairs, high-backed and luxurious, for the king and queen, emperor and empress. Next to these were other tapestried chairs, with smaller backs, for the other royal personages, and, more to the side yet, and at the back—with here and there an isolated chair of tapestry for guests of the most exalted rank—were smaller chairs of gilt and royal red.

All this, however, is but the fringe, the preparation for the wonderful spectacle of the auditorium itself. The effect was superb, if flamboyant. The eye at first was too dazzled to distinguish the details which composed it. At first it seemed a garden—a garden in fairyland. And then it resolved itself into a stately building suggesting a Thespian temple of old Rome, or such a one as Pompeii might have shown when in gala array.

As soon as the royal party were seated, the curtains were drawn aside, revealing a drop curtain specially designed by the artist, John Seymour Lucas. The design represented equestrian portraits of King George and Emperor William in military uniforms, saluting allegorical figures of Britannia and Germania surmounted by a floating figure of peace, which was bestowing laurels upon the two sovereigns, and with a view of St. Paul's and London in the distance. The drop scene had been kept a secret, and when it was uncovered it was greeted with much enthusiasm. At the close of the last act the entire cast appeared and joined the audience in singing the national anthem.

It is often the case that "all star" casts give a very rough interpretation of a play, each striving only to make himself prominent. This was an exceptional performance. Sir Squire Bancroft, who directed the rehearsals, and the famous artists in the cast may be congratulated on a rendering finished and artistic. As each of the popular people came upon the stage they were recognized, and only a sense of the dignity of the occasion prevented the buzz of pleasure developing into a cheer. It was a pleasure to see the quaint costumes, designed by Mr. Dion Calthrop, so easily worn—the dresses being those of the period of the play's first performance in 1840. Most of the actors wore corsets to insure the "figures" which were then in fashion, and the long, straight trousers strapped beneath the boots. Side whiskers were worn, but not the "Piccadilly weeper." The ladies wore many of the styles of dress of the day—pointed bodices and full-flounced skirts, poke bonnets, large brooches, and big bracelets.

The setting of the piece was solidly splendid. Mr. Arthur Collins mounted the play as though he intended it for a long run. The drawing-room at Sir John Vesey's was a splendid apartment in the Adams style, with fine paneling and solid mahogany doors. The Club Scene was in the Georgian period, a massive affair supported on Corinthian columns and pilasters. Three great glass chandeliers lighted the room.

The king and emperor personally complimented Squire Bancroft and Mr. Lucas, who arranged the production, and expressed their admiration for the "finest acting they ever saw." In the club scene thirty actor-managers and leading actors appeared, and in every act the play was marked by picturesqueness. The scenery and costumes had been so carefully considered that each scene was a veritable living picture of a by-gone period. A long line of people waited for more than twenty-four hours at the entrance to the theatre to secure admission to the unreserved seats. One of the interesting

features of the performance was the singing of the emperor's composition, "Song to Aegir."

Among the older actors who had parts were Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir John Hare, James Fernandez, Alfred Bishop, Edward Terry, J. D. Beveridge, Sir Beerbohm Tree. Among the younger actors were George Alexander, Cyril Maude, Arthur Bourchier, Charles Hawtrey, Weedon Grossmith, Norman Forbes, Aubrey Boucicault, Laurence Irving, Gerald Du Maurier, and Robert Loraine. Even the most insignificant "walking parts" were filled by well-known actors.

Despite the lateness of the hour, dense crowds awaited in the streets and cheered the royal party vociferously as they drove away. The receipts of the evening are believed to have been considerably over £10,000, and they will, after the expenses have been paid, be handed to a charity to be chosen by King George.

WRITERS AND EDITORS.

A Reprinted Essay by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

[In a preceding page the passing of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the last of the New England patriarchs, is noted, and it seems especially appropriate to reprint at this time an article written by him for *Harper's Bazar* and copied in the *Argonaut* in September, 1886. The counsel given then by Colonel Higginson is still pertinent.]

In looking over various letters from women who seek employment, and especially literary employment, I find that most of them are tinged with this delusion, that those who produce anything for the market have the right to require somebody to take it, and at a price to be fixed by the maker. It would, no doubt, be very convenient to many of us if this were true—if somebody were provided whose clear duty it was to take the potatoes we raise, or the poems we write, at whatever price we set upon them. We would soon become rich by this process, like a certain tradesman of whom the story used to be told that he would go into his shop and make ten thousand dollars before breakfast by simply marking up the prices of his goods. The question still remained whether this would increase their value when it came to the actual sale; and so it is plain that young people may go on thinking better and better of their own literary talents, and yet it will not help them one step toward success unless the public take a similar view. What good does it do, although your poetry seems to you better than Longfellow's and your prose than Holmes's, so long as the community—or the editor, who is merely the purveyor or steward for the community—can not be led to the same opinion? You can cherish your genius in silence as much as you please; you can be content with the applause of your sister Jane and of your pastor; you can publish your works at your own expense, and wait for posterity to applaud. Any of these things you can do, as many have done before you; but if you wish for a success more stimulating or more lucrative than this, you must comply with the conditions of success: you must find out what the public wants, and then supply it; you must let others, and not yourself, determine the value of your goods.

In the days when the blind Homer recited his lays, or in the mediæval times when bards sang from door to door, literature could hardly be said to be on a business foundation; but now, for good or for evil, it is established on that basis, and so far as publication is concerned the laws of business must be accepted. A shoemaker does not make a pair of shoes and bring them to your door, and claim that it is your duty to buy them at his own price, whether you like them or not. It is true that book-peddlers and traveling basket-women come pretty near to taking this attitude, but we all feel justified in resisting it theoretically, even if we have not the courage to say "No." But the young person who writes stories or wishes to write fashionable correspondence, constantly takes this position. These applicants can always furnish unanswerable reasons why it is desirable that their wares should be purchased; they can often say with truth that they are poor; that they live in a remote village, and would like to see more of the world; that they have a younger brother or sister to educate; and that they can not see that what they write is not just as good as a great deal that is published and praised. They agree in laying the whole blame upon the editor or the publisher. He is narrow, he is selfish, he is governed by the smallest of small cliques. How can he have any honorable or justifiable motive for declining compositions of which sister Jane and our excellent pastor have thought so well? "I always suspected," said to me once the husband of a lady whose book had just been refused publication by a well-known house, "I always suspected that Mr. ——— was a snob, but now I am sure of it."

The present writer has seen a good deal of the literary trade in all its aspects; and, so far as he has seen, there is no business more free from favoritism. The mere fact that it is business and not pleasure puts it on a real basis in this respect. Every publisher, as such, would rather print a successful book by his worst enemy, than an unsuccessful one by his dearest friend. It is the same with the editor of a magazine or newspaper. The one question for him to determine is whether the book or article really promises to be successful, and as to this he must rely on his own judgment, for he has nothing else to rely upon. This judgment is very imperfect, and he knows the fact too well; but if he can not trust himself, he can still less trust the author, or her private counselors. Grant that these high

authorities know best the intrinsic worth of the article offered; they do not know the demands of the public, which is what he has to consider. There is not an editor in the world who accepts contributions with reference to his private taste only. "If I were to edit this periodical merely to suit you and me," said a former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to a friend, "it would be bankrupt in three months." Even a cook must season her food to suit the taste of the family, not her own; they do not necessarily like garlic because she does. Every good periodical ends by influencing the public taste; but it must begin by conforming to it, at least sufficiently to get readers.

Formerly, when literature was less widely spread than now, young authors were apt to err on the side of excessive humility; it was hard for them to convince themselves that anything they wrote was worthy the dignity of print. No doubt there are still many such instances, but the more common attitude of mind among aspirants seems to me to be the assumption that what they write is already good enough, and that the world owes them a publisher. Of course the blunders often made on the editorial side will play into their hands and help to strengthen this delusion. "Do I not write as well as that? Can anything of mine be worse than *this*?" They forget that while an editor can not be infallible, he must behave as if he were so, and must be practically omnipotent, at any rate within his domain. Rightly or wrongly, he must make the decision, not you or I; he must set the valuation. Our wares are worth only what he can afford to give for them—he or his competitors. If he has no need for them, we must find some way to make them what he will need. Or if that fails, we must establish what was once suggested by Edward Everett Hale—a periodical to be called "The Unfortunates' Magazine," to contain all rejected contributions, all unappreciated courses of lectures, and in general all productions which need a public more than a public apparently needs them.

Millionaires in the Senate.

No longer is the United States Senate the leading millionaires' club of America (says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*). The number of millionaires in the upper branch of Congress has been decimated, and the time may not be far distant when the Senate will become known as the poor man's club.

No less than \$50,000,000 worth of senators has been ripped from the upper branch by an operation as simple as the one that left Adam without one of his ribs. The late Democratic cyclone had much to do with it. From present indications there will have to be formed an association for the conservation of our millionaires in the Senate unless it is to become the poor man's club.

The death of Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia carried \$15,000,000 out of the Senate. The retirement of Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island carried \$10,000,000 away. Four million went with Eugene Hale of Maine when he made way for Senator Johnson, elected by the Democratic legislature.

Chauncey M. Depew of New York, director in thirty-two different railroads, walked off with \$7,000,000. It was his own and he had a right to walk off with it, but the Senate in the aggregate became just that much poorer.

Then there was John Kean of New Jersey, who, while scarcely in the class of Elkins, was worth \$5,000,000. When he left, another five-million iron man bit the dust, so far as the Senate was concerned.

In the broad, sweet fields of private life wandered Nathan B. Scott of West Virginia, with his \$4,000,000. With him, along the rose-bordered byway, went James P. Taliaferro of Florida with \$3,000,000. Hughes of Colorado died, removing another \$2,000,000.

There was \$50,000,000 right at one clip. The men elected to replace these millionaires are virtually poor men or, at least, what the world considers poor in these days of big fortunes.

Watson of West Virginia, who replaced Elkins, is about the only millionaire in the batch of baby members. He is worth \$2,000,000.

Senator O'Gorman of New York is by no means wealthy, and he expects to be obliged to support his large family on \$7500, which is his salary in the Senate. He used to receive \$17,500 as judge of one of the New York courts, and he admits now that it is not going to be easy to keep up the senatorial pace on \$7500.

Senator Money of Mississippi, who retired with the last Congress, was a poor man, and John Sharp Williams, who succeeded him, is not wealthy.

The mines of Canada today produce the major portion of the asbestos used in the industrial world. For six decades or more it was known that Canada possessed this mineral, but the fact was not considered of commercial importance. In 1877 a farmer discovered deposits of importance and the first real mine began operations shortly afterward. It is said that the enterprise was a paying one from the start. Asbestos was first mined in Italy, and prior to 1880 it was the only country that produced it at a commercial profit. The Italian asbestos is very silky in appearance and gray to brown in color. Often the fibres are several feet in length.

The smallest tree in the world is the Greenland birch. Its height is less than three inches, yet it has a radius of from two to three feet.

IN THE LONDON COURTS.

A Philadelphia Lawyer Writes His Experiences of British Justice.

Mr. Thomas Leaming was well justified in expanding into a volume the address on British law delivered by him before the Pennsylvania State Bar Association. He has produced a most readable book, and at an opportune time. All through civilization we find that mutual comparisons are being used as a basis for reform, and when these comparisons are carried out with a single eye to the facts and without tendency either to adulate or to depreciate there can be no more useful work. The author visited the English courts in his private capacity, but with a legal mind well equipped to observe and to compare. He notes the differences between American and British procedure, and that he finds much to admire is compatible with his expression of pride in the American administration of justice and in the preservation of "the sound old law of our ancestors."

He finds indeed that the similarities between the two systems are more noticeable than the differences. The American lawyer who is watching a case in a British court feels that he could take a hand in the proceedings without a hitch if he could but manage the wig:

In thus glancing at an English court, an American's attention is sure to be arrested by the wig. The barrister's wig, for his ordinary practice in the High Court, has a mass of white hair standing straight up from the forehead, as a German brushes his; above the ears are three horizontal, stiff curls, and back of the ears four more, while behind there are five, finished by the queue, which is divided into tails, reaching below the collar of the gown. There are bright, shiny, well-curved wigs; wigs old, musty, tangled and out of curl; some are worn jauntily, producing a smart and sporty effect, others look like extinguishers. So grotesque is the effect that it is difficult to realize that these men are not mummies in some pageant of modern London, but that they are serious participants in grave proceedings.

But the wig would be the only difficulty. The law is the same and the law-thought is the same. Even the difference of accent is reduced to a minimum in men of education:

Passing the superficial impression and coming to the underlying substance, there is extraordinary little difference between law courts on both sides of the Atlantic. Not only is the common law the same, and the legislation of the two countries largely parallel, but the method of law-thought—the manner of approaching the consideration of questions—is precisely identical, so that, upon the whole, the diversity is no greater than that which may exist between any two of the forty-six States. Indeed, so complete is the similarity that an American lawyer feels that he might step into the barristers' benches and conduct a current case without causing the slightest hitch in the proceedings, provided he could manage the wig and that the difference of accent—not very marked in men of the profession—should not attract too much attention.

But if the procedure is so nearly identical there is a difference in what may be called the court atmosphere. The Englishman rather likes to go to law. He rather likes to be called as a witness. He has a sense of familiarity with the proceedings, and therefore of confidence in their fair play. Officials and witnesses alike are of the same race, and there is none of the reluctance and distrust that sometimes follow a mixture of tradition and sentiment:

Not only the eye, but the ear will convey novel and favorable impressions to the observer. He will be struck by the cheerful alacrity and promptness of the witnesses, by the quickness and fullness of their responses, by a certain atmosphere of complete understanding between court, counsel, witnesses, and jury, and more than all, by the marked courtesy combined with an absence of all restraint, and a perfectly colloquial and good-humored interchange of thought. It is hard to define this, but it certainly differs from the air of an American tribunal, where the participants seem almost sulky by comparison. The Englishman in his court is evidently in his native element and appears at his best.

The divisions among English lawyers are naturally confusing to those accustomed to see the many functions of the profession concentrated in one individual. The author tells us something of the solicitor or attorney who prepares the case, the barrister who pleads it, and the aristocracy of the law, who are known as King's Counsel. To "take silk," or rather to apply to the lord chancellor for that distinction, is not necessarily advisable. The K. C. must not do junior work nor office work. He must surrender a perhaps comfortable emolument for the chance of finding favor in the eyes of solicitors who have briefs to distribute. A successful K. C. is to be envied, but it is well to have the goal clearly in sight before cutting down the bridges:

A successful K. C. leads a strenuous life, as may well be appreciated if he is so good as to take his American friend about with him in his daily work, seating him with the barristers while he is actually engaged. One very eminent K. C., who is also in Parliament, rises in term time at four a. m., reads his briefs for the day's work until nine, when he breakfasts and drives to chambers. Slipping on wig and gown at chambers and crossing the Strand, or arraying himself in the robing room of the Law Courts, he enters court at 10:30, and takes part in the trial or argument of various cases until four o'clock, often having two or three in progress at once, which require him to step from court to court, to open, examine, or close, having relied upon the jurors and solicitors to keep each case going and tell him the situation when he enters to rake a hand. From four to 6:30 he has consultations at his chambers, at intervals of fifteen minutes, after which he drives to the House of Commons, where he sits until 8:30, when it is time for dinner. If there is an important debate, he returns to the House, but tries to retire at midnight for four hours' sleep. Naturally the Long Vacation alone makes such a life possible even for the strongest man. To be successful, however, means much, for there lie before him great pecuniary rewards, fame, perhaps a judgeship, or, at least, an attorney-generalship, both of which, unlike their counterparts in America, mean very high compensation, to say

nothing of the honor and the title which usually accompany such offices.

There is a tendency in England to approach the American system and to break down the bars between the different branches of the profession. At the same time there is a tendency in America to create those same bars:

If the division of the profession ever ceases to exist, the change will no doubt come about by the gradual encroachment of the solicitors' branch upon the bar. Already solicitors possess the right of audience in the county courts, the limit of whose jurisdiction is constantly being increased, with the result of developing a species of solicitors-advocate, whose functions are very similar to those of the barrister. The more this progresses, the greater will be the number of solicitors who will become known as court practitioners, and whose services will be sought by the public and even by other solicitors, providing an existing act forbidding the latter is repealed.

While such is the drift in England, there is at the same time a tendency in America to approach English conditions in the evolution of the law firm composed of lawyers of whom some are known as distinctively trial lawyers, while the other members devote themselves to the business of the law, and indeed one now occasionally hears of such partnerships designating one of their number as "counsel" to the firm—which is, perhaps, an affectation.

Legal issues in England appear small in comparison with those in America, perhaps partly for the reason that caused Sidney Smith to stammer worse in London than he did in the country town—because it was a larger place:

One can not escape the impression that litigation in England deals with minor matters as compared with that of America. There are no American data for comparison with the admirable judicial statistics of England, but, in listening to the daily routine of the London courts, in the tight little island with its dense population and well-settled rights, there seems to be a complete absence of those far-reaching litigations which arise in America, involving enormous sums, or conflicting questions concerning a whole continent, with its railroads and rivers extending as avenues of commerce for thousands of miles and with ramifications of trade running into many States, each with its separate sovereignty.

The author has something to say in praise of the etiquette of the English bar. A certain "sporting magnanimity" is insisted upon, and barristers are not allowed to take advantage of technical errors, such as the under-stamping of a document. Nor are they allowed to furnish photographs of themselves for publication, nor to advertise themselves in indirect ways:

In this connection it may be remarked that the law reports of the leading papers are far superior to similar reports in most American journals. The chief difference is that, instead of disjointed fragments throwing the sensational into disproportionate relief and thus conveying little idea of the whole, the reports are really accurate and symmetrical, the drama, however, losing none of its interest. The perusal of these reports, instead of leaving a desire to know what really occurred, gives a feeling of being fully informed. Brevity is served by admirable condensation of the evidence, arguments, and rulings, and by the use of the third person in narration. By occasional recourse, too, to the first personal pronoun, and a verbatim report of graphic passages, the important and interesting phases of the case are emphasized. These reports indicate that the authors are men trained both in the law and in writing. So well done are those of the London *Times* that they are generally used in court for the citation of recent decisions, and when collected and issued periodically are universally employed for reference.

The behavior of newspapers is jealously watched by the courts. No newspaper must print anything while a case is *sub judice* that will seem to suggest any particular result. In brief, it must do nothing but state the uncolored facts of the proceedings:

The English courts scrupulously guard against the trial of cases in the newspapers rather than in court. In the recent trial of Dr. Crippen for murder, the proprietor of a provincial newspaper which, in printing the news of the arrest, had speculated upon the probability of Crippen's guilt, was summoned before the court after the trial had been concluded and was fined £100 on the ground that the article was calculated to interfere with the cause of justice. A prominent London daily newspaper was likewise fined £200 for relating that Crippen had confessed his guilt, while a London evening paper was fined a like sum because, during the course of the trial, it published a statement not contained in the evidence.

The House of Lords appeals are curiously informal affairs, much more so indeed than the ordinary courts. A litigant may even argue his own case, and he may do so with a sense of conversing about his affairs with a group of acquaintances:

The court, consisting of Lord Chancellor in gown and full-bottomed wig, and perhaps of five judges, in ordinary clothing, sit at the floor level, and therefore considerably lower than counsel in the elevated box. They are not placed in a row or behind any bench or table. On the contrary, though the presiding Lord Chancellor is vis-à-vis to the counsel box, the others sit where they please. Sometimes this is on the front row of benches and sometimes on one of the higher tiers, with a foot propped up, perhaps, on the bench in front, and their thumbs hitched to the armholes of their waistcoats, and, necessarily, with their sides to the speaker. The members of the court often have portable tables in front of them, piled with books and papers. During the course of an argument they constantly debate with each other across the House, or walk over to one of their colleagues with some document, or a hook and talk of the case audibly and perfectly freely. One may hear one of them, in a salt-and-pepper suit, call across the floor to another Lord of Appeal who has interrupted a barrister's argument, "I say, can't you give the man a chance to say what he's got to say?"

These little circumstances show that judges and counsel in the appellate courts of England behave as natural men without the slightest restraint, formality, or self-consciousness. Arguments are delivered with surprising rapidity of utterance, in a conversational tone, and with a crispness of articulation altogether delightful to the ear. The drawing style of speech sometimes heard on the stage as typical of a certain kind of Englishman seems to have disappeared in real life; it certainly is not to be found in the courts. An American stenographer reporting an English argument would have to increase his accustomed speed at least one-third.

The author has something to say about the police courts, and here again he is struck by a "certain ring of sincerity, an attitude of respect for the administra-

tion of law and the quick and cheerful coöperation of all concerned":

The magistrate, appointed by the Crown or the Lord Chancellor acting in its behalf, is almost invariably a man of standing and repute, usually a barrister, whose ready dispatch of business shows great experience with crime, and whose kindness to the merely unfortunate testifies to his charitable-ness of heart. He wears no wig nor gown and is called in court, "Your Worship"; whereas judges of the High Court are called in court, "My Lord," and those of the County Courts, "Your Honor." All judges, however, are addressed in private life as "Mr." or, if they have one, by a title which is usually conferred upon judges of the High Court. Solicitors act for the more important prisoners, but barristers are rarely seen, and appear in ordinary street dress if at all.

The early morning run of business consists chiefly of the "drunks," divided nearly equally as to sex, and of persons arrested for hugging and minor misbehavior. These cases are disposed of with great rapidity.

A woman, looking very silly, and with her millinery somewhat awry, is ushered into the dock charged with being "drunk and disorderly."

Magistrate—Do you admit it?

Woman—Hi hadmit Hi 'ad a little too much, but deny being disorderly, your worship.

Police Constable (sworn)—She was hanging on the door of the Black Horse at two a. m. screamin' for drink. I cautioned her and then saw her repeat this at another closed "poohlic," so I took her in charge.

Magistrate (to an officer with a book of records)—Is she known?

Officer—No, your worship, she was never here before.

Magistrate—Five shillings or five days.

As she is rapidly conducted through the passage and disappears in the direction of the cells one hears called from official to official the words: "Five or five."

Mr. Leaming was present at the trial of Dhangra, recently convicted of the political murder of Sir William Hutt Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Cowas Lalaca. The case was of great importance and had arrested the attention of the world, but the trial was over and the prisoner sentenced to death in less than ninety minutes. We have something interesting on the personal appearance of the criminal:

Into the dock at the far end of the room popped the prisoner, guarded by two imperturbable policemen. He was a little yellow youth, with a Semitic or Oriental countenance, silky black hair much disheveled and badly in need of the scissors, and eyes, so far as they were discernible under his gold-rimmed spectacles, of glittering black. He wore an ordinary gray suit and stood with his right hand thrust into the breast of his coat, suggesting that he had concealed there some weapon or perhaps poison; but of course he had long since been disarmed and under careful guard. His was a meagre figure, by no means conveying to an observer his own conceited estimate of his personality. When he spoke, though posing as a hero and martyr, he revealed only a sullen, sulky, and venomous disposition, and the ferocity of his character was attested by the premeditated and treacherous murder which he had committed.

Speaking elsewhere of the trial, the author says:

An English criminal trial is quick, simple, and direct. Dhangra, for example, whose crime was committed on July 1, was sentenced on the 21st of that month, and was hanged on August 17—all in forty-seven days. The simplicity and directness of such trials is due to the absence of irrelevant testimony and imaginative arguments; these counsel scarcely ever attempt to introduce—so certain is their exclusion by the judge. Thus the real object of all punishment—its deterrent effect upon others—is greatly enhanced because it is swift and sure. The public, moreover, are usually spared the scandal and demoralizing effects of prolonged, spectacular, and sensational trials.

Justice in America is much slower than this, but we are asked to remember that most of the scandals of delay have arisen in New York, which is unrepresentative of the country:

Recent maladministration of criminal law in New York constitutes a subject of national mortification, but the existence of this sensitiveness is the best of reasons for believing that time will bring an improvement. Unfortunately for the good name of the country, foreigners do not comprehend, and can hardly be made to appreciate, that the instances of private assassination in that city, followed by trials which, whether owing to a vicious system of practice or to judicial incompetency, excite the indignation and ridicule of the world, are not typical of America, but are expressions of purely local and probably temporary conditions. Foreign cities should be told that New York is not America, as many of them assume, and that temporary and local lapses do not prove a low standard.

In the author's general observations he furnishes a summary of the differences between American and English procedure, and from this a single excerpt may be made:

In America, litigation begins in the court-room; in England it ends there. American proceedings tend to be somewhat formal, conventional, diffuse, and dilatory. Pitfalls and traps are occasionally laid by astute practitioners, which embarrass the side really in the right and delay a conclusion upon the merits. Much is incomprehensible to the laymen concerned except the result.

English legal proceedings, on the contrary, are colloquial, flexible, simple, and prompt, thoroughly in touch with the spirit of the times and with the ordinary man's everyday life.

The legal decisions of the two countries are probably of equal value, and are held in mutual respect. Neither, perhaps, could claim any superiority over the other in its legal results, but in methods English at present is far in advance.

This was not always so. Up to 1875 the English courts were most slow, expensive, and unsatisfactory. But in these thirty-five years, reforms in methods have so progressed, step by step, that the most important action can be tried, a judgment given, appeal taken, argued and orally decided as counsel sit down—all in ninety days. The details of these improvements are too technical for the present occasion; suffice it to say that they are characterized by the utmost simplicity, and many of them are capable of adaptation with modifications to American conditions.

Enough has been written to show that Mr. Leaming has written a book that is not only of marked practical value, but that will be of equal interest to the general reader and to the legal practitioner. That alone is no small feat, and the author is to be correspondingly congratulated.

A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER IN THE LONDON COURTS. By Thomas Leaming. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Great Illusion.

Mr. Norman Angell builds up a profound and analytic argument against war upon premises that will not be universally admitted as sound. He says that rivalry in armaments is due to the theory that they provide a defense against the possible cupidity of neighbors. That may be allowed to pass. He then sets forth upon the contention that it is an economic impossibility for one nation either to seize or to destroy the wealth of another, inasmuch as wealth is no longer concrete, but is founded upon credit and commercial contract, and that these at once vanish before a successfully aggressive assault. Moreover, international finance is now so interwoven that the conqueror must destroy his own property quite as much as that of his enemy. He then goes on to dispute the proposition that war is due to human pugnacity, and that this must continue in view of the unchangeability of human nature. Human nature, he maintains, does change; the race is no longer to the physically swift, while the dominance of force is being slowly read out of a misinterpreted biological law.

The theories are ingenious enough, and they are put forward with a considerable wealth of knowledge and research. If they suffer at all it is from their materialism and from a failure to recognize that nations arm themselves not wholly with a view to protect their wealth, but also to protect those intangible things known as human rights and sentiments. For example, if Poland had armed herself efficiently her people would not now be compelled by law to speak an alien tongue. Her conquerors may have gained nothing material and she may have lost nothing material, but she has lost what she values far more, her liberty of thought and speech. Germany may have gained nothing from France when she took Alsace and Lorraine, but the people of those provinces lost what was intangible but none the less precious. It would be safe to say that the average man dreads invasions not because he fears to be robbed of his wealth, but because he dreads an outrage to his sentiments, a violation to his traditions. And when he demands a large army or navy he is animated by sentiment, and not by property rights. The householder keeps a revolver not to protect his purse, but to resist the intangible outrage of domestic invasion. We do not arm ourselves so much against cupidity as against ambition.

The same materialism seems to mark the author's criticism of the peace advocate. He says that his appeal should be to self-interest and not to altruism. Prove to the man in the street, he seems to say, that armaments do not enhance his prosperity and he will send them to the junk heap. But do not tell him that war is wrong, for he cares nothing about this.

And yet one would suppose that the self-interest argument had been worked to death and that the morality argument was well-nigh exempt. We have only to look at the printed peace propaganda or to listen to Mr. Carnegie to see that this is so. We all know by heart how much a battleship represents in factories and in dividends, and we seem to prefer the battleship. We know exactly how much the soldier diverts from trade and commerce and we are surfeited with statistics on every detail of the war game. It would rather seem that what we now need is to be told that war is wrong, that, profitable or unprofitable, it is against the moral law. We need to be reminded that nothing can benefit a man "if he lose his own soul." The author places a slim reliance on the moral appeal, but there will be some to hold that if armaments are to be abolished only as a further lubricant to commercialism and utilitarianism we had better remain as we are "lest some worse thing befall us."

THE GREAT ILLUSION. By Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Secret Societies.

We shall look far before we find anything more romantically interesting than this work on the secret societies of the French revolution. The author quotes Lord Acton as saying that "the most appalling thing in the French revolution is not the tumult, but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organization. The managers remain studiously concealed and masked; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first." It is a striking view of a period that we are used to look upon as an eruption of chaos, without form or void.

But who were these hidden managers? The author seems to think that they were the secret societies, and we may reasonably impute to her a belief that Count Saint-Germain was their leader and epitome, the inspirer of Caxotte and Cagliostro and all the other strange and weird figures that flitted through the stage shadows and only by accident, as it were, showed that their hands were upon the mighty levers of continental events. Saint-Germain is the *piece de résistance* of her book. She is always cautious, always ready to postulate an apocryphal origin of the records, but she leaves upon the mind the impression that the *Wundermann* was not a

charlatan, that he had amazing and unprecedented powers, and that his energies were directed to biding the colossal part that he played in the convulsion.

That Saint-Germain was a great chemist there can be no doubt. We may take at its own value the statement of Mme. de Hausset that he removed a flaw in a large diamond belonging to the king, and Count Cobenyl's testimony that he transmuted iron into gold. But Mme. de Genlis says that he painted pictures with "unprecedented effects, due, presumably, to his knowledge of the undiscovered pigments, of which indeed he showed many evidences." He was the friend of Biebertstein, Weisbaupt, Charles of Hesse, and Mirabeau. He taught Cagliostro. He moved through the courts of Europe, always mysterious, always welcome, always dreaded, and there was hardly a diplomatic move in which his hand is not somewhere visible. Mme. d'Adhémar copied some of Saint-Germain's prophetic verses, of which a stanza may be quoted:

Great streams of blood are flowing in each town;
Sobs only do I hear, and exiles see.
On all sides civil discord loudly roars
And, uttering cries, on all sides virtue flees
As from the Assembly votes of death arise.
Great God, who can reply to murderous judges?
And on what brows august I see the swords descend.

Mme. d'Adhémar relates a conversation she had with Saint-Germain. She asked him if he would see the queen? "No," he replied. "she is doomed to death. . . . The hour of repose is past, and the decrees of Providence must be fulfilled." She asked, "What do they want?" The count replied, "The complete ruin of the Bourbons. They will expel them from all the thrones they occupy, and in less than a century they will return in all their different branches to the ranks of simple, private individuals. France as kingdom, republic, empire, and mixed government will be tormented, agitated, torn. From the bands of class tyrants she will pass to those who are ambitious and without merit." It is certainly a remarkable story that the author gives us, and one that rivals in interest the other sections of her book devoted to "Religious Liberty and the French Revolution," and "Mme. de Staël and Napoleon."

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Una Birch. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Stanton Wins.

Eleanor M. Ingram can always be relied upon for a novel idea, even when she writes an automobile story. Here we have a young mechanic, Jes Floyd, who presents himself in the nick of time to Ralph Stanton, just as that celebrated racer is about to take the course and finds himself without an assistant. Floyd completely ingratiate himself with his rather rough and uncouth employer, and when Stanton finally meets Floyd's twin sister it is reasonable that he should fall in love with her. Curiously enough, he never sees the brother and the sister at the same time, and the author allows us to see at once that they are one and the same person. It is all delightfully clever; so clever indeed that only the most ungracious of critics would point out that the hands of an automobile mechanic and repairer could not possibly be kept immaculate enough to pass every other week or so for those of a dainty girl. Such captious carpings ought not to intrude themselves into so audaciously successful a story.

STANTON WINS. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.

The Brown Mask.

The highwayman of fiction always finds some beautiful and innocent lady to fall in love with him and to condone his crimes, which shows that women may always be won by courage, irrespective of its ethics. In this case the highwayman is the mysterious Galloping Hermit, whose face has never been seen. This fact justifies the pleasant surprise as to his identity which awaits us in the last page.

"The Brown Mask" is a thoroughly good story. Apart from the fascination of a highwayman who is a sort of reincarnated Robin Hood in his benevolence, we have a really fine picture of life in England during the Duke of Monmouth's disastrous rebellion and of the fearful vengeance exacted by Judge Jeffreys. The historical accuracies are well observed, the social picture is a faithful one, and the whole story is carefully planned and executed with skill.

THE BROWN MASK. By Percy J. Brebner. New York: Cassell & Co.

The Girl in the Other Seat.

This is an automobile story of some ingenuity. We have an interesting pair of inventors whose secret is nearly stolen from them by a rival who has money enough to buy immunity for his theft. There are also two step-sisters, one rich and one poor, and some complications due to an uncertainty as to which is which. Automobile yarns are in the ascendant just now, and there are many worse ones than this.

THE GIRL IN THE OTHER SEAT. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Very Little Person," by Mary Heaton Vorse (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1), is a book about a baby and quite amusing in spots.

"Selections from the Old Testament," edited with introduction and notes by Henry Nelson Snyder (Ginn & Co.; 30 cents), is intended for school use and is so arranged as to present some of the leading Biblical narratives in consecutive form.

"The Nervous Life," by G. E. Partridge, Ph. D. (Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1), is an eminently thoughtful and competent work on nervous diseases and upon the various ways in which the victim may cooperate in their cure. The author takes self-control for his keynote.

"The Lure of Life," by Oliver Opp-Dyke (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1), is a volume of verse of varying merit. Many of them are of a mystical nature, and these are less pleasing than those that deal with the simpler emotions and the homelier themes that are always the most provocative of poetic expression.

"American History by American Poets" is a volume of some five hundred pages competently edited by Nellie Urner Wallington (Duffield & Co.; \$1.50), and containing a well-chosen assortment of poems commemorative of national events. The book is particularly well indexed and supplied with satisfactory notes.

Of very unequal merit are the verses in the little volume, "By the Sea," by Anna Cleveland Cheney (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1). "The Mist," for example, is an inspiration, almost unhuman in its perfect conveyance of nature's mood. There are others nearly as good, but there are still others that suggest imitation, perhaps the unconscious imitation of admiration.

Annie Payson Call is well known for her expositions of what may be called mental hygiene, and she will disappoint no one by her little book, "Brain Power for Business Men" (Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents). She has a happy facility for writing undiluted common sense, free from the exaggerations and eccentricities that so often disfigure works of this kind.

"A Year in a Coal-Mine," by Joseph Husband (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10), has the merit of being a record of personal experience. The author is a Harvard graduate who took a position in a coal-mine and remained there for twelve months with his eyes wide open. He tells us of everything that can happen in a coal-mine, and he does it with a direct simplicity that makes good reading.

Among the wholly impossible stories founded upon the supposed results of psychical research is "The Venture," by R. Norman Grisewood (Fenn & Co.; \$1). It is strange that the writers of so many of these stories do not even take the trouble to familiarize themselves with what the researchers have actually discovered, and so give to their efforts such similarities to truth as are within their reach. We get so tired of the machines that are operated by psychic force. They remind us of Keeley.

"Sidelights on Contemporary Socialism," by John Spargo (B. W. Huebsch; \$1), is made up from lectures delivered from time to time, fairly typical, we are told, of the lectures which responsible Socialists are constantly delivering to their comrades. Two of its three parts deal directly with Marx, the third being devoted to "Anti-Intellectualism in the Socialistic Movement." The author's main intention is to define his own position in the party and the ratio of his sympathies for the opportunist and the revolutionary.

Laura Rose, author of "Farm Dairying" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25), is demonstrator and lecturer in dairying at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada. She is therefore well endowed with practical experience for her task, while a glance at her books shows that she is no less endowed with scientific knowledge and the power of apt and lucid exposition. Nothing more valuable of its kind has been published. The illustrations are numerous and valuable, and the tabulations clear and always to the point.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Direction of Evolution.

Those who wish for the best available defense of the so-called science of Eugenics will do well to consult this carefully prepared volume by Professor William E. Kellicott. Eugenics, he tells us, is the science of being well born, of enlisting our knowledge of heredity on the side of coming generations so that they may be without the handicap of evil ancestral influence.

The author has the vices of his enthusiasm as well as its virtues. His plea for more knowledge, for a still more careful collection of data, is one that must always command respect, but whether the practical application of that knowledge in clearly indicated ways is, or will ever be, a possibility is another matter. We may admit that sexual relation is now governed by impulse, but are we prepared to banish that impulse in favor of the intellectual processes that the eugenist would recommend. Is not impulsive selection itself governed by laws of which we know nothing, and may not the processes of impulsive selection be a better guaranty of marital harmony—which is surely vitally important to the character of the child—than the most careful inquiry into the processes of heredity? In other words, will not the parents who have fallen in love with each other in the old-fashioned, delightful, non-eugenic way be more likely to produce satisfactory offspring than the eugenic parents who have "contracted an alliance" on the basis of hereditary expediency? No one will question that marital impulse ought to be tempered by reason. But ought it to be dethroned by reason? Is not unreflecting impulse itself a salutary natural provision? And if we abolish it in favor of calculation and inquiry, may we not jump from the frying-pan into the fire?

What may be called the vices of the author's enthusiasm are shown by his laudatory references to the vasectomy law prevailing in Connecticut. He asks, "Who can say how many families of Jukes and Zeros have already been inhibited by this simple and humane means?" Who, indeed? Certainly not the author, seeing that the law was passed less than two years ago. Nor are we prepared to believe that compulsory eugenics would banish in four generations "nine-tenths of the crime, insanity, and sickness" of the country. Sin existed before the surgeon's scalpel and will still exist when the scalpel is less used than it is now. Eugenics, as ably presented by the author, seems to depend too much upon an ill-founded assumption of knowledge on the mysteries of human character and also upon a failure to recognize that human freedom, even freedom to err, is far more precious than physical or moral health. Science sometimes has the right to use compulsion, but it is a right that should be watched and circumscribed with the most anxious and jealous care.

THE SOCIAL DIRECTION OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. By William E. Kellicott. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A Breath of Prairie.

There are two kinds of Western story, the lurid and the peaceful. The lurid has been somewhat overdone. We are satiated with the revolver and weary of the desperado, and so we turn with a sigh of relief to Dr. Will Lillibridge's yarns of life in the Dakotas and of people whose courage was none the less real because it left no trail of blood. There are thirteen stories in the present substantial volume, some of them containing many chapters. They are all good, all true to life, and they all show the same insight into character that marks the true story-teller. This is the fourth volume that Dr. Lillibridge has given to us and, lamentably, it will be the last.

A BREATH OF PRAIRIE AND OTHER STORIES. By Will Lillibridge. With five illustrations in color by J. N. Marchand. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Lord Bellingier.

The struggle with the British House of Lords has been productive of a vast amount of printed matter, but of singularly few novels. As a satirical sketch "Lord Bellingier" is amusing enough in its way. Indeed, it may be said to be distinctly humorous in spots, but we may doubt its acceptability to the American palate. It is in the form of an autobiography written by Lord Bellingier just before those great constitutional changes by which "the composition of the second chamber is restricted to individuals whose only qualifications consist of some fortuitous intellectual eminence, or mere personal merit."

LORD BELLINGIER. By Harry Graham. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

The Princess of New York.

Perhaps it is well that sometimes we should see ourselves as others see us, but surely the traveling American does not behave like the preposterous people in Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's novel. The "princess of New York" is Miss Mamie Hutchinson, daughter of the steel king, and therefore of a wealth inconceivable. Mamie is crossing the Atlantic under the chaperonage of Mrs. Demster Fiske. Her beauty and her wealth draw the attention from her fellow-voyagers,

among whom are Lady Merstham and her son, who are just returning from an unsuccessful card-sharpping expedition to America. Such an opportunity is not to be lost, and so the fair Mamie and her chaperon are heguled into the belief that the Mersthams are close to the throne and therefore invaluable guides through the intricacies of the British social system. It takes the Americans a long time, an impossibly long time, to discover that they have fallen into a den of thieves, and in the meantime their antics are highly amusing. It is a pity that they should ever return to America, where their "Americanisms" would certainly attract unfavorable comment from their fellow-countrymen. Such a story may be all very well for the other side of the Atlantic, but why import it?

THE PRINCESS OF NEW YORK. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35.

New Books Received.

A STUDY OF VERSIFICATION. By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Professor Matthews' aim is "to explain to the inquirer the technique of verse-making and to show him how the poets have been able to achieve their effects."

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By Henry Frank. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$2.25.

A substantial volume treating of the hearing of psychology upon immortality.

THE WEST IN THE EAST, FROM THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A review of affairs in India, China, Japan, Korea, and Manchuria.

THE AGONISTS. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A trilogy of God and Man—Minos, King of Crete; Ariadne in Naxos; The Death of Hippolytus.

THE CONSUL. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A short story descriptive of consular conditions before the days of reform.

LAY MORALS AND OTHER PAPERS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.

Appearing in the Biographical Edition of Stevenson's works. With a preface by Mrs. Stevenson. The whole edition consists of thirty volumes.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE, THE DIONYSIAN SPIRIT OF THE AGE. By A. R. Orage. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents.

An appreciation in five chapters.

NATURE SKETCHES IN TEMPERATE AMERICA. By Joseph Lane Hancock. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.75.

Animal and plant life in temperate America described and pictured from observation in the field and explained in the light of organic evolution. With over 200 illustrations from drawings and photographs.

DEVOTIONAL POEMS FOR THE QUIET HOUR. By Eugene B. Read. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

The author suggests "that a portion of Scripture be read first, then one of the little poems, and then speak low to God."

A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER IN THE LONDON COURTS. By Thomas Leaming. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.

The author's standing as a lawyer guarantees the accuracy of his work, and the interest is increased by felicitous anecdotes which are often dramatic.

THE JOB SECRETARY. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.20.

A new novel by the author of "Great Possessions."

LIFE IN THE MAKING. By Loren B. Macdonald. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20.

The author seeks to show that our religious theory is valid only as it tends to translate itself into some sort of living value. A student of the late Professor James and a believer with him in

the pragmatic or practical principle as a test for all truths, he makes a serious attempt to apply that principle to the aspects of the religious life.

THE SECOND AMENDMENT. By Senator Henry Clay Hansbrough. Minneapolis: Hudson Publishing Company; \$1.40.

A novel of American political life by one who has "played the game."

HARPER'S CAMPING AND SCOUTING. Edited by George Bird Grinnell and Dr. Eugene L. Swan. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75.

An illustrated outdoor guide for American boys.

MRS. MAXON PROTESTS. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35.

A novel of modern life by the author of "The Dolly Dialogues."

JACK AND THE CHECK-BOOK. By John Kendrick Baggis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A humorous story with illustrations by Albert Levering.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEMS. By James L. Gordon. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.

A book of practical advice for young men.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER." By Joseph S. Van Dyke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

"This volume is written in the hope that it may aid to some extent in cheering hearts which sadness has entered."

THE UNCAUSED BEING AND THE CRITERION OF TRUTH. By E. Z. Derr. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.

An examination of the philosophy of Professor James to which is appended an analysis of the views of Sir Oliver Lodge concerning the ether of space.

MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES. By Walter Pater. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A series of essays.

THE SOVEREIGN POWER. By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.30.

A new novel by the author of "The Crucible."

THE TENNESSEE SHAD. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.20. Chronicling the rise and fall of the firm of Doc Macnooder and the Tennessee Shad.

GREEK IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$2.

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THE ROSE WITH A THORN. By Priscilla Craven. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Pride of the Graftons."

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A series of sketches and short stories.

AMERICA IN THE MAKING. By Lyman Abbott. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$1.15.

The author describes the conditions of life now prevailing in this country, with its heterogeneous population, and its lack of any common creed, or common tradition; and then, in succeeding chapters, points out what are the problems which lie before the makers of the America of the future.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35.

Described as a novel "for grown-up men and women."

LEARNING AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25. Twelve essays by the author of "Emerson," etc.

Some "best seller" artists may not wish to admit it, but the greatest sum ever paid for the copyright of a book in this country was paid to Noah Webster for his spelling book—over \$50,000. The dictionary brought him hardly one-tenth as much as the spelling book. In this connection it may be asked how many biographers or critics know that Noah Webster published his own version of the Bible, replacing many words in the King James version with those which he considered more definitely expressive?

HURT WORLD'S FAIR

How Unjust Street-Car Ordinance Would Cripple Exposition

With the coming of the great world's fair to this city, the height of the ridiculous is reached in the proposed street-car ordinance which would fine and imprison the company should it keep a passenger waiting for a car longer than ten minutes, or should it be unable to provide him with a seat.

Here is a great city which has been signally honored with the assurance of the greatest exposition in the history of the world, and here is a proposed ordinance, founded without reason and without regard for emergencies and human possibilities, which would aim a blow at the success of that exposition and send visitors away with a bitter opinion of San Francisco indeed.

How would it operate?

It is hoped by the exposition company that on some days 500,000 people will have to be handled to and from the exposition itself. The hours specified in this proposed ordinance will be the heaviest of all. On the lines that run to and from the exposition during these specified hours—and no matter where the big fair shall be held—in order to move the people at all, there will be times when the cars will be necessarily packed. It will be absolutely impossible to handle them all unless some of the passengers stand. If no passengers are allowed to stand, rioting is bound to follow. People want to "get there" as quickly as possible, and if they can do so by standing, they will, making all allowances for unusual crowds, gladly do so. To prevent them is to interfere with their personal and lawful rights and a custom universally in vogue.

In such a case it would be impossible to attempt to handle the crowd, even with a largely increased car service, unless passengers were allowed to stand. Rioting, already mentioned, could not be prevented, many would be hurt around the cars, and arrests would naturally follow, whether of San Franciscans or visitors, and hundreds of passengers would be compelled to wait for hours for cars in which they could all obtain seats. Experts have been figuring closely on this great problem in connection with the fair, and state such a condition would manifest itself even if there were a continual string of cars.

Naturally these circumstances would keep many away from the exposition, and certainly would not be an inducement for outsiders to even visit the city during that time. It would contribute largely toward making the exposition a failure.

And in the face of all this the street-car company would be liable to fine and imprisonment for a circumstance which no human ingenuity could provide against.

Such an ordinance is not only unjust and ridiculous, but it interferes with the rights of the public and upsets all custom.

To facilitate travel the United Railroads ordered eighty new up-to-date cars. All are now in operation. They have aided largely in relieving congested traffic during the rush hours, and it is interesting to know that they are identical with the cars found best adapted to the needs of New York and other large Eastern cities.

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A WORTHY MODERN PLAY.

In "The House Next Door" J. Hartley Manners has hit upon a subject that is, financially, profitable to the very core. The Jewish race is a race of money-makers, its male members are liberal to their families, and no one body of people furnishes steadier and more enthusiastic patrons of the drama than Jews. They are a cheerful, materialistic people. There seem to be few among them who store up the bitterness of a Shylock. Even in the great Dreyfus case, the most rending emotions and antagonisms resulting therefrom seemed to be among the Gentiles.

Nature has fortunately endowed Jews in the mass with a temperament that enables them, while thoroughly aware of the prevalence of antagonisms to their own race, to go on their way rejoicing, with their withers comparatively unwrung. Yet to find in the very stronghold of their pleasures, namely, the drama, a play that strikes a blow at race hatred in the most efficacious way—for ridicule has ever been the most annihilating weapon in cases of this kind—must have been to them the keenest of pleasures, and to managers a source of the utmost profit.

The glad word must have been passed wide and far. Here was a chance for the children of Israel to assemble, and see one of their members exalted in the sight of all men, Jew or Gentile. For the author has wished, in the character of Sir Isaac Jacobson, to depict a Jew of the finest type; a man of ability, of great dignity of character, of delicacy of feeling, of liberality of opinion, and of profound generosity of character. He is meant to be a contrasting type to Sir John Cotswold, an aristocrat of genteel incapacity, who is narrow, illiberal, petty, unprogressive, jealous, and intolerant of advance in any members of the despised race, and totally lacking in ability of any kind save in imposing himself upon his womankind as a firmly entrenched domestic despot.

In the character of Sir John Cotswold, the author has succeeded admirably. He has, to a certain extent, spread himself upon it, giving to the irascible baronet the best lines in the play. The old egoist is thoroughly consistent even in his softer moments. When that crushed worm, his daughter, suddenly turns upon him in babyish and quickly dissolved defiance, he, who really loves her, according to his lights, is mainly concerned at this disturbing invasion upon his rights to be always the aggrieved party. His routine is deranged. His humble slave has suddenly become his enemy. So he tries to pat and placate away this unexpected thunderstorm of wrath, requesting her to remind him to get the money from her to buy her a present.

Mr. Manners has also expended his best efforts upon the dialogue falling to Sir John's share, which is very bright. The old despot has a bitter and biting wit, and chiefly aims it at that model of meek British wifehood, Lady Cotswold. She is too old to change in spite of that mild, lady-like gush of resentment in the last act, which carries her to the hearthstone of his pet aversion, Sir Isaac, in "the house next door."

But the young people are different. Life stretches before them, dominated by the figure of a testy, querulous, unreasoning, pessimistically monologuing old tyrant that banishes cheerfulness and chat from the family hearthstone. The son has broken and the daughter threatens to break away. It is an awful step for her to take, she thinks, poor child of convention, little recking that nature meant the young to fly away and build their own nests. And then, she is an aristocrat. Poor aristocrats, they are obliged, for the sake of family tradition, to stay in an uncongenial home, while the freer commoners light out, and proceed to make for themselves a new and more cheerful destiny.

One could not but reflect, while watching Sir John bullyrag his women-folk, how easy it would have been to divest this domestic despot of his weapon of tyranny, by leaving him no subjects to tyrannize over.

Our exasperation was a sign of the dramatist's success, because it was so plentifully leavened with laughter as not to reach the stage of irritation. And besides, Mr. Manners did, finally, bring about that very state of things we longed to see: a tyrant deprived of his trembling subjects.

From that moment Sir John's sceptre was no longer a weapon of flagellation. He lost his sovereignty when he found himself regarded as an inconsiderable quantity by money-lenders, threatened with the loss of

his children's companionship and consideration, and, like Lear, "a very foolish, fond old man"; taking fond, however, strictly in the archaic sense, as Sir John's warmest friends could scarcely credit him with running to family affections.

It is all brought about skillfully, and everybody, whether Jew or Gentile, is in a state of vast good humor when the curtain goes down, and goes forth an advertiser of "The House Next Door."

The rôle of Sir John is entrusted to E. L. Bennisson, one of the best players in the Alcazar Theatre company, and a character actor of parts. This young man represented the senile peevishness of Sir John so well, and his make-up as a sallow, wrinkled, cross-grained old man was so complete that it was difficult to believe that youth lay under those shriveled lineaments. This clever piece of character work stands out as a companion portrait to Mr. Bennisson's impersonation of Little Nell's grandfather in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Will Walling's height was an element in his favor in his assumption of the character of Sir Isaac. The author has not sketched out this character with the happy confidence with which he has attacked that of Sir John. The Jewish knight shows signs of being born under the star of theatrical expediency. He is one of the old-style characters that are without fault, and consequently he is more conventionally theatrical and less human. But he is an agreeable figure in the play, with a certain Oriental picturesqueness of effect, which Mr. Walling has accentuated by giving him presence, a handsome face with a Hebrew touch, and a calm dignity of bearing.

The wife, Lady Rebecca Jacobson, represents a Jewish matron of blunt sensibilities, and a rather vulgar view of things. This character is the sole concession that Mr. Manners makes to those who share Sir John's prejudices, and perhaps, on the whole, it is not a concession at all, as there are loads of Gentile matrons in London society who are just as materialistic and common-minded as Lady Rebecca, and deficient in her capability for family affection. Miss La Fontaine, although apparently an actress of little pretension, yet gave a certain lifelikeness to the character. Miss Belgrade filled the rôle of the companion matron, Lady Cotswold, acceptably, depicting the shrinking and silence of the model wife who lived but to obey, and never, by any chance, appealed her lord and master when she tried to.

Besides Lady Jacobson, there is one other characteristically Jewish figure in the play, that of Walter Lewis, the musical agent for Sir John's opera-going son. This character is felicitously conveyed by A. Burt Wesner, who gave it a happy effect of cheerful imperviousness that fully reached the author's intention.

"The House Next Door" is a very suitable piece for representation by a stock company. The rôle of Sir John Cotswold is, of course, the fat one, and one that a character-actor star might like to assume, although stars generally prefer to be more in sympathetic rapport with their audiences. Still, Mr. Bennisson scarcely ever left the scene without being followed by that music to a player's ears, warm applause.

The quartet of young lovers, however, have comparatively little of a serious nature to do. Izetta Jewell's rôle is below her abilities, although it is one that calls for the sympathetic response. But leading ladies in stock companies are so much in the limelight that they can not complain if their light is occasionally under a bushel.

Sydney Ayres, the young leading man, makes an agreeable appearance as the Cotswold son, although as yet he is a little too precise in manner and articulation for perfect realism.

Viola Leach, who is bright and versatile for one who has the appearance of being young at the business, and Charles Gunn, were the two children of the Jew. Miss Leach as a Jewess could pass, but Mr. Gunn was so very un-Jewish that he needed to follow Mr. Walling's example in studying up a few characteristic racial touches in his make-up.

The author in his love scenes wrote down to the average audience, and the four young players seconded him, so that when love was the theme, there was a drop in the merit of the play, and the tension of the interest, save when Izetta Jewell represented Ulrica's burst of filial revolt upon receiving her lover's telegram, which she did with an effect of simplicity and sincerity.

In spite of these lesser defects, Mr. Manners has not only written a successful play, but he has made his point, and, incidentally, he has offered a tribute to the Jew which, whether calculated upon or not, is bringing him money—for what Jew will hold back from seeing a play which reminds the world that members of his race can reach to the rank of a D'Israeli or a Zangwill, not to mention its omnipresence in all branches of industry and enterprise.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Blanche Bates is preparing for a motoring trip to San Francisco as a part of her summer vacation.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Snowslide.

For weeks had I crouched in my lair
Where the peaks are craggy and bald,
Awaiting a summons there—
And at last the south wind called.

It summoned me forth to leap,
And it loosened my icy hands,
And so, with a mighty sweep,
I sped to the lower lands.

The rocks that stood in my path
I juggled like children's toys;
I smote the pines in my wrath
And they fell with a thund'rous noise.

And the town that had mocked me so,
With its lights that would never sleep,
Can point to its scars and show
Where ended the snowslide's leap.
—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

The Returning.

I said I will go back again where we
Were glad together. But, my dear, my dear,
Where are the roses we were wont to see
The songs we used to hear?

I said the hearth flame that once burned for us
I will renew with all the cheer of old,
Yet here within the circle luminous
Our very hearts are cold.

That was a barren garden that we found,
This was an empty house we came to meet,
We, who for all our longing hear no sound
Of Love's returning feet.
—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Leisure.

Leisure, thou goddess of a bygone age,
When hours were long and days sufficed to hold
Wide-eyed delights and pleasures uncontrolled
By shortening moments, when no gaunt presage
Of undone duties, modern heritage,
Haunted our happy minds; must thou withhold
Thy presence from this overhasty world,
And bearing silence with thee disengage
Our twined fortunes? Deepens of unheaven woods
Alone can cherish thee, alone possess
Thy quiet, teeming vigor. This our crime,
Not to have worshiped, marred by alien moods,
That sole condition of all loveliness,
The slow and dreaming lapse of measured time.
—Amy Lowell, in Harper's Magazine.

June.

When June has stirred, and opened gracious eyes
Upon the earth, and cast abroad her flowers;
When she has kindled in the summer skies
The lamp that burns her incense through the hours;
It seems that such a lavish sacrifice
On June's high altars, in such bounteous
Showers,
Proves Nature's prodigality not wise,
Wasting her substance on her favorite's dowers.
Yet when has prudent Nature e'er been found
In error? Every month brings gifts as rare
As June's, and when the cycle rolls around
The next year's June will be as sweet and fair.
All joy, all life, does Nature give, and more,
And, giving, serves but to increase her store.
—Katharine Balderston, in St. Nicholas.

In Solitude.

He is not desolate whose ship is sailing
Over the mystery of an unknown sea,
For some great love with faithfulness unailing
Will light the stars to bear him company.
Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
The heart makes peace and liberty its own—
The wind that hovers across the scented grasses
Bringing the halm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces
Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city
Where gilded spires point toward the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
Gray loneliness in cloth-of-gold, goes by.
—Virna Sheard, in Scribner's Magazine.

In Eastern Stagnation.

The business manager of the Century, as the New Theatre, New York, has been renamed, will be Joseph Plunkett. About ten years ago Plunkett started his career as office boy for Liebler & Co.

The first performance in Boston of "Judy O'Hara," a romantic comedy-drama in four acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Frederic Arthur Stanley, was given at the Hollis Street Theatre a few days ago. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written nearly all of her plays for the American stage. Her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is perhaps the best known of all juvenile plays. It has a feminine companion in "The Little Princess," acted several seasons ago by Miss Millie James. She wrote "The Little Sister of José" for Maude Adams, "That Man and I" for Robert Hilliard, and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" for Eleanor Robson. William Gillette dramatized her "Editha's Burglar" and "Esmeralda." Working with Stephen Townsend, she wrote "The First Gentleman of Europe" and "A Lady of Quality." "Judy O'Hara" was written with the assistance of Frederic Arthur Stanley of London, stage director and professor of historical research. The Herald said of her latest work: "A curiously old-fashioned play; old-fashioned in structure, defiance of the probabilities, dialogue and humor; with situations that are to be found in hundreds of melodramas, with speeches delivered close to the footlights, with asides, and peasants bringing gifts to the young lady of the castle on her birthday, with

old family servants, with a scullery maid frightened by a ghost—for Beau Brocade dressed in white and had the reputation of vanishing in an unaccountable manner. The drama was appropriately played in an old-fashioned manner."

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VANITY FAIR.

Queen Mary is not finding it quite so easy to reform the world as probably she supposed it would be. So far as the court itself is concerned, she can of course say what shall or shall not be worn, and a hint or the expression of a wish is always enough. Then there are always a number of women whose social position is not quite high enough to give them a feeling of independence and who are therefore quick to place themselves in line with a royal wish. On the other hand, there are many great dames who look upon the queen very much as a successful attorney looks upon the leader of the bar, as one who holds a certain position with its strictly defined duties, but who maintains that position by keeping within those duties. There are ladies in England whose lineage is far greater than that of the queen and who are willing enough to follow social precedents, but not to submit their manners to a royal censorship.

Therefore the queen is making a great mistake when she tries to punish women who play bridge and smoke cigarettes, and it is small wonder that there should be a little revolution in consequence. Several society leaders have allowed it to be known that they intend to continue their little dissipation, whether the queen likes them or not, and that those who wish to knit stockings and talk about the baby may do so, but that they will not. It is surprisingly strange why virtue should be supposed to consist of doing things that one need not do. Why should a wealthy woman knit stockings any more than a wealthy man sweep his sidewalk? To knit stockings as a relaxation or a hobby is one thing. To do it under a sense of duty is quite another. It is not a duty. In fact, it is immoral, because it is a waste of time, and it implies a neglect of those other duties that belong peculiarly to wealth. Queen Alexandra is said to look with a sort of grim amusement on her daughter-in-law's efforts to turn the court into a conventicle. She thinks it would be a good thing to stop extravagance in woman's dress, "but she might as well try to dictate what women shall think as what they shall wear."

King George has some of the same holy enthusiasm. He would have every one go to bed early, and so the courts are henceforth to be held at 8:30 instead of 9:30. He is said to have noticed that communities that go to bed early are the most successful commercially, but whether this is a case of cause and effect is another matter.

Take it altogether, London is in a fair way to be reformed, whether it wishes it or not, but royal popularity is not likely to be enhanced by the process.

The seats to be occupied by peeresses at the coronation in Westminster Abbey are now being fitted with mirrors. Every peeress will have a mirror in front of her, and probably this is the first time that such a thing has been done in a church. But it seems to be necessary. The peeresses do not place their coronets on their heads until the queen has been crowned, and while it is possible to do this without the aid of a mirror it is by no means easy. At the coronation of King Edward there was a good deal of mental distress as to the success of the operation and there were some rather ludicrous catastrophes, so it has been decided that upon this occasion a mirror shall be fixed to the back of each seat.

Queen Mary is distressed by the awkwardness displayed by some of the debutantes at court presentations. With a view to correction, she suggests that dresses be made slightly shorter in front, so that there may be less likelihood of tripping as the debutante rises from the curtsy. The girl who thus comes to grief at the very climax of the ceremony is not likely to make a very graceful exit from the room, in itself by no means any easy matter, and well-nigh impossible without a clear head. The queen also suggests that trains should be of some heavy material like velvet, which will fall in graceful folds however nervously it may be grasped.

Apropos of the boorish vulgarity of forcing the President of the United States to eat a course dinner every two or three hours for no better reason than that he is the President of the United States, some attention might also be directed to the public receptions at the White House. If democracy requires that every Tom, Dick, and Harry who happens to have beaten his way to Washington shall have the right to inflict physical torment upon the head of the nation then democracy, like the law, is an ass, and should be taught better. We profess to be hugely amused when we read that European kings must show their humility once a year by washing the already parboiled feet of a dozen poor people, but we are sublimely unconscious that we do a much more objectionable thing. To shake the perspiring hands of several hundred people whom you have never seen before and hope you will never see again is not only physically disgusting, and even paralyzing, but it is mentally repugnant, and it ought to be stopped.

No one but a bumpkin or a snob would wish to inflict himself upon a gentleman in such a way, and the feelings of bumpkins or snobs are not worth consideration, although perhaps their votes are. Mr. Cleveland was the only President who had the backbone to stop the infliction, and the dinner abomination could be mitigated in the same way. Mr. Cleveland announced to his Cabinet that "people in need of gentle exercise will hereafter be sent to the town pumps, or to gymnasiums. This thing of using the arm of the President of the United States for a pump-handle has been going on long enough. People whom I do not know, and who have no business with me, walk in and file past me, taking my hand and working my arm up and down like a pump-handle. There's no sense in it, and it must cease."

It did cease. Of course it ceased. And Mr. Cleveland lost nothing by an act of supreme common sense. Mr. Taft would lose nothing by refusing to eat more than one dinner a day, or pretending to. One day we shall be civilized enough to treat great men in a decent and self-respecting way. We shall say, "Sir, it is now dinner-time and we shall celebrate this occasion by going away and leaving you for the space of two hours. You will find a bill of fare upon the table and a waiter within call." That would be civilization. That would be courtesy. Therefore we don't do it, being neither civilized nor courteous.

Colonel E. H. R. Green is the son of Mrs. Hetty Green, who is said to be the richest woman in the world. Colonel Green occupies himself with the management of his mother's estate, and he has just attracted some attention to himself by saying that it is the rich tenants who do not pay their rent until they are forced, while the poor tenants pay promptly, or as soon as they are able. He asks why this should be, but as he himself belongs to the wealthy classes he ought to be able to answer his own question.

Of course there is no difficulty about it. Let Colonel Green ask himself why the rich are rich and why the poor are poor, and if he can answer this he will know all about it. It is in no way a cheap sneer to say that the rich are rich simply because they do not pay their debts until they have to. In other words, they are rich because they have mastered the science of borrowing, or of credits. The poor man remains poor because he has not mastered this science. Well-nigh the whole of modern commerce is done upon credit, and he who would be wealthy must learn how to borrow everything in sight. There is, of course, no reason why the practice of borrowing should be carried into private life, but it is carried into private life simply because it has become a habit. To refrain from paying a private debt is virtually to contract a loan. Of course it is an enforced loan and therefore reprehensible, but the principle is the same. The wealthy man who pays his rent only at the point of the bayonet is carrying out the principle that made him wealthy. He is trading on borrowed money, not because he has to, but because it has become second nature to him.

We are a little tired of these endless diatribes against extravagance. Mr. Irving Bacheller is the last to swell the chorus with the usual denunciation of those who buy large automobiles on small salaries, who eat expensive dinners, wear costly clothes, and generally live beyond their means. He asks "Why pretend that you've got what you haven't? Why pretend that you can pay your way in a set where your income will not suffice to keep you? Why not face the situation frankly, and live simply and sanely?"

Well, since Mr. Bacheller does not understand these things it is a pleasure to tell him. Heaven forbid that knowledge should be withheld from the inquiring mind. We do these things, some of us, because we have to. Unless the man who has \$3000 a year can pretend successfully that he has \$6000 a year he may soon find that he has not even the \$3000. To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. That is as true today as it was two thousand years ago. The merchant, the architect, the doctor, must belong to the set from which he expects to draw his income. If that set keeps automobiles and eats costly dinners, then he, too, must keep an automobile and eat costly dinners. If he wants to secure a contract he must put himself in the way of the contract giver, and it will be far better for him to persuade the contract giver that he is a good fellow than to convince him that he will honestly keep his contract. It is all very twisted and distorted, but it is one of the facts of modern life. Business, like kissing, goes by favor, not by merit. There was a day when the old virtues, punctuality, honesty, courtesy, would carry a man to the front; but will they do so today? It is a matter of cold fact that they will not. Good-fellowship carries a man to the front, and to be "one of the boys" is the best sort of trading capital. That is why a good many people buy automobiles, Mr. Bacheller, because they don't dare to say they can not afford to. They can not afford not to afford to. They buy costly dinners for the same reason they pay taxes. They have to. Of

course there is plenty of senseless emulation, plenty of needless extravagance, but when all that is allowed for, there remains plenty of people whose livelihood depends upon their "standing in" with a certain set. The lawyer, the artist, the doctor must be in evidence, and they must keep themselves in evidence. Virtue and competence are all very well on the day of judgment, but things mundane are so viciously awry that they will not carry a man very far here, in spite of the pretty little moral axioms dealt out so lavishly by men who made their money in a very different way.

The following is taken from the Portland Press. It is an automobile story, and belief is optional:

This is a true story. We print it here for fear that if we printed it in the news columns some would think it a joke or accuse us of yellow journalism. Last Wednesday afternoon on Congress Street a man's hat blew off. It blew off because it was windy and the wind blew it off. There was an automobile passing at not over fifteen miles an hour—you understand that this is a true story—and the hat blew under the automobile, or rather the wind blew the hat under the automobile. One of the wheels of the machine passed over it and made it look like thirty cents or less.

The man in the automobile, when he saw what he had done, although realizing that it was the wind that blew the hat and that he was not to blame, stopped his car, and got out and paid the man for his hat. One man said that if it had been a dog or a boy he wouldn't have looked around, but that man was uncharitable.

A young man perplexed writes for advice to the London Daily Chronicle. He says: "Will you be so kind as to tell me what would be the best to order for a little snack or light supper that one could drink champagne with, as I wish to take a girl with me to Frascati's, and she particularly wants champagne, and I do not want to order anything to eat with it that would not be suitable. I want some-

thing light and not too long to wait for." Lucky young man. For the first time to take a girl to supper and champagne is an experience to be printed in red letters forever upon the memory. But there is no need to be anxious. There is no rule that governs these matters. She will eat anything that Frascati's can give her, absolutely anything, and she will be so happy. In fact there is no need to give a detailed order at all. Leave it to the waiter. He knows. He knows. HE knows. Just say, "Waiter, a bottle of champagne, and the supper." He will give one appraising glance and all you have to do is to sit back and take what the gods do bring. After all, life is a very easy matter.

At a mass meeting of women in Berlin a resolution was passed to the effect that the distinction between the title of "Mrs." and "Miss" is a mark of sex inferiority and should be abolished. In point of fact it is "absolutely immoral." Every adult woman, says the resolution, must henceforth be addressed as "Mrs.," or whatever may be the corresponding term in her own language.

All right. Man, ever submissive, has only to receive orders and he will obey them. We shall try the new salutation on the next unmarried adult woman we meet, first making sure that the rear is unobstructed and that lines of communication to the base are open. In the depravity of our hearts we had supposed that unmarried but marriageable ladies were willing to have it known in a delicate and graceful way that as domestic blessings they were still unappropriated and that the lists of killed and wounded were still lengthening. This was doubtless a misapprehension, due to an evil heart, and is hereby renounced. So is the equal error of supposing that if an evil exists in this matter at all it is not in unmarried ladies calling themselves "Mrs.," but in ladies who are imperceptibly married calling themselves "Miss."



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

John W. Yerkes, formerly commissioner of internal revenue, was on an excursion given by a bar association. In one rowboat, where a landing from the big excursion craft was made, there were several lawyers whom Yerkes did not like. Suddenly their rowboat capsized. Yerkes regarded the accident with pleasure. "There goes to the bottom now," he remarked, "a lot of good hooze and bum law."

When Sir Thomas Lipton was an industrious but far from wealthy young man in this country he had an experience with a burglar. He was awakened one night by the consciousness that there was a stranger in his room. "Who's that?" he demanded, sitting up in bed. "Sh-h-h!" exclaimed the burglar. "Don't move, or I'll shoot. I'm looking for money!" "Wait a minute," said Lipton calmly. "I'll get up and help you."

Miss D, a teacher of unquestioned propriety in all its branches, was in the throes of commencement, and to the best of her ability was entertaining some young men—the suitors of her fair pupils. They conversed on some beautiful flowers in the drawing-room. "Yes," exclaimed the old lady; "but if you think these are pretty, you just ought to go upstairs and look in the bath-tubs of the girls' dormitories. They are just full of American beauties!"

A Northern lady with philanthropic symptoms was trying to instill a little economy into her husband's colored tenants. One of them, Mary Kinney, an anti-race-suicidist, kept a colored girl as nurse to her group of ten growing American citizens. "Mary," remarked the lady, "do you think a woman in your circumstances can afford a nurse?" "I dunno 'm, as I kin, but I don't pay her but twenty-f' cents a month, an' I pays dat in ole clo'es, and"—with a wide smile—"she don't git dem!"

When the St. Paul baseball club was on its spring training trip this spring it was led to Hannibal, Missouri. At the time a stock company was playing at one of the theatres for the week, and Josh Clarke was the first one in the bunch to take in the show. The next night he started for the theatre again and Charley Jones asked him how it happened that he was going to that same show twice. "Pretty fine show?" asked Jones. "Yep," replied Josh. "Got a friend in the show?" queried Jones. "No, don't know a person in the company." "Then you must like the looks

of the girls?" "No," said Josh, "I don't bother my head about girls, but I'll tell you something. You know, in the third act, the burglar cracks a safe and escapes. Well, they're going to catch that sucker some of these times and I want to be around when they do it."

The bouse dated from the fifteenth century, and visitors were permitted to go over it for sixpence a head. Of course, Queen Elizabeth had slept there, and the boy in buttons who conducted the party mentioned this three times in the sacred bedchamber. Most of the furniture had a look of the period, though there were a few doubtful embroideries. "And where," one of the visitors asked, "is the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept?" The boy in buttons hesitated a moment and then said: "That's being made, sir."

One day a distinguished notary while breakfasting with a friend at a café in Paris indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly another gentleman, dining at another table, arose and approached them, his moustache bristling with anger. "Sir," cried he tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!" "Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary. "I have not that honor," was the indignant reply, "but I am his chief aide-de-camp." "Give me your card then, sir," said the notary, "I will send you my head clerk."

A magazine editor at the Authors' Club, in New York, was talking about H. G. Wells. "Wells is now the foremost English novelist," he said. "Strange that a man so talented should misjudge us as he does. When he was over here he found fault with everything. One day at lunch, getting tired of his attacks on the tyranny of our trusts and our bosses, I said: 'Well, at least, Mr. Wells, you must admit the grandeur of the magnificent Statue of Liberty that rears its proud head over our harbor?' 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Wells, 'you have the same custom as we—you rear your finest statues to the dead.'"

President Baer of the Reading Railroad was sitting on his porch after dinner, smoking a cigar, when up the walk came a very tall man with a carpet-bag in his hand. He stopped at the bottom of the steps and said, "Be you the president of the Reading Railroad?" Baer drew up his shoulders and said he was. Then the stranger walked up the steps and said, "What is the price of a ticket from here to Niagara Falls and back?" Baer said, "My dear friend, I do not know. You will have to go down to the ticket office. Do you know where it is?" He said "Yes," and then he picked up his carpet-bag, looked at

the president, and said, "You are the president of the Reading Railroad, and don't know the price of a ticket to Niagara Falls and back!" Then he walked down the steps and turned and said, "You're a hell of a railroad president!"

Andrew Wilson, an attorney, was named as the administrator of a New York estate. It was his duty to find the lucky but missing brother. "He was slicing turnips for the sheep on his employer's farm, up among the mist-clad hills of Scotland," said Mr. Wilson, "when I found him. I had traced his life from the old farm on which he was born, step by step through forty years of ill-paid and often most unpleasant labor before I approached him. It was not difficult, for he had held but a few positions in all those years. Every one in the countryside knew him. 'Are you Alexander Stephenson?' I asked. 'I am,' said he, without taking his eyes from the turnips and the knife. 'Your brother James is dead in New York,' said I. 'Aweel, aweel, all men must c'en die,' he said, slicing away. 'He left you a great fortune,' said I. 'I want you to come to the house with me, so that I can establish your identity and arrange for you to enter into possession of the estate.' 'I'll talk to ye at sax o'clock, young mon,' said he. 'I'll be busy till then. Thy fortune will keep, but thay turnips will not.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Spring Tragedy.

He took 'em off,
Alas! too soon,
His grave it will
Be green in June.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Spare My Sox!

Son of Athens, ere you shine
These hespattered shoes of mine,
Let me on your mind impress
With the utmost earnestness
This, my warning, orthodox:
Keep the polish off my sox!

Son of Athens, hear my vow—

There will be one Helva row—
Take it even now from me,
It will heat Thermopylae.
So if you'd escape some shocks,
Keep the polish off my sox!
—The Club-Fellow.

Love's Dream.

He swears to love in chapter one,
And chapter two—but there
Comes change we see. In chapter three
He simply loves to swear!
—Milwaukee News.

The Statue.

To me it seems devoid of grace,
It rather fills me with disgust;
There is no beauty in the face,
Which seems to me the face of Lust;
The hands are like two mighty claws
Stretched forth to tear one's limbs apart;
Yet let me gaze in awe, because
It's ugly, so it must be art.

The face is neither old nor young,
There's something wild about the eyes;
The drapery is badly hung,
The feet are not the proper size;
To me a monster it appears,
Devoid of soul and lacking heart;
But I must not indulge in jeers—
It's ugly, so it must be art.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Only a Newspaper Guy.

I see a man strut through a jam in a hall,
Take a seat 'mid the speakers and chat with them all.
"Is this Murphy?" I ask, "that the crowd he defies?"
"No," says some one, "he's one of the newspaper guys."

I see a man pushing his way through the lines
Of the cops where a fire brightly glimmers and shines.
"Chief Kenlon?" I ask, but a fireman replies,
"Oh, no, why, that's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook,
And he scorns all assistance, but brings him to book.
"Mr. Burns?" I inquire. Some one scornfully cries—
"Burns? Naw. He's just one of them newspaper guys."

I see a man walk through the door of a show
Where great throngs are blocked by the sign S. R. O.
"Is this Goodwin himself, that no ticket he buys?"
"Well, hardly. He's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man knock on a President's door
And the sign "No admittance" completely ignore.
"Is this Morgan, that privacy's rights he denies?"
"Morgan? Shucks! It's just one of those newspaper guys."

And some day I'll walk by the great streets of gold,
And see a man enter, unquestioned and bold.
"A saint?" I'll inquire, and old Peter'll reply,
"Well, I should say not, he's a newspaper guy."
—Carleton G. Garretson, in New York Globe.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The social activity of the week has been confined solely to the entertainments given for the brides-elect whose weddings will occupy the attention of the smart set during the month of June.

Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale has announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Helen Sidney-Smith, to Mr. George Gowan Hood of Philadelphia.

The engagement was announced on Monday of Miss Emma Bazet and Mr. Edward Aiken Flanders. The bride-elect is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. Bazet and her fiancé is a graduate of Stanford University with the class of 1906. No date has been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Anita Maillard and Mr. Temple Bridgman, which takes place today (Saturday) at the Maillard summer home at Belvedere, inaugurates the series of June weddings and will be a brilliant affair. It will take place out of doors, in the spacious grounds of the home. Mrs. Effingham Sutton will be matron of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Dorothy Page, and Miss Marion Zeile.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Bogue and Mr. Harold Coyle, son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Coyle, took place Monday evening in Denver.

The wedding of Miss Marie Garneau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Garneau, and Mr. Theodore Murphy took place in St. Louis on Thursday. After a honeymoon trip, Mr. Murphy and his bride will make their home here.

Mrs. Robert Greer was hostess at a luncheon on Monday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan. Among her guests were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Patricia Cosgrave.

Miss Georgia Creed entertained at a dinner at the Claremont Country Club on Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine Langstroth (formerly Miss Susie Hall).

Mrs. Clinton Worden was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Rice. Her guests were Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. S. P. Buckbee, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. George Whittell, Miss Platt, and Mrs. Isaac Requa.

Miss Constance McLaren entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Louise McCormick and her fiancé, Mr. Robert Henderson.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding was host at a dinner at the Bohemian Club on Saturday night, which he gave in honor of Miss Mary Garden. Among his guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dearing, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Miss Ethel Cooper, Miss Enid Gregg, Dr. Humphrey Stewart, Miss Frances Stewart, and Mr. William McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained a party of eight at a dinner at the Peninsula Hotel on Tuesday night.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a dinner at her home on Washington Street on Saturday evening. Her guests included Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Frances Martin, Mr. John Young, Mr. John Geary, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Duval Moore, Mr. Kenneth Moore, Mr. Benjamin Foss, and Dr. George Lyman.

With the week of Shakespearean engagements and the presence of Miss Mary Garden there has been opportunities for hostesses to entertain theatre and concert parties, of which they have availed themselves. Miss Anna Weller gave one of the largest of these affairs on Saturday evening to hear Sothern and Marlowe, complimentary to Miss Olive Wheeler, who leaves for the East shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained a group of friends at dinner at the Peninsula Hotel on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. John McNear was hostess at a tea on Friday, at which she entertained in honor of Miss Jennie Lee, whose wedding with Lieutenant Reis, U. S. N., will take place June 7.

Miss Helen Sinclair entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Thursday in honor of Miss Dorothy Willis Bryan, whose wedding with Mr. John Griffith Roberts takes place the last of the month. Miss Sinclair's guests were Miss Marie Payne, Miss Suzette Newton, Miss Madeline Cum-

ming, Miss Nancy Glenn, Miss Miriam Bryan, Miss Hazel Freeman, Miss Irene Fallon, Miss Virginia Frank, Miss Olympia Goldaracena, Miss Eva Sarthou, Miss Violet Cook, Miss Helen Estch, Miss Estelle Jacobs, Miss Ramona Hamberger, Miss Gertrude Mitchell, Miss Marguerite McCarthy, and Miss Genevieve Mersfelder.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell entertained at dinner at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday evening, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Sproule. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Gage, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson.

Mr. Raphael Weill entertained forty guests at dinner at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening prior to his departure for Paris.

Miss Natalie Hunt was the guest of honor at a luncheon on Saturday given by Miss Elena Brewer at her home at Mill Valley. Among those present were Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, and Miss Floride Hunt.

Miss Ruth Sadler entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Monday, at which the guests of honor were a group of engaged girls, including Miss Jennie Lee, Miss Amalia Simpson, and Miss Marian Lally.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau entertained at a luncheon at her home on Monday, at which her guests were Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, and Mrs. William P. Horn.

Mr. Raymond Armsby was host at a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Mary Keeney and her fiancé, Mr. Taibot Walker. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Marion Zeile, and Mr. Frank King.

Miss Lillian Goss was hostess at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Friday, at which she entertained Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Vera Havemeyer, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Ethel Havemeyer, and Miss Louise Boyd.

Miss Louise Boyd was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday at her country home, Maple Lawn, in San Rafael. The affair was given in honor of Miss Frederika Otis and Miss Cora Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mann entertained eight guests at dinner at their home on Thursday evening.

Paymaster and Mrs. Fred K. Perkins entertained at dinner at their quarters at Yerba Buena preceding the dance on Wednesday night. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. George E. Perkins, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. P. Huff, Dr. Carter, and Miss Florence Johnson of Boston.

The Burlingame Club was the scene of a golf tournament Sunday. Luncheon was served on the clubhouse veranda. Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. Pierre Lemaitre were the fortunate winners of the trophies presented by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mr. Frank King gave a dinner Friday evening at his residence on Broadway, and with his guests attended the theatre.

Mrs. Robert McMillan (formerly Miss Leontine Blakeman) is receiving a welcome from friends, who are planning many informal affairs in her honor. Mrs. McMillan was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. Robert Greer Monday at the Town and Country Club.

The baseball game played in Recreation Park by the Bohemian and Claremont Club teams for the benefit of the Children's Hospital proved to be also an incentive for numerous luncheons which were given at the hotels and clubs. A representative gathering greeted the teams with enthusiasm and watched with interest an exciting game.

Mrs. Alexander Boyd entertained a number of young people at a luncheon which she gave at her home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Albertine Detrick, whose engagement to Mr. John J. Alexander has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mr. John Drew and Miss Mary Boland.

At the Hotels.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, for the week included Mr. Richard Gorman, Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Mr. G. J. Scharlach, Mr. M. Mooser, Mr. S. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Metzger, Mr. W. Fox, Mrs. C. B. Platt, Mr. H. H. Henderson, Miss Grace Jewett, W. E. Spafford, M. D.

Among recent arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. George P. Baxter of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jefferson and Mr. and Mrs. Griggs Holt of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. Janss and son of Los Angeles, Captain and Mrs. T. D. Ashburn of the Presidio, San Francisco, and Mr. F. E. Booth, Mr. J. H. Spring, Mr. A. L. Meyerstein, and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Miller of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Etna Springs included Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Landregan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Spear, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Carman, Judge J. M. Seawell, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burnham, Mr. George H. Roos, Mr. Milton A. Brewer, Dr. M. E. Rumwell, Dr. W. H. Winterberg, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Madge, Miss L. Griswold, Miss Hazel Lawley, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lukens, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh R. Larzelere.

Elizabeth Jordan, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has written a play relating to the intellectual regeneration of woman, called "The Lady from Oklahoma," which was acted at Atlantic City a few days ago, with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in the leading parts. "The Lady" is the wife of a self-made Western multimillionaire, who has been elected senator from his State. At the beginning of the play his wife suddenly realizes that she has not kept pace with him and that he is becoming interested in another woman. She has seven months in which to accomplish her regeneration, and her husband acknowledges as the curtain falls that he is proud of her.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

May Robson will begin the second and last week of her third successful engagement in San Francisco at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday evening, presenting, with her capable little company, Anna Warner's homely comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Aunt Mary, as characterized by Miss Robson, has become an established institution and an established factor in the amusement world. Familiarity in her case has nothing to do with contempt, and an evening spent in her company is as profitable as pleasant. She is old fashioned, out of date, suburban, and rustic, but winsome with the mellowed sweetness of age and frightfully romantic. She has generously scattered an irrepressible humor to the betterment of our dispositions.

Saturday evening, June 10, will mark the last appearance of Miss Robson and also the closing of the Savoy Theatre, which has enjoyed a most prosperous season since last August. When the "independent" attractions, which have been housed at the McAllister-Street playhouse during the year, resume their trips to the Pacific Coast next September, they will be seen at the new, commodious, and elegantly appointed Cort Theatre, now nearing completion in Ellis Street near Market.

Billie Burke brings "Mrs. Dot" to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night for a two weeks' engagement, and society is preparing to welcome her. It is almost unbelievable that four years ago no one in America knew Miss Burke. Now she is a favorite all over the United States, and, so the report goes, one of the biggest money-makers on Charles Frohman's long list of stars—a list, it must be remembered, that contains such names as Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, William Gillette, Otis Skinner, Francis Wilson, and William H. Crane.

"Mrs. Dot," the play Miss Burke is presenting this season, is a witty, clever, satirical comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, the author of "Smith," which John Drew is now appearing in at the Columbia; "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," and other successes. "Mrs. Dot" is said to be one of his very best. In it a young and pretty widow, with heaps of money, asks a penniless young chap to marry her and he—refuses! His reason is that he is already engaged to another woman. He doesn't love the woman to whom he is engaged and he does love the widow. He admits that much, but, he declares, he isn't cad enough to jilt the other woman—who, of course, man-like, he assumes is head over heels in love with him. That is the situation when the curtain falls on the first act, and the task Mr. Maugham has set the widow is to win—despite any and all obstacles—the man she has chosen for a second husband and, incidentally, to prove that "when a woman wants a thing she generally gets it." The title-role—that is, the widow—gives Miss Burke the best opportunity she has had to exhibit her charming personality and at the same time to prove that she is a comedienne of real talent. In the supporting company are Fred Kerr, a London actor of note; Julian L'Estrange, Frank Hollins, G. Harrison Carter, Rosa Rand, Annie Esmond, and Carroll McCormac. There will be the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday during Miss Burke's engagement at the Columbia.

Master Gabriel, who opens next week at the Orpheum in his most recent hit, the one-act farce, "Little Tommy Tucker," although twenty-six years of age, only weighs forty-five pounds, and is but thirty-three inches in height. Imitations have only accentuated Master Gabriel's vivid characterization. He loves a prank and loathes a sham. He is an antidote against the seriousness and pomposity of his seniors. The supporting cast includes an aggregation seldom seen in one single vaudeville sketch. It is practically a new act which George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager will offer. They have recently joined forces. Moore is a popular and clever monologist and dialect comedian, whose negro stories possess a fine humor. Aside from this he has a very good voice. Miss Haager is a beauty with a sweet voice, and is also a graceful dancer. The Namba Japs will add an Oriental touch to the coming bill. They will present their gymnastic and head-balancing act, which includes marvelous feats. The dainty and diminutive comedienne, Isabelle D'Armond, will with the assistance of George Moore introduce a sparkling conglomeration of mirth, melody, dancing, and pretty costumes entitled "Jolly Junk." In New York Miss D'Armond is known as "the demi-tasse comedienne" and is considered one of the most fetching ingenues that have adorned the musical-comedy stage. Her partner, Mr. Moore, has, until his recent advent in vaudeville, been prominent in support of De Wolf Hopper. Next week will be the last of the Musical Girls; Ed Wynn and P. O'Malley Jennings; Henry Clive, and William H. Macart and Ethylene Bradford in "A Legitimate Hold-up."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major and Mrs. McKittrick, who have been guests of Miss Minnie Houghton, will return to their home in Bakersfield next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., and Mrs. Marye's sister, Miss Doyle, leave this week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Leona Stone, who will spend the summer abroad with friends, sailed on Saturday for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Splivalo will leave late this month for Europe, where they will spend several months.

Miss Minnie Houghton is planning to visit her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley, at her home in Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson and Miss Florence Cluff are spending some weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney arrived Thursday from their ranch at Rocklin, and will be at the Fairmont Hotel until their departure for the East next week.

Mr. Richard M. Hotelling left Monday for New York, where he will remain for several weeks. He will visit friends in Washington, D. C., before his return here.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn are visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, at their home in London.

Elsie George Joerns, U. S. N., and Mrs. Joerns will spend the summer at San Diego.

Mrs. Carrie Green Noble is at present visiting in New York, but will go to Cleveland to be present at the wedding of Miss Margaret Calhoun and Mr. Paul Foster on June 23.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Ferrin sailed for Europe on Tuesday, where they will spend the summer in travel.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall has returned from an extended visit in the East, and is at her home on Jackson Street, where she will spend part of the summer.

Mrs. John C. Hayes and Mr. and Mrs. John Coffee Hayes are at the Fairmont Hotel during their brief visit in town.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour at their country home, Ten Oaks, at Glen Ellen.

Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Benet and Miss Laura Benet are preparing to leave for Augusta, Georgia, where Colonel Benet will be stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule left Monday for their home in New York, after several weeks' visit here with Mrs. Sproule's mother, Mrs. Veronica Baird.

Dr. Philip King Brown has returned from a month's visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Ethingam Sutton (formerly Miss Maud Wilson) have returned from their honeymoon trip and are established at their new home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy are established at their Burlingame home for the summer.

Mr. Walter S. Martin left Thursday for a brief trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Scott will leave next week for their camp on the Russian River, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood have taken a cottage at Palo Alto, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. George Armsby has returned from Santa Barbara, after a visit there of several months.

Miss Edith Bull is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle at their country home at Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., accompanied by Mrs. Mendell's daughter, Miss Janin, will sail for Europe next week and remain abroad for a year.

Miss Bertha Rice of Santa Barbara is the guest of Mrs. Clinton Worden at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Percy Williams, accompanied by Miss

Frances Sprague and Miss Louise Sprague, left Friday for an extended visit in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron are established at their Burlingame home, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Richard Burke, who is visiting here from his home in Ireland, has been the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and is now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker) at Palo Alto.

Miss Ruth Zeile arrived from New York Saturday, and will spend the summer with her sister, Miss Marion Zeile, at the home of her grand-mother, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, on California Street.

Mrs. Douglas Fry is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin at Keswick in Northern California.

Mrs. Edward B. Pond and her sister, Miss McNeil, left Monday for New York, en route to Europe.

Mrs. William H. Crocker arrived in New York on Friday to be present at the graduation of her son from Groton. She will return to London accompanied by her son.

Miss Delphine Dibble, who has been visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin, left Monday for her home at Santa Barbara.

Miss Bernice Harrell of Bakersfield has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore are spending the summer at Ross.

Mrs. Frank West has returned to her home in Stockton, after a visit with Miss Kate Herrin. Miss Alice Herrin is traveling in Japan.

Mr. Frederick Knight has gone East to join Mrs. Knight and her daughter, Miss Thelma Parker, who have been in Europe for several months.

Miss Mildred Baldwin and Miss Laura Baldwin, who are spending the summer traveling abroad with their aunt, Mrs. J. B. Wright, are now in Dresden, but will go to London for the coronation.

Miss Laura McKinstry spent the last week-end as the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott at her home at Burlingame.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Ruth Casey are spending the summer months in Italy.

Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg will spend the summer in San Rafael, where they will have as their guests Mrs. George Ashton and Miss Bessie Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and Miss Frances Howard are visiting relatives in Boston.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall are now in Paris, where they will remain, with the exception of a week in London for the coronation, until their return to San Francisco in July.

Mr. Robert Hayes Smith returned this week from a trip to Europe. He and Mrs. Smith will go abroad again later in the summer.

Mrs. E. M. Holbrook, who has been the guest of Mrs. John S. Merrill, left Friday for her home in New York.

Mrs. T. A. Rottanzi accompanied Mrs. E. M. Holbrook on her Eastern trip and will be her guest for several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Havens will leave next week for their summer home at Sag Harbor, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith will spend the summer, according to their usual custom, at Shelter Island. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Smith's mother, Mrs. Ellis.

Miss Cora Smedberg returned Tuesday evening from the Presidio, Monterey, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. T. W. McVior.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll have moved into their new home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Fred Clark returned Saturday evening from New York and was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Leslie Miller, Miss Doris Ryer, Miss Ruth Zeile, Miss Beatrice Nickel, and Miss Marian Stone, all of whom have been attending Miss Spence's school.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Walker sailed last Thursday for the Orient. Mr. Allan Hamilton was a passenger on the same steamer and will spend the summer in Honolulu and Australia.

Miss Marin and her guest, Miss Bertha Rice, left Saturday evening for Santa Barbara, after a few weeks' stay at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene J. de Sabla, Miss Vera de Sabla, and Miss Leontine de Sabla have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hooker, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, and Miss Jennie Hooker sailed from England last Friday.

Mr. Paul Verdier is en route to Europe, where he will spend the summer.

Mrs. John T. Kittle and her sons, John and Allen, have closed their town house and are installed in their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson have given up their house on Walnut Street and are established for the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have been abroad for the past year, are expected home in July. Miss Emily Carolan has been traveling since January, and has but recently returned to Paris. She will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Carolan on their homeward trip.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels sailed on the Cincinnati for Europe, and with Mrs. Spreckels will spend June in Paris and July in Carlsbad. Among others who will be in Carlsbad during the season are Mr. and Mrs. William T. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, and Mr. Eldridge Green.

Mrs. George M. Pullman sailed for Europe this week, and will remain abroad a year. She will be in Paris a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Francis Carolan, and will later be joined by her elder daughter, Mrs. Frank Lowden, who, with her four children, will travel abroad for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children have gone to their country home, Sohra Vista, in Sonoma County, to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and their daughter, Miss Lee Girvin, are planning to spend a part of the summer at the Peninsula Hotel. Since their country home in Menlo Park was destroyed by fire they have been residing at Hotel del Monte.

Miss Gertrude Joliffe did not return home from New York with her sister, Mrs. Moffitt, but remained East with Mrs. George Doubleday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills left last Saturday for San Mateo, where they will spend the summer

with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale. Since their arrival from the East they have been occupying the Nichols home on Webster Street.

Dr. Philip King Brown returned Sunday evening from the East, where he has been for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their family have rented for the summer the J. K. Armsby house in Ross.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and her daughter, Miss Harriet, have returned from Europe and are occupying their apartment at the St. Xavier.

Mr. Marcus Whitney has arrived from Idaho to attend the wedding of his sister, Miss Mildred Whitney, to Mr. Ernest Stillman.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood have gone to the Peninsula Hotel for the summer.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown and son left Thursday to meet Mr. Brown in New York, en route for an extended European tour.

Hotel del Monte entertained the American Library Association delegation three days this week.

Loring Club Concert.

On Tuesday evening, June 6, at Christian Science Hall, the Loring Club will give the fourth and last concert of its thirty-fourth season, when the club, with the assistance of an orchestra, will render a programme of exceptional interest.

The presence of the celebrated American composer, Arthur Foote, not only as conductor of a number of his orchestral and choral compositions, but also as pianist in his sonata for piano and violin, will add distinction to this occasion. The concert master, Gino Severi, will be the soloist in the sonata, while the versatility of Mr. Foote's genius as a composer will be shown in his serenade for string orchestra, his cantata, "The Farewell of Hiawatha," for chorus of men's voices with haritone solo and orchestra, and his strong "Bedouin Love Song" for chorus of men's voices and orchestra.

This will be the first occasion when Mr. Foote will have the opportunity of personally meeting San Francisco musicians, although from his compositions he is thoroughly well known here. One complete part of the programme will thus be devoted to the works of Mr. Foote, under his direction. In the other part the Loring Club will sing two notable cycles for men's voices and orchestra, one entitled "From Every Zone," by the German composer, Arnold Schoenberg, and the other, Villiers Stanford's "Songs of the Sea," which was the success of the world-famous Leeds festival two or three years ago. The important solos in this work will be sung by Wilfred G. Glenn.

The concert will be under the direction of the club's conductor, Wallace A. Sahin, with Frederick Maurer as pianist and B. Fletcher Husband as organist.

For the first night of the star revival of "Pinafore" at the Casino Theatre in New York this week prices were advanced to \$5 a seat for the first fifteen rows.



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Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democrat)	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut ..	4.15

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"John, whatever induced you to buy a bouse in this forsaken region?" "One of the best real estate men in the business."—*Life*.

"Are you an optimist or a pessimist?" "Both. I hope for the best, but I don't bet on it as a sure thing."—*Washington Star*.

"I think we can unload that rotten stock on Jones." "I thought he was an intimate friend of yours?" "I'm counting on that!"—*Life*.

"Mamma, may I carry the poodle?" "No, dear; you are too little and too careless, but you may carry the baby a little ways."—*Houston Post*.

"Burrows—Can you help me out, old chap? I am in a hole again. Baxter—Say! What the dickens are you, anyway, a man or a woodchuck?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"James is a physical wreck." "Why, he used to have a strong constitution." "Yes, but the doctors have amended it several times."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea? *Negative Husband*—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get!—*Puck*.

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?" "I got out," replied Weary Wombat, with dignity. "I didn't hafter he thrown out."—*Washington Herald*.

"You are in favor of a safe and sane Fourth of July?" "Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "We ought to have that kind of a day at least once a year."—*Washington Star*.

Thief (who has snatched a lady's bag)—Two transfers, a powder puff, a recipe for headwash, and a sample o' silk! An' I ran two miles wid it! I'm agin votes fer women!—*Puck*.

"These hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been 300 feet in the air." "Why did the king put them so high?" "Perhaps the neighboring kings kept chickens."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"I never judge a woman by her clothes," observed Bilkins. "No," put in Mrs. B. sarcastically, "a man who gets to as many hurlesque shows as you do wouldn't."—*Milwaukee News*.

The Shortstop—Going to try out that new boy for the team? *Captain*—No. The minute I heard him spell plenipotentiary, erysipelas, and trigonometrical I knew he wouldn't be no use on a ball nine.—*Puck*.

"This," said the curator, displaying a mummy, "was an Egyptian princess." "Poor thing!" exclaimed the conversational girl. "She insisted on being buried in her hobble skirt, didn't she?"—*Washington Star*.

Blobbs—That money young Milyun's father left him won't last long. *Slobbs*—Why, is he such a spender? *Blobbs*—Spender? Why, do you know what that fellow is doing? He's actually paying his income tax.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I read yesterday that Colonel Tamale of the insurgents was shot in the back." "I was afraid that would happen to him. I read a statement in a newspaper the other day which said: 'Colonel Tamale back to the front.'"—*Houston Post*.

Mrs. Youngwedd (boastfully)—I may not be much of a cook, but my husband has never yet twitted me about the better cake and pies his mother used to make. *Mrs. Keene*—No, dear; his father used to run a bakery.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Quite a remarkable thing happened at the banquet last night." "Did somebody tell a story that was new?" "No, the stories were all old, but one of the speakers who said he had nothing to say sat down immediately after saying it."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Doctor—What your husband needs, Mrs. Nagget, is a complete rest. I have prescribed a sleeping draft. *Mrs. Nagget*—Very well, doctor; when shall I give it to him? *Doctor*—Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself!—*The Throne*.

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Hiram Daly of the would-be cook. "I haven't left me lasht place," replied the applicant. "I haven't any lasht place to lave. I've been workin' for meself for the past year, an' I can recommend meself to yez very hoighly."—*Boston Transcript*.

Irate Visitor—I call this a downright fraud! You advertise on your hills, "The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World," and he turns out to be 5 feet 5 inches high. *Bland Showman*—Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He's the tallest dwarf on record.—*Tit-Bits*.

"I've been warning Clara Skeggs about allowing her husband to play so much baseball. Now, it's made her a widow." "What are you talking about? Nothing's the matter with Skeggs." "I tell you it's finished him. I saw myself in the paper where Bill Skeggs was playing a game and died on the base."—*Baltimore American*.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The New Mexico.

The weekly budget of Mexican news contains nothing that points either to permanence or to tranquillity. Nowhere is there a sign that the Mexican people have laid out a course of action or that they are proceeding toward any definite goal. It may be said, moreover, that nowhere is there a sign of their capacity to do either. Without reflection on the many able and patriotic citizens who doubtless know enough to be inconspicuous it may be said that the situation is like nothing so much as that of a herd of stock cattle suddenly released from the salutary restraints of the corral and tumultuously rushing in every direction. Madero himself has to be guarded from bombs like the Czar of Russia. Even before the farcical elections that will make him President we read of widespread conspiracies to overthrow him. His enemies of a month ago are shot down like wolves, and apparently without even the formalities of a court-martial. One of his most ecstatic panegyrists in the American press proves that he is a "born administrator" by the interesting fact

that "his spy system is declared to be infinitely more efficient than that of the regular government." Those are the earmarks of the South American dictator—the spy system and the vindictive execution.

There is indeed very little to distinguish the Mexican revolution from the explosive riots that pass by that name in other Spanish-American republics. We hear vague stories of public rejoicing, but there is no discernible note of congratulation from either the mercantile class on the one hand or the peon class on the other. Putting aside the welter of ignorance and superstition that is always ready to applaud a change or a spectacle, we find Madero at the head of a small body of so-called "intellectuals" who are crazy to try their hand at constitution-making and whose conception of the "ideal republic" is a state in which illiterate barbarism has the same political value as educated experience. And in the meantime there are half a dozen other potential dictators who do not intend to lose the opportunities afforded by national anarchy.

The President and the Senate.

There are signs that Mr. Taft's patience is wearing thin and that unless the Senate can make up its mind about the Canadian reciprocity bill he will resort to the delicate use of what may be called a persuasive coercion. That it can be employed to good use is proved by the President's Chicago speech, and this was little more than a hint of what might lie in reserve. There can be nothing more effective than a threat to raise the curtain so that the public may see what is being done upon the stage, and already some of the amendment-making and procrastinating senators have been startled into public explanations by a realization that the President controls the limelight. Voters all through the country will be delighted to see it used.

A report from Washington says that the President is determined to take the country into his confidence and to explain the precise nature of the forces that are being used against the bill. It is a commendable resolution, and one that is well calculated to supply the needed motive power. When we are told that the farmers from this, that, or the other locality are hotly opposed to the bill we want to know precisely from whom the statement comes and what there is behind it. Senator Smith of Michigan, for example, is vociferous in his assurances that he speaks for the united agricultural interests of his State when he demands that the bill be rejected, and Senator Smith ought to know what he is saying and probably does. Naturally his statements have some weight, but on the other hand the President will be justified in passing on the information that has reached him to the effect that four out of five of the members of the Michigan State Grange are ardent for reciprocity and that Senator Smith is not so important as he thinks he is. Every one nowadays is anxious to speak up for the farmer, and sometimes their credentials are suspicious. But they are likely to be taken at their face value a thousand miles away. Representatives of the great interests weep into their soup and sob out their love for the farmer and their determination to stand by him to the last schedule. Never before had the farmer so many friends who are determined that his virtue of thrift shall never be discouraged by low prices. Never before was there such furtive and stealthy anxiety lest some one shall find something cheap to eat that happened to come from Canada. And it is all done with such patriotic fervor, with such altruistic thought for others as to disarm criticism. The President is almost the only man who sees all of the wheels revolving all of the time, and his threat to share his knowledge with the public is no light one.

It is strange that the weapon of publicity is not used more often. Where the cause is good it is an irresistible one. The reciprocity bill is a Republican measure and it is entitled to Republican support. It has

actually received Democratic support, seeing that it was passed by a Democratic House, but with the assent of the Republicans. It has now been halted by a Republican Senate, which thus thwarts the President, the House, and the sentiment of practically the whole country and of both parties. We read vague reports of amendments that profess to be innocent, but that would actually be fatal, of individuals who claim to represent vast interests, and of all the stealthy wire-pulling with which we are familiar. The President is the only man who can raise the veil and show us the extent to which these many figures are actually doing what they profess to be doing, are actually representative of what they profess to represent. In other words, he is the only man who can explain to us why a distinctively Republican measure, recommended in Republican platforms and inaugurated by a Republican President, has now been delayed for these many fruitless weeks by a Republican Senate. The country is satisfied that the President intends to secure its passage, and whenever he decides to identify the obstructionists and to explain their methods he may be assured of an effective volume of support.

The Mayor's Defense.

Since Mayor McCarthy is so willing and even anxious to exchange confidences with a committee of clergymen and to explain to them his policies and intentions, it seems a pity that he is not similarly confidential with the city at large. There is always a disposition to hear what he has to say. He is always amusing, and even when we have not the benefit of his direct speech there is still the record of his official acts that invites us to draw our own conclusions.

The debate with the ministers will probably be interesting. Probably it will also be irrelevant. No one will be disposed to dispute that Mr. McCarthy is a churchman, since he says so, and that self-defense is a duty that he owes to his family, since he says that also. But if he proposes to show that he is not an "advocate of vice and corruption," that he is not "bent upon delivering San Francisco over to the forces of evil," and that he is not personally "corrupt," he can probably do all these things quite easily. In fact nothing is so simple as to disprove charges that have not been made. Moreover, it is the most convenient way to evade the charges that have been made.

The point of immediate interest to the public is the attempted dismissal of Chief Seymour, an attempt that is likely enough to be successful. There is some public curiosity as to the reason for this. Is the mayor's animosity to Mr. Seymour due to the fact that the chief of police resisted an attempt to establish an open town? If Mr. McCarthy does not like the term "open town," let him choose his own term. We all know what he means. Perhaps he prefers the "Paris of America," which is his own expression. Was Mr. Seymour dismissed because he objected to the establishment of a "Paris of America" according to Mr. McCarthy's interpretation? And if this is the reason for the dismissal, then it may be asked why the mayor did not ascertain Mr. Seymour's views before he appointed him in October and referred to him in terms of fulsome praise? Has Mr. Seymour changed his policy in any way since October, or has Mr. McCarthy himself changed, and if so, in what way? On October 3 Mr. McCarthy said of Mr. Seymour in a written communication to the police commissioners that he was "experienced and skilled in his life profession and distinguished throughout this country for his eminent ability and his unimpeachable character." Mr. McCarthy spoke of his "high opinion of the man," and he asked the commissioners "to sustain his course under any and all circumstances." If the mayor has now altered his opinion of Mr. Seymour, then why has he altered it? What are his precise reasons for so radical a change of front, for such a reversal of eulogy, and all within the space of a few months? Or

has the mayor himself changed his policy toward the dancing halls and is he now incensed because Mr. Seymour has not changed also?

It would seem that the latter theory is the correct one. Every one knows that when Mr. McCarthy was elected he had some pet project that he called the "Paris of America." No one knew quite what it was, but every one knew that it was something nasty. It is a matter of common knowledge that he hesitated before putting this nastiness into effect and that Mr. Seymour was appointed during the virtuous period. If Mr. McCarthy did not know the views of the new chief he ought to have known them. Every one else knew them. They were the same as they are now. Then it was clear enough that the mayor was changing his mind again. The disreputables and the red-lighters were doubtless on his trail and urging him to fulfill his "Paris of America" pledges, and it may be he really thinks that these people constitute the city of San Francisco. It is just what he would think. So we find him setting out on a new tack, talking loudly about his election platform, demanding the cessation of the "shameful embarrassment of the poor dancing academy where wage-earning boys and girls are well chaperoned," and championing the cause of certain Mission Street resorts. And now he is annoyed to find that Chief Seymour's policies are not similarly flexible, and so a ridiculous charge of failing to suppress gambling last January is trumped up against Mr. Seymour and he is dismissed to make way for some one else who shall be more complacent.

Such is the real question at issue. Mr. McCarthy's personal virtues are doubtless as clear as the sun at noonday, but the public is curious to know if the mayor's breach with the chief of police is in any way due to the latter's unwillingness to coöperate in the establishment or furtherance of a "Paris of America." We will not talk about the open town or the raising of the lid or any of the other elastic phrases to which Mr. McCarthy objects. We will use his own phrase in the full assurance that, knowing Mr. McCarthy, knowing his immediate clientèle of Leffingwell, Fanning, Eaton, and others, we know also exactly what that phrase means.

The British Budget.

The annual financial budget of the British chancellor of the exchequer contained no sensational features. This will be good news for the taxpayer, who has found from experience that sensational finance usually means new taxes or more ingenious ways to extract the old ones. The chancellor's speech occupied only one hour and a half, a marked contrast to the old days of Gladstonian finance, when an almost endless array of figures took on the colors of a picture and the sentiment and romance of a novel.

As usual, the budget statement is as clear and precise as the balance sheet of a well-managed store. Epitomized into balance-sheet form, it occupies about six inches square of a newspaper, and it shows the total revenue of the country under twenty-three heads, the total expenditure under seventeen heads, the surplus balance, and the proposed disposition of that balance. Those who wish for still more detailed information can find it in the blue books and reports of the various departments, obtainable from any law stationer, where revenue and expenditures are recorded to the last penny. There are no ambiguities and no concealments. A schoolboy can trace the ultimate disposition of every cent of national revenue from all sources. It may be interesting to state that the total revenue of the country was £181,716,000, the total expenditure £181,284,000, and the surplus balance £432,000. This permits of the abolition of a small tax upon cocoa amounting to £45,000 and an adjustment of the liquor licenses involving a loss of £50,000, the two changes amounting to £95,000. This leaves a net surplus of £337,000.

Some of the expenditure figures of the new budget are certainly appallingly large, and it is hard to understand how they can be received without consternation. For example, the navy estimate was £44,393,000, and this in time of profound peace with all the civilized world and no clouds upon the horizon. Within the course of twenty years the annual cost of the navy has increased from £14,000,000 to its present colossal figure. The chancellor spoke as though the nation had now reached high-water mark of naval expenditure while announcing an increase for the present year of £4,000,000. And this, it may be repeated in time of peace. The estimates of the exchequer, of course, are always optimistic. It is their business to predict inevitable

increases in revenue and decreases in expenditure, but every one knows the relentless and always successful pressure of the big armament party in England as elsewhere, and we need no expert to tell us that in the event of a threatened war the naval and military expenditure of the nation would be unrestrained. England is a wealthy country, but there are limits to such expenditure as this.

A budget feature of distinct novelty was a provision for the payment of members of the House of Commons. As a financial feature it is of course insignificant, involving an expenditure of only £250,000, or £400 a year for each member, but as a mark of democratic advance the suggestion is almost momentous. Membership of the House of Commons usually demands the whole of a man's time as well as residence in London during a large part of the year. Those without a private income or under the necessity of doing remunerative work were therefore excluded, and to a certain extent this has had the effect of keeping the law-making power in the hands of the leisure and property classes and out of the hands of the wage-earners. Irish members of Parliament have for long been paid a small salary from the funds of their party, and a few labor representatives have also been sustained from a similar source. But such arrangements are obviously unsatisfactory, and the chancellor is to be congratulated on his bold reform. It will, of course, be opposed by the Conservatives, who have everything to gain by the preservation of what is nothing less than a property qualification. Mr. Austen Chamberlain promptly voiced the opposition by a heated claim that voluntary service was the glory of the country, but then Mr. Chamberlain is an enormously rich man and possibly was thinking inadvertently of his own class rather than the glory of the country. He may even have identified them. Nevertheless the payment of members is almost certain to pass. It is a democratic project, and just now England is intent upon democratic schemes.

American Women, Coronations, and Courts.

The many thousands of American women going to England for the coronation have made the life of Ambassador Reid a horror. All of them demand to be presented at court. He can comply with but few of these demands. Result, feminine threats of vengeance, while the unfortunate ambassador is on the verge of despair.

Why do American women seek court presentation? For now nearly a century and a half we have lived under a republic. Are our American women but imperfectly republicanized? It would seem so, for not only do they become hysteric over the courts of St. James, of Berlin, of Petersburg, but they even crave presentation at the courts of dinky little grand duchies. Yea, even in microscopic German states do our American citizenesses abase themselves, yearning to be presented to his serene highness the Grand Duke of Pumpnickel.

In Queen Victoria's day that worthy lady was not fond of court levees and drawing-rooms. The continual swaying before her of bowing and trembling ladies affected her eyes, thence her pneumo-gastric nerve, which gave her a feeling akin to *mal-de-mer*. So she turned over much of her court business to the Prince and Princess of Wales. During her reign our American citizenesses were greatly disappointed that most of them had to be content with this vicarious presentation to the queen. But none the less eagerly did they strive for the honor. Although neither the queen nor the princess would have anything to do with the prince's sporty set of women friends, American women were more than glad to meet them. They were not of the queen's court, but they were of the "Prince of Wales's set," and that was something.

This is not a discussion of why American women want to see the coronation. It is a gigantic pageant, and curiosity to see it is natural. Nor is it a discussion of why American women should or should not marry foreign noblemen. Doubtless our American women believe that those of their sisters who are married to titled Englishmen will have special rights at the coronation. Yet we learn that Queen Mary's ladies in waiting are native-born, and that the "American duchesses" are very jealous because they are excluded from this honor. This gives an idea of the ways of European courts. American women who have married foreign titles take their husbands' rank, theoretically. Practically, they do not. One of the Vanderbilt women who married an Austrian nobleman three years ago has not yet been admitted to the charmed circle of the Hapsburg court.

There are many Europeans who do not share the American woman's love for courts. Even among the nobility, in all countries, a large majority shun the courts. They know what they are. When Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, failed of a suitable royal husband, and was ordered to marry a British subject, all the available young noblemen at once fled for Central Africa, the Himalayas, or the Mountains of the Moon. Unfortunately for him, the Marquis of Lorne, son of the Duke of Argyll, was deer-stalking in innocent ignorance in the Highlands. On emerging, he was at once caught, and married out of hand. Ever afterwards the unfortunate nobleman was bracketed after his wife. She sat at the head of the table, he below the salt. In the *Court Journal* it always read "HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE (and the Marquis of Lorne)." This was the agreeable court status of a duke's son, a great nobleman whose lands extend nearly across the British Isles.

When Maria Alexandrovna of Russia married Queen Victoria's son, the Duke of Edinburgh, the queen had not yet been crowned Empress of India. Hence the Duchess Maria looked upon herself as an imperial princess, and superior to the whole royal family except the queen. She insisted on preceding all the royal princes and princesses, including her hapless husband. Once when preceding the royal family in a narrow passageway she came to a door; she would not open the door herself; no Russian princess ever had to open doors for herself; she would not let even her husband precede her to open the door; a man had to be sent all the way around the palace to open the door from the other side. Thereupon the imperial princess, followed by the melancholy royal procession, resumed the line of march.

These incidents serve to show the vast difference in Europe between an imperial princess and her royal husband, between a royal princess and her subject husband, even though he be a duke's son. There is a difference also between a titled husband and his American wife. Why, then, do American women yearn to be a part of such a society, even on its outer fringe? Why do they yearn to be presented at courts which look down on them as successful shopkeeperesses? Why do they want their daughters to marry into a circle where they will always be held at arms' length? Even if they marry dukes they are classed apart as "American duchesses," and the queen herself sets them carefully aside when selecting her ladies of honor.

Shakespearean Verisimilitude.

The recent Sothern-Marlowe Shakespearean productions in San Francisco were noteworthy for their elaborate staging. In reply to an interviewer who asked whether these settings were not over-elaborate, Mr. Sothern said he did not think so. He believed, he said, that Shakespearean productions should receive every adjunct to stage illusion which would not divert the spectator's mind from the play itself to the means of producing the illusion. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree said almost the same thing at almost the same time (May 16) in an address before the Authors' Club of London. Tree also said that "Shakespeare himself availed himself of all the aids which his own time was capable of lending him." And he added that every artist today seizes to the full the opportunities which his generation affords him, and that those who object to elaborate mounting would do better to read the Shakespearean plays only in the study.

Sothern and Tree are both actor-managers, and both stand at the head of their profession in that regard in their respective countries. That they should thus express themselves similarly and simultaneously is interesting. It disposes, to our thinking, of the contention of those pedants who insist that the Shakespeare plays require a bare stage with the signs "This is a forest," "This is a blasted heath," and the like. Such a method is followed by Ben Greet and his school, but has only the doubtful merit of simplicity—thrifty simplicity at that.

The elaborate Sothern-Marlowe production of "Macbeth" recalls another of the same play given at the California Theatre years ago. It was not the "Old California" of the Barrett-McCulloch days, but at the California nearly twenty years later, when McKee Rankin was its manager. Rankin produced "Macbeth" with Edgar S. Kelley's music and his own stock company—superior to Sothern's support with the exception of Rowland Buckstone and Frederick Lewis. Rankin himself—not a great or inspired but an experienced and accomplished actor—played Macbeth. The production was made with marked attention to scenery, costumes,

and properties, and it was so notable that it lives in the memory of those who saw it. Also there rings in their ears the eerie music of Edgar S. Kelley. He led himself, and one can still recall him at the music-desk, his odd head looking like a skull with parchment drawn over it, his baton calling forth strange harmonies from his enthusiastic and fascinated musicians.

Those who have heard the "Macbeth" music of Sir Matthew Lock, of Sir Arthur Sullivan, sometimes still hear Kelley's "Macbeth" music ringing in the chambers of the brain, and wonder if it is not really better than that of the elder men. Kelley was a genius—fancy a genius domiciled in San Francisco! San Francisco looked at him fatly, with indifferent slit-wise eyes, and idly watched him trying hard to make a living. So Kelley left us. Our geniuses always leave us—in San Francisco they have a way of going away. Kelley has been living for years in Berlin, where he is now an honored Kappel-Meister, and we presume and hope a prosperous one.

But to return to Sothorn and Tree. Both these actor-managers make a great deal of money, and they spend most of it on artistic productions of Shakespeare, the poet whom they revere and love. Commercial and dramatic critics say that "Shakespeare spells bankruptcy." Tree and Sothorn do not seem to think so.

Apropos of dramatic critics, those in London are just now receiving a slating. Bernard Shaw has produced a new play in which the most prominent critics are caricatured almost by name. Even the London *Times* critic, the great Mr. Walkely, hitherto deemed sacrosanct, is burlesqued as if he were a mere editor. So in the address before the Authors' Club to which we have just referred, Tree closed with a reference to the dramatic critics:

Those select few who have no real sympathy with life or art, those super-critics who are but the appendix of the drama. They are few in number—there are, I believe, precisely thirteen in these islands—but they are always shrieking from below gratings. I know their type. They are horn old; they emerge from their universities bleached and bald, and speak in the adenoid treble of the cultured decadent.

Paraphrasing Henry Arthur Jones's new play, surely "They Can't be so Bad as All That." Still, the dramatic critics are the ones who affect to believe that staging Shakespeare as elaborately as Jones or Pinero destroys the Shakespearean verisimilitude. In the name of the Poet, Bosh!

The Recall in Arizona.

Congress shows but little regard for its own dignity or for its functions under the Constitution of the United States by leaving it to the people of Arizona to determine whether the recall of the judiciary shall or shall not be included in the State Constitution. This is not a matter upon which Congress can afford to show either indifference or apathy. It is not one of those questions that can rightly be left for local determination by a Territory seeking admission into the Union, seeing that there are many able minds who consider it as fatal to the republican form of government and opposed to the intention of its founders. That Arizona would have the power after her admission to amend her Constitution contrary to the advice of Congress is no reason why salutary direction should now be withheld. It was the duty of Congress not to withhold it. Something, at least, would have been gained by an expression of opinion from that source. The opinion itself would have been placed on record, and Congress would have performed one of the most vital duties incumbent upon it. To shirk that duty is to encourage disorderly processes everywhere, to weaken the authority of the Federal Constitution, to nullify its provisions, and to stultify Congress. It were better for Congress positively to sanction the judiciary recall than to take up a spineless attitude of indifference after a long and dubious look at the weather-vane. If this is indeed a matter for apathy, then there is nothing of importance in our national life.

The recall proposals as embodied in the Arizona Constitution are the most extraordinary that have ever been offered by a community claiming civilization. Any judge, after he has been in office for six months, will be liable to a recall petition, which becomes valid after it has been signed by one-fourth of the voters. He has then the option either to resign within five days, or to submit a defense which must not exceed two hundred words in length, or about one-fifth the length of this column. The people will then pass upon his record. That is to say, every ignorant voter in the State will be asked to decide whether the accused judge has or has

not correctly interpreted the law. Such at least will be the ostensible question for popular decision. The actual question will be very different. It will be whether the judge has or has not warped and twisted the law to suit the greed, the cupidity, the revenge of some particular dominant clique or party and to take vengeance upon him if he has not done so. It means that the judges must be the servile tools of the political boss, that they must creep and cringe in his anteroom with the aspiring poundkeeper and the seeker after illegal favors. It means eventually that the office of judge will be one of public opprobrium and contempt. It means that self-constituted authority, already the curse of our governmental system, will receive new powers and an enlarged influence. It means that the boss will become impregnable, that there will no longer be any authority beyond the reach of his whip.

There is no reason, we are told, why the judges should not submit at all times to the will of the majority, or why the judges, being elected by the people, should not also be removable by the people. Such arguments display an ignorance of the functions of the judiciary that is almost hopeless. Unless a judge is in a position to defy the majority, his dignity and his usefulness sink to the level of those of a policeman. Unless a judge is in a position to protect a single innocent person against the anger of a whole community, then we might as well have no judges. There are communities that are wholly controlled by labor unions. There are other communities that are wholly controlled by the enemies of labor unions. There are communities where the negro vote is paramount, and still others where enmity to the negro is dominant. But over all these conflicting elements is the law and the judges, and it is the law and the judges alone that limit the rights of a majority over a minority, which prescribe certain elementary rights belonging to the individual and with which there must be no interference even though he stand alone. The main object of the law is to resist the tyranny of majorities, not to fawn upon and to aid that tyranny. Without the law, without its independent and fearless interpretation, the rights of minorities, the rights of an unpopular individual, are placed in perpetual danger. It is the glory of the civilized law that it can protect the individual against the most powerful in the land, against every combination of wealth and influence. Let it be admitted that it has not always done so, but wherever it has failed it is because the right of popular election has been unwisely used, and the remedy is obvious. To take from the judiciary the one power for which it was created is simply to wrench away the props of popular liberty, the rights of the individual under the Constitution. And if the rights of popular election have been so unwisely used, what guaranty have we that the rights of the recall will be exercised with a greater discretion? And if judges may be recalled by popular vote, why not also governors and congressmen? Indeed, why not the President himself? Why not let the whim of the moment control every governmental activity? Of course Lincoln would have been recalled in 1862, and probably Washington would never have reached the presidency at all. Lincoln was elected by a minority of the people and he had to pass through a period of great unpopularity when even the Abolitionists deserted him. His recall would have been quite easy, even had he been allowed four hundred words instead of two hundred in which to defend himself. If the recall principle is to be applied to the judges there seems to be no good reason why it should stop anywhere—short of disaster.

Editorial Notes.

Evidently self-denying ordinances are in the air. First we have an assurance from Mr. Bryan that under no circumstances will he again be a candidate for the presidency, and now Mr. Roosevelt follows suit, and with a further avowal that he will support Mr. Taft. Mr. Bryan does not go so far as this. If he himself will not be a candidate he can still make trouble for the man who is. Already he is denouncing the Democratic leaders for their supposed attempt to "Aldrichize" the party, but he would do well to remind himself that he is no longer a court of last appeal or with his old power to bless and to ban. The country would like to think well of Mr. Bryan, and will do so if he will only allow it. But his rôle should be either a silent or a commendatory one—preferably the former.

Mr. Roosevelt must feel lonely indeed now that the German emperor, usually supposed to be the incarna-

tion of the fighting spirit of the day, has come forward with words of warm commendation for Mr. Taft's arbitration proposals. The German emperor has nothing to say against the omission of the usual phrase excepting from arbitration "questions of vital interest and national honor." He knows very well that such words nullify any treaty in which they appear and that nations as a matter of fact never fight for anything else than "vital interest and national honor." In his speech denouncing the arbitration treaty Mr. Roosevelt says that he would hide his head in shame "were this big nation of ours to act unjustly toward any smaller nation." And this from the man who explained our acquisition of the Isthmus of Panama by the words "I just took it." No wonder Mr. Roosevelt dislikes arbitration, but where is the imagination vivid enough to picture him as hiding his head in shame.

Congress will one day be called upon in self-defense to impose a limit to the length of speeches. Senator La Follette occupied the entire time of the Senate for four days by his speech on the Lorimer case, evidently under the impression that the greatness of a speech is measured by the clock. Such a usurpation of the time of the Senate can only be explained on a theory of aggressive and insolent vanity. No one heard the whole of the speech and no one will read it, nor wish to. It was a recital of facts easily obtainable in printed form. Senator La Follette would do well to remember that the great statesmen of the world almost without exception have been brief speakers. None of them has been verbose. Sumner's reputation would be greater than it is but for his irritating diffuseness. Jefferson and Hamilton, who always had something worth saying, were usually brief. Washington rarely spoke at all. The political speech that can not be delivered in less than two hours is foredoomed to failure, and there is not one speech in a year that is worth an hour.

Mr. Hamilton, the aviator, is quite confident that the airship will end warfare by making it too destructive for human endurance. We have heard that story before. We always hear it at the invention of some new and peculiarly murderous engine of war, but war goes on just the same. But Mr. Hamilton has some cause for the faith that is in him. He flew about over the rival armies at Juarez, and he says he could have destroyed them both had he but been in possession of the necessary bombs. Perhaps next time Mr. Hamilton has such a chance as this he will see that he is better equipped.

Most of us will agree that it would be something of a shock to see a picture of Brigham Young on the silverware of a United States warship, but the naval authorities should have thought of that before beginning the system of accepting silver sets from the various States for the use of the battleships named after those States. That Utah would select Brigham Young might have been a foregone conclusion, and perhaps the good people—who, being good, are therefore in a very small minority—who feel that their sensibilities are outraged are a little too quick in assuming the identity of Brigham Young with polygamy. After all, three different United States Presidents appointed Young as governor of Utah, and there are very few men of whom that can be said. Polygamy was never a tenet of the Mormon Church, in fact its introduction was considered as a dangerous heresy. Young himself was certainly one of the greatest civilizing agents that the West has ever known. We owe irrigation to him and the first great victory over the desert. It was these material achievements rather than his religious monstrosities that led to the choice of his presentment for the *Utah's* silverware. At least we may infer so from the fact that the chairman of the local committee has no sympathy whatever with Mormonism and yet says that the *Utah* will accept the silver set as prepared for its use or get none at all. We may remember also that the monument to Brigham Young, which also appears on the offending silver, was paid for by people of all denominations, who gave not a thought to his religion but only to his services as a pioneer.

The Hon. George F. Edmunds, former United States senator from Vermont, who a few years ago was regarded as the foremost constitutional lawyer in the upper house in Washington, and who for several years has been a resident of Pasadena, California, is to have as a neighbor Senator Frye of Maine. The latter is serving his last term, it is said, having decided to withdraw from public life at its expiration.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Familiarity with the Russian police brings with it a certain amount of horrified admiration. We have learned to look upon it as all-pervasive within its own country, impossible to exclude as are carrion flies in summer, saturating the atmosphere with the spirit of espionage. The Russian police are bad enough in Russia, but what shall we say when we find their tentacles spread over the world with an apparent power to seize their victims wherever they find them. A report from Berlin says that a young Russian, a student of the great German university, has committed suicide because his matriculation certificate was refused to him. The reason for the refusal was the fact that he was "politically suspicious," not to the German police, but to the Russian. Such, it seems, is the law in Germany. There must be no black mark against the name of a student, no matter whence it comes. And there is no appeal. The Russian police stretches out its arm into Germany and indicates its victim and the German law will do the rest. Really it seems too bad.

The Russian secret service exists also in America. It is said that the public libraries in New York are infested with its spies. The refugee naturally wants to read about Russia. He asks for the works of the revolutionists, Stepniak, Kropotkin, and the rest, and he fills his demand slip with the titles of the books and his own name and address. It has been said that these demand slips are subsequently at the service of the Russian agent, who is thus supplied with all the information that he needs. Perhaps these stories are ill-founded. It is hard to believe that any American librarian could be hired, coerced, or persuaded to such a crime. But this at least is certain: The Russian agents haunt the libraries and they take the trail of those who read the books of the Russian revolutionists. Whether they subsequently use perjured affidavits to secure the deportation of the "wanted" upon charges of ordinary crime may be left to common sense. What is a paltry affidavit that it should stand between the Russian police and their victims?

The French sociologist has solved the mystery of the increase in child criminality. It is due to "Arsène Lupin," and "Raffles," and a dozen other such books that present crime as a graceful and desirable accomplishment. A few weeks ago a boy of sixteen was arrested for threatening a Paris banker with the murder of himself and family. He was quite frank about it. He wanted to be a "great and well-known criminal," like Arsène Lupin. Why not? Probably he had found the poisonous book on the children's shelves of the public library, and to the young mind whatever is in print has almost the force of divine sanction. Another boy of fifteen was arrested for burglary. He, too, had a taste for literature. Selections were found in his pockets, and he admitted that he had committed many robberies from a pure artistic delight in the thing. He always threw away the proceeds, as he had no use for them. It was a case of art for art's sake. If children may read books that are direct incitements to crime, why should they not be supplied at the toy shops with amateur outfits consisting of miniature jimmies, dark lanterns, and life-preservers? Is this not the age of liberty?

A French antiquarian, long resident in Rome, has spent eight years of laborious work in the construction of a model of Rome as it existed in the days of Constantine, A. D. 330. The model is in white plaster, ten yards long, and six wide. M. Bigot has spared no pains to make his work complete and accurate. He has consulted all the best living authorities and all existing records and literature. Every building of which any trace exists finds its appropriate place. The crowded quarters of the Suburra are shown by a dense mass of thronging houses, and the gardens are supplied with imitation trees. The area covered is from a little north of the Porta Flaminia, now the Porta del Popolo, to a little south of the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way, and from the right bank of the Tiber to the line of the old Servian wall. In the Forum, not only the temples, basilicas, and other buildings, but even the monumental trophies and larger statues are indicated.

Now here may be found a suggestion for the World's Fair. Why not have a similar model of San Francisco in the early days? It would have an extraordinary fascination for visitors, and it would become one of the city's permanent possessions that would increase in interest and value as the years go by.

The new colored problem in South Africa will be viewed in America with a certain sympathetic interest. Recent events in the dark continent have brought the white and black races into closer contact than ever before, and now the white man is at his wits' end to protect his women from the native. There is no need to enter into any recital of disgusting crimes, but the list is by no means a short one. So far no lynchings have occurred, but they have been furiously attempted, and the feeling has grown so strong that in some districts the school authorities have ordered the exclusion of colored children and the courts have refused to interfere with local discretion. We are sometimes told in America that lynchings are due to the delays of the law and to the uncertainty of punishment, but there are no such delays in South Africa, and yet lynching has been attempted many times and will certainly be done when the chance offers. There seem to be some things that the white man will not submit to the arbitration of judge and jury, even when the result of the arbitration is certain and speedy.

Mr. Frederic S. Isham, the novelist, has been in India and he shows how widely different may be the popular view on a bappy dramatic ending. "While in Calcutta," writes Mr. Isham, "we were advised to visit a native theatre to witness 'get the native play (not a modern Indian nondescript), because this particular play was generally considered most satisfactory on account of the felicitous dénouement. 'It has the

grand, the bappy ending,' reiterated the native manager. 'It makes the audience feel, oh, so good! Yes; by Jove!'

'It certainly had the 'happy ending.' The hero was killed, the heroine ditto; all the relatives of both and all their followers were slain by the Mohammedans, while to complete a climax of real, bona fide happiness all the women folk of the masculine dead walked to lively music to the burning places, where they underwent voluntary cremation after the fashion of the time. It was, as we say, a clean sweep.

"There wasn't a good and worthy person left to tell the tale. Not a villain or villainess suffered a hair's harm. And all the while these good people were being 'wiped off the slate' the audience sat in a breathless state bordering on ecstasy.

"Did I tell false?" said the manager, rubbing his hands in delight. 'Ever have oh, so bappy play in America?' 'Not often,' said the Europeans present. 'Our dramatists are decadent. They are quite incapable of writing oh, so bappy play!'

"Fancy advertising this piece on Broadway as the 'most felicitous production of the day!' Yet something of this kind appeared on the native programme."

It is said that the German emperor is so pleased by his reception in England that he has decided to pardon the two English officers who are now in durance on a charge of spying. The two officers are Captain Trench of the army and Lieutenant Brandon of the navy. They were sentenced to four years' confinement in a fortress, and, it will be remembered, not undeservedly, in view of their frank admission that they were spying on the fortifications at Borkum. The sentence was generally believed to be a nominal one, but as a matter of fact they are still in prison. The British government could do nothing on their behalf without admitting the employment of spies, which, of course, no government will ever do, although all European war offices are guilty. There is at least one fortress upon which these young officers will be thoroughly well informed, whatever may be the extent of their information about Borkum.

The feminist movement seems to be making strides in France. Some time ago a lady barrister was called to the bar, and now comes another advance. By virtue of a special law the children's court for offenders under the age of thirteen years will be presided over by women magistrates. Naturally there is jubilation in French feminist circles, and we are delightfully reminded of the only sex by the congratulation that the new magistrates will have the right to wear scarlet robes lined with ermine. But will the scarlet robes suit all complexions? If not there will have to be some adjustments.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox have unofficially notified the coronation authorities that the American nation will view with equanimity a pictorial presentation of the battle of Chateaugay, at which a force of Americans was worsted by a Canadian force. Canada is very much disturbed about this matter and inclined to be resentful of the dash of cold water thrown upon their patriotism by the home authorities. Hence the appeal to Washington. But perhaps the coronation umpires had Mr. Roosevelt in mind when they showed themselves so apprehensive of American susceptibilities. It is true Mr. Roosevelt did not actually include a pageant of the battle of Chateaugay as among the affronts beyond the reach of arbitration, or as one of those provocations that would make our people fight "at the dropping of the bat." But he may have meant it. Or it may come as an afterthought. Is it possible that Mr. Roosevelt has been in unofficial communication with London, like Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox, or that he has issued a sort of private ultimatum to the effect that a reminder of the battle of Chateaugay will mean no coronation?

The world will receive with equanimity the news that Li-Lien-Ying, chief eunuch of the Chinese imperial household, has been gathered to his fathers. Perhaps China will never produce another individual who will remind us so much of the "Arahian Nights." It was he who persuaded the late Empress Dowager to confine the Emperor Kuang to his gilded prison. It was he who convinced that otherwise astute woman that the charms and incantations of the Boxers must prevail over the artillery of the allies. Probably he never doubted that he would live to see the day when the white devils would be driven into the sea and when eunuchs would receive once more the deference due to them. Punishment would certainly have been the lot of this aged malefactor upon the conclusion of peace but for the protecting intervention of the Russian government. Russia always looks a long way ahead. It was true that the old eunuch had fallen from his high estate, but the wheel of change might easily bring him to the top again, and a friend at court is not to be despised in Oriental diplomacy.

Another curious opera-bouffe Chinaman is the present prime minister, Prince Ching, who has been impeached times without number, who is execrated by press and people alike, but who grows more powerful day by day. Possibly he has some of the charms and talismans that Li-Lien-Ying so firmly believed in and talked so much about, for it is said that the real magician never divulges the source of his power. But the real reason of Ching's power is probably of a more ordinary kind. He is said to be much addicted to polygamy of the most calculating sort. He makes it a practice to marry some female relative of every powerful person, and even the Boxer chieftains are not overlooked. Therefore, whenever he is threatened he is always able to appeal to his family connections, and in order that his influence may be still wider he engineers the marriage of his sons according to the same pattern. Polygamy evidently has its advantages from the political point of view, advantages from which we in the West are debarred by our narrow-angle morality.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Betty Zane.

[September, 1777.]

Women are timid, cower and shrink
At show of danger, some folk think;
But men there are who for their lives
Dare not so far asperse their wives.
We let that pass—so much is clear,
Though little perils they may fear,
When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way.
And so our wondering praise obtain,
As on a time did Betty Zane.

A century since, out in the West,
A block-house was by Girty pressed—
Girty, the renegade, the dread
Of all that border, fiercely led
Five hundred Wyandots, to gain
Plunder and scalp-locks from the slain;
And in this bold—Fort Henry then,
But Wheeling now—twelve boys and men
Guarded with watchful ward and care
Women and prattling children there,
Against their rude and savage foes,
And Betty Zane was one of those.

There had been forty-two at first
When Girty on the horde burst;
But most of those who meant to stay
And keep the Wyandots at bay,
Outside by savage wiles were lured,
And ball and tomahawk endured,
Till few were left the place to hold,
And some were boys and some were old;
But all could use the rifle well,
And vainly from the Indians fell,
On puncheon roof and timber wall,
The fitful shower of leaden ball.

Now Betty's brothers and her sire
Were with her in this ring of fire,
And she was ready, in her way,
To aid their labor day by day,
In all a quiet maiden might,
To mould the bullets for the fight,
And, quick to note and so report,
Watch every act outside the fort;
Or, peering through the loopholes, see
Each phase of savage strategy—
These were her tasks, and thus the maid
The toil-worn garrison could aid.

Still, drearily the fight went on
Until a week had nearly gone,
When it was told—a whisper first,
And then in loud alarm it burst—
Their powder scarce was growing; they
Knew where a keg unopened lay
Outside the fort at Zane's—what now?
Their leader stood with anxious brow.
It must be bad at any cost,
Or toil and fort and lives were lost.
Some one must do that work of fear;
What man of men would volunteer?

Two offered, and so earnest they,
Neither his purpose would give way;
And Shepherd, who commanded, dare
Not pick or choose between the pair.
But ere they settled on the one
By whom the errand should be done,
Young Betty, interposed, and said,
"Let me essay the task instead.
Small matter 't were if Betty Zane,
A useless woman, should be slain;
But death, if dealt on one of those,
Gives too much vantage to our foes."

Her father smiled with pleasure grim—
Her pluck gave painful pride to him;
And while her brothers clamored "No!"
He uttered, "Boys, let Betty go!
She'll do it at less risk than you;
But keep her steady in your view,
And be your rifles shields for her.
If yonder foe make step or stir,
Pick off each wretch who draws a bead,
And so you'll serve her in her need.
Now I recover from surprise,
I think our Betty's purpose wise."

The gate was opened, on she sped;
The foe, astonished, gazed, 't is said,
And wondered at her purpose, till
She gained that log-hut by the hill.
But when, in apron wrapped, the cask
She backward bore, to close her task,
The foemen saw her aim at last,
And poured their fire upon her fast.
Bullet on bullet near her fell,
While rang the Indians' angry yell;
But safely through that whirling rain,
Powder in arms, came Betty Zane.

They filled their horns, both boys and men,
And so began the fight again.
Girty, who there so long had stayed,
By this new feat of feet dismayed,
Fired houses round and cattle slew,
And moved away—the fray was through.
But when the story round was told
How they maintained the leaguered hold,
It was agreed, though fame was due
To all who in that fight were true,
The highest meed of praise, 't was plain,
Fell to the share of Betty Zane.

A hundred years have passed since then;
The savage never came again.
Girty is dust; alike are dead
Those who assailed and those hestead.
Upon those half-cleared, rolling lands,
A crowded city proudly stands;
But of the many who reside
By green Ohio's rushing tide,
Not one has lineage prouder than
(Be he or poor or rich) the man
Who boasts that in his spotless strain
Mingles the blood of Betty Zane.

—Thomas Dunn English.

The German Rhine is commercially the most important stream in the world. It furnishes a most illuminating contrast to the decadent Mississippi.

"PINAFORE" AND ITS MEMORIES.

The Revival of the Comic Opera in New York, the Cast, and Earlier Successes in the Paris.

When I picked up my morning paper on Tuesday last the two most striking headlines that caught my eye were first "Old 'Pinafore' Is as Merry as Ever," "Sir W. S. Gilbert dies in a lake." On the very night that his most popular opera was performed, he came to an untimely death in an act of heroism, in a lake on his own grounds. These grounds are surrounded by a wood of which, when he first bought the place, a friend said, "You have quite a wood here." "No," replied Gilbert, "only a would if I could." Gilbert's wit was always on tap. He never missed an opportunity. One of the most amusing things that he ever said was about Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet. "I have always liked Tree's Hamlet," he said, "because it is funny without being vulgar."

To return to "Pinafore." This operetta is now running at the Casino Theatre with what is called an all-star cast. There are "stars" in it, but I think that the performance given by the Boston Ideals, nearly a quarter of a century ago, had more stars in it than the present cast. There was one at least who shone with sufficient brilliancy to make all her associates seem like stars. That was the famous contralto, Adelaide Phillips, who stepped out of grand opera for a time to sing the part of Little Buttercup.

I was present at the Standard Theatre on the evening of January 15, 1879, when Mr. James C. Duff, the father-in-law of Augustin Daly, presented "Pinafore" for the first time in New York, and I think I have seen every Pinafore company since, including that of the Church Choir organization, to the one in which a favorite comedian, Gus Williams, was the star. If you will reverse what Gilbert said about Mr. Tree's Hamlet, you will get a good idea of the quality of Gus Williams's performances.

The company that played "Pinafore" at the Standard included Thomas Whiffen as Sir Joseph Porter and William Davidge as Dick Deadeye. These two were sufficient to make a memorable company, but all the others were good, and for five months "Pinafore" played to crowded audiences. I think that everybody who lived in New York must have seen it, and everybody who lived anywhere else made a pilgrimage to the metropolis for the sole purpose of seeing this operetta. There was one man in New York who made himself conspicuous at the time from the fact that he had never seen "Pinafore." He was quite proud of his distinction, but his friends pointed him out as one who was not "all there," for if he had been perfectly sane he would have followed the crowd to the Standard Theatre.

The hit of the present revival of "Pinafore" is Arthur Aldridge, an English tenor who sings the part of Ralph Rackstraw. The audience rose to him, and he has now the satisfaction of being a popular tenor, which means a "matinée idol," and that means success.

It is hard to say whether it was Gilbert's words or Sullivan's music that made the success of "Pinafore" and the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Either might have succeeded without the other, but it was a combination never before equaled. When Sullivan went to Germany as a young man to study music he intended to go in for the writing of serious operas, but before he tried his hand at this difficult branch of musical composition he wrote a few songs, which became so popular that he determined to devote his talents to the more remunerative paths of music writing. A fellow-student of Sullivan's, whom I knew, devoted himself to more serious music and was rather disgusted with the Englishman for writing lighter compositions. He upbraided Sullivan, who only laughed good-naturedly and said, "Watch me! I will have made a success before you begin to be known." As a matter of fact Sullivan did make a success from the very start, and his plodding friend is not known to this day—and never will be.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was a good-natured man and justly popular. Gilbert was what we today call "grouchy"; there was nothing genial about him. He liked his success because of what it meant to him in a material way, but it bored him to be popular. His friends say that when you really knew him he was all right, but when you didn't quite know him he regarded you with a stony stare and was altogether a rather difficult person to get along with. As is well known, he broke his friendship and business relations with Sullivan and tried other composers, but did not get on with them either, nor did the public take kindly to the new combinations. For business or other reasons he and Sullivan made up, or appeared to make up, and wrote one or two operettas together, but whether they had lost their grip, or whether they felt the strain, who shall say? Whatever it was, there were no more of the old successes. Then Sullivan died and Gilbert went back to play-writing, but the public had acquired a new taste and lost its interest in his exquisite literary dramas, with their delicious humor and topsy-turvy point of view.

Gilbert's untimely death, coming just at this time, will help the success of the revived "Pinafore." People will go to see it for more reasons than one, and it is tuneful enough and witty enough to make them go again. The new generation should flock to the Casino. Not to see "Pinafore" is something for which one could hardly forgive one's self, and while the Sir Joseph Porter of Henry E. Dixey and the Dick Deadeye of De Wolf Hopper are amusing—at least the latter is—they can not make us

forget Thomas Whiffen or William Davidge, nor can the Little Buttercup of Marie Cahill, with its up-to-date picture hat and modern costume, make us forget Blanche Galton, much less Adelaide Phillips. The performance as a whole is well worth seeing, for the lines are all there, the music is there, and the choruses are splendidly sung. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.
NEW YORK, June 1, 1911.

The romance of "Sidrach," or "The Fountain of All Sciences," is a book with that sort of history which makes the study of mediæval work so desperate and bewildering; for, if we are to believe its preface (and there is little else to believe), it is a French translation made at Toledo from a Latin version of a "Saracen" copy made in Spain from a Latin translation of a Greek original. (This according to a critic in the London Times.) It is a dialogue between an Eastern king and a philosopher, and it raises by the way all the questions of life. Ought a man to beat his wife? Not if she is a good wife; it will be enough to speak to her; if, on the other hand, she is a bad wife, it will be useless. Which should we prefer, riches or honor? Riches, which procure honor. Why did God make the world? To repopulate Heaven, depleted by the fall of the bad angels. What is the proportion of men to beasts, birds, and fishes? For every person there are 100 beasts, without counting vermin, and for every beast 1000 birds and 100,000 fishes. Ought one to be always adoring God? No; one must work for one's living. Ought one to love all the world? Yes, in theory; in practice, "Cil qui vos aiment amez les, et ceus qui vos heent haës les." What about love at first sight? It is a mistake to fall in love when you see a beautiful woman; you ought to say with compunction, "Blessed be God who has made so fair a creature." Whence come gayety and high spirits? The kind of food you eat has a good deal to do with it. Can one overcome the spirit of the age? Yes; by thinking of something else. Ought one to drink wine or water? Wine is a precious and worthy thing, and brings health to body and mind. May one forget the country where one was born? Certainly; your country is the country where you live and are happy. What is the sweetest thing there is? Sleep. Shall the elect in Heaven remember the ills of their earthly life? Yes; like knights who tell over to their friends the story of their campaigns.

The opium agreement, signed at Peking on May 8 by Sir John Jordan for England and the Wai-wu-pu for China, promises the certain extinction of the traffic within seven years. It starts out by recognizing the good faith with which China has endeavored since 1907 to reduce the production of the drug within the empire, and the first covenant is that for the next seven years it shall continue the decrease in the same ratio that the annual import from India is diminished. Great Britain agrees that no opium shall be conveyed from India to any province of China, which has effectively suppressed the cultivation of the poppy. The entire export of opium from India shall cease in less than seven years if proof be given that the home production has entirely ceased in China. The ports of Canton and Shanghai are to be the last closed to imports.

New South Wales, Australia, since the advent of woman's suffrage has proceeded upon the principle that nothing is too good for the women—even for those who are being deprived of their liberty (says *Success Magazine*). The new penitentiary for women at Long Bay is probably the most up-to-date, comfortable, and even luxurious place of its kind in the world. It is fitted up with hot and cold baths, with well-ventilated cells painted in pleasing colors, electric lighted, and stocked with suitable reading matter. The prisoners are graded according to the most advanced ideas, and special privileges are awarded for good behavior. The wardresses are all educated and refined women, and a committee of ladies of Sydney has charge of those who are discharged from the prison. Gardening, dressmaking, cooking, and washing are taught.

Mrs. Williamina Paton Fleming, curator of Harvard University, and known to fame as having discovered more stars than any other woman in the world, died recently in Boston, after a brief illness. She was the only woman ever announced on the official Harvard staff. Mrs. Fleming was a native of Scotland, and in her earlier years was a schoolteacher in her native land. For thirty years she was connected with Harvard. She did not study the heavens through telescopes, but by means of photographs, and in October of last year she had, by this means, discovered her ninth new star, while the entire staff of astronomers at Harvard had located but eleven. During her life she was honored by the leading astronomical societies of the world.

An innovation has been recently put into operation in England by the postoffice authorities, by which the advantage of the delivery of a letter on Sunday is secured at the expense of a trifling fee. It is simply necessary to write on the envelope: "To be telephoned on Sunday," and adds an extra half-cent of postage for every thirty words or fraction thereof. Then the postal clerk at the receiving office calls up the person addressed by telephone and conveys the message without leaving the postoffice. If enough postage is included, the same message may be delivered by telephone to a number of different parties in the same city.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ernst Heinrich Haeckel, professor of zoölogy at Jena, 1862-1909, whose "The Riddle of the Universe" has been widely read in this country through its English translations, fractured his hip bone a short time ago and may be a cripple for the remainder of his life. The collapse of a stool on which he was standing to reach a book on a high shelf caused the accident. Professor Haeckel is seventy-seven years old.

Princess Louise of Belgium, daughter of the late King Leopold, notorious for his exploitation of the Congo Free State, is practically penniless, and her suit to recover ten million dollars from her father's estate is exciting wide European interest. The amount for which she sues was invested for her by the late king in the Niederfulbach fund, which was claimed by Belgium as part of the hidden profits from the Congo and turned into the country's treasury.

Congressman Thomas William Hardwick of Georgia, who has been chosen chairman of the House committee which will probe the sugar trust, has been a member of Congress since the fifty-eighth session of that body. He was born at Thomasville, Georgia, in 1872. He is a graduate of Mercer University and of the law department of the University of Georgia. As prosecuting attorney of Washington County, 1895-97, he attracted attention, and was then elected for a term in the Georgia House of Representatives.

King Peter of Serbia, the loneliest ruler in the world, has just seen his last effort to break the ostracism of European courts come to naught by the refusal of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria to grant him an audience. The murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga, followed by Peter's ascension to the throne, caused surrounding courts to withdraw their friendship. Time and again he has signified his intention to travel abroad and take part in the court functions of other rulers, but all overtures on his part have been repulsed.

The Duchess of Beaufort is one of the hearty supporters of Dr. Orville Owen of Detroit, who was lately delving in the mud of the River Wye for manuscripts which he believes will prove that Shakespeare was Bacon. The lady is known as the "flying duchess," because she was the first English peeress to make a flight in an aeroplane. She has a third interest in the venture of Dr. Owen, and the promoter expects to unearth literary material to the value of \$20,000,000. But as Dr. Owen has decided to dig in another place, no time is set for the realization of his hopes.

John Haines, in retiring from active service, after sixty-five years in the employ of the Boston Manufacturing Company of Waltham, Massachusetts, has probably set the record for employment with one firm. He was born in 1829 at Hill, New Hampshire, at the age of eleven entered the service of the Boston Manufacturing Company as an apprentice, and rose steadily. He was one of the founders of the Waltham hospital and still serves on its board of trustees. He is quoted as saying: "If a man works at one job for all he is worth, he is bound to have a home to be proud of and money in the bank." Mr. Haines has both.

Professor Walter Parker, head of the department of music at Yale, and who recently carried off the \$10,000 prize for a grand opera in English, offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company, had never attempted opera before his collaboration with Brian Hooker, the librettist, in the production of "Mona," which was awarded the prize. He was born at Auburndale, Massachusetts, in 1863. His mother was his first teacher and also collaborated with him. At sixteen he was organist in a church near Boston. After studying in Boston he went to Europe and absorbed all that could be taught him in Munich. He has been a member of the faculty of Yale since 1894. Professor Parker has written songs, organ pieces, overtures, and oratorios.

United States Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who has been selected as president *pro tem* of the Senate to succeed Senator W. P. Frye of Maine, began his political career as a member of the House of Representatives of the White Mountain State in 1872. He has been a member of the Senate since 1891, his present term ending in 1915. He is a native of Cornwall, Ontario, and was born in 1837. Before entering politics he was a physician and surgeon. He graduated from the Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati in 1858. With the rank of brigadier-general he served as surgeon-general of New Hampshire 1879-80, and frequently contributed to medical journals.

William John Wilgus, the American civil engineer, has been awarded the Telford gold medal by the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain for the paper read by him before the recent session of that body. Wilgus was born in Buffalo in 1865, graduated from the Buffalo Central High School, and then received two years' tutorage in civil engineering. In 1885 he began his railroad service as rodman, rising to draftsman, resident engineer, and division engineer of construction of the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad. He has been associated with many of the greatest engineering feats in railroad building in the East, and was chairman of the advisory board of engineers for the construction of the tunnel beneath the Detroit River, connecting the Michigan Central and the Canadian Southern railroads. His home is in Buffalo, New York.

THE ALTARS OF SAN ANTONIO.

When an Impious Hand Rifled Their Treasures.

A long line of primitive corridor joining a towered church now in ruins; walls of big black adobe brick, here and there crumbling under insistent washing of a century of winters; picturesque red tile loosened in places by the winds, and falling from the eaves in crumbling bits to be carried away as souvenirs by curious visitors; this is San Antonio of today. The genial, serious-minded monks who a hundred years ago worshipped in its cloisters are gone—all gone. There is about the patio no sign of human life, but the ground squirrel, the owl, and the tarantula have long since pre-empted the gardens of grape and olive; and the lizard and yellowhammer hold their abodes under the broken eaves.

The bells that once rang so sweetly from its towers are no more, the altars are stripped and treasureless, and the quaint pictures and sculpture, showing in a primitively impressive way the religion taught there, have vanished. Lazy sheep and large-eyed, clumsy-footed kine from a herder's distant ranch, linger in the grateful shade of the walls. This is all left of the mission where once a thousand penitents hungered and thirsted after righteousness.

There is still the rough outline of one altar in the church which, could it speak, would tell the most romantic story acted in all California of that elder day. Above it then were the golden candlesticks. On it rested the water-bowls of polished gold, while even the figures on the holy cross were shapen out of pure gold, given, as was it all, by the natives, and knowing no dross nor alloy. It was the riches of the famous altar that attracted the attention of Señor don Alvarado Morata. This Mexican soldier, in spite of his significant name, was far too poor in this world's goods to carry to a successful issue the wooing of a certain young lady, the Señorita Arvona Miguel, whose widowed mother's flocks ranged the neighboring hills. Señora Miguel had planned for Arvona a married life with a rich grandee who, though, to be sure, was yet to be found. That her daughter should be enamored with a common Spanish man-of-arms was exasperating, and of course not to be endured. Señor Morata's eyes were gradually opened to the real situation. After a severe rebuff from the elderly matron, while going home one evening from a visit to Arvona, the great difficulty in the way of successfully carrying out his love project came over him. He saw the situation at a glance. Arvona, while she loved him, was entirely under her mother's control; and to break this control nothing short of death of the tyrant or—or money—an ample bag of golden crowns—alone would suffice.

Señor Morata slowed down almost to a stop as a deep thought consumed him.

"Gold! I have it," he said almost inaudibly, then glanced furtively around. Could any one have heard the ejaculation?

His thought went on. The treasure from Carmel and Dolores would pass on its way south some time the next week. How strongly would it be guarded? Did he dare? What would be the chance of success? What had been done could be done again. The señor, in a dark, uncertain mood, paced on till he found himself entering the door of the mission chapel. It was dimly lighted with the primitive lamps, and around the altar the candles shone with a mellow, yellow glow. The priest gently intoned the mass; but Morata's mind was not in the least open to the kindly influence. He was too sullen in brooding over Señora Miguel's malign influence over her daughter.

The gold on the altar flared and shone with a strange suggestive glare. Morata almost choked at the new thought which plunged into his mind. Here was easier game. The gold of that altar—there was easily enough of it were it converted into cash to ensnare the impetuous Miguel woman.

The soldier straightway left the chapel, walking out and away into the seclusion of the field, where his latest thought ran riot in his brain. The demonish scheme possessed him. And was he not warranted in using any means to win? Life was a battle, and an unfair one after all. No man ever won at anything without some sin. Why should he hesitate now to do the thing which only could lead him to his desired goal, the hand of Arvona Miguel?

Thus Alvarado Morata reasoned himself unholy into consonance with the devil's scheme of winning; and once fixed in mind, he deliberately and fixedly planned to rifle the mission altar of its treasures.

Bent on his purpose, the soldier showed himself to be no ordinary intriguer. He contrived to get a note to Arvona, whom he told of what he called his good fortune in falling heir to a large amount of money. He told Arvona that the claiming of his fortune would necessitate his absence for some days from San Antonio, when he would return; and then he said he hoped to be worthy in this world's goods to be her lover. While he hoped the letter might fall into the señora's hands, he enjoined absolute secrecy; as a knowledge of his wealth on the part of any of the hangers-on about the mission might result in his being robbed before he could take care of the fortune.

This done, the immediate details of the robbery were definitely planned. No, he would shed no blood. The looting must be done so as to absolutely preclude that; no impious hand must be raised against the pious Francis guardian of the chapel.

Morata came late to mass the next Sunday evening; but he came in (a close observer would have seen) hurriedly and excitedly; for a new act in the exciting drama was about to begin. The songs of the choristers had died away, and the priest was beginning his kindly words of informal admonition and love to his congregation when a cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" broke in upon the quiet. The chapel was emptied of auditors, priest, and singers in a moment, for Mission San Antonio had been years in building, and now to have it gutted with fire! The whole colony at once responded to fight the flames. It was only a log barn, but it burned fiercely and the brands rained on the mission roof, while every available man patrolled the roofs and corridors to prevent the spread to the main building.

Morata was a miser incarnate. The chapel unguarded, he swept the golden censers and bowls and candlesticks into a bag and was gone into the dark.

His path lay over the low rich slopes adjacent to Mount San Lucia, and for two hours, in execution of his clean-cut plan, he hurried to the sea. No puffing pursuer disturbed his flight, so successful was the outcome of his pillage. Once at the seaside, he rolled the bullion in a galvanized chain armor, previously provided; and launching the small boat, also already prepared, into the quiet nook of the sea, he rowed out a hundred feet or more and lowered the treasure into a safe crevice of rock of the sea-bottom. All this was done with a celerity which marks the desperate haste of a man who would fly the fiends.

Back on shore, Morata's tireless limbs bore him again over the hills to the mission, where at dawn he despatched a scouting party over the low hills, in full chase of another party; which he at once calculated had been blamed for the robbery he had committed.

Even now Morata's wit and luck did not forsake him. He halted and, concealed, waited for the group of refugees to approach. There were four of the half-breed hangers-on at the mission. The first three he allowed to pass; but the last he held up under the threatening barrel of his pistol, proceeded to search him, and, to his astonishment, found a small ornament from the altar. At the point of his gun he marched his man back towards the on-coming pursuers. As the excited Spaniards came up, they saw Morata's capture and hurriedly directed him back with the prisoner. In due time he arrived at San Antonio and delivered the offending thief over to the captain of the mission guard, while not the slightest suspicion fell on him.

The cycle of his crime was complete, and executed without a flaw; and his wealth as safe as if it were in a modern bank. His only work was now to await till the excitement of the robbery died out, then make his gold available and with it win the señorita.

But such a crime as Morata's was not so easily forgotten, for all California was roused at the deed, and so the robber did not dare to uncover the treasure. True, the half-breeds were blamed, and the one Morata captured punished, but the others escaped.

Señorita Miguel, in the meantime, could not keep the secret of wealth untold that Morata had spoken of, but contrived to give her mother to understand that Morata was really a wealthy Spanish don, and that only time was required for him to come into possession of his estate. So the suit of Morata for Arvona's hand prospered; but on the condition that his wealth should show itself in due form. In course of time, Don Clementio, Arvona's uncle, also knew the secret of Morata's wealth, and he began to use his inquiring and reasoning mind to discover the foundation to Morata's claim. All clues discovered were run down, and of course had no foundation in reality. Clementio began to doubt Morata's assertions; although when Arvona remonstrated with her lover, the latter stoutly maintained he could yet make good.

Clementio, however, was confirmed in his belief that Morata was a faker; and so began to twit the devoted Arvona, and to taunt the señora of her bogus prospective son-in-law; while Morata, claiming his riches could yet be brought forth, did not yet dare to uncover his bonanza. He fretted and worried in secret and his conscience troubled him, but in the face of it all there was open to him but one course—silence. Arvona believed and trusted. The señora doubted; then wholly disbelieved; then openly hated; for with Morata's continued poverty she could not think of her daughter's marriage.

All the while Clementio investigated. The Spanish soldier was to him such a mystery that he would by all means understand him. He traced out Morata's whole history at the mission; and incidentally went into the fascinating story of the mission itself, with its strange array of characters. That mysterious robbery of the altar attracted him, and again and again he studied all of its details, coming up, as against a stone wall, to the question as to what had become of the stolen gold; for no one had even a slightly tenable theory as to what had become of it. The half-breeds had absolutely disappeared.

Then, vaguely at first, a suspicion entered his mind. Again he consulted facts. More firm the suspicion became. Then he uncompromisingly fashioned his theory: Morata was the robber of the altar, and his boasted wealth was the loot which he dare not yet reveal.

Señora Miguel was told by her brother of his surmise, and Morata was more and more under the señora's stern disfavor; yet not so with Arvona. To her the love of Morata was joy, raiment, daily bread,

life all; and if Clementio and his haughty sister were bent on her lover's ruin, she would as unceasingly and unalterably stand by him.

Clementio continued his gathering of evidence, and allied with him padres and officials at the mission. A watch was set on every movement of the soldier with the hope that a substantial clew might be obtained. Indeed, long ere this, Morata would have broken down and confessed, but for his pride in Arvona and his love for her.

Clementio daily tightened the mesh of circumstances around the lover of his niece. There was the constant boast of wealth which did not materialize. If the boasts were true, what could his wealth consist of but the hidden treasure from the altar? Then did he not fire the log barn in order to empty the church so as to get at the altar? Why should he come late to mass that fatal eve? Where was he the immediate hours after the fire? His capture of the half-breed, only, could not be explained away. To everybody at the mission this array of evidence seemed conclusive, and it was but a foregone conclusion that he should be held to answer. In fact, it was a good thing for Morata that the captain of the mission guard, late one night, seized the soldier, thrusting him into a strong room of the mission under heavy guard—this to prevent lynching.

All this changed Arvona's mind not one whit, for Morata was still to her an unfortunate, persecuted, honest man, and his defense should be hers, even if all California turned against him. Besides she knew there was no evidence but circumstantial; and that to her seemed flimsy. Her mind was made up.

An hour after Morata was imprisoned two saddled horses were waiting tied under an oak tree scarce a hundred paces from the mission. A keen-eyed, slight figure in a dark gray dress moved silently along the corridor to a door where was a soldier-guard. Why should a soldier hold in durance one who may or may not, from his point of view, be guilty; especially when an eager sweetheart smooths his palm with money? Two figures glided silently, swiftly along the corridors, and away to the horses. The next morning there was not a trace of the fleeing ones; for a dry north wind had obliterated the sandy trail of the riders, and for Mission San Antonio they were but shadows.

A half-century after a Chinese abalone fisherman thrust his hook into a queer lump of metal off the shore from San Lucia. He hauled the shining mass, from which the rusty iron dropped in decay, into his boat. He shoved the whole into a slimy sack of abalones. Then he set sail to his awkward craft, and a day and a half later, landing on the beach at Monterey, swung the sack over his shoulder and disappeared in his smelly, greasy hut in dirty Chinatown.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1911.

The first Cherokee newspaper was the *Tsa-lagi-Tsulehis-anun-hi*, at New Echota, Georgia, February 21, 1828. The type was cast in Boston. In English the name was *Cherokee Phoenix*, and it was published in both Cherokee and English, as was its successor, the *Advocate*. Its editor was Elias Boudinet. Upon the coming of the Cherokees to Indian Territory, the national council by an act dated October 25, 1843, established the *Cherokee Advocate* at Talequah. The *Advocate* was printed for the greater part of a century by the Cherokee tribal government in the Cherokee language and with characters designed by George Guess, who made the Cherokee a written language. The matrices from which the type was cast were sent lately to Washington, where they now repose in the Smithsonian Institution. The eighty-six characters in the alphabet of George Guess each represented one of the sounds used in speaking the Cherokee language. The Cherokees quickly learned to read their language, there being hardly a full-blood that was unable to read and understand his printed page. The *Advocate* was distributed without cost among the tribal citizens. William P. Ross, a Cherokee graduate from Princeton, was the first editor of the *Advocate*. Its publication continued until the beginning of the Civil War, when it was suspended until the year 1867, the national council then making an appropriation to reestablish it. There was no further interruption in its publication until March 4, 1906, when it was abandoned for lack of funds, due to the unfriendliness of the Interior Department, which saw no further need of the publication among the Cherokees.

One session of the National Good Roads Congress in Birmingham, Alabama, was featured by the appearance of a large delegation of Southern women who asked for endorsement of the "Jackson Highway" plan. It is proposed to have the Jackson Highway extend from Nashville to Louisville and from Nashville down through Alabama along the route taken by General Andrew Jackson when he was in pursuit of the Indians. Representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Daughters of 1812 also asked to have the privilege of naming through highways after historical characters.

Preëminent among precious and semi-precious materials is the Chinese jadeite, running from the richest emerald green through the lighter greens into a creamy white, with an occasional dot of green, from the size of a pinhead to that of a walnut in a white field. A thumb ring of this material has brought as high as \$5000 when of the rare green color.

AUGUSTE RODIN'S STUDIO.

Views of the Sculptor's Work in a Garden That Looks Down on the Seine in the Valley of St. Cloud.

Since 1864 the work of Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor, has gained increasing regard and admiration. The list of his well-known creations is now a long one, as well it might be, after nearly fifty years of tireless endeavor and never-flagging enthusiasm in his art. Something more than a description of the country retreat where the artist displays his completed work is found in an appreciative article by Jessie Lemont in the current number of the *Craftsman*; and several paragraphs from that collection of impressions are presented here. Its picture of the sculptor and his gardens is an attractive one:

A French railway station is a Tower of Babel to the uninitiated, and on a Sunday morning when the heavens smile and the sunshine beckons all the world to the countryside, one accustomed to a quiet American Sabbath experiences a curious and interesting impression of French temperament and French character. The railway runs through meadows and green fields, past charming little farmhouses nestling their white sides in a bright bloom of flowers and cool green—for the French gardens are glowing and lovely as those of England—and one catches glimpses of fascinating old chateaux set in a landscape rich with the mellow beauty of late summer.

One hour's ride from Paris, at the fifth stopping-place, one reads, "Meudon," and alights on the platform in the sweet, fresh morning air. The birds are all twitter with joy of the weather; the valley of St. Cloud and the winding river lie far below, the town of Meudon rises above; and, up still farther heights, in imposing and magnificent command, crowning the hilltop, stands the Villa des Brillants, the home and workshop, the atelier and the museum of Rodin.

After an uphill drive of two miles, through pretty village lanes hedged with flower and vine and shrub and tree—a tangle of sweet odors and luxuriant growth—the roadway stretches still farther upward and then, on a long, level sweep, brings one to a fine, old French homestead reposing in the midst of beautiful gardens.

Standing in the gateway, waiting, with a smile on his lips and a welcome in his eyes, the most distinguished sculptor of the present century bends with charming courtesy and—in French fashion—with simple dignity and winning grace, kisses the hand of his guest in greeting.

One walks with the sculptor a hundred or more yards up the garden path, under trellised grape-vines and arches of foliage—here and there embowering and half-concealing rustic seats—and comes upon the edge of a cliff which commands one of the finest views in all France. Some two hundred feet below flows the winding Seine with its two arched bridges; far away to the front rise the minarets of St. Cloud, and all about are the rolling hills and fertile valleys of northern France, a hilly sea of vivid green.

It is a glad privilege to see the place in the company of the genius whose visions have been translated into imperishable marble here, and the *Craftsman* writer had that experience:

The sculptor pauses for a moment before a Greek torso at the entrance of an inner garden—a softly rounded woman's form, a wondrous Aphrodite of ages gone by, resting on an old marble pedestal beneath the shadows of overhanging branches of green trees. The sculptor's hand with loving lightness of touch follows sweepingly over the swelling bosoms, the perfect lines of shoulders and hips.

"This is art perfected!"

Farther on he points out the white colonnades that flank the entrance of the home of his art—the museum—a separate building from his dwelling, though close by—and he refers with interest to his hook on architecture now in the hands of the publishers.

He speaks of the Greek and Roman coins and medals.

"It is interesting to note that the finest and most beautiful heads we find on these coins are those of women whose apparent age is hovering on forty—or perhaps between thirty-five and forty-five," says the sculptor. "That is the time of fullest development not only of the intelligence and spiritual perceptiveness, but also of physical charm—the time when life is most keen, the faculties, the senses, most alive and awakened."

He speaks also of the world's great masterpieces of art as the fruition of emotion carried to its highest. "We speak of the ecstasy of religion; this 'emotion' we know not whence it comes—it is God-given. It is that same power that has inspired great lovers, great artists—great saints—'Ecstasy' that produces—that generates—that creates—gives birth to all that is greatest and most noble—to Art—to Life itself."

And Rodin's blue eyes flash with the fire of the inner flame of youth and keen interest and zest in life as we pass lingeringly through the winding leafy garden paths.

In Rodin's museum is found the greatest variety and scope of his work, and in all these pieces there is the same broad yet penetrating view, the same thought of struggle and contest:

Frederick Lawton, in his life of Rodin, says: "How many types of women Rodin has reproduced, each with peculiar psychic qualities looking through the eyes and revealed all over the physiognomy, can hardly be ascertained. The bust of Mlle. Claudel is well named 'Thought.' There is a deliberate suppression of the sensuous element, even to the hair. The face appears between the moh cap that hides the ears with its crimped curve, and the block of marble that rises to the nape of the neck and the chin and has some fashion of resemblance to a body roughly hewn. The beauty of the features is less physical. The cheeks are thinner, the nose more masculine, the brow and chin squarer, the mouth firmer. There is another attraction, however; it is the spirituality spread over the countenance and shining in the eyes—those unmistakably feminine. It is a spirituality of reflection and self-communion that has hushed and refined the material into something more purely lovely."

What a variation from this theme is expressed in the splendid group of the "Bourgeois of Calais," that memorial of brave men who gave themselves to save the lives of the inhabitants of the vanquished and doomed city. Although the monument was suggested by the "Chronicle of Froissart," "the six figures, heroic creatures of an untoward fate, are sufficiently typical of the destiny which overhangs them and has overhung others."

Preparation for her visit had evidently been thorough with the *Craftsman* representative. She quotes widely from criticisms of Rodin's achievements, yet always with direct application:

Arthur Symons in his essay on Rodin in his "Studies in Seven Arts" sums up Rodin's work in a masterly fashion. "All Rodin's work is," he says, "founded on a conception of force, the force of the earth, then the two conflicting forces,

man and woman; with always, behind and beyond, the secret, unseizable, inexplicable force of that mystery which surrounds the vital energy of the earth itself, as it surrounds us in our existence on the earth. Out of these forces he has chosen for the most part the universal, vivifying force of sex."

"In man he represents the obvious energy of nature, thews and muscles, bones, strength of limb; in woman, the exquisite strength of weakness, the subtler energy of the senses. They fight the eternal battle of sex, their embraces are a grapple of enemies, they seek each other that they may overcome each other. And the woman, softly, overcomes, to her own perdition. The man holds her in the hollow of his hand, as God holds both man and woman; he could close his hand upon the fragile thing that nestles there and crush it; but something paralyzes his muscles in a tender inaction. The hand will never close over her."

Some of the sculptor's peculiar gifts are thus described in passing:

To quote Rudolph Dircks, "Rodin has expressed in 'The Kiss,' 'Eternal Springtime,' and in that singularly beautiful group, 'The Idol of Eternity,' the theme of the eternal man and woman, the creation of a mind which sees in the act of a lover's caress, in its passion and mystery, a universal and permanent symbol."

"In Rodin's drawings, which constitute in themselves so interesting a development of his art, there is little of the delicacy of beauty. They are notes for the clay, *instantanés*, and they note only movement, expression. They are done in two minutes, by a mere gallop of the hand over paper, with the eye fixed on some unconscious pose of the model. And here, it would seem (if, indeed, accident did not enter so largely into the matter) that a point in sentiment had been reached in which the perverse idealism of Baudelaire has disappeared and a simpler kind of cynicism takes its place. In these astonishing drawings from the nude we see woman carried to a further point of simplicity than even in Degas: woman the animal; woman, in a strange sense, the idol. Not even the Japanese have simplified drawing to this illuminating scrawl in four lines, enclosing the whole mystery of the flesh. Each drawing indicates as if in the rough block of stone a single violent movement."

According to Arthur Symons, "Every figure that Rodin created is in the act of striving toward something: A passion, an idea, a state of being, quiescence itself. His 'Gates of Hell'—that great door for the 'Musée des Arts Décoratifs'—which derived its subject from the cantos of Dante's 'Inferno'—are a headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. 'Femmes damnées' lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. Arms wave in appeal and clasp shuddering hodies in an extremity of despair."

This of the statue to the great author of the "Comédie Humaine":

Of the much disputed statue of Balzac, Arthur Symons says: "Here is the Balzac, with its royal air, shouldering the crowd apart, as it steps into the final solitude and the triumph. It is the thinker of action, the visionary creator of worlds, standing there like a mountain that has become man. The pose is that of a rock against which all waves must dash themselves in vain. There is exultation, a kind of ferocity of enjoyment of life, in the great heaved head, the great jaws, the eagle's eyes under the crag of eyebrows. And the rock suggests the man, the worker wrapped in the monastic habit of his dressing-gown, all supple force under the loose folds of molded clay stands there as if growing up out of the earth, planted for the rest of time. It is the proudest thing that has been made out of clay."

"It is Balzac, but it is more than Balzac; it is the genius and the work of Balzac; it is Scraphita and Vautrin and Lucien and Valerie; it is the energy of the artist and the solitude of the thinker and the abounding temperament of the man; and it is the triumph of all this in one supreme incarnation which seems to give new possibilities to sculpture."

That curious blending of the ancient and modern in thought which possesses all of Rodin's masterpieces, is one of the abiding impressions of the visitor:

Standing in Rodin's studio at Meudon where the work of his life is so largely represented, one is affected by a sense of the universal. These various forms and groups do not speak to one with the art of Greece, of eternal beauty; but, as it were, with a suggestion of the voice of the stars, of forces curiously blending the primeval and the contemporary.

And looking upon the man himself as one takes one's farewell, one thinks of "that psychological moment which is the supreme test of character, when we either sink into the pragmatic stolidity of middle age, or rouse ourselves into a more intense appreciation of the romance of life." Rodin is an embodiment of that romance where one stands, "ecstatically upon the verge, no matter what the end may be."

And, as the writer says, "the garden is a fit setting." Its open air and light, the vast background of the far-away hills, the vivid tints of the surroundings, all combine to make the spot ideal for the inspirations of a great master and philosopher.

A sailor who spent some years in Ceylon asserts that the Cingalese mothers regularly hire out their babies as crocodile bait. These are his words: "Baby bait is the only thing for crocodiles, and everybody uses it. You rent a baby down there for two shillings a day. Of course no harm ever comes to the babies, or else the mothers would not rent them. The babies are simply set on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream, and the hunter lies hid near them—a sure protection. The crocodile soon rises up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then you open fire." Some Cingalese women make as much as eight shillings a week out of renting their babies for bait."

News is published by the London *Chronicle* of the subsidence of the foundation of the Bank of England. The work of repair is now in hand, and involves cutting away the original piles on which the bank has stood for nearly 200 years. In spite of the length of time they have lain buried the piles brought to the surface are in a wonderfully good state of preservation. During the excavations many interesting curios in the form of Roman pottery ware, tusks of boars, and the fossil remains of other animals have been unearthed. The work now in progress does not interfere with the daily routine of the bank's business.

THE AMERICAN VOICE.

An exceedingly well-informed young woman said to another, in my hearing, the other day, "Do you not think that there is something in a voice?" It was my impulse to answer, "There is everything in a voice." What is beauty, symmetry, or grace in man or woman if, the moment the lips part, there issue sounds so discordant that they drive you away like the harsh scream of a peacock? If we travel in the dark by stage-coach or sleeping-car, we instantly form an opinion of every person around us whose voice we hear. Their standard of manners, their chances of training, their course of education, often the very locality from which they come, reveal themselves. Qualities of character, as peevishness or sweetness, habitual interests, home habits, all indicate themselves there. And yet the voice has been until lately almost neglected in our schools; at this day, if anything is taught in that direction, it is mainly elocution—that is, the pronunciation of words and the utterance of sentences—while the voice itself, which is the foundation of all elocution, remains untrained.

Yet there is no training which we as a nation need more. Whether by change of climate or of habits, we in this country have lost the good average of clear enunciation which prevails in England. Through the general spread of popular education we have really less of local dialect than the English; and the mere pronunciation of words is, on the whole, as well done here: it is in the tones of voice that the difference lies. English people make the mistake of supposing that what they call "the American twang" is universal, just as we make the mistake in supposing the dropped "h" to be universal; but it is there, nevertheless, very often. Nor is it in comparing the best-educated people especially that we notice any drawback among ourselves, for English public speakers are very awkward compared to ours, and there is now much of the Dundreary affectation in London fashionable circles. But that the average well-to-do Englishman speaks in a more agreeable voice than the average well-to-do American is something that there is no use in denying; and when the comparison is applied to the average woman, the answer is still more inevitable. I must confess to preferring a well-bred American woman to her English compeer in every respect but this one. Her greater quickness of mind is as unquestionable as her greater vivacity of spirits or taste in dress; it is only when you come to the voice that she is at a disadvantage. It is not that one does not hear attractive voices from women in America—they, indeed, are growing more and more common, and this is encouraging, because it shows that the climate offers no real obstacle. But, after all, there is in the voice of the typical English "gentlewoman," tame, conventional, narrow though she may be, a peculiar and soothing charm—a combination of mellowness and crispness that makes you willing, for the first few days at least, to listen to the very tamest discourse on lawn-tennis or water-colors, or the new curate, for the sake of the agreeable vehicle by which it comes.

It is amusing to find that Mr. Andrew Carnegie—"the star-spangled Scotchman," as William Black, the novelist, appropriately calls him—interrupts his altogether jubilant book on "Triumphant Democracy" by an expression of discontent over the American voice—the only thing about which he makes the slightest concession. "The American voice," he says, "is thin, to begin with—the effect of climate, I fear—and to this is added the abominable practice of slurring over or cutting off inconvenient syllables. The American woman is the most intelligent, entertaining, and agreeable in the world. If she had her English sister's voice and enunciation, she would be perfect, but these she has not."

It is altogether probable that there is to be a new voice developed in America, as there is already a new temperament. It used to be thought that we could never be so strong or healthy as the English, because we were thinner; but it is now pretty well proved that we needed only to become acclimated and adapt ourselves to the new ways of living. So with the American voice; it will probably never be a chest voice, like the English, but it will come more from the head, and when well trained will be an organ capable of finer modulation and greater expression. As the very best American manners seem to me finer than the best English manners, so the very best American voices seem to me better than the best English voices, being equally clear and mellow, with more positive sweetness and far more range of expression. But such voices are rarer than the corresponding class in England, mainly because there is not the same close attention given to the matter on this side the Atlantic. An English mother, in the well-bred classes, is as solicitous about her daughters' way of speaking as about her clothes—perhaps more so, if we may judge by results. An American mother, under similar circumstances, is apt to attend to the clothes, and leave the voice untended. In schools, however, and especially in public schools, this matter is being more and more brought to attention. Remarking, a few years since, in a large family, how much better the youngest daughter used her voice than any of her sisters, I found with surprise that much of the difference was due to the pains taken in the public schools of the rural city where she lived—schools which she alone had attended. If we can once see the public schools achieving superiority in a point like this, it will be striking at the very root of the evil.—Reprinted from Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in *Harper's Bazar*.

THE WEST IN THE EAST.

Mr. Price Collier Tells Us How the Orient Appears from an American Point of View.

Mr. Price Collier finds nothing incongruous in the fact that an American should write a book about Great Britain's possessions in the Far East. As a matter of fact many Americans have done this, and in some cases their works are standard authorities. If Great Britain should lose India or the Suez Canal it would be an affair of the utmost moment for America. British and American diplomacies are in contact all over the world, and so it becomes a patriotic duty to study the affairs of the British empire. It is the men who know the world who will be needed to solve the American problems "that are even now preparing for her."

Mr. Collier has a gift for stating facts with commendable virility. How foolish it is, he says, to speculate on the Japanese, German, or any other "peril" when a study of the facts will show us the inevitable. The man who jumps out of a window falls to the ground. There is no need to guess at the direction of his movement. In the same way Germany and Japan must expand or be destroyed. There is no need to postulate subtle enmities or dark policies when the facts are in sight:

The reader will understand the situation better with these comparisons at hand. The United States has a population of about 28 persons per square mile, Japan has a population of 317 to the square mile, while Europe, with an area in square miles not much larger than the United States, has a population of 390,000,000, or a density of 101 to the square mile. Great Britain has a smaller area than Colorado and a density of 470, while England alone has a density of 605. Belgium is less than one and a half times as large as Massachusetts, and has a density of 616. Canada has a density of only 1.75. Italy is not much larger than Nevada, but Nevada has less than one person to the square mile, and Italy 293. Rhode Island, our most densely populated State, has a population of 407 to the square mile; next comes Massachusetts with 348.

Mr. Collier seems to think that Great Britain is in a bad way, although he may still admire the "cheery, damn-the-consequences optimism" which is almost unaware of the danger. He finds that her trade is all wrong, her taxes on a permanent war basis, her factories ruined by labor unionism, her birth rate diminishing, and her empire smoking both at home and in India, in Egypt, in Persia, in South Africa, and elsewhere. It seemed to be no more than a neighborly act to go and see for himself, to study the trouble, and to impute the blame. At least we have a very delightful book as a first fruit of his enterprise.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company have a monopoly, which is bad for their passengers' gastronomics, but what, after all, do food and drink matter "if one may count upon efficiency and kindness in the hour of distress and danger"?

I have eaten stewed dog with the Sioux Indians in our Northwest; I have eaten indescribable stuff in Mexico; I have lived for weeks in the middle of the summer on a warship off the coasts of Cuba and Porto Rico on canned food; I have, I believe, eaten rats in Manchuria; I have, alas! over-eaten in Paris; I have labored with the stodge, heavy food of English country inns, and no harm has resulted; but when I landed from the P. and O. steamer at Bombay my stomach was in tears. My fellow-countrymen will find it hard to believe, but it is a fact that on that same steamer on her way to some of the hottest weather in the world, in the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, there was only one kind of mineral water to be had, and that only in pints! Can pig-headed stupidity go further? The linen on my breakfast tray in the morning was, for the first two mornings, so besmeared and spotted with egg and coffee stains that I threatened to go to the captain. Remember, too, that the fares on these steamers are high, and that we were traveling as comfortably as the accommodations of the ship permitted. No wonder they are losing their trade. But what business is it of mine? Why not go by some other line? I will be frank, also, in my admiration, and say that when I travel with my women folk on the water, I am happier to think that Americans or Englishmen are in command. Both they and I will have a fair chance, and the American or the English captain will not be found among the saved if their passengers are not saved too.

Mr. Collier advises the traveler in India to discard his education and to get down to the bedrock of the Bible, the Arabian Nights, the Odyssey, the Iliad, Herodotus, and Xenophon. All the rest is mere deck hamper. India today is as she ever was, and the essentials of her life have nothing to do with imports, exports, tonnage, and the other trivialities that the West regards as important:

I begin to understand that all of us Occidentals are provincial, that we have overestimated our importance, our influence, and the effect of our impact upon the Orientals. I shall try to remember, as I study these people, that Eve is introduced in this other world as the wife of Adam. It is already becoming evident that many things that I have considered as of fundamental importance have no significance here at all. All the clocks, and yardsticks, and weights and measures are different, or do not exist at all. We are going into a world where the best of us, no matter what our education and experience, can only grope about. We may have conquered the Eastern world, but, apparently, we have changed it very little. Our much-vaunted civilization does not impress them as we think it should. They look upon our civilization, apparently, as an attempt to make men comfortable in a life which men ought not to love.

Mr. Collier praises the British authorities in India for many things, and among them for a recognition that the Oriental admires neither our civilization nor our religion, and that the more he sees of them the less he likes them. The belief that he needs only to understand them to "love" them is a delusion. He despises them both, and the British know it and so leave the Oriental alone so far as is possible. British justice, too, comes in for a word of praise:

In other letters, I had a letter to a distinguished man who has won high rank in the judiciary of India. I

spent a long day in the courts with him, and on one occasion I sat through a scene which I shall never forget. The buildings used by the court in Bombay are larger and finer than those in New York, and the judges better paid than even our judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was one of appeal from a decision of the lower court condemning two Hindus to death for murder. It was a disgusting story, and most of the evidence was circumstantial, except that of a lad of sixteen, a decadent, who claimed that he had been forced by the others to take part in the crime. There sat a Hindu judge, and beside him an English colleague; the case was argued for the appeal by an English barrister. Many hours, much money, much investigation and sifting of evidence had gone into this dull matter of the guilt or innocence of these three Hindus of the very lowest caste. The British machine was working as carefully, as minutely, as though great personages or important matters of state were at stake. It was an object-lesson of the slow, ponderous, English way of being just. It was a sledge-hammer to crack an egg, but it was justice for those cow-herds, who possibly earned two or three cents a day, and justice as nice, and careful, and impartial as for a prince. In the old days their ruler would have had their heads off, or their brains and bellies crushed to a jelly beneath an elephant's feet and knees or sent them about their business in five minutes, and nor the victims, nor their friends, nor any one else would have thought anything more about it.

Mr. Collier has something useful to say about education. He brackets it with the Hindu beliefs as a superstition, a universal cure-all that we apply to all sorts and conditions of men under the impression that it makes them better. Whereas it may, and often does, make them much worse:

But if the East is buried deep in its own superstitions, we are obsessed by ours. Education and teaching are two of ours. The misty talk about teaching people to respect themselves is a very loose phrase. To teach Lincoln to respect himself was to increase his respect for patience, for humility, for good-humor; to teach John Nicholson to respect himself was to increase his respect for truth, courage, and duty; on the other hand, to teach a forger to respect himself is to make his next forgery more daring; to teach a thief to respect himself is to make his next loot larger; to teach certain fire-brand politicians to respect themselves, either in India or in England, is to increase their respect for jaunty omniscience, for second-hand scholarship, and for the sly sedition of the bomb, the pistol, and the vernacular press.

To teach a man to read, or to write, or to count, does not teach him to think, or to know.

We tried teaching our Indians; England teaches in India—under the aegis, by the way, of the most absurd Macaulayan and antiquated system, the system of a man as contemptuous and ignorant of Eastern literature, religions, and philosophy as he was accomplished as a maker of historical phrases and literary antitheses—but to little avail, for the reason that few of us yet realize the limitations of education. The Indian senior wrangler is no more morally an Englishman than he was before he knew the English alphabet. You can not teach character, no matter how much else you teach, and character is the only thing worth while. Men are only of the same class, of the same moral aristocracy, when their blood boils and freezes at the same moral temperature, and in all the world there is no text-book on that subject, and but few teachers.

Education without morals, says the author, is a "diabolical misfortune." The descendants of the Mughals and the Cæsars are working in the fields as laborers today, "and five hundred years hence a Chinese official will ponder over the fact that the descendants of English lords and American millionaires are tilling his fields."

One of the greatest of mysteries to the author is the status of the Indian woman, who apparently may here reach her highest as certainly she may reach her lowest:

Elsewhere one may read of the vivid incongruities of India; but what of this: I have just been the guest, at a splendid camp, where some seven hundred people were entertained for four days by one of the most enlightened native rulers in India. This ruler is a woman. Her Highness Sultan Begum of Bhopal. Here in India one finds a woman ruling with tact, with force, and with success. Here in India I have seen women actually catching in their hands the dung as it fell from the cattle, pressing it into cakes, carrying it off on their heads, to dry it at home for fuel. Here in India, too, is the most marvelous memorial to a woman ever built by human hands. Woman at her highest, woman at her lowest, woman immortalized, and all here in India.

A felicitous comparison will do much to elucidate a situation, and Mr. Collier uses the comparison with illuminating effect. Those who look upon the population of India as a homogeneous race with collective sentiments, aspirations, and ambitions would do well to read the following:

Imagine the United States of America peopled by Sioux, Apaches, Mexicans, and Negroes. Imagine some Maghul conqueror arriving by the Behring Straits, and after centuries subduing this conglomeration of fighters, factions, religions, and languages. Pampered and rich, the conquerors lose control. The land is covered with small principalities. There is a king in Florida, another in Mexico, another in Massachusetts, and there are armed bands of Mexican bandits, of Apache raiders, of Sioux freebooters. Imagine the country filled with jewels, brocades, silks, gold, silver, stored up for centuries by an industrious, uncommercial people, who had never learned to spend, and whose rich lived almost as simply as the poor. Something like that state of affairs is what the British had to deal with when Clive saw that merely to win a battle here and there was not enough, but that if the British were to stay in safety they must have sovereign rights over the land itself. They now control the million and a half square miles.

The Indian, says the author, does not want justice. He wants preference. And from England he gets only justice. England declares by law that her people are not equal, "but she administers justice to all alike with an impartiality and a rigidity unknown anywhere else in the world." Indian sedition in the Mutiny was due largely to English justice, to the ruthless application of the law to all castes alike, to the overthrow of iniquitous privilege, and to sentimentality at home. The same forces are at work now, and Mr. Collier seems to think that a calamity is near:

If an imaginative observer were asked to coin a phrase least adapted to the present situation and condition of the British empire, he might use the words: "Englishmen may sleep peacefully in their beds." It is comical to record that the young solicitor who answers to the country for the navy uses this phrase; the able metaphysician who responds for the army uses this phrase; the lately anarchical labor leader

who replies for the commerce of the country uses this phrase; the solicitor who is responsible for the finances of the country uses this phrase; the prime minister, a scholarly barrister, and he it said the steady-headed, strong-minded master of them all, despite the tales to the contrary, repeats the same phrase. I repeat, for an almost wearisome number of times, they are a great people! Fancy singing "Rock-a-bay, baby, on a tree-top" to the House of Commons and to the country, with such responsibilities, such perils, such warnings pressing upon their attention. We may all envy them their sound nerves. If this cabinet were a drinking cabinet, I should ask, as did Lincoln of the accusers of Grant, for the brand they most affect. I should indulge myself, and distribute what could be spared in Wall Street.

The Indian does not understand that when his rulers vacillate it is because of conscience and not because of fear. And just now England is showing the conscientious vacillation that inspires the Hindu with mutinous confidence:

When one reads a leaflet recently distributed in Bengal signed "Editor," and with the following postscript: "The editor will be extremely obliged to readers if they will translate into all languages and circulate broadcast," and which runs as follows: "Sacrifice white blood undiluted and pure at the call of your God on the altar of freedom. The bones of the martyrs cry out for vengeance, and you will be traitors to your country if you do not adequately respond to the call. Whites, be the men, women, or children—murder them indiscriminately, and you will not commit any sin"; when one reads this, rubbish though it be, and remembers the ignorance and prejudice of those who read it and those to whom it is read, the sheltered humanitarianism of the Indian Office seems very afternoon-tea indeed.

For the missionary, Mr. Collier has no mercy—only justice. The Indian is a marvel of subtle mentality, and the Christian dogmas appear to him as incredible:

A dozen unmarried women, singing and beating tambourines, accompanied and led by one man, must necessarily daunt the credulity of the Muhammadan or the Chinese Buddhist. The only effective missionaries I have ever met, either at home or abroad, are those few people, men and women, who never preach, never pray in public, and never by any chance argue, but who makes us humble and ashamed by being better than we are. They convert us by their unvoiced consistency of conduct. They are unsalaried, unconscious, but none the less the saviors of the world. There are, and always have been, a few lay Englishmen of that stamp in India, and I have seen some of their converts, and they are the only converted ones in all India for whose faith or courage I would give a fig, when put to the test of the shadow of the cross, or the edge of a sword. That stanch and fearless churchman, Bishop Creighton, told less than the truth when he said: "The conscious missionary is a bore." He is often a menace to peace. It has been suggested that one reason there are so many heathen is that missionaries so often illustrate in their own persons the unpleasant effects of salvation.

Mr. Collier knows the missionary at home, and now he knows him in India. He can make such comparisons as seem proper to him. Here is a Missouri picture that came to his mind's eye while he was in Baroda:

This is Foreign Missions Sunday. John P. has given each of the children 10 cents, and his wife 50 cents, and has provided himself, in a convenient pocket, with the amount which he considers his position in the church and in the community demands.

Four strikingly and modishly dressed persons, two men and two women, in a gallery behind the pulpit, where their latest discoveries in collars, ties, hats, feathers, and blouses are ostentatiously and perhaps provocatively displayed, and who are paid handsome salaries to outdo a similar quartet in the First Church, and at the same time to voice John P.'s praise of God for him, arise, adjust themselves for the inspection of the audience, and strike up:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,

They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

They go on to proclaim further, do these ladies in corsets, in open-work blouses, and wearing high heels, false curls, and ear-rings, and gold in their teeth, that:

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone,"

and later ask with due emphasis the question:

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

John P. rises, sets his glasses on his nose, and follows the words in his hymn-book. Mrs. John P. inspects the fashions in the choir and about her, and by a natural concatenation of thoughts drifts away to that alley-way in the Waldorf Hotel where she saw, on her one visit there, sartorial visions that have never been forgotten. After this full-throated invitation to Greenland, and to India, and to Ceylon, voiced mainly by the quartet of hirelings, to come into the fold and be like Mr. and Mrs. John P., the missionary pleader is presented to "my people" by "our beloved pastor," whose salary, by the way, is two months in arrears.

And here is another picture, and one that may cause us to revise some of our ideas of religious tolerance:

I have described something of the actual situation here where I am a guest. Only yesterday afternoon I saw a Muhammadan standing at sunset on a block of stone on which he had placed his carpet, in a busy street filled with Hindus coming and going, saying his prayers and making repeated obeisance toward Mecca. His religion is not only different, but antagonistic to the creed and customs of the Hindus, but in Baroda the Gaekwar, a Hindu himself, imposes absolute religious tolerance. I ask myself what would happen if mass were said daily in the open street in Kansas City.

The author believes that even a jury of Christians would decide for the Maharaja rather than for John P., and that when John P. gets to heaven, if he ever does get there, which is doubtful, he will be surprised to find the elevation accorded to some of the heathen for whose conversion he, John P. Shorter, of the Second Church of Christ, in Kansas City, has contributed one dollar.

There are other quotations that it would be pleasurable and profitable to make, but they are too numerous. They are to be found upon every page. For Mr. Collier is never prolix. He avoids statistics. He is always human, and therefore always humorous, or indignant, or contemptuous, or laudatory, or some other of the explosive qualities. And what more can be wished for?

THE WEST IN THE EAST, FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Craftsmanship in Teaching.

In his latest work on education Mr. William Chandler Bagley utters a plea that is as relevant to all other occupations as it is to that of the teacher. He asks for enthusiasm, for devotion, and for loyalty, for something of the spirit that animated of old the initiate into knighthood, he asks for the vow of "artistry," the pledge that the work shall be done in the best possible manner without reference either to the cost in effort or the reward in money. Teaching, in other words, must not be one of the ways to "make a living." It must be a consecration of energies. It is a great thing to ask, because it means self-discipline, and self-discipline is not conspicuous among modern virtues.

Mr. Bagley does not complain of our tendency to worship the material creative genius, but he does complain that we should worship no other. He says that for two generations we have taught our youth that only one ambition is worth while—the ambition of property, and now we are reaping the fruits. The value of all endeavor is measured by its cash returns. Where there are small cash returns there can be small values. Among Scandinavian immigrants of the lower walks of life there is almost always the same answer to the question, "Who are the great men of your country?" The answer is Ole Bull, Björnson, Ihsen, Nansen. What reply would he given by the same class of the native horn of this country? The author does not say so, but we may wonder what places on the list would be accorded to a millionaire and a prize-fighter.

The author devotes his volume to this plea for the glory of the scholastic work apart from its rewards. One of his best chapters is on "Optimism in Teaching." Other sections are devoted to "Education and Utility," "The Scientific Spirit in Education," "The Possibility of Teaching Children to Study," and "A Plea for the Definite in Education." Altogether it is an eminently pleasing work, attractive by its diction and distinguished by a certain earnestness and sincerity that can not be praised too highly.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN TEACHING. By William Chandler Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.10.

A Study of Versification.

Professor Brander Matthews was in no contented mood when he wrote this volume. He explains this to us very carefully and so he omits whatever might give the reader the pleasure of arguing with him. It is a "simple text-book for the beginner," an attempt to supply him with an "understanding of the mechanism of verse." The author devotes himself solely to technique, to an examination of the poet's tools. He does not even tell us how poetry ought to be written, but only how it has been written. Our quarrelsome impulses are therefore nipped in the bud, since no one can quarrel with facts. And no one knows more of the facts of poetry, of the tools of the trade, than Professor Matthews.

He has written a book that should be read by the verse-maker. Any one, he tells us, can acquire the technical dexterity necessary to poetry. Any one can clothe his message in correct form if he will but study the rules of the game. But to have a message to clothe is quite another matter. Even Professor Matthews can not tell us how to acquire this, or at least he does not, and it is precisely what we want to know. The pity of it is that so many verse-makers do not see the need of any message at all. They give us nothing but the clothing, limp and halting for want of a tenant, and what clothing it is, too, most of it.

There are twelve chapters to the volume, and they deal lucidly with such topics as rhythm, metre, rhyme (here spelled "rime"), the stanza, the sonnet, the couplet, blank verse, and poetic license. Everywhere the author confines himself to his appointed sphere and tells us what poets have done, not what they should do. But we may read into his words a stern warning against the poetic license. It may be allowed "for the sake of the advantage or effect gained." Let the poet ask himself if he has a right to go beyond the letter of the law. It will not mitigate sentence that Byron and Milton did these things. They had ideas to express, ideas that must be expressed. Very few modern verse-makers can advance any such plea.

On the whole, the book is a helpful one for those who have poetic hodies that need clothing. It will do for the aspirant whatever human skill can do for him, and this, perhaps, is not much.

A STUDY OF VERSIFICATION. By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

What Is This Universe?

In this little volume Dr. S. Ph. Marcus seeks to overthrow the Monism of Haeckel, which, for some unaccountable reason, he seems to identify to materialism. He would write more convincingly if the theological bias were less evident. Haeckel is not a materialist, and there is very little in the essentials of his philosophy that is inconsistent with a spiritual religion, although much that is inconsistent with theological interpretations. Haeckel postulates that spirit and mat-

ter, or thinking substance and extended substance, the two constituting the universal substance. That is not materialism.

The author's attack on the idealistic philosophy is unconvincing. Indeed, it may be said that no philosophic discussion can be carried on in a tone exemplified in the following excerpt: "Is it conceivable that the Creator . . . should form such wonderful and complicated instruments as the eye, the ear, and the other sense organs with the sole result of revealing things to us which do not exist?" No such contention has been made by Haeckel or any one else outside of a lunatic asylum. But it is contended that our knowledge is subjective and is confined to the pictures presented to us by the senses, and that while we know those pictures we do not know their cause. The author advances nothing to contradict this fact, and it might be suggested that moral indignation is a poor substitute for philosophic reasoning.

WHAT IS THIS UNIVERSE? By S. Ph. Marcus, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents.

Thurley Ruxton.

This is a well-told story of impossibilities. We have a lovely girl who renders first aid to an autoist with a broken wrist. She is adopted for no very evident reasons by a wealthy woman, who fearfully persuades her to impersonate a European princess who is vaguely supposed to be visiting America. We know in a moment that this will get her into trouble, that the real princess will turn up and do something unpleasant, but unfortunately we can not warn her. And it all comes out just so, with endless complications, abductions, and all the other things to which young girls are so liable nowadays. The book has nearly four hundred pages, the type is smallish, and if a feverish impatience should cause us to turn to the last chapter we see by the touching illustration of two young people—one of them identifiable with the broken-wristed autoist—who are leaning in a state of coadunation over the rail of a steamer that "all's well with the world."

THURLEY RUXTON. By Philip Verrill Mighels. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.; \$1.20.

Mental Efficiency.

Evidently we must count Mr. Arnold Bennett among the mental scientists if that abused name has indeed any meaning. But his book is too short, too chatty, too sketchy. His ideas are so numerous and so brilliant that they would stand codification into a philosophy. At present we seem to be looking only at incohesive fragments. For example, he says, "I say to my mind: 'Mind, concentrate your powers upon the full realization of the facts that I, your master, am immortal and beyond the reach of accidents.'" Now here we have a possessor and something that is possessed, the "I" and the mind belonging to it. The ego, then, is not mind, but something above mind, and here there seems room for systematic elaboration. None the less Mr. Bennett persuades us easily of his main thesis—although we needed no persuasion—that the mind is as proper a subject for training as the body, and that the habit of large and broad-gauge thought is one to be acquired and must be followed by inestimable benefits.

MENTAL EFFICIENCY. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents.

A Room with a View.

This story is sedate almost to the point of dullness, although the serious novel reader will find much cause for reflection in the character of Lucy, who discards her conventional and eminently suitable lover, who is certainly a bit of a prig, in favor of a man whom she seems cordially to detest, and sincerely believes that she does detest, almost until the moment when she succumbs. Perhaps detestation is perilously akin to love, and one can never tell. The characters are somewhat repellent by their very conventionality, which is upon the strictest country life pattern, but then again we may remember that conventionality in young women is always a favoring soil for the *insurrecto* movements that are so delightful.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW. By E. M. Forster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Eternal Riddle," by John Wirt Dunning (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20), is a sincerely written hook of religious devotion and free from the cruder forms of creed.

The American Book Company, New York, has published a little reprint, with notes, of Stevenson's "Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey," edited by Gilbert Sykes Blakely. The price is 40 cents.

"The Secret of Achievement," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1), is a book of commonplace advice couched in vigorous and novel language and prefaced by a large portrait of the author himself.

Under the title of "When a Coghler Ruled the King" the story of the French Dauphin has been once more told by Augusta Huieli Seaman (Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.25). Without any comment on the historical ac-

curacy of the author's narrative it may be said that it is well and pathetically told, and with a certain enthusiasm that commends it to the reader.

"Key-Notes of Optimism," by Calvin Weiss Laufer (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1), is a devotional volume intended to strengthen the conviction that "All's Right with the World." The author writes persuasively, but he would have done well to omit the "prayer" that concludes each chapter.

Julia A. Kellogg has prepared an abridgment of "The Theory of Human Progression," by Patrick Edward Dove (Isaac H. Blanchard Company; 25 cents), the purpose being to "aid the propaganda now in progress for a reform in our land tenure in line with the ideas of Henry George."

Admirers of Sophie Jewett—and their name is legion—will welcome the memorial edition of her poems just issued in attractive form and with striking frontispiece portrait by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. With the exception of Miss Jewett's translation of "The Pearl" this volume contains all her poems, while some are printed here for the first time. The price is \$1.25.

"Half-Hours with the Summer Stars," by Mary Proctor (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents), may be confidently recommended to the astronomical beginner who wants his information without technicalities and who, above all else, is anxious to identify the celestial bodies that come within his range of vision. Miss Proctor is among the best known of modern astronomers and she has the gift of clear exposition to an enviable degree. There are some good illustrations.

Books for Boys.

A satisfactory story for not very big boys is "The Quietness of Dick," by R. E. Verne (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25), with illustrations by Victor Perard.

"The Captain of the 'S. I. G.'s," by Etta Anthony Baker (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50), is a story of school and home life with a variety of adventures large enough to satisfy every taste. The illustrations are by H. Burgess.

"Adventures of Schoolboys," by John R. Coryell, M. E. Ditto, M. S. McCohh, David Kerr, and others (Harper & Brothers; 60 cents), is a series of adventurous experiences which have an association with some phase of school life.

"Camp St. Dunstan," by Warren L. Eldred (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50), although complete in itself, is a sort of sequel to the author's earlier work. It is the second volume of the St. Dunstan series, which promises well as a candidate for boyish favor.

Dr. William Lee Howard has done a needed work and done it delicately in his book "Confidential Chats with Boys" (Edward J. Clode). The time seems to have come when we are prepared to tolerate intimate facts and plain speaking, and Dr. Howard's book is ideal of its kind.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company have published a new edition of "Rocky Fork," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, explaining that "the demand for this book arises from the increasing importance rightly attached to hooks that faithfully and attractively picture the folk-life of former generations." The new edition is in a fresh and attractive form.

"Camping and Scouting," under the editorship of George Bird Grinnell and Dr. Eugene L. Swan (Harper & Brothers; \$1.75), is an unusually fine hook for boys. No feature of outdoor life is omitted or fails of practical and concise treatment. The sections devoted to the Boy Scout movement are exceptionally good. The illustrations are numerous and clear.

"The Blue Goose Chase," otherwise entitled "A Camera-Hunting Adventure in Louisiana," by Herbert K. Joh (Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.25), is a story written "for the express purpose of interesting boys in hunting with the camera, showing that this can be made a manly and exciting sport." Certainly a laudable object and well carried out. The author is State Ornithologist of Connecticut, and the illustrations are by him and William F. Taylor.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Mrs. Maxon Protests.

It may be an ill compliment to Mr. Anthony Hope to say that his appearance upon the side of the angels is an unexpected one. Not that there is anything unctuous in his defense of the marriage institution, if indeed it can be called a defense. He does not implore the new woman to be virtuous according to the old standards nor threaten her with destruction if she is not virtuous. He only asks her if she is really strong enough to breast an adverse current, if she truly knows what she is "up against."

Mrs. Maxon, young, pretty, vivacious, and by no means intellectual, is the wife of a lawyer who is austere, conventional, and of that overbearing kind that seems to be consistent with a true affection. As a result, Mrs. Maxon is not happy. She has no positive grievance, but she revolts against a perpetual rôle of second fiddle and against a management that is extended alike to her physical movements, her thoughts, and her opinions. Stimulated by the advanced opinions of her friends, the Aikenheads—themselves bappily married and therefore favorably placed for advance—Mrs. Maxon leaves her husband, an event of volcanic import in conventional English society. Not only does she leave her husband, but she contracts an arrangement with Mr. Ledstone. In point of fact she goes to live with him, being unable to marry him, as Maxon disapproves of divorce. Why should she not do so? Are the impulses of the heart to be fettered by marriage formulas, and is she not now as truly Ledstone's wife as she once was Maxon's? Her arguments are irresistible. We have all heard them, and the discreet among us have heard them in silence.

But Ledstone is less ideal. Pressure from his family becomes overwhelming. He has a career which may be spoiled by open irregularities. We all know what he will do, and he does it. Pretty, confiding, advanced Winnie Maxon comes home one day and the faithless Ledstone does not. Then comes an affair with a young army officer, and as Maxon has at last divorced his erring wife we begin to hope for a wedding. But once more the proprieties interfere. The young officer loves his regiment. His wife must stand as a sort of elder sister to subalterns and the like, and can a woman divorced for such too solid reasons do this. Obviously not, and so Winnie learns her lesson bit by bit. It is not exactly a lesson of virtue. It is simply a case of tribal custom. However unreasonable, however senseless, however fettering a tribal custom may be, so long as it is a tribal custom it must be followed. If it is broken the offenders will be crushed remorselessly. We may not be ethical, but we must be prudent.

It all comes out right in the end, but then it might have come out so very wrong. Fortunately Winnie has a little money of her own, and so she is never driven to "advanced thought" as a means of livelihood. Some women are. The story, besides being finely told, may be said to have a sort of worldly moral to it. It is injudicious to break the seventh commandment unless you have wealthy friends or a private income, and it is better not to do it even then.

MRS. MAXON PROTESTS. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35.

The Incas of Peru.

That an author has reached the age of eighty years may be taken as a valid excuse for the presentation of such a work as this in a somewhat fragmentary form instead of with the finish and cohesion that are usually the aim of the historian. Sir Clements Markham explains that he began to collect his data more than sixty years ago when he was a midshipman. He studied the languages of Peru while he was on his Arctic expedition and gradually stored his facts until now at the age of eighty years he has decided to publish them as they stand as a series of essays, necessarily lacking the literary cement that he would have liked to give them, but none the less representing the work of a lifetime. There was hardly need for such an explanation. Perhaps the work is even more readable in its present form by a generation that is inclined to disfavor an extensive continuity. At least the facts are all here and they are presented in a delightful way. There are eighteen chapters, historical, literary, and mythical, with competent appendices and sixteen illustrations and a map.

THE INCAS OF PERU. By Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., D. Sc., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., F. S. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

New Books Received.

CALIFORNIA UNDER SPAIN AND MEXICO, 1535-1847. By Irving Berdine Richman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.

A substantial history designed for the general reader and for the special student, with careful treatment of various special topics and many maps, some of them never before published.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA. By John Swett. New York: American Book Company.

Its origin and development, with personal reminiscences of half a century.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Centenary edition, in thirty-six volumes. Vols. I, II, and

III: "David Copperfield," in two volumes, and "The Uncommercial Traveler." Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1 per vol.

A STUDY IN EBONY. By Dotia Trigg Cooney. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50. A story told in negro dialect.

THE CRUCIBLE OF DREAMS. By Constantine Marrast Perkins. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25.

A volume of verse inspired by an ancient Buddhist praying bowl.

A STUDY IN SOUTHERN POETRY. By Henry Jerome Stockard. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2.50.

For use in schools, colleges, and the library.

THREE YEARS IN THE CONFEDERATE HORSE ARTILLERY. By George M. Neese. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$2.

The author was a gunner in Cheu's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia.

OUT OF AFRICA. By Thomas Lane Carter. New York: Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50. A book of short stories.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS AND WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION. Edited by Frank W. Pine, M. A. New York: American Book Company; 30 cents.

ESSENTIALS OF SPANISH GRAMMAR. By Samuel Garner, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; \$1.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN ORATIONS. Compiled and edited by Horace L. Brittain and James G. Harris. New York: American Book Company; 75 cents.

An historical reader for use in the upper grammar grades and in high schools.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Reuben Post Halleck, M. A. New York: American Book Company; \$1.25.

With lists of suggested readings, references, and illustrations.

CONFIDENTIAL CHATS WITH GIRLS. By William Lee Howard, M. D. New York: Edward J. Clode. A little volume of intimate advice.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ. By Monica M. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

A sketch of the work and character of a man who was not only Poland's most inspired poet and one of the noblest personalities in her history, but whose place is among the greatest idealists of the nineteenth century.

IN THE RHONE COUNTRY. By Rose G. Kingsley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Everyday impressions of a leisurely six weeks' journey down the Rhône from Lyons. With sixty-seven illustrations.

A HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE. By Rufus B. Richardson. New York: American Book Company.

Issued in the Greek series for colleges and schools, edited under the supervision of Herbert Weir Smyth, Ph. D.

SELECTIONS FROM ANCIENT IRISH POETRY. By Kuno Meyer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

With an introductory sketch of Irish poetic literature.

MATERIALS OF THE PAINTERS' CRAFT, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By A. P. Laurie, M. A., D. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Issued in the Arts and Crafts of the Nations

series under the general editorship of S. H. F. Capenny, with seven reproductions in color and other illustrations.

THE ROYAL PAWN OF VENICE. By Mrs. Laurence Turnbull. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

A romance of Cyprus. By the author of "The Golden Book of Venice."

RED ROSE INN. By Edith Tunis Sale. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.

A story of a young girl, told in the form of letters.

YELLOW FEVER AND ITS PREVENTION. By Sir Robert W. Boyce, M. B., F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

A manual for medical students and practitioners.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: R. F. Fennell & Co.; \$1.20.

A tale of the White Company in Italy.

ESTHER DAMON. By Mrs. Fremont Older. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

THE OPTIMISTIC LIFE. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.

A new volume in praise of optimism.

THE YOUNG MAN ENTERING BUSINESS. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1.

A book of "inspiration and self-help" for young men.

THE SOUL IN A FLOWER. By Sara A. Hubbard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents.

"I have declared always to myself that flowers have souls, and sometimes I have dared to say it aloud."

A CHINESE APPEAL CONCERNING CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. By Lin Shao-Yang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

An arraignment of the illogical attitude of the church in trying to force upon the East beliefs which the Christian world has outgrown.

COTILLION FIGURES. By Joel H. Walkins. New York: The Neale Publishing Company.

A booklet intended to enable a novice to lead his first cotillion in the most approved style.

SHE BUILDETH HER HOUSE. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Routledge Rides Alone." Once more Mr. Comfort writes of the occult.

PHYRNETTE. By Marthe Trolly-Curtin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

A novel in the form of an autobiography.

DAWN OF THE MORNING. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Marcia Schuyler."

THROUGH DUST TO LIGHT. By Robert Valentine Heckscher. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1. A volume of lyrical poetry.

PHYLLIS IN MIDDLEWICH. By Margaret Westrup. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

A new story by the author of "Elizabeth's Children."

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The Unpopular Candidate

Is a Warm Favorite Compared with this Proposed Ordinance.

Should the board of supervisors finally pass the proposed no-seat-no-fare ordinance it would place the city in a ridiculous position by the time the municipality began the operation of its own Geary Street car line.

The proposed ordinance as it now reads can never be complied with by any street-car company because of its impossible terms; hence the city would quickly find itself facing an ordinance made to regulate others, which could not be applied to itself.

The ordinance reads: "No person desiring transportation shall be kept waiting for a car longer than ten consecutive minutes, except in case of accident resulting in the suspension of traffic." Violation of this measure would result in fine and imprisonment of the responsible operating concern.

Accident causes far less delays than other causes for which no provision has been made. In the rebuilding of the city it is quite common to see cars delayed by heavy trucks unloading structural steel and other heavy building material. No allowance is made for such times as cars may be stopped by parades, fires, public gatherings, and other contingencies.

The entire proposition is unjust, framed without due consideration and would not be upheld by any court. Should it be passed in its present form, a test case would likely be made at the very outset.

The eighty new cars of the improved pay-as-you-enter type which have recently been added to the equipment here have succeeded in a favorable measure in relieving the rush-hour traffic, but even if a solid line of cars were run on Market from the Ferry to Valencia Street during the busiest period of the day, and passengers were compelled to wait for a car in which they could obtain a seat, they would be delayed considerably longer than ten minutes.

This would mean that the shopgirls, workmen, business men, and thousands of people who use street-cars would be compelled, when they desire to hurry home at the close of day, to stand waiting upon the street corners. How long would the public stand such an ordinance, especially in wintry, rainy weather? Cars with standing space vacant would go by, but with this ridiculous law in effect, impatient thousands would be compelled to stand in the wind and rain, waiting for cars to come along with plenty of seating room.

The finest riot ever witnessed in San Francisco would result in fifteen minutes of such treatment, police would be summoned, people would be injured, and arrests take place.

And yet if one of these many thousands were kept waiting more than ten minutes, the street-car company would be liable to arrest and imprisonment, through no fault of its own, but through the fault of a stupid, unjust, and impossible piece of legislation.

While discussing street-car problems, it is interesting to learn that the United Railroads will increase the number of cars in use on the Folsom and Howard Street lines with the object of relieving the congestion during rush hours on the Mission and Valencia Street lines.

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BILLIE BURKE IN "MRS. DOT."

"Mrs. Dot" is the merest trifle; a thinly gilded frame for a very pretty woman. It is the sort of play that the regular theatre-goer, indulgent in advance toward popular playwrights and popular players, will enjoy because no one who is very exacting can be a habitual theatre-goer. In "Mrs. Dot" Maugham has turned out a mere pot-boiler. Of course, remembering the intrinsic lightness of his plays, one might say that he is in the pot-boiling profession. But then we all are, more or less—the less being the leisured class, and the artists and God-given geniuses who create because they must.

Still, it strikes me that Mr. Maugham must have been in a particular pot-boiling mood when he turned out "Mrs. Dot." If he wrote it for Billie Burke, he did wisely not to overtax his mental energies in producing a suitable vehicle for that vivacious young actress, as it is very evident that Miss Burke is not a God-given genius. That she is a very fetching young thing every one knows, and they are now exploiting her engaging personality and letting the artistic side of her talent take care of itself.

Pretty Billie Burke is essentially light and potentially shallow. But her great success while still in very early youth shows that she possesses that something beyond mere prettiness that catches the fancy of the theatre-going public.

In "Mrs. Dot" she is an entrancing young widow with thousands of gowns and millions of money. She is in love with an engaged man, and she is not afraid to show it. Youth, beauty, a golden background, and instinctive witchery give a wonderful amount of courage to a woman who knows what she wants in the man line, and starts out to get it. If all love-lorn dames were as well equipped for conquest as Mrs. Dot there would be very few celibates pining on their virgin stalks.

The author has arranged an effective entrance for Mrs. Dot at the bachelor flat of the handsome young man whom she fancies, and she appears on the scene pretty as a pink, hatted to perfection, dressed to kill, and armed with a whole scene of persiflage and daring rillery.

Billie Burke holds the stage absorbingly; every eye follows the quick movements of the coquettish figure, and probably few cavil at the picture. Yet I think that her more discriminating friends would grieve a little at the end of the act, for the young actress has unmistakably retrograded. She is far too self-conscious in her methods, and she has not yet acquired any of that fine subtlety of humor by which a comedienne such as Henrietta Crossman or Grace George can create their best effects with an almost imperceptible glance of the eye or change of tone. Miss Burke, on the contrary, shows such openness in her bids for laughter that it amounts to a serious defect; that is, always supposing that she aims to be a real comedienne—and that is what she ought to aim at.

Youth goes quickly, and when it is gone, what is the actor's life without art? Just put that in your cigarette and smoke it, Miss Billie, while you are still young and charming enough to keep that savage beast, the public, crouched at your feet and eating out of your hand.

I saw Billie Burke only once before, in "The Wife," but she had in that a charm of ingenuous girlhood that gave pleasure, and won the indulgent admiration of all. In "Mrs. Dot" the kind of charm she exerts is, in great part, that of the coquettish young woman that starts in to dazzle; very fascinating to the male under fire, but apt to pall a little on the outside spectator, for there is no kind of charm that so truly holds us as that builded on a substratum of unconsciousness of self.

In spite of these strictures, however, Billie Burke may feel that she has nothing to complain of. Monday night's audience, while not carried off its feet, frankly enjoyed the youth, the vivacity, the prettiness, and the ebullience of the young star. Her physical charms, as evidenced by a pretty face, a head of distractingly disordered hair, and a figure full of delicious curves, lent themselves fascinatingly to the numerous transits of Mrs. Dot across the stage.

The play is full of faults. It has a very palpable air of being manufactured to order, and the action becomes somewhat devious in the later acts, which, by the way, were separated by interminable waits, apparently extended in order to piece out the evening's entertainment to the prescribed length.

There were many good things said in the play, and not a few flat ones. The company is considerably below the ability of that supporting John Drew in "Smith," the burden of supplying the real, laughter-inspiring humor falling more particularly upon the shoulders of Fred Kerr, who, as James Blenkinsop, a cynic, showed himself to be an excellent comedian and possessed of that fine unconsciousness of manner so conspicuously lacking in the rest of the company.

Julian l'Estrange as Halstane, the lucky man preferred by the widow, is a very good-looking young man with an easy air, but he is a perfunctory actor with such a shockingly poor delivery that his over-lengthy lines in the first act must have seemed mere gabble to those in the rear.

The impersonation next best to Fred Kerr's was that of Halstane's man, by G. Harrison Carter. It had the finish that was lacking in all the other players save Fred Kerr. Frank Hollins, who plays the widow's secretary, lavishes a certain amount of elaboration on the Englishness of Freddie, but, as generally happens in such companies, the star sets the pace, and his obviousness and artificiality are carried to an extreme.

Carroll McComas plays a pretty fool in the same key, and Annie Esmond's Lady Sellenner, a much-mannered dame, while it has its good points, conveys that same irritating effect of artificiality. At least it would be irritating if it were not for the intrinsic lightness of the theme.

On the whole, popular as Maugham is, it is Billie Burke that is the drawing card—Billie Burke with her saucy name, her schoolgirl rushes across the stage, her pretty clothes, her sunny red hair, her high spirits, and her general suggestion of youth and gaiety. Truly, she is a goodly apparition, in her pink and white femininity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Double Standard.

In the current number of the *Bookman* there is a long critical article by Clayton Hamilton on Augustus Thomas's play, "As a Man Thinks." Mr. Hamilton says that Mr. Thomas "is at present the undisputed leader of our stage. Alone among our playwrights he seems to have a message; and we go to his plays not only to admire their facile and accomplished craftsmanship, but also to hear what Mr. Thomas has to say about this or that phase of human nature." Of the play, he says that in many minute points it "exhibits the uttermost artistic accomplishment." Following is given a few lines from the play, bringing out a novel argument adduced by the leading character, Dr. Seelig, played by John Mason:

Dr. Seelig—Elinor, do you bear that rattle of the railroad?
Elinor—Yes.

Seelig—All over this great land thousands of trains run every day, starting and arriving in punctual agreement because this is a woman's world. The great steamships, dependable almost as the sun, a million factories in civilization, the countless looms and lathes of industry, the legions of labor that weave the riches of the world, all move by the mainspring of man's faith in woman—man's faith.

Elinor—I want my husband to have faith in me.

Seelig—This old world hangs together by love.

Mrs. Seelig—Not man's love for woman.

Seelig—No, nor woman's love for man, but by the love of both—for the children.

Elinor (moved)—Dick!

Seelig—Men work for the children because they believe the children are their own—believe. Every mother knows she is the mother of her son or daughter. Let her be however wicked, no power on earth can shake that knowledge. Every father believes he is a father only by his faith in the woman. Let him be however virtuous, no power on earth can strengthen in him a conviction greater than that faith. There is a double standard of morality because upon the golden basis of woman's virtue rests the welfare of the world.

This is the programme, as finally approved by King George, of the coronation gala performance to be given on Tuesday, June 27, at His Majesty's Theatre, in London: Prologue, written by Owen Seaman, spoken by Forbes Robertson; scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Mrs. Kendal, Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Charles Calvert. The second act of "David Garrick," with Sir Charles Wyndham, Edward Terry, Weedon Grossmith, and Mary Moore. The forum scene from "Julius Caesar," with Sir Herbert Tree and E. S. Willard. "The Critic," with George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier, Cyril Maude, Charles Hawtrey, Oscar Asche, Gerald du Maurier, Laurence Irving, Lady Tree, Winifred Emery, Marie Tempest, Gertie Millar, Lily Elsie, and Violet Vanbrugh. Ben Jonson's Masque "The Vision of Delight," with Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Lena Ashwell, Ellis Jeffreys, Evelyn Millard, Gertrude Kingston, Marie Löhr, Eva Moore, Lillian Braithwaite, Evelyn D'Alroy, Lillah McCarthy, Mabel Hackney, and Constance Collier. The national anthem will be sung by Clara Butt.

Christine Nielsen is playing Tommy Tucker, the midnight mite, in the revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" in New York.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Sky Line.

I know a windy hill
That leans against the sky;
And there, through Winter's dusk and chill,
I watch a host march by.

A line of silhouettes
The barren trees reveal,
A little troop of marionettes,
Sharp as an old profile.

Ladies and lords I see,
And galleons from Spain,
And kings that from a far countree
March through the purple rain;

Gaunt horsemen, hooded dames,
Maidens with wind-blown hair,
Torch-bearers with their moveless flames,
And strange grotesques are there;

A bandit with his cloak,
Old witches with their sticks—
A curious train of curious folk
That curiously mix.

And there, high on the right,
A gallows with its string. . . .
But mercifully falls the night
To hide the cruel thing.
—Charles Hanson Towne, in the *Bookman*.

The Romany Sway.

I wish I were a gypsy free
To dance beneath the rowan tree.
To wade in waters cool and sweet
Or press the thyme with naked feet.
I wish I wore a scarlet gown
And ran upon the windy down
To gather mushrooms in the dew.
Sloes and whortleberries blue,
Hips and haws and hazels brown,
For selling in the narrow town,
Where every wide-eyed child would cry—
"There goes a gypsy passing by!"
And run to huy my wares of me
And wish that he were half as free.

Then with some tea to fill my can
Far out of sight of any man
I'd light my fire and sit and sup
And watch the smoke climb up and up;
The smoke upon its stairless way
To greet the pine tree tops and say—
"Those are your boughs that burn so well."
I'd gather bracken from the dell
To make a pillow for my head,
And every time I turned in bed,
Between my eyelid and my cheek
The stars would play at hide and seek.

Or if the moon of dreams were high
I'd be a gypsy that could fly
To visit with the honey bee,
Or chase the swallows o'er the sea;
And in the early morning dark
I'd rise beyond the boldest lark.
And holding to some angel's frock
I'd enter heaven and never knock;
And once inside they'd let me stay,
For all would take my part and say—
"Tis but a little gypsy free,
Let be, good doorkeeper, let be!"
—Anna Bunston, in the *Spectator*.

An Old Woman of the Road.

Oh, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night,
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loath to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delf!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or hush,
And tired I am of hog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome bush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.
—Pádraic Colum, in *McClure's Magazine*.

A writer in London *Truth* says, very pertinently: "The modern tendency is to try to make people natural on the stage at the expense of acting, and those who do so wilfully blind themselves to the fact that to seem natural on the stage is not to be natural, but is the highest art requiring the most skilled acting. In fact, the more natural an actor or actress may appear the greater is his or her art, and yet modern producers will urge people to just be themselves and talk as they would in a drawing-room. The result, of course, is that they lounge around in the hands-in-your-pocket-and-smoke-a-cigarette style, talk just as they would in a club, and the wretched play-goer is unable to overhear their conversation. This is what we have come to as a reaction against the old-fashioned ranting and the melodramatic methods of an earlier school, and I am bound to say I have some sympathy with the old stagers who look with contempt upon modern methods. The fault, I am confident, rests largely with the new school of producers."

Little news of interest comes from the New York theatres. Summer is on.

Edward Harrigan, Actor and Playwright.

Edward Harrigan, the veteran actor, playwright, and manager, died June 6 at his home in New York. He was born in New York sixty-six years ago. His first appearance was in 1867 at the Olympic Theatre, in San Francisco. Harrigan played Irish parts almost continuously in New York from 1874 until 1894, generally writing and staging the plays himself. The combination of Harrigan, Hart, and Braham, the composer, led to the production of many comedies of New York life in the tenement quarters that were distinctive in humor and characterization. Braham wrote the music for many of the songs interpolated in the plays, and nearly all of them became popular. Harrigan had been ill for two years, and had not appeared on the stage since the spring of 1909. He brought his company to San Francisco ten years or so ago, and revived several of his old plays at the California Theatre.

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VANITY FAIR.

A London editor asks why it should be necessary to print columns and pages of coronation news that no one wants to read. The scribe who reports the conversation says that the editor used a number of lurid adjectives by way of prefix to the word coronation and in order to emphasize his opinion of the whole thing. Not that the editor had any objection to coronations as such. Quite the contrary, but he had the instinct of his degraded craft to print only the things that would be read, and that same instinct told him that no one read the details of the approaching festivity. And yet they must be printed.

The trouble with the London editors is that they began too soon and too large. As soon as the date was announced the coronation became a topic of the day, and of course it must be treated. It was not one of those things that could be taken up and dropped again until the scent grew warmer. Beginning upon a large scale it had to grow larger all the time, not smaller. And just at first there really was quite a lot of good stuff, readable and funny stuff. But after a time this was all exhausted and there was absolutely nothing else but details, which had to be expanded and inflated so as to fill just a little more space than was filled the day before. Then the public stopped reading it, but the newspapers had to go on printing it. They had enlarged their staffs, they had discouraged foreign and out-of-town correspondents, and there was absolutely nothing to fill the space except lists of names, silly talk about all the Marys and the Georges throughout the empire who were supposed to be saving their pennies for a royal present, and inane gossip about visitors. It was all very sad for the editors, who yearned for some sort of combination that would enable them to stop the whole thing, and who simply did not dare to "go it alone." And there was no profit in it. Sales went down instead of up, as the hored public tried to get out of sight of any kind of newspaper and to forget the coronation until the time should come to be squeezed to death in the streets trying to see the procession.

Mr. Frank Harris, writing in the *English Review*, has something interesting to tell us of Renan's opinion of American, English, and German politeness. Mr. Harris, with an American acquaintance, had called upon Renan and had been received with charming cordiality. But the American was a terror. His sole topic of conversation was Parisian immorality, and he did his best to persuade his host that such things could never occur in an Anglo-Saxon town. At last Renan's patience was exhausted. Evidently taking the enemy for an Englishman he asked in his silkiest voice: "Have you ever seen anything in Paris, monsieur, more immoral than a leader in your great dailies?"

A few days afterwards Harris called upon Renan in order to apologize for the previous intrusion, and this led to some general reflections upon politeness and the lack of it displayed by some foreigners. Renan explained that rudeness always astonished a Frenchman:

"They are rude unconsciously; it is not a rudeness of self-absorption or of excitement—that we could easily pardon; but the rudeness of a lower plane of thought and feeling, the rudeness of selfishness or want of consideration. . . . I sometimes think that it takes a civilization of thousands of years to make a nation polite. When you tell a Frenchman that he is impolite he is shocked, he insists on your proving it. Even when he is most angry he understands that it is a grave offense. But I am informed that if you tell an angry Englishman or an American that he is impolite, he simply laughs at you; it would not seem to him a disgraceful charge at all. He sees nothing in impoliteness, and therefore does not resent the accusation. . . .

"Your English civilization is too young; it is only four or five centuries old, and the German civilization in the sense of national life is shorter even than yours. Our civilization, on the other hand, goes back to Roman times; we have been civilized for two thousand years, and the Italians, whose civilization is still older than ours, are still more exquisitely polite than we are. We Latin people have a great inheritance," he concluded, pursing his lips; "we ought therefore to be very considerate of others."

An incident that occurred recently at a dinner in New York reminds us that there is at least one social terror that never comes to plague the dreams of men. It is reserved for women only. No man is filled with consternation by the discovery that some other man is dressed in precisely the same way as himself. Indeed he is far more likely to be consoled by finding that he is wearing something that is distinctive, something that singles him out from the common herd. Then his bashful and diffident nature is overwhelmed with confusion. Then he calls upon the rocks to cover him.

But how different it is with women. A few weeks ago the society newspapers of Washington offered their effusive condolences to Miss Taft for what they called an unpleasant contretemps. For the moment we feared that the misfortune had befallen the popular favorite of a popular President. But not at all. It was not from the male point of view, but perhaps ought not to be called a point

of view at all. It seems that Miss Taft had met another lady who was dressed just as she was herself. Perhaps women readers will understand her mortification, so eloquently described in the society journals, for certainly no man will be able to understand it. Why should not two ladies dress in the same way? Why should they be filled with anguish at finding that they have done so? Echo answers, why?

The same thing happened once to Miss Alice Roosevelt. Perhaps it runs in presidential families. Another victim was Miss Harriet Wadsworth, who found not only one duplicate of herself, but positively two. How she must have wished that she had a competent command of profanity, which by the way is another point of feminine inferiority. Even Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was not exempt. Coming all the way from New York to Washington for an extra special fashionable dinner, she was actually confronted at the table with a guest dressed in precisely the same way as herself. If she had not been a perfect lady—well, there, there's no knowing!

The blame for this hideous state of affairs is laid upon the dressmakers. The Parisian dressmaker says that she can do no more than create something that is exclusive and give her word that she herself will not duplicate it. But she can not promise that no one else will. And it is very certain that it will be copied. There is no way to prevent it, and so it seems likely that every now and then our feelings will be harrowed by these distressing incidents that can neither be foreseen nor prevented.

The German empress seems to be a motherly sort of woman. During her recent visit to England she went to the German hospital in London and made the round of the wards. Attracted by the appearance of a small boy she went to his bedside and asked him what was the matter with him. The sufferer was too young to be restrained either by royalty or sex, and his frank and voluble reply was of so private and domestic a nature that the attendants were scandalized and tried to check the distressing confidences. But the empress would have none of that. She had asked the little fellow what was the matter with him and she wanted to know. Moreover, she intended to know, and if her attendants did not like it they could stand back, which they did.

Speaking of the German empress, we are indebted to Mr. Arnold White in the *London Express* for a sketch of the Kaiser himself. Mr. White says it is difficult to write about an emperor. If you praise him you are a sycophant. Whatever you say you will find yourself in hot water with those who are quite sure that he is either a god or a devil. Nevertheless Mr. White steers his ship with some skill. He says:

The dominant note of the German Kaiser's personality is vitality—intense vitality. He is never still. Mind and body are intensely alive. He is interested in everything and everybody. His gestures are continental. In conversation his right hand is incessantly in motion, playing an accompaniment, as it were, to the rapid flow of genial speech with which he delights his old friends and the new acquaintances who reveal the delight that accompanies the honor of presentation to the master of Europe.

One feature alone is cryptic and still. His eyes, cold and pale blue, exhibit none of the exuberant vitality which electrifies rather than impresses the circle in which he is speaking. The eyes are hard and steady. They belong to a personality that has accomplished the hardest of all tasks—self-conquest. Lines of pain circle the emperor's eyes, as though he had struggled with vast difficulties and conquered them only with the sacrifice of much that makes life worth living.

Once only did I observe the humanity of gentleness and affection—it was when the empress touched his arm and drew his majesty's attention to a young lady for whom she sought an opportunity of presentation. The emperor smiled—a beautiful smile—the hard, steady eyes softened—not at the girl, but at his wife. Here is one of the secrets of the Kaiser's power. He is a family man, and the family, both in Germany and in England, is in danger.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has proved his wisdom by writing some acceptable novels, has now written a sort of essay about marriage. But before plunging into the real profundities of the question he has a cheerful thwack on the head for the pestilent people who are always lecturing us about our duty to the state as though we were stud cattle and threatening to "take measures" to compel us to raise the birth rate. Politicians do this sort of thing, and bishops, and eugenicists, and all sorts of nondescript people who have no precise business of their own but an invincible determination to direct the conduct of ours. There was a time, we are assured, when people were better disposed toward society, when they married early if not often, and emulated the rabbit in productivity and regularity. They don't exactly ask us to imitate the rabbit, but that is what they mean.

It is all rubbish, says the genial Mr. Bennett. Our grandfathers married from an instinct of wholesome selfishness, and from the same instinct we abstain from marriage. Marriage rate and birth rate follow conditions, not vice versa. If we want to marry

we shall do so. If we do not want to marry we shall not do so, and that was precisely the rule of our forefathers. Can we suppose that they went to the young women of their day and explained that they wished to marry them because they were conscious of their duty to the state, and that they hoped for a large family because the interests of the commonwealth demanded it? That would have been a fair and gracious compliment to the young women, certainly. We can try it today, any of us who are so minded. Let us at least be honest about it, and if we decide to marry because our hearts have been touched by the Rooseveltian-eugenic protests let us say so to the girl. To deceive her as to motives is surely the worst possible beginning. If our motives for marriage are not such as can be told to a girl perhaps we had better reconsider the matter after all. If they can be told, then tell them. Tell her that you wish to marry from a sense of duty. That will fetch her if anything will. A sense of duty is so rare nowadays. Then go on to explain that you have selected her after an examination into the streams of influence that have presumably reached her from the heredity of a century or so. If you have the anthropometrical measurements of her great-grandfather proving him to have been sound in mind and limb, show them to her. But these may be hard to get. The police were not very careful in those early days. But do what you can to convince her that the fruits of marriage will be all that they should be. Show her a medical certificate from some sort of a doctor to the effect that he has overhauled you from alpha to omega and will guarantee you free from foot and mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia, housemaid's knee, mumps, and glanders. She will not be able to resist these blandishments. She will cap certificates with you and then say that she is yours. It will be an idyllic scene. But tell her everything. Don't marry her under false pretenses. And once more, if there is anything in your motives that you don't want to tell her then don't say anything at all to her until you have cleared that particular mess up and out. Let your willingness to tell the girl be the test of the "sense of duty" theory and all the nasty eugenic ones.

The trouble with the race-suicide cranks is enlarged racial ego. They think that mankind has been living for a few thousand centuries as preparation for a crisis that is now upon us and through which they are prepared to guide us. Really it is not so. In a few centuries more they will understand all about these little crises of today, if indeed they are high enough to show at all, just as we understand all about the little foolish hysterics and excitements of a hundred years ago. These good people are like a man who spends two

minutes in watching a carpet weaver at work and is then filled with alarm because he sees only one color being used. The fabric, he says, will be ruined, it will be overweighted with one tint and starved of others. It will be unsightly and useless. But wait a bit. Come back tomorrow and get a sense of proportion. It is true that yesterday all the shuttles were filled with one color, but the work they did was so small compared with the whole. And it was necessary for harmony.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At one time during a season of heavy fog a London daily paper offered a prize for the best fog story. The story given here won the prize: A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "Hello, Mr. Smith!" said the clerk, over the wire. "I can not come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday."

The golf bug's soul came back from a little range around Satan's preserve with a smile as wide as the Amazon River. "I say," it exclaimed, "I don't call this much of a hell. They have the finest golf course out there I ever saw in my life." A droll-looking old soul who was sitting on the safety valve looked up. "But did you see anybody playing on it?" he asked. "No," the newcomer admitted. "I didn't." The old-timer chuckled. "That's it," he said. "He won't let anybody play on it."

The late David Graham Phillips had, like many bachelors, a cynical view of matrimony. Mr. Phillips, at a well-remembered reunion of Princeton's class of '87, at the Princeton Club, said of marriage: "The Persians have a proverb that every young man should consider well before proposing. It runs: 'He that venturith on matrimony is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet, if the Prophet so will it, he may draw forth the eel.'"

The Rev. Dr. Aked, at a farewell dinner in New York, said of an over-zealous missionary: "Neither with the heathen nor with our own people does it do to advocate religion on mercenary grounds. I know a manufacturer who, last Easter, told all his hands that he would pay them if they went to church. Accordingly the hands all went, and a fine, brave show they made. The manufacturer, scanning their ranks from his pew, swelled with joy and pride. But after the service a foreman approached and said: 'Boss, the fellers want me to ask you if we come to church again tonight do we get overtime?'"

Bishop John L. Nuelsen, in an address in Omaha, said of intolerance: "These intolerant people make me think of young Parson Brownslow. Parson Brownslow, one Sunday morning, was passing a pond when two young skaters went through the ice. The parson, a good swimmer, plunged into the cold, black water promptly, and after a deal of diving and floundering and struggling, he managed

to rescue the two boys. He laid their limp forms on the bank side by side and then he began to work their arms vigorously, so as to restore animation, when a deep, reproachful voice cried from the road: 'Parson!' He looked up and beheld the frowning visage of Deacon Jones. 'Parson,' said the deacon, 'six days shalt thou labor!'"

One of the briefest and no doubt one of the most sincere addresses ever delivered on the subject of capital punishment was made in Worcester County, Massachusetts, more than two generations ago. A notorious character by the name of Charley James, standing on the gallows, with the noose properly adjusted, was asked before the cap was drawn over his face if he would like to say a few words. "Ladies and gentlemen—beg pardon; gentlemen," he said. "Standing where I do, I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment."

The real origin of the greatest fake hero story ever told has come to light in a scrapbook owned by an old resident of Washington. A group of Revolutionary heroes were standing before an old har in Washington, and from the lips of each there fell wondrous stories of what he had done in the shock of battle or the frenzy of the charge. Finally one old fellow with long, white whiskers remarked: "I was personally acquainted with George Washington. I was lying behind the breastworks one day, pumping lead into the Britishers, when I heard the patter of a horse's hoofs behind me. Then came a voice: 'Hi, there, you with the deadly aim! Look here a moment!' I looked around and saluted, recognizing General Washington, and he said: 'What's your name?' 'Hogan,' I said. 'Your first name?' 'Pat, sir—Pat Hogan.' 'Well, Pat,' he said, 'go home. You're killing too many men.' 'I think I'd better get a few more, General,' I said, kind of apologetic. 'No,' he said, 'you've killed too many. It's slaughter. And, Pat, don't call me General; call me George.'"

When the conductor came to collect the young lady's fare she discovered that she had left her pocketbook at the office where she works as stenographer (says the *Denver Times*). It is a predicament not uncommon with city dwellers, but the rest of the story, as told, takes a new and agreeable turn. "Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," she said, looking very much embarrassed. The conductor said nothing, but stood there and waited. "I guess I'll have to get off," said the girl. "I have left my pocketbook at the office." "Here, lady," said a hoishy voice, coming from across the aisle. "I got a nickel I'll lend you." She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll

pay you back if you'll give me your name." "Don't worry 'bout that," he replied. "I'm the kid you give the half a dollar to las' Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I aint forgot you. I'm sellin' papers there yet." She smiled at him when he left the car, and he was about the proudest hoy in town.

All is not paradise aboard ship, first because nobody is armor-plated proof against seasickness; old sea captains have been known to succumb to a cross sea in Saginaw Bay. There is a malicious story of a captain who brought home a parrot as a gift to a lady friend, who complained that the bird knew nothing but the phrases of the fore-castle. The captain promised to bring, on his next voyage, a bird which had never been allowed to go outside his own cabin. Polly, however, proved very reserved, and never said a word, until one day when the lady was giving a lunch party, and the soup was served, there descended from the cage of the bird the agonized remark, "Steward, bring me a hasin'!"

A Milwaukee man tells of a recent experience while motoring, illustrating the sarcasm which a woman is capable of when occasion demands. "We were going along at an awful speed," he said. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his 'ki-yi,' so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate lady standing over her dead dog—one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw. She met us with a tirade of remarks telling us in no uncertain terms what she thought of us and automobilists in general, finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her. 'Madam,' I said, 'I will replace your dog.' 'Sir,' she said, in a freezing tone of voice, 'you flatter yourself.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Modesty.

My appendix is carefully bottled—
The third on the right, that's the one!
It's growing, you see, a bit mottled,
Exposed to the rays of the sun.
I keep it out there for inspection,
Since otherwise people might doubt it.
It gives me elation and makes conversation—
But I try to be modest about it.
One lobe of my brain is in spirits—
It's yonder upon the top shelf—
'Twas cut out by Dr. M. Tirritus,
And stands there a part of myself.
I show it to all of my callers—
I'd be much embarrassed without it.
A fine illustration, it makes conversation—
But I try to be modest about it.
—William Wallace Whitelock, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

In the Choir.

'Twas in the choir, they stood in line where many others were,
But no one saw the fervent look that passed from hymn to her.
—Dallas News.

The Plight of the Silkworm.

The silkworm remarked with a sob,
'I soon will be out of a job,
For the women their skirts so abbreviate
They use two yards where they should use eight,
And with us that is raising hob.

"When I gaze at the throng on Broadway,
On any old sunshiny day,
I see Lottie, Olivia, Alice, and Betty
With petticoats none or with petticoats petty,
And I am constrained to say:

"'Oh, give us the days of yore
When the old-fashioned skirt they wore;
It measured full many a yard around,
It had a train that would wipe the ground,
And was builded with gore upon gore.'"

The silkworm remarked with a sigh,
"An idle young worm am I,
For the maiden now dresses so you can see
Much more of her than you can of me.
Does the fashion of Eve draw nigh?"
—Carleton G. Garretson, in *New York Globe*.

The One "Tipless" Privilege.

He tipped the porter when he left the car,
The taxi-driver had to have a tip;
He tipped the man who held the door ajar,
The bellboy who relieved him of his "grip."

Of course he tipped the elevator man,
The boy who brought ice-water to his room,
The chambermaid who waited in the hall,
The waiters and the porters, one and all.
The eager lad who wielded the brush-hroom.

He tipped the girl who handed him his hat,
A telegram was brought him by a boy,
Therefore he had to give a tip for that,
Although the message gave him little joy.

He tipped the boy who turned the water on,
He tipped the boy who handed him the soap;
He had to tip to get a towel, too;
He tipped the shoelack and the harber who
Imparted all the latest baseball dope.

He knelt beside his bed, at close of day,
But ere the word "Amen" came to his lip
He said: "I thank Thee, Lord, that I may pray
Without first giving any one a tip."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Anita Maillard and Mr. Temple Bridgman of Tennessee took place last Saturday in Belvedere at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Maillard. Mrs. Effingham Sutton was the matron of honor. Miss Marian Leigh Maillard, the little sister of the bride, was flower carrier. The bridesmaids were Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Dorothy Page, and Miss Leslie Page. Mr. Arthur Mitchell was best man, and Mr. Harry McAfee and Mr. Ernest Maillard acted as ushers. A wedding breakfast was served on the veranda, where one hundred and fifty guests were seated.

Miss Jessie Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Clark of Berkeley, became the bride of Mr. John D. Fletcher last Thursday. The ceremony took place at the Clark home in Le Conte Avenue and was performed by the groom's father, Rev. A. Fletcher of the Episcopal Church of Covina. Mrs. W. G. McDonald attended the bride as matron of honor, Miss Margaret Clark as maid of honor, and Miss Mildred Clark and Miss Evelyn Fletcher as bridesmaids. Mr. Albert Lee Clark acted as best man. A hundred guests witnessed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher will reside in Berkeley upon their return from their wedding trip.

Another bride of Thursday was Mrs. Jean Howard Schoonmaker, whose marriage to Mr. Duncan McDuffie took place in Piedmont at the home of the bride's parents. It was attended only by relatives and intimate friends. Mr. and Mrs. McDuffie will sail June 15 for Europe.

The wedding of Miss Madge Cunningham and Mr. Clarence Edgar Todd took place at noon Wednesday, June 7, at the First Unitarian Church. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Loring Cunningham and a niece of Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Sr. Mr. Todd is a graduate of the University of California.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Mr. Albert G. Bates and Miss Katherine Devol, which will take place the latter part of this month in Panama. Miss Devol is the daughter of Colonel C. A. Devol, U. S. A., and Mrs. Devol, who resided here for several years when Colonel Devol was head of the commissary department of California. Mrs. Elizabeth Gerherding, mother of Mr. Bates, and Miss Beatrice Gerherding leave soon for Panama, en route to New York, where Miss Gerherding will attend school. They will be in Panama for the wedding.

Invitations have been issued by Dr. and Mrs. James Ward Keeney to the wedding of their daughter, Mary Alvord, and Mr. Talbot Cyrus Walker, which will take place Friday evening, June 27, at the Keeney residence, 2618 Buchanan Street.

A number of informal affairs were given in honor of Miss Mildred Whitney and Mr. Ernest Stillman, who were married on Wednesday. Mrs. William Reding, mother of Miss Whitney, gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Stillman and his four ushers, who accompanied him to the West. Mrs. Harry Alston Williams was hostess at a dance and Mrs. James Otis entertained at a luncheon, which she gave last Friday in her Ross Valley home.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick was the honored guest at a luncheon which was given last Thursday by Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett at her home in Burlingame. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dinner last Thursday evening at her home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Mary Keeney, who will be married June 27 to Mr. Talbot Cyrus Walker. Mrs. Martin's guests were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Lillian Goss, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Florence Hopkins, Mr. Talbot Walker, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Pierre Le Maître.

Miss Mary Keeney will be the guest of honor at a dinner Thursday evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., at their home in Menlo Park.

Miss Amy Bowles was hostess at a luncheon last

Saturday at her home, The Pines. The affair was complimentary to Miss Jennie Lee, whose marriage to Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., took place this week.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner-dance Tuesday evening complimentary to Miss Keeney and Mr. Walker.

Miss Jeanne Gallois will give Miss Keeney a theatre party June 19, and Miss Florence Hopkins will be hostess at a similar affair June 21.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin entertained a number of friends at a tea which she gave in honor of Mrs. Haskett Derby, who was Miss Nora Leary of Richmond, Virginia.

Miss Jennie Lee was the complimented guest at a tea given at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. John McNear, who entertained Mrs. B. F. Schlessinger, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Esther Denny, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Gladys Wilson, Mr. Seyd Havens, Mr. Jack Johnson, Mr. Harold Havens, Lieutenant Rees, U. S. N., Lieutenant Cox, U. S. N., Lieutenant Todd, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson entertained a number of their friends at a dinner last Thursday evening at a downtown café. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton.

Mrs. Walter Greer will give a luncheon June 15 in honor of Miss Marian Lally, whose marriage to Mr. Louis Durkee will take place June 28.

Mrs. Robert Greer was hostess at a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Mrs. Vere Ellinwood was hostess at a tea, which she gave as a favor to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Greer, who also was the motif for a luncheon which was given by Mrs. George Herrick.

Mrs. Frederick von Schraeder entertained at a luncheon last Wednesday at the Hotel Victoria in honor of Mrs. Tasker H. Bliss.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague of San Francisco has presented a large new building to St. Dorothy's Rest, the free summer home in Sonoma County for crippled and convalescent children of California. This latest addition to the charitable outing-place will be called Lydia House, having been erected by Mrs. Montague in memory of the late Lydia Cutter Paige, her grandmother. The dedicatory services and opening of the new home will be held Wednesday, June 14. St. Dorothy's Rest was founded several years ago by Mrs. James Otis Lincoln in memory of her daughter, the late Dorothy Pitkin Lincoln. It had its beginning in a small cottage on an acre of ground donated by M. C. Meeker. Gradually the outing-place has grown and it now gives a vacation to several hundred children each summer. To the first acre of ground two more have been added, and on this property now stands the main building of nine rooms, with wide porches on three sides; a beautiful little chapel presented by Mrs. G. W. Gibbs; Miriam House, donated three years ago by Miss Adeline Mills in memory of Jennie Miriam Paige, her aunt; Lydia House, presented by Mrs. Montague, and a small cottage.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the constitution of united Italy, the Italians of San Francisco held a parade Sunday evening, June 4, that was an elaborate and enthusiastic display of patriotic fervor. After the procession there were speeches in Garibaldi Hall, and later a ball. Sixty members of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco went to San Anselmo, in Marin County, to celebrate the semi-centennial of Italy's independence. The history of the stirring times of Garibaldi and the patriots was recounted and the health of the royal family was pledged in many glasses.

William Russell Dudley, emeritus professor of systematic botany at Leland Stanford University, died there June 4, from tuberculosis. He was sixty-two years old. Professor Dudley's contributions to the literature of botany extend from Pennsylvania to the Pacific Slope. He was graduated from Cornell University, with postgraduate work abroad, and for sixteen years was a member of the Cornell faculty, holding a full professorship nine years of that time. Since 1892 he has been at Stanford. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Major George Blakeley, inspector-general of the Department of California, began his annual inspection Wednesday at the Presidio. The routine inspection was preceded by a review, with Colonel J. P. Wisser, commanding the Presidio, reviewing the troops. The latter was in command of Lieutenant-Colonel John W. C. Brooks. A review of the field artillery was also held in the afternoon, with Major Blakeley inspecting, and Captain George M. Apple in command of the troops. The complete inspection of the post will occupy several weeks.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan MacDonald (formerly Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick) was brightened on Monday, June 5, by the advent of a son.

Eugene Payne, D. D. S., M. D., succeeds to the dental practice of his brother, Clyde Payne, D. D. S. Dr. Eugene Payne has returned to San Francisco after an absence of more than ten years in practice in New York City and respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former patients. California Optical Building, 146 Grant Avenue, corner Post Street. Telephone Kearny 66.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Billie Burke will begin next Monday night the second week of her engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Her success is unequivocal and assured. On another page is a review of the play, "Mrs. Dot," and the star in the name-part. Miss Burke's personality seems to be the winning feature, if the critics are to be believed, but there is an odd reflection of this view in the fact that actresses, and actors, too, with a magnetic personality often fail to win popularity for a play. Billie Burke wins, though the plays in which she has been seen have been called weak. The most beautiful and charming woman in the world would fail in any play if she had none of the resources of dramatic art at her command. It is not good judgment to resent the possession of grace and beauty by a star, but it would seem that some critics find it difficult to condone. The fact is, that Miss Burke has to a generous measure the natural gifts of a comedienne, and they are assisted by her undeniable physical charms. Her art is broadening steadily. It is not unthinkable that she will become an actress of emotional power. Be that as it may, she is in a good school, with a good company in her support, and she offers in "Mrs. Dot" a thoroughly pleasing evening's entertainment. The usual matinee performances are given Wednesday and Saturday.

Joseph Hart's "A Night in a Turkish Bath" next week at the Orpheum will offer comedy and song a-plenty, a continued round of pleasure that abates only for minutes when delicate touches of sentiment are introduced. The scene is laid in the cooling room of a famous New York Turkish Bath. The star of the act is Robert J. Webb. He plays the "heavy" and gives vent to great glee when after an hour he emerges from the electric cabinet and finds that he has lost one-quarter of a pound of his four hundred and thirty-five. The Farrel-Taylor Company, consisting of Frank Farrel-Taylor, Blanche Davenport, and Tom Carter, will reappear after quite an absence. This trio of fun-makers and black-face comedians will present a skit entitled "That Minstrel Man," in which comedy is interspersed with bright and popular music. The instrumental numbers are attractive features, but the dialogue is diverting. Belle Adair, the singing comedienne, who will make her first appearance here, is good to see and good to hear. Her songs are little songs that you would bear in a musical comedy, but there is no compromise in box or gallery. Only a vaudeville performer himself will appreciate the difficulty of holding the attention of a restless, excitement-hunting crowd. To hold them so completely as Miss Adair does her audience shows a personality that is at once both gentle and strong. James H. Cullen, the comedian, brings new material every time he pays a visit and consequently is always amusing. Next week will be the last of George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager; the Namba Japs; Isabelle D'Armond and George Moore, and Master Gabriel and his company in "Little Tommy Tucker."

Following Billie Burke at the Columbia Theatre comes Ethel Barrymore, who will make her appearance in a double bill of Barrie's plays, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and "The Twelve-Pound Look." The latter is said to be an intense drama in tabloid form, and was written for Miss Barrymore by the celebrated playwright. Seats for the Barrymore engagement go on sale next Thursday.

The lace which will adorn the coronation robe of Queen Mary will be of English make. It is of the kind called Bedfordshire pillow lace, and hand wrought. It is being made by Mrs. Jane Morris in her cottage in the village of Shelton. She has been working on it since last October. Mrs. Morris says the thread of which this lace is made is the finest on which she has ever worked. There will be four yards of this lace on the coronation dress. It takes Mrs. Morris a day to make an inch and a half. She uses 180 bobbins. The design of the lace is the crown and pendant worn by the queen.

Arthur Cunningham is still among the many entertainers at the Winter Garden in New York.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, have returned from Rutherford, Napa County, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, Lloyd, Gordon, and Lansing, arrived Monday from Bakersfield and are at their residence on Broadway.

Mrs. Harriet Miller and her son, Earl, returned last Wednesday from Europe, where they have been for a year, and spent a few days with Mrs. R. P. Schwerin in San Mateo, en route to their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and their daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire, are established for the summer in Mill Valley. Mrs. John Polhemus and her little sons will be their guests during July.

Miss Marie Louise Black, who has been attending an Eastern school, has returned home and is at the Fairmont Hotel with her father, Mr. Charles N. Black.

Mrs. Harrison will leave this week for Fort Screven, Georgia, where she will spend several weeks with her son, Mr. Ralph C. Harrison.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves has gone to Los Gatos, where she has taken a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean have gone to San Mateo, where they will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, who have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green during their absence in Europe. Mrs. Athole McBean will go to Santa Barbara later to be with her mother and sister, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall, who will, as usual, spend the season at the southern resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse and their children will leave July 1 for a camping trip in the high Sierra.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have returned to their home in San Mateo, after a five months trip abroad.

Mr. Raphael Weill is en route to Europe, where he will remain until October.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their son, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., have sailed for England, where they will join their daughters, Miss Ethel Mary and Miss Helen, who have been chaperoned by Mrs. Charles B. Alexander during their mother's brief visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have reached Paris, after motoring through Italy, and will sail for home the first week in July.

Mrs. John Franklin Babcock has gone East to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Henry Sloane Coffin.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood will leave shortly for Castle Craig, where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Miss Innes Keeney and Miss Esther Denny returned last Saturday from Byron Springs, where they were the guests of Mrs. Louis Risdon Meade. Vicomte and Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan left Tuesday for their home near Paris, after having spent the winter in San Mateo.

Miss Henriette Blanding has returned from Vassar before the close of the term, owing to the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, who recently underwent an operation at a hospital. Mrs. Blanding is now out of danger and will soon be able to go to her country home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings have gone East to spend a few weeks. During their absence their children will visit Mrs. Rawling's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have returned to Burlingame, after spending a few days in town. Mr. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy has returned from a fishing trip to Independence Lake.

Mrs. Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, have leased a house on Broadway. For the past

two years they have been occupying the home on California Street of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, who will again be at home in her house about July 1.

Mrs. Hobart has taken an apartment in Paris and has moved from the Hotel Beausite, where she and her three children have been residing.

Miss Lillie Lawlor sailed Saturday for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holton sailed last week for Europe.

Miss Clara Allen has returned to her home in Menlo Park, after a brief visit in town.

Miss Ruth Winslow is expected home from New York Sunday evening. She has been attending Bennett's school on the Hudson, and will make her debut next winter.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and her daughter, Miss Marian, will arrive in New York the end of this week. They have been abroad for the past four months and will stop en route home in Philadelphia to attend the commencement exercises of Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will close her town house next week and move to her country home in Menlo Park, where Mr. Hopkins and Miss Florence have been for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, who are visiting Mrs. Hopkins, will accompany her to Menlo, where their new home is nearing completion.

Miss Augusta Foute returned to town Monday, after spending the week-end as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landers have returned home, after a visit of several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Miss Olive, Elizabeth, and Jean, are en route East to attend the graduation exercises of Miss Lillias, who finishes her course of study at Vassar. After spending the summer abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler will place their two daughters, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Jean, in a school in Florence, and with Miss Lillias and Miss Olive will return home before the winter season, when Miss Lillias will be presented to society.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will close their town house this week and move into their country home in San Rafael.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson are in Redwood City, where they are watching with interest the building of an attractive home which they expect to occupy this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Elingham Sutton (formerly Miss Maud Wilson) have returned from their wedding trip and are in their new home at 3240 Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their family moved Tuesday to Ross, where they have rented the J. K. Armsby place for the summer.

Mrs. J. K. Armsby and her children left Monday morning for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick and Mr. and Mrs. James Horsburgh, Jr., recently motored to Paso Robles for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marian Baker left Saturday evening for Castle Craig. They were accompanied by Miss Dorothy Baker, who will spend a month with them.

Mrs. Robert McMillan has gone to Sonoma to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blake-man.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer and their two little daughters left Monday for their home in Seattle. Mrs. Greer has been spending the past six months with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood.

Dr. Curtis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Curtis, who are now stationed at Yerba Buena, have returned from the southern part of the State.

Mr. William F. Herrin and Mr. Frank Michael are now motoring in England.

Captain Conrad S. Babcock, First Cavalry, Yosemite National Park, has been granted leave of absence from June 10 to September 30, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Mr. Charles S. Fee, Miss Marcia and Miss Elizabeth, and Mr. Jerome Fee sailed on the Mongolia for Japan for a month's visit.

Mrs. John McMullin has given up her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel and has gone to her ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. Miss Eliza McMullin is with her mother in Oakland.

Dr. Otis Spaulding and Dr. Fletcher McNutt have been recent visitors at Byron Springs, where they were the guests of Dr. Risdon Mead, Jr.

Lieutenant Councilman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Councilman, who are guests at the Presidio, will leave this month for the Philippines.

Judge Charles Weller, Mrs. Weller, and their daughter, Miss Anna Weller, will leave this week for Shasta.

The Misses Sara, Lutie, and Dorothy Collier have gone to their country home near Clear Lake to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters will spend the summer in Belvedere, where they have rented a cottage.

Miss Ruth Zeile has returned from New York and has joined her sister, Miss Marian, at the home on California Street of their grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile.

Miss Marian Marvin has returned from a visit with relatives in Sacramento.

Miss Floride Hunt has gone to Fort Bragg, where she is the guest of Miss Emily Johnson.

Miss Ysobel Chase has returned to her home in Napa County, after a visit in Woodside with Miss Myra Josselyn.

Mrs. E. D. Tenny and Miss Wilhelmina Tenny of Honolulu will spend the summer in California. Mr. Ernest Wiltsee will leave soon for Paris to join Mrs. Wiltsee, who is established in her new apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Mr. and Mrs. William Horne recently motored through Lake County. Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell and their children will close their home in Ross in July and spend the summer in their hungalow at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDuffie are spending their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe. They expect to leave for Europe June 15, where they will travel until fall.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith arrived last week in New York from Europe, where she has been traveling for the past year. Her son Bayard remained abroad to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheshrough have moved into their new home on Broadway.

Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh and her little son have returned to Woodside from Aspen, Colorado,

where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David L. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali have recently been entertaining Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mrs. Conrad Bahcock, and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Miss Lillian Goss left Tuesday morning in the Crocker car Mishawaka for New York, en route to England.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhbs and Miss Emily have gone to their country home in St. Helena to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and their daughter, Miss Gertrude, are established in Ross for the season.

Lieutenant Clarence Kempf, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempf have returned to their home in the East, after a visit with Mrs. C. B. Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara have taken a house for the summer at Dinard, France.

Among guests of recent arrival at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hellman, Mrs. M. S. Hellman, Miss Lucile Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Meyer, of Los Angeles; Mr. W. J. Burns and daughter, of Portland; Mrs. Henry Poett, of San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mrs. B. H. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Rigdon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilfert, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Kirk, Miss Teresa S. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. N. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ferro, Mr. and Mrs. B. Butler, Mr. A. P. Jones, and Mr. Richard Gorman.

Recent arrivals at Aetna Springs included Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Beardslee, Mr. Joseph A. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Luchsinger, Miss Jessie Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pfister, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pollard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McMartin, Miss M. L. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Fritsch, Miss Tief-haler, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Johnson, Miss Ethel Constance, Mrs. A. H. Martin, and Miss Mae Perkins.

Booth Tarkington is very difficult to please in matters theatrical, but happening to be in Philadelphia during the run of one of his own plays, after dinner one evening sauntered to the theatre. The doorkeeper did not know him and for some little time refused to let Mr. Tarkington and his companion in. Finally, though, Tarkington's identity was established, and they were conducted to a stage box. The performance wasn't up to much. Tarkington fidgeted in his chair, and at the end of the first act he suggested that they go. On their way out Tarkington peered anxiously about the lobby. "What are you looking for?" his companion asked. "I'm looking," said Tarkington, "for that chap who wouldn't let us in. I want to give him a quarter."

Myrtle Dingwall made her reappearance in the Hartman Company in Los Angeles last week, after a rest of two months, and played Lady Leslie in "A Stuhhorn Cinderella." Miss Dingwall is said to be the most popular prima donna that Ferris Hartman has ever presented.

It is said that Fred C. Whitney has offered Alice Nielsen the chief rôle in Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" when that opera is to be done in English at Covent Garden, London, next September.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"He is what you might call an adroit man?" "Decidedly—his sins never find him out and his debts never find him in."—*Puck*.

"Is that man a bill collector?" said the new clerk. "He may be in some places," replied the messenger boy, "but not in this office."—*Washington Star*.

Stuart—Was it protection that enabled Fergall to acquire his enormous wealth? McCaustic—Certainly. For six years he was a police captain.—*The Club*.

Native—Yes, sir, property round here has went up a lot in the last few years. Afore I was born my father bought land here for ten dollars an acre that ye couldn't touch now for less'n twelve-fifty.—*Century Magazine*.

"I suppose you wouldn't believe," said the manager, "that it cost me \$25,000 to raise the curtain on this show?" "I do," replied the critic. "I'm surprised that they let you do it even for that price."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Wife—Darling, I want a new gown. Husband—But you had a new one only a short time ago. Wife—Yes, but my friend Ellen is to be married, and I can't wear the same dress I wore at her last wedding.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"You never learned to sing or play the violin?" "No," replied Mr. Growcher. "What's the use of going to all that trouble? Whenever I feel that the neighborhood is too quiet I get out the lawn-mower."—*Washington Star*.

"They really fear she will become insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he married her." "Oh, I see! And the awful revelations—" "Revelations? No. It was in cipher, and she couldn't read a word of it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Wedmore—I made the mistake of my life last night. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown. Singleton—And she flared up, eh? Wedmore—Oh, no; it wasn't that; but now she wants the money for another.—*Boston Transcript*.

Robert E. Lee Smith—Pa, why is the ocean salt? Colonel Smith—Providence, my son, has renounced the greatest part of the watch on this earth unpalatable to show that it was never intended, sub. foh drinking purposes.—*Milwaukee News*.

Boy—Have you got "Flat Fin Flannery, the Life-Saver of Lobster Beach"? Librarian—Oh, dear, no. The Carnegie libraries do not have books about such people. Boy—That's funny. Carnegie gives hero medals to such people.—*Cleveland Press*.

"Did you read about that American magnate who was shipwrecked in the South Pacific and spent two years among savages?" "No; what happened to him?" "When he was rescued, he had accumulated 3,000,000 clam shells."—*St. Louis Times*.

Mrs. Murphy—Oi hear yer brother-in-law, Pat Keegan, is pretty bad off. Mrs. Casey—Shure, he's good for a year yet. Mrs. Murphy—As long as that? Mrs. Casey—Yis; he's had four different doctors, and each one av them give him three months to live.—*Puck*.

"Of course," said the surgeon who had operated for appendicitis, "there will be a scar." "That's all right," replied the patient. "Leave any kind of mark you like that will prevent some strange doctor from coming along and operating again."—*Winchester Herald*.

"Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, "you've got to quit your drinking, your smoking, your chewing, your swearing, your—" "For heaven's sake, Nancy," protested Mr. Rambo, "don't commit me to such a wholesale reform. Let me revise my habits schedule by schedule."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Tbank heaven, those bills are got rid of," said Bilkins, fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of account dated October 1. "All paid, eh?" said Mrs. Bilkins. "Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates dated November 1 have come in and I don't have to keep these any longer."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"And why do you claim that it was with malice aforethought that the automobilist defendant ran down the complainant?" "On the morning it happened, your honor, I heard him say that he was going to take out his new auto and see if he could not run across a few people he knew."—*Houston Post*.

Client—Before we decide on the bouse, my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all unhealthy. House Agent—Er—What is your husband's profession, madam? Client—He is a physician. House Agent—Hum—er—well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy!—*London Opinion*.

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury? Witness—Yes, sir; more than half of them. Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them? Witness—Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more

than all of them put together.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

Diner (irritated by the delay)—Is there anything I can ask for in this restaurant and get it promptly? Waiter—Yes, sir—the check.—*Boston Transcript*.

Smith—I want to sue Jones for damages for being run down by his automobile, but I'm afraid he has no money. Lawyer—Oh, that's all right. I can use his car.—*Puck*.

Preacher—Where are you going, Uncle Eben? You're all fussed up! Uncle Eben—Going down to New York. Coming back with something that will surprise you, too. Preacher—What's that? Uncle Eben—Got a letter from a feller down there offering me a chance to buy an autograph copy of the Bible for \$25.—*Puck*.

Charles Barnes, the short-story writer, was scouting about for local color. In the quest he happened in a café which boasted of a colored bartender. "I," said Mr. Barnes, "need something to eliminate the robins from my eaves. Get me, Sam?" Samuel said he got Mr. Barnes. "Ah got just the finest drink what evah pass down a man's froat," said Samuel. "Ah done thought it up mahself. Mah boss nevah starts a day wivout he puts in a layer of 'em." Mr. Barnes ordered one of the new invention. He leaned listlessly upon the counter, in sheer ennui, watching Sam build the toddy. Sam flicked some of this cordial and some of that in the glass. Then he frapped it. It tasted as good as it looked to Mr. Barnes's parched gullet. The recipient at once demanded the recipe. "Well, sah," said Sam. "Ah take one-half Scotch whisky and one-half vermouth and one-half sherry—" Mr. Barnes interrupted. "That can't be right," said he. "There can't be more than two halves in anything." "Boss," said the bartender, "the way I mix the drink there's four halves in it."

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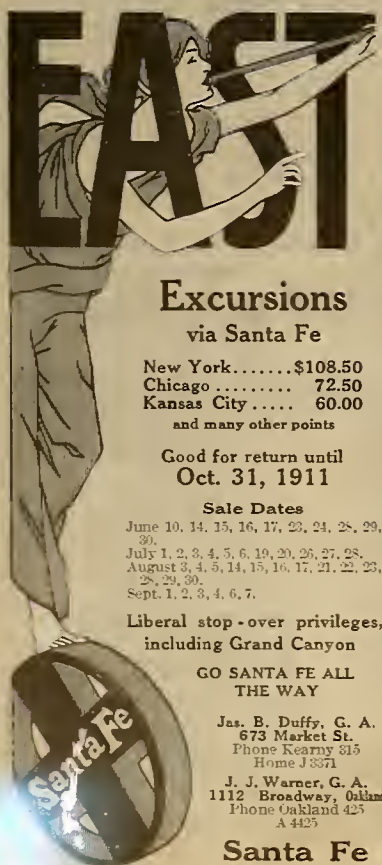
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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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After Fifty Years.

A retrospective editorial in the New York *Evening Post* of May 30, entitled "After Fifty Years," recalls some of the events in the critical period which followed the close of the Civil War. Written as it was without application to current affairs, it contains one passage of striking significance and closely relevant to the discussion of the judiciary recall. The *Post* says:

Nor can the dramatic and critical experience that culminated in the impeachment and acquittal of Andrew Johnson be omitted even from the most fragmentary retrospect; the acquittal, in particular, should ever be treasured in memory as a shining example of immeasurable service to the nation's welfare due to the heroic fidelity of a few men whom no pressure could avail to swerve from fulfilling the dictates of their conscience.

The fate that awaited those judges who were responsible for this "immeasurable service to the nation's welfare" is well within the recollection of the historian. With a perfect frenzy of popular wrath they were assailed as enemies of the republic. And yet they were right. At the present time there is no one to

dispute that they were right. But what would have happened to the "seven traitors" whose "heroic fidelity" saved the nation from disgrace had the dagger of the recall been at their backs? They were able to render this fine service because they were beyond the reach of mob punishment, because they were in a position to do justice undeterred by clamor. The judiciary recall is intended to strike at just such men as these. It will never touch the time-server or the reptile. They alone will be exempt. It is only the upright judge who will either decline the degradation of the bench or who will do his sworn duty at the peril of his official life.

The New Tax Rate.

When the time comes to pay our tax bills we shall probably realize that a labor-union administration is one of those luxuries that have to be paid for, and paid for in cash. And the existence of such an administration, with consequent scandals at home and discredit abroad, is the only thing that we shall have to show for our money. There will be nothing else. We are not buying anything. We are only paying.

It is now determined that the total tax levy for city and county purposes is to be \$2 upon each \$100. The board of supervisors has declared that "a great necessity and emergency" exists, and so the provisions of the charter intended to discourage extravagance are set aside with the utmost ease by the most extravagant finance committee that the city has ever known. If there is a "great necessity and emergency" at the present time there is no reason why the tax limit should not be relegated forever to the domain of polite fiction. There is no reason why this or any other board of supervisors should feel themselves to be under any restrictions in the matter of taxation. They have only to pass a resolution and the thing is done. What is a charter between friends?

Let it be admitted that some small part of the increase of practically a million dollars is due to causes not under the control of the supervisors. No one will object to the increase in their own salaries if \$200 a month will enable us to get a better type of man, which is certainly much to be desired. A certain school deficiency has to be made up and an election fund must be set aside. But these are comparatively small items, and for the remainder there is practically no return. It is to be frittered away in insignificances, doled out to the daughters of the horse leech, spread out in a thin layer to cover the multitudinous demands that it is the duty of the supervisors to prune or to deny. We are now spending over four million dollars a year more than we were spending in 1905, and before the fire. What have we to show for it? Six years ago the city was prosperous and we were economical. Now the city is by no means prosperous and we are extravagant. The poorer we are, the more we spend. We have to spend a vast sum of money for the exposition. Our manufacturing trade is depressed and industries are leaving the city one after the other, propelled by the boot of the labor unionist. We are not building nearly so fast as we should be doing. It is indeed true that a "great necessity and emergency" exist, but economy is the policy called for, not wanton and profligate expenditure.

Imagine the things that might be done with the money that is about to be sucked into a vortex and to disappear. Think of the city improvements and the conveniences of life that might be brought within reach of the thousands who are now without them. It is now several years since the City Hall was burned down, but the authorities seem to have forgotten that such a building ever existed or that it should be replaced. It is easier to pay a heavy rent for inadequate and undignified accommodations than to raise and apply the capital represented by that rent and so give to San Francisco the equipment that all other cities possess. The present policy is to do nothing, and to do it along

lines of least resistance. But then, of course, a labor-union administration is its own reward. It sustains "the cause," and what more can be asked of it?

Even where something is being done it is with a dreary and hopeless stupidity, as though the main thing were to spend the money, no matter how. The building of the new Clement School is a case in point. The plans may have been drawn by an architect, but the work rather suggests the hod-carrier's apprentice, and this with apologies to the hod-carrier's apprentice. Instead of placing the building where it would be unaffected by the hill springs it is carefully arranged so that a spring shall discharge itself into the cellar. Instead of arranging the playground so that the children may have the benefit of the sun, it is so planned as to exclude the sun until after it has passed the meridian, and a substantial wall is to cut off whatever solar rays might otherwise penetrate. The guiding principle seems to be to reverse every suggestion of common sense, and to do everything in the wrong way. But then the authorities were not chosen in order to build schoolhouses or city halls, to pave the old streets or to make new ones, to improve the park, or to make life better worth living. They were chosen to sustain "the cause," and it costs a million dollars.

The Next Vice-President.

It is now practically certain that Mr. Taft will be renominated by the Republican National Convention next summer, and so the political managers are already searching for some man competent to make the running with him. It is fairly safe to say that Mr. Sherman has not a ghost of a chance, nor ought he to have. No one quite knows how he ever reached his present position. He was the friend neither of Mr. Taft nor of Mr. Roosevelt, and he seems to have been selected simply because there was no one else in sight and because his nomination was favored by New York and Mr. Cannon. If Mr. Taft was indifferent toward Mr. Sherman at the time, his attitude toward him now is one of positive estrangement. At the time of the Saratoga convention Mr. Sherman used toward the President the tactics of a ward heeler, and it is said that all personal relations between the two men have ceased, as indeed they should have. Mr. Sherman should have been impossible from the beginning. He is quite impossible now. Politically speaking, he has not a friend on earth whose support would be other than an injury to him. New York has been sufficiently conciliated by the appointment to the Cabinet of Mr. Stimson, for it is to be remembered that in the governorship contest New York did not so much reject Mr. Stimson as it showed its repugnance to a Roosevelt nominee.

The next vice-presidential nomination will not be the haphazard performance that, to our discredit, we have allowed it to become. If the Republican ship is to reach port there must be no deck cargo, no vulnerable spot for hostile attack, no invitation to a charge that the platform is insincere and that the nominations show it. If Mr. Taft is saved from a stupidly or wilfully imposed handicap he will be able to do wonders between now and the convention. Time is on his side, and has been for some months past. A great deal of water has passed under the bridges since he admitted frankly that the administration was unpopular through the country, and even his political enemies are not so rash as to say that it is unpopular now. It is sometimes the things that a man does not do that show his strength, and although we may never know the force of resistance to bellicose influences that the President has displayed in his handling of the Mexican situation, it is patent to every one that the country came very near to an abyss and was saved from it by patience, tact, and a resolute adherence to principle. The President's Canadian reciprocity scheme, too, has earned for him the returning allegiance of thousands who at themselves momentarily discouraged by his W. C. C. speech.

Whatever may now be the fate of the bill, Mr. Taft's own place in public opinion is secure. The resentment of the electorate in case of failure will fall upon the senators who rebelled against a Republican President and falsified Republican pledges, while if the bill should pass the credit for a great piece of constructive statesmanship will go to Mr. Taft alone. Nor must it be forgotten that Mr. Taft has now become the leader of the movement for international peace throughout the world, and this, by the way, is a movement that arouses more quiet enthusiasm and approval than is generally conceded. Mr. Taft has not merely indulged in the usual platitudes common to his predecessor. He has translated theories into action and has made himself responsible for the most effective arbitration proposals upon record, as well as putting his pacific ideals into actual practice upon the Mexican frontier. These things have made a deep impression upon the country, an impression that can easily solidify into an electoral victory. For these reasons there should be no mistake in the vice-presidential nomination. The man chosen must be in moral as well as intellectual agreement with Mr. Taft.

The Moroccan Situation.

A few weeks ago it seemed doubtful if the French army would be able to enter Fez without one of those reverses that have such a calamitous effect upon the temper of barbarian enemies. But the relief column has now succeeded in its mission. The Moorish capital has been relieved, and the Sultan Mulai Hafid has received the dubious succor of a Christian force against his Mohammedan subjects. The European residents in Fez were found to be unharmed, and so the French government must now decide what to do with its troops. The position of the residents was not an enviable one before the expedition started or while it was on its way. It will be still less desirable after the departure of white soldiers whose presence in the country and whose profanation of the capital is so deeply resented by the Mohammedan tribesmen. Moreover, the Sultan will be still less able to hold his own against his rebellious subjects than he was before the intrusion of the French. The rebellion is as acute as ever. The determination of its chiefs never to submit to the rule of the hated Sultan is embittered by his summons to the Christian, and so the old problem of the invader presents itself to the government in an aggravated form. It is comparatively easy to enter a foreign country, but to leave it again is a very different matter.

And yet to remain in Fez, to exercise anything like a permanent control over the country, implies an ugly and dangerous controversy with Germany. In this connection the terms of the Algeiras conference will be remembered. At this meeting of the great powers it was decided that no one government should have a preponderance in Moroccan affairs, but that some special police rights should be accorded to France and Spain because of their geographical proximity. But police rights are a very different thing from an occupation of the country, and Germany is already looking jealously at any movement that can point in that direction. France has been warned that she "carried responsibility for the consequences of the measures that she applied to the situation," and later on she was told that "procedure beyond the programme would be out of harmony with the Algeiras act, for the reason that an essential part of that act is an independent Moroccan ruler." Obviously France is not to be allowed to remain. But on the other hand, how can she go if her going will accentuate the very evils that she has tried to mitigate?

And now Spain is taking a hand in the game, and with embarrassing results. She, too, is evidently afraid of French dominance in Morocco, and therefore inclined to assert her own claim to exercise an equal right of interference. But she has no such excuse as was given to France by the danger to the European residents in Fez. Spain has no one to rescue, no legitimate demands to answer, no urgent mission that calls her into Morocco. Moreover, she is not strong enough to risk the deadly danger of a defeat which would certainly react upon every white man in the country. She was unable to hold her own when the Riff tribesmen attacked the mines at Melilla, and this, it will be remembered, was the direct cause of the present trouble, seeing that the Sultan was then forced to admit that he could not control his own people. The Spanish campaign has practically a failure. It was more than a failure, being that the rebellion was so far encouraged and spread over the whole country. And so

far as Spain herself was concerned it was a calamity. It brought the country to the verge of revolution, it was the cause of the execution of Ferrer, and a general lowering of the Spanish status throughout the world. Spanish territory in Morocco was reduced to a minimum and the prestige of the white man in the eyes of the tribesmen was dangerously lowered. Evidently Spain is now eager for another chance, for we need not take too seriously the rumors current in Paris that German diplomacy has been active in Madrid and that the German government would be very willing to roughen the road for France and to embarrass her with awkward complications.

It would be peculiarly unfortunate if Germany should attempt to browbeat France or openly dictate her course. There was a time when France threw her foreign minister, Delcassé, to the wolves of German diplomacy, and over this same quarrel. She will not do that again nor anything like it. Delcassé is once more a member of the French government, although not in the foreign office. French nerves were badly rasped by that humiliation, and it will not be repeated. If Germany wants a war, which she does not, she can have it at any moment by trying to bully her neighbor or by going too far in her evident desire to harass her over the Moroccan situation.

Rival Police Chiefs.

The police situation has become a public scandal, a discreditable game of checkers between the administration and the law courts. On Monday Judge Seawell issued an order practically upholding the claims of Mr. Seymour in every respect, granting him a writ of prohibition against his rival Mr. White, and describing as insufficient the charges urged by the administration and by the police commission as causes for his dismissal. This happened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and for about seven hours Mr. Seymour was reinstated as chief of police. At half-past nine in the evening the police commissioners held a meeting. Inasmuch as the previous charges brought against Mr. Seymour had been declared by the court to be invalid, they proceeded to bring new ones. The widow of the gambler who was killed some months ago at the Saratoga Club was persuaded, or coaxed, or coerced to frame a fresh set of complaints, and on the strength of these new accusations the commissioners repeated the previous farce, again dismissed Mr. Seymour, and again appointed Mr. White. Obviously the game can be continued indefinitely unless it is stopped by some comprehensive ruling from a higher court.

Of that there does not seem much hope, although it would ill become a layman to attempt to thread the jungles of the law. Mr. White's attorneys advance the claim that the action of the commissioners in suspending or installing a chief of police is based upon their rights under the charter, and is not subject to any court authority whatsoever. The appellate court will be asked to decide upon this question, although it would seem to be a strange contention that a city charter or any other public document of a like nature can be beyond the powers of interpretation possessed by the courts. If the meaning of the charter be in doubt, or the extent of the powers conferred upon the administration or upon the commissioners, surely such doubts must be solved by the courts. There is no other authority.

There is such a doubt as to the meaning of the charter. In the case of Mr. Bannerman, removed by Mr. McCarthy from the board of education, the Supreme Court has ruled that the mayor has no right to remove any of the members of the municipal commissions except "for cause." That is obviously a loose term, and one that calls for interpretation. The mayor's ideas of "cause" may differ widely from those of responsible and educated persons. A failure to send funds to Los Angeles, or conviction of wearing suspenders without a union label, or eating an apple at a picketed cafeteria might easily appeal to Mr. McCarthy as proof positive for an unfitness to hold municipal office, or indeed to remain on earth at all, but such "cause" might seem inadequate to average good citizenship. Obviously some one must interpret what the charter means, what powers the mayor actually possesses to pack every municipal commission with his own creatures, and to make of every city board a mere sub-committee of the Building Trades Council. If he may indeed go witch-hunting in this way and dismiss men who are under four-year appointments for no better reason than that he dislikes the color of their hair, then we had better cease to talk of representative city government and admit

frankly that we are under a despotism. The Supreme Court says that the mayor has no such powers and that there must be a reason for dismissals. Judge Seawell now adds the obvious corollary that the reason must be a good one and that the court will decide whether it is good or not.

The decision of the Supreme Court has naturally been welcomed not only by Mr. Bannerman of the board of education, but by Mr. Cutler and Mr. Sanborn, who were removed from the police commission by autocratic orders of the mayor. If Mr. Bannerman may not be dismissed without cause, neither may they, and they can hardly be blamed for asserting their newly recognized rights. When they presented themselves to claim these rights accorded to them by the Supreme Court they were met by an undignified strategy. The commissioners promptly adjourned.

Now if there were any cause for this detestable mess that would disgrace a committee of schoolboys, the city would bear it with what grace it might. But there is no cause except the class animus and the childish vanity of a mayor who was elected by a minority of the citizens and who apparently supposes that his supreme mission is to betray his friends and to play the part of an autocrat over the city as a whole. Not one valid complaint has been brought against Mr. Seymour. He has the approval of decency wherever it is found. Six months ago there were no words in the mayor's vocabulary fulsome enough to use in praise of the new chief. Nothing has since happened to impair the public confidence in Mr. Seymour. He has acted honorably, justly, and wisely. But he is to be ousted because he refuses to creep and cringe to the tenderloin, because he refuses to play politics with vice. And this intolerable confusion is the result.

The Coming Race.

Judge Densmore of Riverside is not to be congratulated on his decision that a law applying to women only is not discriminatory and is therefore constitutional, whereas that same law if applied to men only would be discriminatory and therefore unconstitutional. The matter under determination was the eight-hour law for women, and Judge Densmore held that inasmuch as women are the mothers of the race it became a matter of public policy to preserve their strength and vigor. The law therefore was intended to protect all future citizens of the republic irrespective of sex, color, or condition of servitude.

But what about the men? If the women are the mothers of the race, and about this there can be no serious dispute, surely the men are the fathers of the race, and therefore contributory to its well-being and vitality. Are men henceforth absolved from all responsibility for the physical vigor of the coming generations? Are we to understand that no matter how overworked the father may be, how debilitated or physically degenerate, we need have no concern about the coming race so long as the women are cared for by a paternal law and a Riverside judge? Is this a charter of emancipation or a stigma of irresponsibility and ignominy?

And to think that Professor Jordan has thus labored in vain. Truly a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and Riverside is not so very far from Stanford. Professor Jordan, to his honor be it said, has labored in season and out of season to prove to us that we can expect nothing from the coming generations so long as we persist in sending the pick of the race to leave their bodies on the battlefield and so relegating the duties of perpetuation to the physically inferior. Of course Professor Jordan is not a superior judge, and therefore his knowledge of physical heredity is limited, but so far as his opinions may be quoted without reference to the text, it will be remembered that he laid extraordinary emphasis on the importance of the healthy father and had very little to say about the healthy mother. It may even be recalled that he attributed certain physical deficiencies that he believed to be discernible in the French nation to the drain of the best male blood in the Napoleonic wars.

But there is no need to impeach the science of Professor Jordan. He spoke according to the light of his day. He stated the scientific laws as the scientific laws then were, and without reference to the Constitution. We are all liable to these errors of oversight. But the laws of heredity have now been changed. They have been changed by Judge Densmore of Riverside so as to correspond with the acts of the California legislature, and this is as it should be. It is true they may be changed back again by the Supreme Court, but in the meantime it is to be understood that a paternal law with

a heedful eye to generations yet unborn is determined to protect the mothers as holding the undivided responsibility for the coming race.

Sir William Gilbert.

The late W. S. Gilbert was something more than an astonishingly industrious and successful dramatist. There have been other playwrights whose production was even greater, as there have certainly been others who were more richly rewarded. But there is none in modern times who has left so deep an impression, not so much on the thought as on the character of the day, or who has done so much to raise the humor of the stage into the atmosphere of art. The librettos by which he will be chiefly remembered seemed to deal only with the evanescent follies and vanities of the day, with the eccentricities and absurdities that follow each other so endlessly through our civilization. And yet they must have touched a much deeper level than these. They must have some appeal, and no ordinary one, to the facts of human nature that do not change and that have nothing in common with follies and vanities, eccentricities, and absurdities. "Patience," for example, is just as popular today as it was when the cult of the sunflower was abroad in the land and the pre-Raphaelites were a force to be reckoned with. One may enjoy "Patience" to the full and yet have no knowledge of the curious craze that it burlesqued. "Pinafore" is just as good fun today as when it had a topical and contemporary significance, and we need not be versed either in Japanese government or policies to revel in "The Mikado." All of Gilbert's operettas have some abiding hold upon the imagination. Their topical allusions are the veriest pretense, an excuse for entering our minds in order to stay there permanently. They invite us forth to play, and somehow we play more wholesomely forever after. It is hardly rash to predict that Gilbert's operettas will be staged fifty years hence, and they will be received with the same keen delight that they are now. And there will be no need to explain what they meant.

How many authors of the present day began their work by erecting an ideal from which they would not depart? If Gilbert and Sullivan had found that success was incompatible with their ideal they would have abandoned the work, but not the ideal. They decided not only that their plays should be on the right side of the line between decency and vulgarity, but that they should be as far on the right side as they could make them. No man should play a woman's part and no woman should play a man's. There should be no costumes that could not be worn with absolute propriety at a private fancy ball. There should be no undesirable word or action, no suggestiveness, no double meaning. These rules might bring profit or they might bring loss, but the rules would stand. Compare them with some of the pitiful and nasty nonsense that now calls itself musical comedy.

Probably Gilbert never had any real doubt that purity would be a winning card on the stage as elsewhere. He knew human nature too well to doubt that. He knew that the average man can be attracted by good as well as by evil, and that nine times out of ten he will prefer the good to the evil if the ability be the same. Let "The Pirates of Penzance" compete on equal terms with "The Girl from Rector's" or any other of the garbage plays of the day, and we know very well that the Gilbert theatre would be crowded and the other one empty. No one ever yet won immortality by appealing to human baseness. A momentary vogue may be won in that way, but oblivion comes quickly.

And yet Gilbert's work has its commercial aspect. It stands firmly on the ground. Fun, humor, irony, are actual assets, and they are as much the occasion for human activities as the crops. No one can compute the vast volume of industry created by W. S. Gilbert or the abiding energy in his work that will go on creating industry for years to come. The activities that have come directly from his ideas, the armies of stage people that they have employed, the still greater armies of costume-makers and scenery painters and laborers of all kinds are quite past calculation. And these of course are only a small part. Their real beneficence—and it is nearly world-wide—is in their power to create laughter, the laughter that stimulates, and energizes, that most wholesome laughter that is directed against one's self, the laughter that comes so delicately close to self-reproach.

If the gods are good they will give us another W. S. Gilbert, and this time make him an American. He

would find here material and to spare, and it might be that mirth would be a more potent stimulus to reform than all the injunctions and admonitions to which we are now so indifferent.

Socialism and Sentiment.

Socialism has always been open to the charge of a neglect of human sentiment, of those finer forces of the human mind that exercise a greater leverage on human action than anything else. In other words, Socialism is too materialistic. It measures human happiness by money terms, and heedless of the fact that the dominance of purely material fortune is challenged every day within our sight.

A case in point comes from England. There is no need to apologize for characterizing the vast unemployment and disablement pension scheme now before the British Parliament as socialistic. The term is not used as one of reproach. Any scheme by which the government is asked to undertake any insurance or guaranty against the ordinary vicissitudes of life is socialistic. It may be benevolent, inevitable, or laudable, but if words have any meaning it is collectivism or socialism.

Now so far as English public opinion can be gauged it seems that the wage-earners dislike the new scheme. They dislike its compulsory features. They dislike a governmental interference with their wages, even while admitting that the material benefits accruing are of the most substantial kind and to an extent otherwise unattainable. It is no small thing for workmen in densely overcrowded occupations to be insured against the ever-present danger of unemployment. It is an even greater thing to be relieved from the menace of the doctor's bill. None the less the workmen do not like the scheme, and they do not like it because it disregards their sentiments, and their sentiments are stronger than their material interests.

This was the point that Mr. Lloyd George overlooked. He pointed out to the workmen that most of them already belong to benefit societies that guarantee them to some slight extent against the evils of unemployment and sickness. Why not, he says, pay the same amount as a contribution to a government fund and receive much larger benefits than any private association such as a labor union or a benefit society can possibly supply? It seemed plausible enough, but Mr. Lloyd George overlooked the fact that payments to the private organization are voluntary, whereas the payments to the government would be compulsory. The element of compulsion violates a sentiment. The voluntary contribution does not. Happiness and contentment are not to be secured by material benefits that are framed in violated sentiments.

No doubt the bill will pass, but the cause of the objection is not one to be overlooked. It speaks of a human reluctance to be scheduled, docketed, indexed, and generally shepherded. It is a reluctance that would be fatal to any of the more elaborate schemes of socialism. The average wholesome human being would rather walk freely into trouble than be guided, and regulated, and controlled into prosperity. There are some intangible possessions yet left to us that are incomparably more valuable than money.

Editorial Notes.

The President's reciprocity speech at Chicago is said to have aroused "bitter resentment" among the Republican senators who are opposing the measure to which their party is pledged. They never supposed that he would so far depart from the accepted rules of the game as to fight with real powder and bullets. There was no precedent for such a course, and if it was continued some one might get hurt. The President actually had the assurance to say in public that the delay in the Senate was not due to the ordinary exigencies of routine, but that it was carefully produced and continued by two great interests who believed that their financial returns were endangered and who "viewed with alarm" any interference with their vested rights to tax the nation. In other words, there were two interests, that is to say two individuals, who had the power to block, if not to destroy, a great measure formulated by the President, passed by the House of Representatives, and welcomed by the country. No wonder the senatorial representatives of these two interests should bitterly resent an illumination that would never be attracted to them either by their abilities or their public service.

Mr. McCarthy suggests that the delay in the choice of an exposition site is due to enmity toward himself

and toward his administration. Large numbers of workmen will come to the city as soon as the site has been selected. These men will want to vote. Presumably they will want to vote for Mr. McCarthy. Therefore the site must not be announced until it is too late for the newcomers to get their names on the register. The whole thing is delightfully simple. Probably the dull weather also is due to the malign influence of some one, somewhere, somehow, against the administration. Of course Mr. McCarthy knew that he was talking preposterous nonsense, but the supervisors to whom he talked it did not know this, and Mr. McCarthy knows his supervisors. 'A short time ago we were asked to consider with bated breath a vast conspiracy to produce a general lock-out in San Francisco. It was a profound secret shared by all unionists in the city, but Mr. McCarthy raised the curtain just enough to show the horrors beyond. This was some time ago and we have heard no more of the lock-out, but probably the new scare is to take its place. Mr. McCarthy, like Titus Oates, sees plots everywhere, and so long as the supply continues they may divert some attention from the trivialities of misgovernment.

A report from Washington says that Senator Cummins's announcement that he intends to support the renomination of Mr. Taft has created surprise among those who supposed that the Iowa statesman himself had presidential aspirations. Possibly it has, but those who entertained such a fatuous idea could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Senator Cummins has a particularly level head in such matters. He has been an insurgent from the beginning, but he always based his opinions upon measures and not men, and his relations with the White House have been consistently cordial. Probably he will continue to be an insurgent, if that word still has any meaning—it never had much—but it will not be the insurgency of La Follette, which is based upon a personal and arrogant spite. The spectacle of a combination of La Follette, Bailey, and Root for the purpose of defeating the reciprocity bill is one that must cause some qualms to the political digestion of such men as Cummins.

We hear a good deal nowadays about Count von Reventlow, thanks to the enterprise of a knot of sensational newspapers. The count always gets on the front page, he is always introduced to us as the "leading naval expert of Germany," and he is always saying terrible things about the intentions of Japan. His latest incursion is delightfully funny. He has observed references derogatory to Germany in some of our newspapers and he wishes us to understand that if this sort of thing goes on there will be an alliance between Germany and Japan. And this rubbish is cabled from Berlin, or we are asked to believe that it is. As a matter of fact Count von Reventlow is no more an authority on politics than his own valet. He is an expert in the building of warships, but his opinions on international politics have about the same value as those of any other educated German. And he himself has about the same influence upon them, which is none at all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Striking Japanese Orderly in Hawaii.

KOHALA, HAWAII, May 26, 1911.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Don't let your hookkeeper scare me again by telling me that my subscription has expired and that you will cut me off soon. Enclosed find the necessary for another year.

We read your paper at all hours of the day and night, and never fail to get something interesting out of its columns. You started off on the wrong foot the other day when you discussed the Jap situation in these islands. They are certainly a peaceful lot, and as for any organization existing among them for the purpose of furthering Japanese annexation of Hawaii, any such talk is nonsense. The writer has lived in San Francisco; has worked in one of the iron works there and knows what organized labor will do to gain their ends, and can say with positive assurance that during the strikes of last year of organized Jap laborers on the sugar plantations here property was not molested and there was never any talk of "getting after the governor to call out the militia."

Very truly yours,

R. RENTON HIND.

An Entertaining Cosmos.

LEXINGTON, VA., June 1, 1911.
DEAR ARGONAUT: I am reminded by the date that my subscription is due for the coming year. I can not afford to be without this valuable and entertaining cosmos of all good things intellectual, so I enclose check for \$4.

Very truly,

J. M. PATTON.

Senator Shelby Moore Cullom of Illinois, now in his eighty-second year, is preparing a volume of reminiscences which will cover a period of over fifty years in the life and politics of the nation. His home is at Springfield. Senator Cullom was admitted to the bar in 1855, paving the way for a political career.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A dramatic surprise awaited the auctioneer of Bedford, England, just as he was on the point of offering for sale a copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," in three volumes. The surprise took the form of a telegram from the attorney-general forbidding any disposition of the books until the pleasure of the government concerning them should be known.

The value of these particular volumes lies in the fact that they were the property of John Bunyan and that they bear his signature upon the title page. They were the identical books that were chosen by him to solace his own martyrdom in Bedford Gaol. Since the year 1662, the date inscribed upon them under the signature, they have passed through many hands until they were finally purchased for \$225 in 1841 and placed in the Bedford library. Now the Bedford library finds itself menaced by a mortgage, and in order to raise the necessary funds the treasured volumes were placed upon sale. By what right the attorney-general can interfere with the sale of private property remains to be seen. Perhaps he has no right, but he has nevertheless done so, and effectively.

Herein the philosophically inclined may find some scope for their ruminations. The authorities of Christian England interfere thus energetically to preserve the relics of the man who was martyred by their official Christian predecessors two hundred and fifty years ago. And these relics are the records of other Christians who were martyred by other Christian authorities at still earlier dates. And so we go on. *C'est à rire.*

There is food for reflection in the most recent reports of the revolt in Canton. The revolutionists, we are told, were hunted down and summarily executed in the streets. The decapitated bodies of over one hundred men encumbered the city for two days. But the curious part is to follow: Most of the revolutionists had cut off their queues, and therefore all Chinamen without queues became objects of suspicion. Thousands have recently cut off their queues, and all these tailless ones have hid themselves until the trouble was over. Once more we see the profound political significance of dress and the possibility that colossal events may depend upon a pigtail. Reformed China cuts off the pigtail. Unreformed and impenitent China retains it, and so a detail of the toilet demarcates the old and the new. The French revolutionists were *sans culottes*. Their modern Chinese brethren are *sans* pigtails. The English Puritan revolutionists cut their hair to distinguish themselves from their Cavalier enemies.

Dr. Samuel Bernheim, who is at the head of the French Society for Combatting Consumption, has just read a remarkable paper before the Paris Therapeutical Society on a new treatment for tuberculosis. He and his coadjutor, Dr. Dieupart, have employed the treatment for more than a year and they consider that 80 per cent of their patients have been cured. The treatment consists of intra-muscular injections of one cubic centimetre of the following solution: Peptonized iodine, .75 centigrams; menthol, .06 centigrams, and radium barium chloride, one-tenth of a drop in a solution of ether. The amount of radium is about one-thousandth part of a milligram. The treatment is followed consecutively for thirty days and resumed after a lapse of ten days. Dr. Szendeffy is another physician who has treated some fifteen hundred patients with astonishing and almost uniform success in all but the advanced cases, and these also were much relieved. Dr. Bernheim said he would not yet assert that all consumptive patients could be completely cured, but his experience led him to believe that until the contrary was proved all sufferers except those in the very last stage might look forward hopefully to a restoration of health, and he only desired that doctors of all countries should begin experimenting with the new treatment, which might prove an inestimable blessing to mankind.

The German emperor appeared as both author and composer on the musical programme of the "command" performance of "Money" at the Drury Lane Theatre in London. His appearance on the programme was in connection with "The Song to Ægir," with "Words and Music by H. M. the German Emperor, King of Prussia, Wilhelm II." For the benefit of the curious a translation of the words of the song are appended:

Hail! Ægir, lord of billows,
Whom Nick and Nix obey;
To thee in morn's red dawning
The host of heroes pray.
We sail to dread encounter;
Lead us o'er surf and strand,
Through storms and crags and breakers,
Into our foe-man's land.

Should water sprites threaten,
Or if our bucklers fail,
Before thy lightning glances,
Make thou our foe-men quail.
As Frithjof on Ellida,
Crossed safely o'er the sea,
On this our Dragon shield us,
Thy sons, who call on thee.

When hauberks rings on hauberks,
In battle's furious chase,
And when the dread Valkyrie
Our stricken foes embrace,
Then may our song go sounding,
Like storm blast out to sea,
With dash of swords and bucklers,
Thou, mighty Lord, to thee.

A curious charge has been brought against the radical section of the Young Turk party, for it appears that even revolutionists quickly divide themselves into radicals and conservatives. It seems that the radical Young Turks who just now are firmly in the saddle have been animated, actuated, and inspired from the beginning by Freemasonry. The actual spirit of the Turkish revolution was in the Orient Lodge at Constantinople, and the influence of the Freemasons has con-

tinued ever since. M. Carasco, prominent among Young Turk leaders, is the head of the Orient Lodge, and it is even hinted that the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself is a member. The charge is by no means a strange one to those familiar with the extraordinary political activities of the Freemasons in the south of Europe. It is only in Anglo-Saxon countries that the craft has degenerated into more genial social paths and where its original aims have been corrupted by wealth and rank. It is a plausible contention that Freemasonry played a great if not a dominating part in the French Revolution. It was Freemasonry that secured the expulsion of the Jesuits from France and Germany. Freemasonry was the animating force behind the revolution in Portugal, and the reform movement in Italy owes its strength to the same inspiration.

Suppose some daring aviator should seek to view the coronation festivities from the air. Suppose such aviator should lose control of his aeroplane, as aviators have been known to do, and should make an unpremeditated descent in such a way as to endanger the life and limb of his majesty's liege subjects. These are grim possibilities that have been foreseen by the British government, and certainly nothing could be more unpleasant than a runaway aeroplane among the dense crowds along the route of the procession. Therefore a bill has been introduced into Parliament giving to the secretaries of state the power to prohibit flights over any given area and at any given time, and as soon as the bill has been passed a general veto will be placed upon all flights in the proximity of the ceremony and of the crowds. Any person transgressing against such an order will be liable, if caught and still alive, to fine or imprisonment, or both.

The London *Bookman* contains an article by Mr. L. C. Brock descriptive of his visit to Fogazzaro a short time before the death of the great Italian novelist. Mr. Brock expected to find a man with a physical exterior somewhat similar to that of Tolstoy, but "at a first glance this sturdily built, elderly man seemed so ordinary, the reality contrasted so oddly with the imaginary portrait that I had pictured to myself." Mr. Brock came to the conclusion that the similarity between Tolstoy and Fogazzaro was mental and spiritual rather than bodily.

And yet it is hard to see any such resemblance between the two men. In matters of religion the Russian philosopher was eternally a rebel. He lived and died at war with authority and with orthodoxy. Fogazzaro, on the other hand, was submissive, and this to an extent that must have caused positive pain to his many friends who hoped that the liberality of his books was a matter of conviction, and as such to be liberally defended. Immediately after the publication of "The Saint" it was placed on the Index and Fogazzaro meekly acquiesced and even went so far as to withdraw the Italian edition. Being a man of wealth, he was indifferent to his literary profits, and he intended to devote the proceeds of "The Saint" to the establishment of a course of lectures in Rome. But his intention was vetoed by the Vatican, and once more the novelist complied without even a protest. Whatever respect we may have for religious conviction, it is hard to view such a surrender as this without dismay. It was not a surrender of conviction—no man ever did, or can, surrender a conviction under compulsion—but a surrender of external liberty, a surrender of the right to promulgate an opinion. It will remain an evidence of deplorable weakness in the only great novelist that Italy has produced since Manzoni.

A conference of missionaries at Lucknow, in India, under the leadership and inspiration of American churches, has launched a grave charge against the British government, which has shown itself lukewarm in the great cause of converting the Mohammedans of India and of Egypt to Christianity. Not only have the authorities failed to support the missionary crusade, but their influence has frequently been cast against it and in actual support of the "heathen." Remonstrances were therefore in order, and no doubt these are now on their way to London, where they will reverently be placed in an appropriate pigeonhole.

The missionaries probably forget that Great Britain is the greatest Mohammedan power in the world, and is therefore by no means committed even ostensibly, to the making of converts. The government of India or of Egypt could no more favor Christians over Mohammedans than it could show a preference for Wesleyans over Baptists, and the slightest sign of official proselytism would be the signal for an outbreak. So far as Africa is concerned, the authorities may even lean to the opinion, so often expressed by those profoundly familiar with the country, that Mohammedanism is much better suited to the Soudanese negroes than any other faith, and that its civilizing power is much greater. The Soudanese negro who becomes a Mohammedan advances immeasurably in the social scale. He becomes at once the equal and the brother of his Arab teachers, but we have yet to hear of any pretense of social equality between the Christian missionary and his convert, either in India or in Africa. Moreover, the Mohammedan negro will be preserved forever from the curse of drink, and this is a circumstance that can not be overlooked by those who are responsible for order.

The Japanese government is seriously disturbed by the outbreak of anarchist sentiment and of disloyalty toward the throne. Curiously enough, it finds that these revolutionary movements are due to a certain waning of religious feeling throughout the country. The ministers for home affairs and for education have therefore issued circulars urging a greater reverence for the temples and shrines and an increased devotion to all forms of worship, no matter what they may be. The recent movement for the abolition of shrines occupying valuable land is to be abandoned and the worship of the old gods as well as of the new is to be encouraged in every way possible.

Perhaps the Japanese government is in the right of it, and there may be a closer connection than is supposed between religion and social order. It is a serious matter to break up a conservatism, even a conservatism of error. The majority of men govern their lives not by reason, but by precedent, and when we once make a breach in the restraining wall of precedent it is not always easy to regulate the inflow of the new liberties. To destroy an erroneous sanctity may be to destroy also some real sanctities, and to urge men to think for themselves may have evil consequences if they should prove incapable of doing more than think that they are thinking.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. C. S. Gladstone, grandson of the great statesman, who is a member of the staff of Ambassador Bryce at Washington, will soon be appointed lord-lieutenant of Flintshire.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett, formerly of Birmingham, England, but now pastor of the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, has been signally honored by King George of England, who has just assigned him one of the seats at his personal disposal in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the coronation.

M. Marc Ruchet, President of the Swiss Republic for the year 1911, is so democratic in his tastes that he is often found in the Hotel Berne, or in some more modest *cabaret*, where he sits in his shirt-sleeves, talking to visitors from the country or engaging in "jass," an innocent card game, the loser usually paying for the other's coffee. Ruchet is the son of a schoolmaster, and, like most Swiss presidents, is a lawyer. His salary for the year of official life is only \$3200.

Major George O. Squier, discoverer of wireless telephony in its several phases, has given his patented invention to the public, to be used as may be seen best, free of charge. He is a native of Dryden, Michigan, a graduate of West Point, and has for years been a deep student of scientific questions. During the Spanish-American war he was chief signal officer of the Third Army Corps, and carried out the work of laying cables between different islands in the Philippine group.

Mme. Melba made her first speech in public a short time ago on the occasion of her birthday, when she addressed some 350 students of the Guildhall School of Music in London. She has given a scholarship to the annual value of \$150 to the school, open to sopranos from all parts of the country. In the course of her address Mme. Melba declared the English language equal to French and superior to German for musical expression. The committee of arrangements presented the singer with a silver rose-bowl, and in the afternoon she was the recipient of great quantities of flowers.

Colonel W. Swynfen Jervis, late of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, probably saw more of the terrible experiences of the Indian Mutiny than any other living man. In the British army at the age of seventeen, he witnessed the first bloodshed of the mutiny at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, March 29, 1857, and the last on the Nepal frontier in January, 1859. He was in at the relief of Lucknow and led the first company to enter the Lucknow residency. He entered the army as a color-bearer, and, altogether, saw forty-three years' service. His home is at Woodside, Southsea.

J. C. Stubbs, vice-president and general manager of the Harriman system of railroads, who is announced to retire the first of the year, began his career as a freight clerk at the age of fourteen years, in the office of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, at Columbus, Ohio. For forty-nine years he has been an indefatigable toiler, having risen by native ability and courage to meet and overcome obstacles. He was born in 1847, at Ashland, Ohio, and it is there he intends to live after giving up office. His pension from the railroad system will be something like \$1500 per month. It is probable that on unusual questions he will still be called upon for advice.

Miss Adeline M. Ireson, only living member of the first graduating class of the first normal school in America, at Lexington, Massachusetts, and for fifty years teacher in the Washington Grammar School at Cambridge, lingers at the sunset of life, calmly awaiting the end. She has reached the advanced age of eighty-seven years, and though very weak physically, her mind is unclouded. The normal school opened in 1839 with seven pupils, with Cyrus Peirce as principal, though Horace Mann is credited with responsibility for the creation of the institution, he inducing wealthy men to lend assistance. The building is now used as a church.

James Buchanan Duke, head of the tobacco trust and worth all of \$100,000,000, knew the pinch of poverty when a child, and when eight years old worked in the field, wielding a hoe, driving two blind mules, and fighting the vermin which attacked his father's tobacco plants. He was born near Durham, North Carolina, in 1857. His father was impoverished by the Civil War, and at its close the entire Duke family worked with tobacco, which was peddled about the country. When success came, young Duke declined to go to college, preferring to stick to business. He is still a hard worker, but is not interested in anything that does not pertain to tobacco. Ingenious and resourceful, he is probably the greatest advertiser in the world.

NEW YORK'S AMUSEMENT LOSS.

Madison Square Garden to Be Demolished—Its History and Purposes, Now at an End.

It is now settled beyond all peradventure that the Madison Square Garden is to go. I have been among those the most opposed to the demolition of this building, but it has fallen into such low estate within the past few weeks that I almost think that I would rather have it gone entirely than degraded as it now is. All over the Fourth Avenue façade of this beautiful building are posters printed in glaring red letters which read, "Selected Moving Pictures. Musical Vassar Girls"—to see all of which the price is but 15 cents. If this most beautiful of all places of amusement in this city, perhaps in the world, is to be given over to the seeing of moving pictures and the listening to the voices of musical Vassar girls, it is time for it to go.

A group of New York millionaires, including the Morgans, father and son, Adrian Iselin, Jr., Charles Liner, and Ogden Mills, erected this building for the purpose of giving New York a place where amusements on a large scale could find a home. Not only is there an enormous garden where horse shows, circuses, automobile shows, walking matches, and prize-fights have been held, but there is a theatre, which has been a morgue from the start—though it is exceedingly pretty—a concert hall, and a roof garden. In the tower, than which there is nothing more picturesque by way of architecture in this entire country, are rooms devoted to the requirements of bachelors. There are not many—I mean rooms, not bachelors—and they are always in demand. Curiously enough, although these tower rooms are called bachelor quarters, they are not always occupied by bachelors. Many were rented by married men, who sought the seclusion there that they may not have found in their own homes. It was in the tower of the Madison Square Garden that the late Stanford White, who was the architect of the building, had a suite of remarkably furnished rooms, famous in the annals of the criminal courts of this city, and it was on the roof garden of this building that he was shot to death by the unspeakable Thaw.

For some reason or other the Madison Square Garden has never been a success. Its rents were high—\$10,000 a week for the Garden, I am told, and \$35,000 a year for the theatre. I don't suppose these rents have held good, for no moving picture show, even when augmented by musical Vassar girls, could pay \$10,000 a week rent and make a living profit. The big shows, such as the circus and the automobile shows, and certain sporting contests, have paid in spite of this rent, but the theatre has always been regarded as a Jonah, and the concert hall has never even attempted to pay. I doubt if many people, even those familiar with other parts of the Garden, know that it exists.

I believe if the right sort of a manager had taken hold of this building he could have made it pay, or could have at least satisfied the directors, who did not build it to make a fortune. For a number of years we have heard that it was to go the way that most New York buildings go, after they reach the advanced age of twenty or twenty-five years, but the evil day has been postponed. Now it has come, or will soon come, and instead of looking across Madison Square at the beautiful tower and St. Gaudens's exquisite Diana shooting arrows at the wind, we will have a modern sky-scraping commercial building. I shall be interested to know what will become of the Diana, and whether the wreckage companies that take the present building down will have the heart to sell the tower for junk. I dare say that they will, and maybe the Diana will go to the scrap heap. New York is an entirely commercial city, it has no public spirit, it laughs in your face if you talk about architectural beauty. It reminds me of the wonderful Hoggenger in "The Girl from Jay's," who when he heard the scenery of an English watering-place extolled, expressed his contempt for it and said that all the scenery he wanted to look at was the Bank of England. New Yorkers laughed heartily at this candid expression of commercialism, and thought what an old vulgarian Hoggenger was to be sure, but he is very much like the average New York business man, who sees more beauty in a twenty-story loft building than in such a building as the Madison Square Garden.

The new building, which will be erected some time in 1913, will be constructed on novel lines, for I suppose the architects have not got the heart to build a solid pile of commercial masonry on the site occupied by the beautiful and uncommercial Garden. The new structure, with the land, will represent an investment of about \$12,000,000. That's what New Yorkers like. The present Garden and the land, which occupies an entire block, represented only \$3,500,000. It is a crime in the eyes of New York business men to cover so expensive a bit of ground with so inexpensive a building. Down with it and give us something that talks money! is their cry.

It is understood that J. P. Morgan & Co. have negotiated for the purchase of the outstanding bonds of the Madison Square Garden Company, thereby removing the obstacle that has been in the way of the sale heretofore.

If the old Garden could speak what tales it could tell. Perhaps some of them were better untold, but they would make interesting reading. I well remember the opening night, June 16, 1890, when Edward Strauss's Vienna Orchestra and a company of ballet

dancers opened the house. For a time it looked as if the Garden was going to be a musical headquarters, for we had promenade concerts there. I have heard some famous bands in the old Garden, among them that of the late P. S. Gilmore, perhaps the most famous band-master we have ever had. These promenade concerts were delightful in the summer, for one could walk around the ring, or sit at little tables and sip beer, champagne, or ginger pop, according to the amount of money he had in his pocket. All tastes were catered to in music and drinks, for we had the severely classic as well as the severely popular. I have very pleasant memories of the old Garden; I learned to ride the bicycle in its arena, and from the early stages of tumbles and collisions, joined the class of advanced pupils and rode to the accompaniment of brass bands.

Soon the Garden and the tower, the Diana and the cloistered sidewalks, all will be gone, but they will never be forgotten.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, June 9, 1911.

It is said that the European notion of wall-paper was imported from China. There its ornamental use for screens, partitions, and the like was known as early as the fourth century. Authorities on this subject assert that it was Holland, during her naval supremacy of the sixteenth century, which first began to adopt and hand around the wall-paper idea. The early Chinese wall-papers were printed from blocks, hand painted or stamped with infinite labor and exquisite art. They were made to order—produced in sheets of varying dimensions according to the uses to which they were put. The modern rolls of wall-paper with a continuous duplicate design were unknown. It was not until the invention of the modern printing and stamping machines with cylindrical rollers that a continuous conventional pattern was favored.

Geographers of national reputation are discussing a very curious result of the slow change going on at various points of the earth's surface, as evidenced by the gradual tipping up of the shores of Hudson's Bay, as if some gigantic power were engaged in an attempt to empty that great basin of water into the adjoining sea. It is stated that one of the earliest indications of what was transpiring in this connection came to the notice of the officers of the Hudson Bay Company when they found that the water at the mouths of the rivers where their posts were stationed was gradually getting shallower, and navigation consequently becoming more difficult. Examination showed that the shore is lined with old beaches of sand and gravel lying as high as fifty feet or more above the present level of the bay.

Klein-Alp is a diminutive republic tucked away between Switzerland and France. Only in summer is the republic inhabited, and then by miners and cowgirls. There is one hotel, closed during the winter. Another little republic is in Tyrol, between Austria and Italy, and in long gone years was under the jurisdiction of first a king and then an emperor. But in the adjustment of frontier lines the state of Val di Ventino was in some way overlooked, and it promptly organized itself into a Lilliputian republic. It has now about 2000 inhabitants, living in six villages. Neither Val di Ventino or Klein-Alp have any taxes. There are no officials or compulsory military services. The only industry of Val di Ventino, aside from the farming of small fields, is charcoal burning.

The game of whist originated in England, and was popular as early as the court of King Henry VIII. "Cotton's Complete Gamester," published in 1674, says that the game received its name from the silence observed in its play. Edmund Hoyle is commonly supposed to be the first author of any ability to write upon whist, and he is sometimes spoken of as the father of the game. He published his "Short Treatise" in 1742, and upon this are based most of the whist laws and rules now in practice. Hoyle gave lessons in whist to the fashionable Londoners at a guinea a lesson, and it is said acquired quite a competence from this source.

Confucius used a hairbrush for a pen, and his ancestors for thousands of years before his time. The reed came into use for writing in the marshy countries of the Orient. It was hollow and, cut in short lengths with sharpened ends, it was some improvement on the hair pen. The value of the quill was discovered at an early date in the history of civilization, and its use spread from the East over Europe and then to the New World. Before the day of the metal pen England annually was importing more than 25,000,000 quills for pens.

Thirty students of the Commercial High School of Basle, Switzerland, have written to the New York board of education asking that a public school be set aside for their lodging in the summer of 1912. The students explain that they are contemplating a visit to New York and that similar courtesies have been extended them in other countries which they have visited.

Ireland has 76,000 less inhabitants than it had ten years ago. The birth rate in the Emerald Isle has not declined, and births far exceed deaths, but the progressive young Irishmen desert their native island for the United States, Canada, and Australia.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lost Mr. Blake.

Mr. Blake was a regular out-and-out hardened sinner, Who was quite out of the pale of Christianity, so to speak. He was in the habit of smoking a long pipe and drinking a glass of grog on Sunday after dinner, And seldom thought of going to church more than twice or —if Good Friday or Christmas Day happened to come in it—three times a week.

He was quite indifferent as to the special kinds of dresses That the clergyman wore at the church where he used to go to pray, And whatever he did in the way of relieving a chap's distresses, He always did in a sneaking, underhanded, hole-and-corner sort of way.

I have known him indulge in profane, ungentlemanly emphatics, When the Protestant Church has been divided on the subject of the proper width of a chasuble's hem; I have even known him to sneer at albs—and as for dalmatics, Words can't convey an idea of the contempt he expressed for them.

He didn't believe in persons who, not being well off themselves, are obliged to confine their charitable exertions to collecting money from wealthier people, And looked upon individuals of the former class as ecclesiastical hawks; He used to say that he would no more think of interfering with his priest's robes than with his church or his steeple, And that he did not consider his soul imperiled because somebody over whom he had no influence whatever chose to dress himself up like an exaggerated Guy Fawkes.

This shocking old vagabond was so unutterably shameless That he actually went a-courting a very respectable and pious middle-aged sister, by the name of Biggs. She was a rather attractive widow, whose life as such had always been particularly blameless; Her first husband had left her a secure but moderate competence, owing to some fortunate speculations in the matter of figs.

She was an excellent person in every way—and won the respect even of Mrs. Grundy— She was a good housewife, too, and wouldn't have wasted a penny if she had owned the Koh-i-noor. She was just as strict as he was lax in her observance of Sunday.

And being a good economist, and charitable besides, she took all the old bones and cold potatoes and broken pie-crusts and candle-ends (when she had quite done with them) and made them into an excellent soup for the deserving poor.

I am sorry to say that she rather took to Blake—that outcast of society—

And when respectable brothers who were fond of her began to look dubious and to cough, She would say, "Oh, my friends, it's because I hope to bring this poor benighted soul back to virtue and propriety." And, besides, the poor benighted soul, with all his faults, was uncommonly well off.

And when Mr. Blake's dissipated friends called his attention to the frown or the pout of her, Whenever he did anything which appeared to her to savor of an unmentionable place, He would say that she would be a very decent old girl when all that nonsense was knocked out of her— And his method of knocking it out of her was one that covered him with disgrace.

She was fond of going to church service four times every Sunday, and four or five times in the week, and never seemed to pall of them,

So he hunted out all the churches within a convenient distance that had services at different hours, so to speak; And when he had married her he positively insisted upon their going to all of them,

So they contrived to do about twelve churches every Sunday, and, if they had luck, from twenty-two to twenty-three in the course of the week.

She was fond of dropping his sovereigns ostentatiously into the plate, and she liked to see them stand out rather conspicuously against the commonplace half-crowns and shillings;

So he took her to all the charity sermons, and if by any extraordinary chance there wasn't a charity sermon anywhere, he would drop a couple of sovereigns (one for him and one for her) into the poor-box at the door; And as he always deducted the sums thus given in charity from the housekeeping money, and the money he allowed her for her bonnets and frillings,

She soon began to find that even charity, if you allow it to interfere with your personal luxuries, becomes an intolerable bore.

On Sunday she was always melancholy and anything but good society,

For that day in her household was a day of sighings and sobbings and wringing of hands and shaking of heads; She wouldn't hear of a button being sewed on a glove, because it was a work neither of necessity nor of piety, And strictly prohibited her servants from amusing themselves, or, indeed, doing anything at all except dusting the drawing-rooms, cleaning the hoots and shoes, cooking the parlor dinner, waiting generally on the family, and making the beds.

But Blake went even further than that, and said that people should do their own work of necessity, and not delegate them to persons in a menial situation,

So he wouldn't allow his servants to do so much as even answer a bell.

And he made his wife carry up the water for her bath to the second floor, much against her inclination— And many other menial occupations, more than I can tell.

After about three months of this sort of thing, taking the smooth with the rough of it (Blacking her own boots and peeling her own potatoes was not her notion of connubial bliss),

Mrs. Blake began to find that she had pretty nearly had enough of it,

And came, in course of time, to think that Blake's own original line of conduct wasn't so much amiss.

And now that wicked person—that detestable sinner ("Belial Blake") his friends and well-wishers call him for his atrocities),

And his poor deluded victim, whom all her Christian brothers dislike and pity so,

Go to the parish church only on Sunday morning and afternoon and occasionally on a week-day, and spend their evenings in connubial fondlings and affectionate recurrences,

And I should like to know where in the world (rather, out of it) they expect to go. —Sir William Doit.

THE TREACHERY OF LOLITA.

How a Husband Was Humbled.

Squatted on his haunches beneath a tule-thatched porch, Pablo Moreno toyed idly with an ungainly fowl. A climbing rose in riotous bloom almost enveloped the humble adobe structure whereof the porch was a part, and sunlight penetrating the tangled mass cast golden patches on the black hair and blue calico of a dusky, languid-eyed señora yet in her 'teens. She stooped over the young Californian and with unconsciously displayed affection her arm encircled his neck as she reached down and curiously fingered the hackle feathers of the bird. With its naked head, underset eyes, and club-like legs it suggested at once both the vulture and the ostrich.

"Think you, Pablo," she asked, "he was made only to fight?"

The youth grinned. "Yes, Lolita," he answered, "it is the breed. Have you not heard of El Pinto Primo, the cock that won twenty-two fights for my father, then died at the heels of old Felipe Sepulveda's burro? Long ago there was the great Rey Blanco, the greatest fighting fowl that ever came from Old Mexico—so Father Miguel used to say—came out of a hundred pitings without a scratch. My Pinto is of that blood—he must fight. And he can not lose."

"You are sure the Pinto will win?" she asked after a moment's silence.

"As sure as we have the fight," he answered.

"Then if the Pinto wins the other cock must lose—and the other belongs to Felipe, thy partner?"

"Yes, young Felipe Sepulveda," Pablo assented, grinning. "He that is like his bird, a runaway, and would withdraw from the match—lucky for me his forfeit is posted and he must fight. Tomorrow night his share of the business will be mine—that is the stake."

"Oh, I don't like it!" the girl protested, "this fighting for the property of thy friend and partner."

"He is not my friend, and soon will not be my partner," retorted Pablo hotly. "One might think he is more to my bride than to me!"

"I only say I don't like the fight," she answered quietly, yet as she spoke she glanced furtively and with apprehension in the direction of a cypress hedge which skirted the front yard garden. "Is it not wrong, Pablo," she continued, "to fight to the death these fowls that could with greater pleasure scratch around and crow from the corral fence?"

Pablo laughed merrily, indulgently. "Because you are a woman, Lolita," he said, "you have no liking for the sport of a man, which is right. But the sport is not wrong. It was a pastime of my father, my grandfather, the padres at the mission, every one—"

"It is not now as then," the wife interrupted. "Thy good father is gone, the padres no longer have gamecocks to fight on feast days. Big changes have come; now he that causes the cocks to battle is arrested."

"You are right, *chiquita*," Pablo mournfully murmured. "The good days are gone. No more have we the fiestas, barbecues, sports, and happiness. If only you and I could have lived those times! These are the days of the gringo traveler in our city."

"It is wrong that you speak so," cautioned Lolita. "The good God wills that we live today, and for that we should give thanks. Have we not the home—and from the traveling stranger whom you abuse comes our bread and meat. Ah, it is well for us he is here!"

"And we shall have more to be thankful for?" Pablo added, flippantly. "Tomorrow the Pinto battles in the pit and we shall have sport even as they of the old days!" Then he rose and started toward a small barn in the rear of the adobe, bearing the Pinto cock under his arm.

Pablo, his young wife, their adobe home with its scant five acres of surrounding ground, a bony mustang, and a score of game fowl was all that remained to uphold the honor and traditions of the name Moreno. Not the least of these traditions concerned cocks that fought in the pit and won or died, and the ungainly fowl that Pablo was carrying to the barn was of the strain that had made history for thirty generations of fowl and three of the family.

Scarcely had Pablo disappeared around the corner of the house when there was a movement in the cypress hedge and a youth stepped out and sauntered up to Lolita.

"You see, señora," he said, laughing, "Pablo also is shameless, and would gladly take on a gamble what is mine. For you I would withdraw, but I can not; there is the forfeit money. More, he has spoken ill of me and my fowl—I have heard all he said. We shall see whose is the runaway cock. Honor now demands we have the fight."

"Felipe, you speak as a fool," Lolita answered. "Great dishonor it is to both of you to bring shame on yourselves through your cruelty and vice—but go, Pablo will soon return, and it will not be well for him to see you here. Promise me you will not cause the cocks to fight, and go—go."

"There is no great cause for hurry," drawled Felipe. Screened by the rosebush, he was watching Pablo at the barn. "Thy husband has no thoughts save for the great Pinto—even now he sits as one in a trance, dreaming of victories unwon. See what I have for thee, Lolita."

He tossed a ring, which struck in her lap and bounded on the porch floor, from where it rolled to the ground.

Lolita glanced at it, but made no move to effect its recovery.

"Omit thy bribes, Felipe," she pleaded, "and say only that cruelty shall not be thy master—that there will be no fight—but fly! Pablo returns—he takes a load of husks to town this evening."

She rose and darted indoors, and the ever-cautious Felipe dived into the hedge and was through and well down the road when Pablo rounded the corner of the house. On the ground, in his path and direct line of vision, something sparkled.

"Oho! what trumpery is this?" he cried.

His exclamation brought Lolita to the door. He eyed her suspiciously.

"Surely," he said, "jewels do not fall from the skies—perhaps it slipped from thy finger, wife?"

"Never has it been on my finger—nor touched my hands," Lolita retorted. "Is it of value?" she added with more composure.

"It is junk," he sneered.

Lolita evinced neither joy nor disappointment because of his opinion. After a pause she said: "Let me see the thing."

"Brass—and the jewel but a piece of glass," was her verdict. "Perhaps the old peddler, here this morning, dropped it from his tray. Don't you think it likely, Pablo?"

"I think—as you have asked—that the old peddler would not have been so vain as to have cramped his foot in such a shoe," he answered, pointing to a narrow footprint in the dirt. "I think," he went on, "that thy old peddler sold the cheap trinket to thy cheap lover, who brought it here!" He snatched the ring from her, threw it down and stamped it into the dirt.

Lolita fought down the resentment she felt because of Pablo's action. She even feigned disinterest. Without rising, she reached up and twisted a rose from the bush above her head. This she twirled carelessly, while her gaze wandered far off down into the valley where the Los Angeles River, a thread of silver, flowed through the shimmering sands of the Fernando wash. Her utter disregard for his implication so angered Pablo that he lost all control of himself. Insane with jealous rage, he stepped up and struck his wife full in the face, and she staggered back against the wall of the adobe.

"*Madre de Dios!*" she gasped; "Pablo, what have you done!" With hands to her face she stumbled into the house.

To himself Pablo justified his action, and in the bitterness of his imagination his wife's duplicity assumed hideous proportions. Silent and morose, he hitched the mustang to a creaky buckboard loaded with corn husks, and having seen that the part of the barn housing his game fowls was securely locked, set off for town.

It was dusk when Lolita emerged from her room. Her cheeks were wet with weeping, one eye was bruised and swollen. She stepped down from the porch and raked the dirt with her fingers until she found Felipe's ring.

In the shadow of the fast falling night a figure stepped out of the cypress hedge and crept stealthily up to an open window of the adobe. It was Felipe Sepulveda, and he saw Lolita seated at a table, her face buried in her arms. She was sobbing, softly, quietly. He stole with cat-like tread around the house and out to the barn. He attempted to raise a window, but found it securely barred. Then, after trying vainly to pick a padlock on the door, he gave up, and stole quietly back as he had come and disappeared in the hedge. A short interval later he came whistling down the path leading to the front entrance of the house, and stepped noisily on the porch.

"Hello, good-evening," he called. "Is Pablo in?"

Lolita came to the door. "Oh, it is thou—Felipe," she exclaimed. "You had best go away; Pablo is not at home."

"I come to see Pablo about the fight," Felipe announced, stepping into the candle-lighted room. "Why, what ails thy face, Lolita?"

"'Tis but a small bruise," she answered, somewhat confused. "A jar that fell from the shelf—"

"Thou art in trouble, little one, and weep," said Felipe. "I am sorry for thee."

Lolita laughed nervously. "Though the bruise is slight, I am but a woman and can not stand pain as a man. Yet it is nothing." She laughed again, but it was a mirthless laugh.

Felipe shook his head in doubt. "Perhaps, Lolita," he said, "you weep because of the fight we have tomorrow. If it could be so arranged it would not take place."

"No, Felipe, Pablo is determined," she said. "You think your bird has a chance?"

"Any cock in the pit that is not dead has a chance," he answered, "but—"

"Listen, Felipe, while I whisper in your ear," she interrupted. "I would be glad if you could win."

"You would teach Pablo a lesson?" asked Felipe in astonishment.

"Yes, and more," Lolita responded bitterly.

In a flash the situation dawned on Felipe, and his conjectures in so far as they concerned Pablo and his wife were not altogether wrong. Yet he hesitated to state frankly his plan. "You know, Lolita," he began, "the cock that goes well fed into the pit is slow to move."

"I did not know that," she answered.

"Well, Pablo knows that much," he answered, "and

the Pinto will fast until after tomorrow's battle, unless—"

"Unless what?" she asked.

"Unless in the morning he should eat a heaping handful of corn," answered Felipe.

Lolita's eyes narrowed, and her usually pouting lips closed hard and tight. "Say no more, Felipe," she said hardly above a whisper.

Felipe did not attempt to draw her out concerning her attitude—and he did not for an instant doubt that in a measure it reflected creditably on himself. He perched himself on the table close by Lolita, who had dropped into a convenient chair. "*Chiquita*," he murmured as they of Latin blood can murmur, "I am sad because you are." He reached down, half playfully, half in earnest, toward her hand. Hastily she drew it away. "We will take heart," he continued. "Recall the saying, 'Sunshine follows storm?'" Again he reached for the hand, which he grasped tight, for it was not drawn away. "Ah, Lolita, you do not wear my token!" he cried in an injured tone. "You might have—for a little time—or perhaps it is thrown away?"

"No, Felipe," she answered quickly, "I have it—here." She swung half-round, away from the youth, and from her bosom drew a handkerchief having the ring knotted in a corner.

"Ah, Lolita, little one!" Felipe burst out in impassioned tone, and suddenly, despite her protestations and struggles, he folded her in his arms.

"No—no! Felipe, you must not—you forget I am a wife!" she cried, tearing herself free from the young Mexican's grasp.

"Forgive me, Lolita?" he pleaded. "The night is heaven—you, an angel—and I forget. You will forgive?"

She held out her hand and Felipe graciously pressed it to his lips.

"I will go," he murmured. "*Adios*."

The creaking of an approaching wagon caused Felipe to hasten, and again he sought the protection of the cypress hedge.

When Pablo came into the house time had cooled his anger, reason and remorse had come. "*Por Dios*," he muttered; "I am a dog jealous without reason, and do but deserve what I would suspect. Lolita!" he called softly. She did not answer, and he did not waken her.

It was noon of the following day when a bony mustang drew a creaking buckboard into a court in the rear of a long row of adobes, a part of Los Angeles's Sonoratown. After placing his wife in the charge of an aged Mexican woman, Pablo set out for the brick-yards in Chavez ravine. He carried a grain sack containing the Pinto cock. Also in the sack was a double handful of yellow corn, and the Pinto was voraciously breaking a twelve-hour fast.

Pablo had been gone but a short time when Lolita threw herself at the feet of the older woman and started to weep.

"What ails thee, child—art in pain?" the woman asked.

"Yes, and sick—sick at the heart," Lolita answered. "I have deceived Pablo."

"It is a bad thing to lie to thy husband, but do so no more and all will be well."

"It is not only that I have lied," Lolita moaned. "Worse—I have been treacherous, and evil will come."

The woman threw up her hands in horror. "Lolita, Lolita!" she exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "whatever thou hast done, confess—to the padres at the mission; tell not Pablo, for no good could come of it. Sin no more, and pray; in time forgiveness will come."

"Let them pray and confess who wish but forgiveness for themselves!" screamed Lolita. "I have fed the Pinto cock so that he goes heavy into the pit and will lose! This day—even now—they fight at the brick-yard, and Pablo, my husband, he that I love, will lose all! Oh, mother, what shall I do?"

"Get word to Pablo, child! Quick—he will stop the fight!"

"He can not," Lolita wailed. "There is the forfeit money."

"Oh, what can be done—what to do!" the elder woman cried in desperation.

"I know!" cried Lolita, and her voice rose shrill as she detailed her plan. "The police arrest those that cause the cocks to fight. They will stop the battle and Pablo will be saved defeat!" She bounded from the room, out to the corral. Untying the mustang, Lolita threw herself upon his back and bolted through the gate as the old woman let down the bars.

"Marshal Youngs—at the saloon on the corner! He will go—'twill be a feather in his cap!" the good woman yelled directions as Lolita sped away.

Out at Chavez ravine Pablo, with the Pinto under his arm, stood at the side of the pit. It had been announced that this battle was to be between the Pinto and Felipe's "Grist Champion" cock, the birds to weigh six pounds and fourteen ounces. The Grist was placed on the scales and they registered exactly the stipulated weight. High-stationed, heavy-boned, with broad back and the eye of an eagle, he was indeed a sight to please the fancier of fighting fowls, and a buzz of admiration followed when Felipe lifted him from the scales. Then it was the Pinto's turn. Round the scale needle flew. It went past, then came back to even seven pounds as the cock steadied himself.

"He's just exactly two ounces over weight," the referee announced.

It was then that the Pinto flapped his spangled wings

vigorously, straightened up, and crowded. To cocking men it was the unmistakable challenge that had been handed down for generations in the strain, and it spelled Moreno to every old-timer present. They chuckled reminiscently; but close in, near the scales, a laugh started and spread out of the circle.

"Young Pablo does not send his cocks into the pit as his father did," a wrinkled old Spaniard remarked in his mother tongue, and with cigarette he pointed derisively at a lump in the Pinto's breast. It had passed unnoticed until the cock reared to challenge. Pablo snatched his bird from the scales and with deft fingers worked a handful of yellow corn out of the Pinto's mouth.

"Look!" he shouted, triumphantly; "I theenk he weel weigh een now!"

Both big strong birds, it was evident that the battle could not last long. Though many times cut, Felipe's bird, being of dark plumage, showed little of his wounds. Not so with the Pinto; soon his beautiful white breast, spangled wings, and neck were carmine-streaked and soiled with the dust of the pit.

"Wait," pleaded Pablo to those at the pitside; "the Peento he ees slow to start—but he come fast at the feenish!"

As he spoke the Pinto ducked under a leap of the Grist and, whirling about, rushed the black bird across the pit. His powerful legs worked like piston-rods, and with lightning-like rapidity. But he was unable to sustain the furious pace, and as he tired his efforts became less effective. Felipe's bird then took an inning and started a rally that immediately turned the tide of battle. But the Pinto made a desperate stand, and suddenly, frightfully cut and bleeding, he rolled out of a mad whirl of feathers and dust and lay flat on his breast.

"Ha! he ees down—out, señors!" shouted Felipe, anticipating the referee's decision, and his shout was taken up by the crowd.

The Pinto, though yet alive, looked to have fought his last fight. But the other cock was more than willing to accept the respite, and made no move to complete his victory. He seemed blind to the presence of the Pinto, and astonished and disgusted the onlookers by also settling on the ground. With bloody beaks agape, with broken plumage, the two cocks lay in the centre of the pit.

Wrangling started outside the pit. "Which wins?" "Which struck last?" Cries were for both birds.

Undecided, the referee stood over the feathered gladiators. At that moment Pablo threw water into the pit and the Pinto cock half rose, but settled again. The fighting instinct in him was not dead. True to his breeding, it was strongest when he was nearest death. Dominated by that strongest instinct, he mustered what strength was in him and rose again—up, up he stood, legs planted wide apart, swaying, but on his feet! And he reached across the eight inches that separated him from the black cock, which had almost ceased to quiver, and three times struck weakly with his beak. Then he fell and rolled over on his side.

The uproar that greeted the Pinto's victory was brought to a sudden termination by warning cries of "Police!" "Vamoose!" and the crowd stampeded, scattering like quail before the swoop of a hawk.

Much exhausted and still a little frightened, though a half-hour had elapsed, Pablo slipped into the court where he had left his wife. His mustang was in the corral, and his hasty glance gave him no knowledge of the hard run the animal had made. Lolita bounded to her feet when he entered the house.

"Oh, Pablo, we have lost?" she wailed.

"No—I have won," he answered, "but the Pinto is dead. And I'd give much to know—"

"Tell him nothing, little fool—he has won in spite of all," the old woman whispered in Lolita's ear. And while she attempted to calm the girl they heard a knock at the door. Pablo darted toward a hall leading to another room. But he did not leave. He turned back and, showing his hands deep into his pockets, gazed defiantly toward the door.

"Fly, oh fly, Pablo!" cried Lolita, clasping her hands in fear.

"No, I will not run away," replied Pablo, haughtily. "I am not a thief; I have committed no crime; I am a Moreno."

Again the rapping was heard, and Pablo angrily swung back the door. Felipe Sepulveda walked into the room, and because it was he, and not an officer of the law, he was almost welcome.

"The Pinto is the best cock," he said, by way of introducing the object of his visit.

"It cost you something to find that out," answered Pablo, flushed with victory. "But, Felipe," he added in less exultant manner, "you had not a chance; you were fighting a Moreno cock."

"And you will take my share of the business?" asked Felipe, quick to note the change in Pablo's tone.

Pablo's eyes flashed. "You will recall that it was not I who suggested the stake," he answered.

"She—Lolita, your wife, was the cause of it," Felipe mumbled. "She wanted you to have all the corn crop, I guess."

"It is not true!" Lolita cried out. "Felipe speaks a lie. Do not return him his share—you think he would have returned yours? No." With flashing eyes she turned on Felipe, who assumed the air of one falsely accused. "You—you!" she cried, and her voice, choking at first, rose almost to a scream, "you come to me

like a snake, like the coyote, sneaking around at dark, and I listen because I hope to prevent the gamble and the fight. Then you offer love tokens and would have me betray Pablo! You are wicked, and do but cause trouble between my husband and me. God forgive thee—go!"

During the arraignment Felipe shifted uneasily, and when Pablo started toward him he bolted out the door.

"Such treachery I can not forgive!" cried Pablo. "But for that I would not consider taking his interest. And I need him to help harvest the corn and to grind the chili."

Lolita seized her husband by the arm. "Pablo," she pleaded, "forgive me. It is I who am treacherous. Felipe did not really talk of love—and the ring? Surely such a trinket could not mean much love!"

"If it was not for love, why was it given to you, Lolita; tell me that?" questioned Pablo, angrily.

"It is too easy, Pablo, now that I remember—he gave it so that I would not forget to feed the Pinto."

"So you, my wife, gave the Pinto corn!" Pablo cried in astonishment.

Lolita nodded. "I can not lie to you, my husband," she said. "The Pinto was famished—I thought it would not harm. Tell me, Pablo, did I do wrong?"

JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1911.

D'ANNUNZIO'S LATEST EXPERIMENT.

Stained-Glass Windows as Artistic Symbols.

Gabriele d'Annunzio is not content with having revolutionized the drama of his native land. The part he has played in driving French playwrights off the Italian stage is not honor enough; he would fain carry the war into the enemy's camp. As means to the achievement of that ambition he has been learning archaic French and carrying his studies of the past back into the third century. The result was displayed on the spacious stage of the Châtelet Théâtre, that roomy playhouse which looks across at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt and is reserved for ballets and spectacular pieces. The *répétition générale* was fixed for the Sunday of the fatal flying races at Issy-les-Moulineaux, the terrible issue of which prompted an attempt to transform the occasion into a private dress rehearsal for the benefit of the critics. But the change of plan was made too late for the information of more than a thousand ticket-holders, who forced an entrance through the stage-door and provided an unexpected audience. If a lengthy performance is any compensation, they were well rewarded for their persistence. The curtain rose a little after nine o'clock, and it was not until twenty minutes to two the next morning that the play came to an end.

Stained-glass windows, crowded with saints and aureoles and the sacred symbols of Christian faith, are not, it might be thought, much in D'Annunzio's line; yet he asked his audience to accept him as "the maker of five stained-glass windows consecrated to Sebastian." That was his symbolic way of explaining that his new play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," was to be regarded as a modern attempt to compete with the religious mystery of the Middle Ages, and was his answer to the protest of the Archbishop of Paris, who had enjoined the faithful not to give it their support. D'Annunzio protests that his piece is profoundly religious and has been written for the glory of the saint and pious heroism. But the awkward fact remained that his saintly hero was to be impersonated by the dancer Ida Rubenstein, the Russian Jewess whose "fleshless beauty" has been his inspiration, and now that the performance is a memory for thought to analyze the conclusion is inevitable that the playwright has been more concerned to associate his hero with the Adonis of classical mythology than with the martyr of Christian legend.

Of D'Annunzio's five stained-glass windows the first and third were the most effective. But in them all the playwright handicapped himself by forgetting that the storied panes of ancient fanes are not all saints and halo. Just as the old mystery plays were not all piety. The old glass-workers and writers of mysteries knew the weakness of human nature; they were conscious that it was possible to be too exacting; they realized that mental attention can be strained to the point of fatigue, and that consequently the ludicrous not to say the gross must be resorted to on occasion as rest for the brain. Hence the vignettes of commonplace life which fill the backgrounds of saintly windows and the horse-play and coarse jokes of the mysteries. The Italian poet has forgotten all this; he attempts to keep his audience at a high tension for five mortal hours in a realm of heroic fantasy without the let-down of a single touch of humor or human nature.

For the first act this is tolerable. And there is no denying the absorbing interest of that opening act. It disclosed the court in which the Roman prefect sat in judgment on the brothers Marcus and Marcellinus, two of the regiment of archers who had been converted to the Christian faith by Sebastian's exhortations. He, the captain of the band, stands by in shining armor, motionless as a stained-glass figure, while parents and sisters and friends plead with the prisoners to abandon Christ and sacrifice to the gods. Shaken in their constancy the brothers at last turn to their captain, and it is only then that he seems to wake from his reverie to exhort them to be firm, "Je suis l'esclave de l'amour

et le maître de la mort." To the plea of his converts that he would not expose himself to death, Sebastian answers by walking unharmed though barefooted over the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, a miracle which not only confirms the wavering faith of the brothers, but converts judge, soldiers, citizens, and all in the court. For climax, mystic lilies rise from the walls of the court and blossom into white-clad angels to the accompaniment of ecstatic music.

After the high tension of this first act, which held the audience in breathless silence, the dramatist should have provided some relief. Instead he set for his next scene a magic chamber in the Roman prefect's house, crowded with magicians at mystic rites, and all for the purpose of repeating the theme of the preceding act. That is to say, while the magicians were absorbed in gazing into the crystal-globes and performing other incantations, Sebastian appears armed with a huge hammer, the symbol of his onslaught on superstition and the token of his victory over the powers of darkness. The dramatist might well have let his first act establish the saint's prowess for once and all.

Had the second act lightened the story with some breath of humanity and humor, the third would have proved more arresting than it did, thrilling as it was for its dramatic effect and impressive for its scenic beauties. In this "Council of the False Gods" the central figures are the Emperor Diocletian and Sebastian, the former seated on his throne in a scene of sumptuous splendor while the captain of the archers wins his unstinted admiration for his unearthly beauty. The scene is reminiscent of the temptation in the wilderness, with the emperor taking the place of the sovereign of evil. He offers the youth every inducement to abandon his faith; an earthly diadem, the symbols of Roman majesty, even a promise that he shall be a god, worshipped with the rites of Adonis or Cæsar himself. "You shall be a god," pleads Diocletian, "and temples shall be built and burnt offerings made to you." But Sebastian dashes the Orphean lute into fragments, hurls to the ground the offered diadem, insults the gods of Rome, and dares the Cæsar to do his worst.

And so the scene is set for the martyrdom. This is the fourth act, the venue of which is a forest glade bearing a close likeness to those landscapes with which sacred art has made the world familiar. Sebastian is bound to a tree after the manner of the old paintings, and is faced by his faithful archers. They offer to save him, to convey him away secretly, but the martyr is deaf to all their entreaties, assuring them that they have no power to slay the life which counts. "Who loves me best shoots straightest. Your arrows, giving me death, give me life! Every dart striking me with anguish brings me to heavenly bliss!" The lust of martyrdom is upon him, and while they weep the archers shoot. Then, while the body, bristling with arrows, is carried away, the stage is darkened, and for the final scene only an immense circle of light falls from above, what time the voices of singers in the wings blend with the strains of the orchestra in a melody suggesting the apotheosis of paradise.

As his manner is when handling the mediæval language of his own land, the quaint words and forgotten phrases of the fourteenth-century poets, D'Annunzio has attained a complete mastery over archaic French, no mean feat for a native and a much greater achievement for an alien. Whether, however, his recourse to the third century will win him as much fame as his reversion to the period of Dante, or his interpretations of the passions of the wild, untutored Abruzzese and Neapolitan rural folk, is questionable. "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" will read well; that it will act well remains to be proved. In Italy perhaps, where the playgoer will listen for hours in rapt attention to interminable speeches of richly colored words and find unspeakable delight in rhetoric minus ideas, the play will doubtless prove as popular as the "Gioconda" or "Paolo e Francesca" or "La Figlia di Jorio"; but if it is to win a more cosmopolitan audience its verbiage will have to be ruthlessly pruned and its action relieved and quickened. In its present form its chief episodes partake too much of the angular poses of the stained-glass window on the one hand and the over-elaboration of the mediæval missal on the other. Between the two the poet has allowed the spirit of his story to escape.

PARIS, May 30, 1911.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

A presidential campaign being in progress in Panama, a company of Panama politicians have come to Washington to learn the wishes of the President of the United States. What else could be expected (asks the *Springfield Republican*), in view of the former incident of a Panama candidate being forced to withdraw because he was regarded with disfavor in Washington? But, this time, President Taft doesn't care who is elected and the election, consequently, will be decided strictly on home issues.

An abandoned peach basket hat was left at a farmhouse at Kingston, New York, by a summer boarder a year ago, which the farmers' children mounted on a fence post and quite forgot. When they came upon it in the course of their romps the other day, they tried to take it down. A swarm of wild bees was found in it, and the farmer has twelve pounds of honey to sell. Almost any humorist can find material in this.

The tallest and the shortest people of the world—the Norwegians and the Lapps, live side by side.

WAGNER AT HOME.

A Celebrated Frenchwoman Describes Some Delightful Days with the Great German Composer.

Judith Gautier gives us a charming and intimate picture of Wagner in the days preceding the culmination of his star. It is fitting that such a work should be assigned to such hands. She and her husband, Catulle Mendes, and her father, Theophile Gautier, were among the earliest in France to acclaim the new musical genius and to uphold him "against the jeers of the masses." She sent to Wagner a series of articles that she had written on his music and was gratified by a lengthy acknowledgment and an expression of the wish to meet their author in Paris. She replied that she was about to visit Munich and would like to break the journey at Lucerne and visit the composer. A prompt invitation followed, and then came the ten days of social intercourse that laid the foundation for the present volume. Mme. Gautier adds to her narrative the relation of her Munich experiences at the first presentation of "Rheingold," the whole forming a substantial volume of reminiscence, and one that illustrates the personality of Wagner with a delightful and intimate candor.

The composer awaited his French friends at the Lucerne railway station:

It was indeed true!

Standing alone, a big straw hat on his head, Wagner waited for us on the platform. To be sure, we had never seen him before, but how could any one fail to recognize him?

He, who had no idea how we looked, counted upon us to disclose ourselves. Motionless, in full view, he scanned with close attention the stream of arriving people. It was I who hurried toward him, in an effusion of joy which dominated every other emotion.

He included us all in a steady and luminous gaze that reached to the very soul, and then shook hands with us.

After a moment of solemn silence, he smiled and offered me his arm.

"Come," he said to me, "if you do not look for too much magnificence, you will like the Hôtel du Lac. I have engaged rooms for you there."

And, with quick steps, he drew me outside the station.

On the way to the hotel he paused for a moment, and turning on me a steady and serious gaze said, with every appearance of emotion, "It is a very noble sentiment that brings us together, madam!"

The hotel was near the station, and when we arrived the Master, after recommending us to the care of the host, turned and said to us with a whimsical air: "Now I am going to prepare myself to receive you, otherwise I should make blunders. You will come presently to Trihschen, will you not as soon as you have rested a little? Come by the lake, that is the most convenient way."

To prepare himself to receive us!

From an upper window we watched him, as with quick steps he went away, saw him cross the old bridge, reach the quay, take a boat.

Without speaking a word, with the same worshipping expression upon every face, we followed him with our eyes. . . . Then, when he had quite disappeared, "Quick! let us dress quickly! We certainly will not allow him to wait for us."

Wagner, like other great men, was much exposed to tourists, and we have an amusing account of his concealment in the bushes while a horde of these barbarians swept by. He said, "I am simply beset by the audacity of these strangers," who were often aided and abetted by his own servant, who looked upon them as distinguished people and could not understand why they must be evaded:

"They relate a curious anecdote of Goethe with regard to a similar adventure," said Wagner. "He was so often intruded upon by the curious in his house in Weimar that one day, made impatient by the determination of an unknown Englishman to force an entrance, he suddenly ordered his servant to show him in. The Englishman entered. Goethe planted himself erect in the centre of the room, his arms crossed, his eyes on the ceiling, motionless like a statue."

"Surprised for the moment, the stranger soon comprehended the situation, and without being in the least disconcerted, he put on his glasses, walked slowly around Goethe, inspected him from head to foot, and went out without saluting. It is difficult to say," concluded the Master, "which of the two showed the keener wit."

Count Villiers de l'Isle was a member of the visiting party, and apparently not a very compatible member, since Wagner found it difficult to understand his conversation or to comprehend his character. The count, it seems, "experienced, on occasions, a sort of nervous terror, which he did not even attempt to resist," and this seems a delicate way of saying that he was a bit of a coward. The following incident occurred while Villiers was playing ball with the children and their Newfoundland dog:

But once, as he gave a strong impetus to the ball, Villiers's recoiling fist struck a sharp blow on the dog's jowl, drawing from him a reproachful whine. Villiers grew pale as he examined his hand, and found a red mark where the dog's tooth had lightly scratched the skin; then, with one haggard look at us, he turned and fled, running as only he could run. "What is the matter? Where is he going?" cried Wagner in dismay.

Some answer had to be made.

"Oh, it is nothing. He struck his hand against the teeth of poor Russ, and grazed the skin."

"Yes, I know; but it did not bleed. Is that why he grew so pale?"

"A brain like his receives quick suggestions; in the flash of an eye his thoughts fly to the very limit of possible consequences. Villiers doubtless believes himself in danger of hydrophobia, and as in such case delay adds to the danger, he is running as fast as he can to Lucerne to have the wound cauterized."

"But there is no wound."

Wagner received an unpleasant impression. He was clearly disturbed by Villiers, whose conversation he found it so difficult to understand, and whose character he could not comprehend.

But it was best to laugh it off. The involuntary culprit, good old Russ, was in perfect health, and there could not be any danger.

Then Villiers, feeling rather sheepish, returned to Trihschen. The following day, Wagner, as soon as he saw him

in the distance, made a pretense of extreme terror, and exclaimed, "He is mad! He is mad!"

And as Villiers with a wry smile approached nearer to him, he broke into a run, crying out, "Do not hite me!" Then, as if to escape from the danger, he climbed with extraordinary agility to the very top of a pine-tree.

Wagner, it seems, had a special gift for climbing trees, and did so on small provocation, a habit that much displeased Frau Cosima as too undignified for a great composer. But then Frau Cosima was the daughter of Liszt, and so had a double measure of dignity to sustain.

We have the story of a delightful country excursion to Brunnen, where the party had lunch at a little wayside inn:

Two windows of the little room that we were in faced the lake, a third, a side window, was open and overlooked the court, where a blacksmith was at work. Wagner listened to the ringing stroke of the hammer on the anvil. Suddenly he opened the piano and began to play the *motif* of Siegfried forging the sword. At the measure where the blade is struck he stopped, and it was the blacksmith who, striking the iron with an astonishing precision, unconsciously completed the theme.

Wagner needed a good deal of managing, and Frau Cosima was always tactful. When the author hesitated before accepting Wagner's invitation to the excursion she says Frau Cosima made signs to her and, coming nearer, said in a low voice: "Do not refuse; he would be angry. And let him manage it all; let him take the lead, if you do not wish to grieve him." Later on we have another curious scene:

Behind the house, in that court which formed a part of the garden, and from which the carriage drive started, there was a high swing, which the children were allowed to use very carefully, and with which the older people sometimes amused themselves. One day Mme. Cosima was sitting on the narrow board. Wagner offered to start the swing and give her a good flight through the air.

All went well for a time, but, little by little, the motion became more rapid; higher and still higher went the swing! In vain Mme. Cosima begged for mercy. Carried away by a kind of frenzy, the Master paid no attention, and the incident began to have a terrifying aspect.

Cosima grew white; her hold relaxed, and she was about to fall.

"Do you not see that she is fainting," I cried, throwing myself toward Wagner.

He grew pale in his turn, and the danger was quickly averted. But, as the poor woman continued to be dizzy and trembling, the Master concluded it would be wise to create a diversion. He ran rapidly toward the house, and by the aid of the shutters, the mouldings, and projections of the stones, he climbed nimbly up the side, and reaching the balcony of the floor above, leaped over it.

He had obtained the desired effect, but in replacing one evil by another. Trembling with anxiety, Cosima turned to me, saying under her breath: "Above all things, do not notice him; do not look surprised, or you can never tell where he will end."

It is evident enough that Ludwig II played a part of inestimable benevolence toward Wagner and helped to tide him over the darkest hours of his career. After seventy rehearsals of "Tristan and Isolde" the company was broken up by disaffection and intrigue, and all this time even the hotel bill of the composer was unpaid. Then came the message from the king and the promises of aid that marked the end of all his troubles:

The first act of this eighteen-year-old king, who had ascended the throne less than a month before, was to render homage to an artist of genius, and to reach out to him a fraternal hand.

While Ludwig II, in his palace at Munich, awaited the arrival of Wagner with joyful impatience, a courtier wishing to flatter the sovereign, said to him:

"Men of genius equal to that of Wagner revisit the earth only once in a thousand years."

"A man of genius equal to that of Wagner," responded the king, "has never before come to this world, and he will never come again."

And Ludwig II, to the great scandal of his court, ran hastily down the staircase of honor to greet Richard Wagner.

That meeting was perhaps one of the most touching and memorable incidents of history.

Wagner retains a magical impression of it.

"The king is so comely, his thoughts are so elevated, and his soul so noble," said he, "that I am afraid his life may pass athwart this vulgar world like a dream of the gods."

"He knows and understand me like my own soul. He longs to remove all my troubles and embarrassments, and help me to accomplish my work!"

We now know that in spite of his power and his good-will, the king was not able to attain to the realization of his desires.

We have a pleasant picture of Liszt and of his reconciliation with his daughter after her desertion of Hans von Bülow. Mme. Muchanoff had been playing, and then "Liszt offered me his arm to conduct me to the refreshment table, in the face of the envious and uncomprehending glances of the greater number of the women," evidently with the idea of "withdrawing me a little to one side." Then—

"You have seen Cosima?"

I had none of that sentiment which the high personality of Liszt evoked among his intimates. I was absolutely ignorant of the beauty of his compositions, which I was to admire so much in the future, and of the incomparable loftiness of his character. I considered him only as a very celebrated pianist. So I was not in the least intimidated, and, believing him to be hostile to the best interests of his daughter, it was with a decided vehemence that I replied to him: "I beg of you, do not say anything against your daughter to me. I am her partisan to such an extent that I can not admit any blame. In the face of a personality so superhuman as Richard Wagner's, the prejudices and even the laws of man can not prevail. Who would not feel the fascination and submit joyfully to the supremacy of such a genius? In Cosima's place, you would do as she does, and it is your duty as a father not to put any obstacle in the way of a realization of the great event to which she has the right to look forward."

Liszt grasped me warmly by the arm.

"I am entirely of your opinion, but I may not express it," said he in a still lower voice. "The habit which I wear imposes certain opinions which I can not openly deny. I know the temptations of the heart too well to judge severely; conventions force me to be silent, but within myself I desire

more than any one else for a legal solution of this painful affair. I can do nothing to hasten it; as to retarding it in any way whatever, I have never had such a thought."

Greatly surprised and relieved I cried out impulsively: "Will you authorize me to write that to Cosima?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I wished to ask you to do so. Assure her that there is no need of a rupture between us, that my heart is with her, that she ought to comprehend my reserve, and to show, before the world, a certain consideration with respect to me, until the new order of things is established."

"I will write this very evening. If you could know what relief and what happiness this news will give them."

"I am very glad of that. You see how I have seized the first opportunity that has offered to make known to my daughter, secretly, my innermost thought. I have sought for such an opportunity without finding it. In whom could I confide? Envy and hypocrisy find a place in all human hearts. Very few have your frankness and your beautiful, unrestrained enthusiasm. . . . But let us go in. I believe that we are watched, and that people are already surprised by our long conversation."

That the reconciliation followed, and largely through the mediation of Mme. Gautier, is a matter of history. On learning from her that his overtures had been met Liszt, "who always refused to play, went to the piano, lifted the cover with a quick movement, and ran his masterful fingers over the keys in an impetuous, thrilling, and passionate improvisation. The ovation which this called forth approached delirium, but he hardly noticed it." It was his way of thanking God. There are other charming glimpses of the great performer:

We very soon became intimate with Franz Servais, and grew to regard him as our good friend. It was through him that I tried to penetrate some of the mysteries that seemed to me to envelop the life of Liszt, and first of all I asked how, and why, he was a priest?

"It was only four years ago that he took the orders," said Servais to me, "and became the Abbé Liszt."

"In what way, and why?"

"No one knows. On his return from a journey to Rome he was a priest. Perhaps he wished, in this way, to explain to the world, which had been in a state of excitement over his projects of marriage with the Princess Wittgenstein, that they were definitely abandoned. I believe also that he was relieved at being able to take away from all the women who adored him the hope of obtaining his hand."

"But as a matter of fact all the women seem, even now, to quarrel over him quite openly. Does not his habit make a difference to them?"

"No, on the contrary, it inflames them the more; it has all the fascination of forbidden fruit! Liszt exercises, moreover, an extraordinary influence over the women and even the men who understand and admire him. I am able to speak of this with knowledge, because I submit to it myself without attempting to defend myself, and I am proud to be one of his pupils. But some of the women undoubtedly go too far. It leads them into a sort of idolatry, of fetishism. They dispute over a flower that he has touched, they gather up the ends of his cigars, and those who are sufficiently independent, and are able to do so, follow him from city to city, all through the year."

"And does not that exasperate him?"

"On the contrary, he would be very unhappy without the atmosphere of adoration which surrounds him. He loves the incense of these excessive flatteries. He feels the need of this mystical kingdom, and in order to hold it together, he distributes his favors, very simply, according to the merits of the recipients, or in the order of his own preferences."

"But how is he able to maintain order and harmony in his harem, and to keep down jealousy and rivalry?"

"That is the most wonderful thing about it all," said Servais; "he succeeds in keeping peace amongst all his votaries, he even makes them accept and respect a favorite. When you express astonishment at an abnegation so unusual among women, he makes to you this unexpected announcement. 'They love themselves in me.'"

The irrepressible Villiers in the presence of so much genius was necessarily impelled to give a display of his own. He was a poet, and so volunteered to give a reading, which was interrupted by the fatal "nervous terror" which has already been noted. The occasion was a soirée given by the Countess Muchanoff:

But, alas! What is happening? Suddenly Villiers is silent; he drops his manuscript and looks at his audience with wide-open eyes filled with fright. With an hysterical gesture he unhooks the belt of his trousers, then he takes off his shoes and seats himself on the top of the piano. Oh, horror! What can he mean? Is that in the play? A mystification? A wager? In any case it is in very bad taste! There is a mocking uproar and every one rises; they come to me; they question me.

What can I say? How can I make them understand that Villiers believes himself in danger of death, and that therefore he has done what he thinks is best for himself, irrespective of propriety. He has had, without doubt, a little nervous spasm of the heart; some physician, chaffing him, perhaps, once told him that if anything of the kind happened he must loosen his clothing quickly, take off his shoes and stockings, and seat himself high up so that his feet would hang. And now they can see that the invalid has conformed to this order in every particular.

And so the visit came to an end with one last delightful evening when Wagner "for several hours" went through the score of the "Meistersinger" for the pleasure of his guests, playing, explaining, and commenting.

Too much praise can hardly be given to so unpretentious and therefore so illuminating a piece of work, which loses nothing from the translation of Effie Dunreith Massie.

WAGNER AT HOME. From the French of Judith Gautier, by Effie Dunreith Massie. New York: John Lane Company: \$3.50.

An egg of the Aepyornis or flying elephant of Madagascar has been obtained by the American Museum of Natural History. The shell of the egg would hold two gallons. There are no survivals of the creatures which produced such eggs, but the shells are often found in beds of fossils.

This progressive city's new fifty-horse-power, sixty-eight-miles-an-hour ambulance (remarks the *Ohio State Journal*), will be quite a convenience in case it happens to run into anybody.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Social Basis of Religion.

It is noteworthy that the most stimulating argument for church unity should come not from a minister, but from a professor of political economy. Professor Simon N. Patten does not avowedly plead for such a unity, but he shows a basis for its accomplishment, and he shows no less clearly the social regeneration that might result from a classification of our religious ideals. Religion, he maintains, is, or should be, essentially social rather than historical, and Christianity would be none the less effective even though it should lose the whole of its historical basis. That it has been allowed to rest upon an historical basis and that this basis has crumbled under the waters of criticism is the cause of much of the modern apathy that refuses any longer to consider Christianity as an effective weapon against social degradation. How far the author is willing to go in his depreciation of the importance of historical Christianity may be judged from his assertion that "the crucifixion was a temporary expedient which hastened the changes that made Christ's social ideals workable. Christ's life was for the world. His death was for His age and its civilization." It is to be feared that the sectarian will refuse to recognize such a religion as Christianity at all, but fortunately the day of the sectarian has passed. Social regeneration will never be accomplished because of an historical fact of 2000 years ago. It may be accomplished by a presentation of truths of which the present vitality is independent of ancient events.

Certainly there will be no scientific attack upon a socialized Christianity such as the author defends. Science has no quarrel with a doctrine of degeneration and of regeneration, with the possibility of the reincorporation of social outcasts into society through influence, suggestion, and example, with a doctrine of progress through peace and love instead of through war and hate, with a doctrine of service and responsibility, or with an application of the law of cause and effect to the ethical as well as to the material world. Science will not object even to a doctrine of one supreme God and of a Messiah. In fact science objects only to those things that it knows to be untrue. It has attacked historic Christianity upon no other ground.

Into the author's profound and elaborated argument there is no need to enter. His treatment of "The Will," "Character," and "Inspiration" are strikingly illuminative. So are his chapters on "The Social Mission of the Church" and the "Socialization of Religious Thought." In fact his whole volume is one not to be overlooked by those who would find new weapons, or a new use for old ones, in the struggle against social degeneration.

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF RELIGION. By Simon N. Patten. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

Queed.

Mr. Henry Sydney Harrison makes his bow to the novel-reading world with so striking a story that we shall expect to see something still more ambitious and free from such few faults as his first work possesses. Queed is a young man of uncertain antecedents who drifts from New York to a Southern town in order to complete his great work on social science. Queed is in no way a genius, but he has the encyclopaedic knowledge due to extraordinary industry and good memory. Therefore he is almost necessarily a recluse and an egotist, wholly self-centred and supposing himself to be immune from all the social duties that he has made his life study. It says much for the author's ability that he makes of Queed neither a prig nor a pedant. His only wish is to be let alone. He neither preaches nor poses, and it never occurs to him that he is selfish.

The heroine is Sharlee Weyland, niece of the keeper of the boarding-house where Queed lives. As Queed is somewhat backward with his board bill he is taken in hand by Sharlee, who becomes to some extent his mentor and at last persuades him of the necessity to get his living in some humdrum way. In fact she secures him the position of editorial writer on the local newspaper, where he unburdens himself of a series of sociological articles that no one wants to read. And now Queed shows his latent manhood. Satisfied that his newspaper work is a failure, he proceeds to the study of the actual requirements with the same dogged energy that he had given hitherto to sociology. Not only does he study them, but he masters them, and proceeds to write up the local dog-fight and the village pump with all the provincial patriotism proper to a country newspaper. It is a remarkable achievement for such a man as Queed, and we know at once that he will make good his resolution to become editor-in-chief.

And so, for over four hundred pages we watch the humanization of Queed. He thaws within our sight, both intellectually and morally. We feel that we have witnessed a miracle when Queed comes to the rescue of the landlady's little daughter and solves in his head the algebraical problem over which she is breaking her small heart. When we take leave of Queed he has been born again. He

has become a red-blooded man with newly awakened instincts that tell him that Sharlee is certainly a most attractive young woman. And yet we are not sure that we like Queed's intellectual changes so much as we do his moral. It seems a pity that such an all-comprehensive knowledge should be wasted, even temporarily, or that such a master of his subject should lay it down in order to devote himself to local politics and to things in general that do not matter. We do not like to leave him in that country town way down South where no one knows or cares anything about evolutionary sociology. But there he is.

The story that makes a serious effort to interpret a human mind and to show the mechanism of its growth is always noteworthy. The author has not only set himself a high aim, but he has attained it by thoughtful and imaginative work, and always with the saving grace of humor.

QUEED. By Henry Sydney Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35.

The Vintage.

Mr. Sharts chooses his plot from the ever-fertile treasury of the Civil War, and he tells his story concisely, vividly, and dramatically. His hero is Grigg, a Northern spy, who makes his way into Richmond and elaborates a plot for the liberation of the prisoners there confined. A sort of subsidiary hero is Colonel Bledsoe, chief of the Confederate secret service, who pits his very considerable abilities against those of Grigg and comes off second best. The heroine is Miss Delia Coombs, a beautiful and passionate Southern girl, who unwittingly helps Grigg to escape on several occasions and who can hardly do less than fall in love with that bold soldier even when she discovers his hated identity.

The sentiment is of course an old one. We know the destiny of the warrior and the maid almost as soon as the curtain rises. It was ever so, but we never lose our zest in the telling. The characters of Grigg and of Bledsoe are finely drawn, but even a succession of dramatic encounters between the two never leads the author into exaggeration. He keeps always within the possibilities, indeed the known actualities, of war. Moreover, we have some striking pictures of Jefferson Davis, and it is strange, by the way, how seldom the President of the Southern Confederacy is used by the novelist. Altogether Mr. Sharts has given us a capital novel, and a piece of capable and intelligent work.

THE VINTAGE. By Joseph Sharts. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

Benedict Arnold.

Mr. John Jay Chapman explains that his "Treasure and Death of Benedict Arnold" is intended as "a play for a Greek theatre," and this is a sufficiently plain intimation that it is inspired by Greek dramatic ideas and that the author intends it rather as a piece of literature than for professional performance. It is to be feared that we are still some way from the point where a popular reception will await a composition along lines so severe or such a conception of form as we have here. Mr. Chapman writes for the few, and for the study rather than for the stage.

The play contains two acts. In the first we have Arnold before his act of treason, and in the second we have him before his death, when he tries to think that his action is but a return to his lawful loyalty. The introduction of Father Hudson as a person is perhaps a little questionable from the modern point of view, but then with such a work we need not consider the modern point of view. We may even forgive the slightly over-worked chorus so long as it gives us a sufficiency of such lines as these: "All men become something incredible to themselves; for they are unwound like a cocoon, and know not which way the thread doth run."

THE TREASURE AND DEATH OF BENEDICT ARNOLD. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.

Orphans.

Every one knows that the fate of the children is the real problem of divorce, and its real tragedy. This is set forth with real feeling and passable skill by Helen Dawes Brown in her new novel. The parents are the commonplace type of the business man and the butterfly woman. When they separate, the children are also parted, the boy remaining with his father and the girl going to her mother's relatives. Then the woman marries again and we have a faithful picture of what this means to the children. The book can hardly be said to be a plea for new divorce legislation. The lack of ordinary human feeling, and it is of no use to plead for that.

THE ORPHANS. By Helen Dawes Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20.

The Consul.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis explains that the consular situation as depicted in this delightful little story must not be assumed still to exist. Probably it does still exist, but that is neither here nor there. The picture of the old veteran, Henry Marshall, is a delightful one. Having been appointed by Lincoln, there is a sentimental disinclination to dis-

charge him, but he is steadily reduced in rank until he finds himself at Porto Banos, a death swamp somewhere in South America. Then at last his reward comes, and in a particularly delightful way. It is an artistic little yarn in every way.

THE CONSUL. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Red Rose Inn.

This little story is of a girl who supposes herself to be in love with a wealthy man, but discovers in good time that she is in love with the wealth and not with the man. It is told in the form of letters which seem to be spontaneous and artificial.

RED ROSE INN. By Edith Tunis Sale. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Optimistic Life," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1), is along the well-known line of that popular author.

Mr. A. R. Orage is the author of an appreciative and explanatory sketch of "Friedrich Nietzsche, the Dionysian Spirit of the Age" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents). Mr. Orage writes enthusiastically, and no better digest of its kind can be found.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published a dainty little volume by Sara A. Hubbard, entitled "The Soul of a Flower." It is a poetically expressed plea for the existence of consciousness in the flower world and is convincing enough to those who have souls of their own. The price is 50 cents.

"Alpina Americana," No. 2, issued by the American Alpine Club of Philadelphia, is to be recommended to those who would know something of the scenic wonders of the Rocky Mountains. The descriptive matter is by Professor Charles E. Fay and the many photographic illustrations are unusually fine. There are also topographical maps.

The young man is receiving his fair share of attention nowadays. The latest of the "uplift" works intended for his benefit is "The Young Man and His Problems," by James L. Gordon (Funk & Wagnalls; \$1). It deals with such topics as self-control, worry, dissipation, books, tact, etc., and is written with some attractiveness.

Reuben Post Halleck, M. A., is the author of a "History of American Literature," just published by the American Book Company for the use of schools and of students in general. Attention is paid not only to the individual work of great authors, but also to literary movements, ideals, and animating principles, and to the relation of all these to English literature. Price, \$1.25.

A very complete and valuable book of its kind is "The Practical Country Gentleman," by Edward K. Parkinson, otherwise described as "a handbook for the owner of a country estate, large or small" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25). Such subjects as water supply, buildings, stock, crops, fertilizers, tools, and markets are treated in a condensed form, but clearly and usefully. There are forty well-chosen illustrations.

In his "Confidential Chats with Girls" (Edward J. Clode) William Lee Howard, M. D., gives much valuable advice of an intimate nature. The cautions against germs seem to be excessive, as usual. Thus the reader is warned against car straps, and theatre tickets that the seller has actually touched with his bare hands are described as "dangerous pieces of pasteboard." And yet the constant inculcation of fear would seem to be a greater menace to the young girl than even car straps and theatre tickets.

Mr. E. H. Hodgkinson, author of "The Tyranny of Speed" (John Lane Company; \$1.25), was evidently angry when he wrote his book. It is an impeachment of the speeding automobile and a summons to the legislative power to abate a nuisance that has become also a terror and a peril. Mr. Hodgkinson writes from the English point of view, and his statistics and horrible examples are English, but the speed mania is not confined to one country and the modern Juggernaut is cosmopolitan in its choice of victims. The author not only describes the malady, but he outlines for us the remedy, in fact many remedies.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Science and Occultism.

Dr. Joseph Grasset, whose eminence as a French scientist needs no presentation, defines his present work as a "record of progress made in the reduction of occult phenomena to a scientific basis." He looks upon occultism as a sort of mine of more or less well attested facts into which science is slowly digging and annexing to herself such portions as prove amenable to analysis and explanation. Therefore the unscientific is by no means synonymous with the untrue. Indeed he seems to admit the existence of a vast body of "facts" which are none the less facts because they are unscientific—that is to say, they have not yet been passed under the harrow of analysis, classification, and elucidation.

It is to be feared that his book will prove satisfactory neither to the skeptic nor to the true believer. The personal equation is too apparent, and there will be a disposition to quarrel with his terminology. For example, he enumerates the phenomena which have been "redeemed from the domain of occultism," and among them we find hypnotism, table-turning, hallucinations, and the like. Turning eagerly to the "scientific" explanation of hypnotism we find that it is "an extra-physiological condition of hyperpolygonal disaggregation." Seeking further for a definition of hyperpolygonal, we fail to find it in any satisfying way, although the term polygonal occurs on nearly every page of the book. But with the help of an intricate diagram we infer that the polygon corresponds generally with what other psychologists call the automatic consciousness. It is a sort of lower consciousness which is ordinarily under the control of the repressible Ego, but which may become separated from the Ego, or disaggregated. This separation occurs during hypnotism, and the polygon, being irresponsible and "absolutely malleable," is controlled and influenced by the operator. In the same way hallucinations are irresponsible pictures formulated by the polygon which are witnessed by the Ego and so become conscious hallucinations. Moreover, the polygon has a vast memory of its own in which the Ego does not share. Sometimes it will present these memories to the Ego, which will regard them as supernatural messages, divinations, or telepathic impressions. It is an ingenious theory. It may possibly be a true one, but why call it scientific? It is just one remove from guesswork.

The fault of the work is one that is common to those investigators who are not content to record facts and to tabulate them, but who are over-eager to find a comprehensive theory. They postulate an explanation that covers most of the facts, and they placidly ignore or deny the facts that it will not cover. Agreement with the theory is then apt to become the test of genuineness. However scanty may be our knowledge of psychic investigation, it is evident that many of Dr. Grasset's theories do not cover some of the phenomena that are quite as well authenticated as those that they do cover, and we must not get rid of the awkward phenomena by saying that they can not be genuine because they do not agree with the theory. Dr. Grasset is so able a man, his command of facts is so extensive that we can only regret that he did not write a somewhat different kind of book, a book that would give us a strict definition of terms, that would elaborate his theory with consecutiveness and precision and that would exclude all phenomena except those that are strictly relevant to the argument. As it is, the book is heavily over-weighted with experiences and testimonies that are necessarily unconvincing and that hurry the thread of theory and discussion well nigh out of sight.

THE MARVELS BEYOND SCIENCE. By Joseph Grasset. M. D. With a preface by Emile Faguet. Authorized translation by René Jacques Tubef. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.75.

Painting Materials.

Dr. A. P. Laurie has produced a book that is unique and that should have a practical value as well as an antiquarian interest. Its scope is well indicated by its full title, which reads, "The Materials of the Painter's Craft in Europe and Egypt, from Earliest Times to the End of the Seventeenth Century, with Some Account of Their Preparation and Use." As an indication of the thoroughness of Dr. Laurie's research it may be said that the list of books and manuscripts of reference to be found at the end of the volume occupies forty-eight pages.

This fascinating work leaves the general impression that the ancients knew more about pigments than we do and that they were more careful to work for posterity than are some of our artists today. When we remember that every painter prepared his own pigments a glance at some of the formulas shows that the work must have been a laborious one, and that it was a matter of devotion and conscience is shown not only by the preservation of their work, but by such advice as that given by Cennino Cennini, who exhorted his pupils always to use "fine gold and good colors . . . and even if you be not well paid, God and Our Lady will reward your soul and

body for it." Cennini took his art seriously and he was anxious to teach it. He tells us "how you should regulate your manner of living so as to preserve decorum and keep your hand in proper condition; and what company you should frequent; and how to select and draw a figure in relief." There is one thing fatal to the necessary steadiness of hand "and this is frequenting too much the company of ladies." Cennini was a worthy man, and we are reminded of the degeneracy of our own day, when there is much reason for unsteadiness of hand. It would be interesting to give many extracts from this delightful book, but it must suffice to say that it is complete and perfect of its kind and full of those suggestions of mystery that are always fascinating. The many colored illustrations are particularly fine.

THE MATERIALS OF THE PAINTER'S CRAFT. By A. P. Laurie. M. A. D. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Professor Hiram Bingham, who has just published through Houghton Mifflin Company an interesting and informing account of a trip "Across South America," has charge of an expedition sent to Peru by Yale University, which left New Haven June 10. The party expects to spend five months in the field doing geographical, archaeological, and historical exploration. They will make a cross section of the Andes through a country that has never been scientifically explored, and only mapped in the rudest possible way some fifty years ago.

At the recent dedication of the New York Public Library, John Bigelow, who wrote "The Life of Samuel J. Tilden," and edited "The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden," told how he once persuaded Tilden, whose close friend he was, not to leave out the clause in the will devising books and money for a public library. It seems that Tilden had been discouraged by noting the fact that 90 per cent of the books lent by the Boston Public Library were fiction. Bigelow, however, reminded him that though he had once read "Mother Goose," he had not continued to read "Mother Goose" the rest of his life, and argued that literary taste must develop from reading what seems of most interest at first. The result was that the clause remained in the will. John Bigelow was a trustee of Tilden's estate and his literary executor.

Max Pemberton, author of "White Motley," just published by the Sturgis & Walton Company, lives in the quiet Suffolk country, away from London's work-a-day smoke and busy stir, yet near enough that metropolis to participate in its pleasures and gayeties and feel the stimulus that radiates from the intellectual and artistic centre of the English-speaking world. The old country house in which he dwells is rich in associations. There Thackeray was wont to visit; a Wordsworth wood is hard by; and in it—in the house not the wood—hangs an authentic portrait of Charles II, who was once its royal guest.

The last months of Tom L. Johnson's life were devoted to the preparation of a narrative of his struggle with special privilege. But this necessitated a discussion of his political and social relations, and as the work expanded it became a story of his life. This autobiography—the account of a self-made man who, converted to a new principle, renounced all worldly gain when he had triumphantly acquired it and gave himself and his fortune for the realization of an ideal—will become part of the history of the industrial and economic evolution of the United States. Mr. Johnson's early career as a monopolist, his street-railroad fights, his contests with capitalists, his political fights, his association with Henry George, his ambitions and successes as an inventor, are only a few of the subjects which he wrote of. It will appear in book form in the early fall with the imprint of B. W. Huebsch, New York.

Owen Wister does not agree with that opinion which one sometimes hears that good literature goes unappreciated by the great mass of people. In the preface to his "Members of the Family" he says, "Editors have at times lamented to me that good work is not distinguished from bad by our multifarious millions. I have the happiness to know the editors to be wrong. Let the subject of a piece of fiction contain a simple, broad appeal and the better its art the greater its success; although the noble army of readers will not suspect that their pleasure is largely due to the skill."

In the beautiful city of Buenos Ayres, says Stuart Pennington in "The Argentine Republic" (Stokes), is perhaps the only statue in the world erected by white men to a negro. This is the statue of Falucho, a negro soldier who refused to haul down the Argentine flag at the bidding of the Spanish soldiery, during the first Argentine revolution, and was shot down by the Spanish.

Is New York good for the man from Portland—Maine or Oregon? Miss Susan Glaspell, the author of "The Visioning" and "The Glory of the Conquered," thinks not. When she was in New York, the other day, finish-

ing the revision of proofs for "The Visioning," she declared that "Perhaps one thing the matter with American literature is New York. When a man from Arizona writes a book that sells a couple of thousand copies, he must needs pull up stakes and move to New York. Then his next book opens with a man sitting in a window at the club and wondering what's the use. I'm so tired of that man who sits in the window. He would seem to be the most vital figure in American life."

John Galsworthy, whose latest novel, "The Patriarch," after running as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly* has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was born at Coombe, in Surrey, in 1867. His father, a prominent London solicitor, came of a family that had lived in Devonshire since the coming of the Saxons. It was not until he was twenty-eight that Mr. Galsworthy seriously took to writing, publishing his first novel, "Jocelyn," in 1899, and "Villa Ruben" in 1900. Since then he has published something every year—his last novel following the publication in this country of "Justice," the play which changed the English prison system, by about eight months. Mr. Galsworthy is married, is not entirely dependent on his pen, and spends the greater part of each year in Devonshire, the rest in London.

The Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton's book, "Toy Dogs and Their Ancestors," will, it is said, be one of the most sumptuous volumes of the season. In addition to the numerous color-plates, the volume will contain over 300 half-tone illustrations, chiefly from photographs of the most famous toy dogs of the present day and recent years, together with plans and pictures of kennels. The book will include chapters on the history and management of toy spaniels, Pekingese, Japanese, and Pomeranians, their breeding, care, exercise, food, and education.

New Books Received.

ANNA MALLEEN. By George H. Brennan. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.35.

A new novel of the theatre by the author of "Bill Truettell."

THE EXCEPTION. By Oliver Onions. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

The story of a woman who tried to override the conventions, and what came of it.

THE MOTHER OF GOETHE. By Margaret Reeks. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50.

"Not only did Goethe's mother resemble her famous son in feature, but in character also. From her he inherited that *joie de vivre*, that genial appreciation of and interest in his fellow-men which enabled him at one and the same time to be a realist, a poet, and an emancipated thinker. From Frau Aja, as she loved to be called, he also inherited the brilliant imagination which conceived Faust."

THE SILVER AGE. By E. J. Legges. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25.

A dramatic poem.

THE LAND OF TECK, AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. By S. Baring-Gould, M. A. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.

A description of the Swabian Alps. With five plates in color and forty-eight other illustrations, together with a map.

THE REVOLT AT ROSKELLY'S. By William Crane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.

A satire on the clannishness of hotel life.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN APOLOGISTS. By the Rev. W. H. Carlsaw, D. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Issued in the Temple series of Bible handbooks. Edited by Oliphant Smeaton, M. A.

THE CORNER OF HARLEY STREET. Being Some Familiar Correspondence of Peter Harding, M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

The letters that tell the story purport to be written by a successful middle-aged London physician to divers of his friends and family.

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Herbert Fisher, M. A., F. B. A., Professor Gilbert Murray, Litt. D., LL. D., F. B. A., Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M. A., Professor William T. Brewster, M. A. Ten volumes: "The Socialist Movement," by J. Ramsay MacDonald; "The Evolution of Plants," by Dr. D. H. Scott; "Polar Exploration," by W. S. Bruce; "Modern Geography," by Marion I. Newhigin; "The Irish Nationality," by Mrs. J. R. Green; "The Stock Exchange," by F. W. Hirst; "A Short History of War and Peace," by G. H. Parris; "The French Revolution," by Hilaire Belloc; "Shakespeare," by John Macfeld, "Parliament," by Sir Courteney P. Ilbert. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; each 75 cents.

THE NEW AVATAR AND THE DESTINY OF THE SOUL. By Jirah D. Buck, M. D. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company; \$2.

"The findings of natural science reduced to practical studies in psychology."

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMBROSE BIERCE. Volume V: "Black Beetles in Amherst." New York: The Neale Publishing Company. In ten volumes. Price, \$25.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50.

Illustrated from drawings by the author and photographs by Herbert W. Gleason.

THROUGH THE HEART OF CANADA. By Frank Yeigh. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.75.

A series of pen pictures of Canada and her people. The author starts from Nova Scotia and crosses the Dominion to the southern coast of British Columbia.

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By C. R. L. Fletcher. In two volumes: Vol. I, "From the Earliest Times to the Restoration"; Vol. II, "From Charles II to the Battle of Waterloo." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

Improving the Service

With eighty of the latest pay-as-you-enter street-cars operating, in addition to the full complement of other styles which were in use prior to the arrival of the P-A-Y-E, San Francisco is today receiving better passenger service than was dreamed of a few years ago.

The large, new cars put into commission since spring began have assisted in relieving congestion during the rush hours, and the fact that they permit freer entrance and exit than any other kind has stamped them with general approval.

Always on the lookout for opportunities to still further improve conditions, however, the United Railroads will bring more cars into use on the Howard and Folsom Street lines with the object of relieving the congestion during the hours of heavy travel on the Mission and Valencia Street lines.

Another very interesting proposition is also being arranged with a view to bringing a greater measure of relief to Market Street proper by handling a part of the immense traffic in another manner. The experiment will have to do with giving transfers and turning back cars at the foot of Eddy Street, and, possibly, at other Market Street junctions.

The vast amount of repair and extension work being carried on by the street-car company throughout the city is indicative of determination to give the public a service second to none, and speaks of its great faith in the future of the city.

Figures showing what has been done are more eloquent than pages of description. Since April, 1906, over 77 miles of track have been reconstructed; more than 22 miles of new track have been built. A total of over 100 miles of track constructed altogether. Eighty cars of the pay-as-you-enter type, as already stated, have been built and recently put into commission; 250 new cars of the larger type added and twelve suburban cars on the San Mateo branch, besides building eighteen of the larger cable cars for the Sacramento Street and Castro Street lines, while a great many of the old electric cars have been rebuilt.

On all the reconstructed lines heavy girder rails have replaced the light rail formerly used, and on streets where traffic is heaviest the rails are 141 pounds to the yard, the heaviest rail used for any street railway in the world. In addition to over 100 miles of reconstructed and new track, which has been paved with hasalt blocks and asphalt in the populated districts and macadam on the outskirts, more than twenty-seven miles of track have been overhauled and repaved.

Improvements are not made without heavy cost, and, for the purpose of demonstrating this assertion, some figures have been obtained which are likely to surprise even that portion of the public which realizes how vast has been the undertaking and how profound the belief that the future holds greater possibilities for San Francisco than the most optimistic will concede. In something over four years and a half the United Railroads' expenditure on improvements—track, buildings, and equipment—has amounted to over \$11,500,000.

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SOLO AND ENSEMBLE VAUDEVILLE

It is some time since the variety show became vaudeville, and it seems appropriate to cull now and then some more terms from the French with which to decorate its attractions. There are this week at the Orpheum two solos, two duets, a trio, and six ensemble acts, and, as it should be with soloists, the un-assisted artists are not only choice enough to be set solitaire, they out-sparkle the clusters.

This is by no means the general rule on the vaudeville stage. It is one of the open secrets of this species of entertainment that there must be in each bill two or three acts that can be given at the front while the stage is being set behind the scene-drop for the next number. So there are fillers for this purpose, and we have all seen them, and have taken the opportunity to give our neighbor in an unconfidential tone our confidential opinion of their ability, and while our neighbor examined the contiguous styles of hairdressing we have lighted our cigar again, and waited for the succeeding event. But the soloists this week are of the other kind. They are the ones who know how to get your attention and the attention of your neighbor, and all the lighted cigars in the house go out while they are in view.

For the correct blend of affability and dignity in a stage presence it is a pleasure to commend Mr. James H. Cullen, one of these solo artists. He is wholesomely large and becomingly genial by nature, but he is not forward. He has a nimble wit, either in composition or selection, and he sings with a modestly musical voice the better quality if not the best of American comic songs. There are very few good American comic songs, but Mr. Cullen manufactures or chooses very well indeed. Perhaps the titles he gives them are better than the songs. For instance: "I Shall Love You Still, When Your Money Is Gone, but I Shall Be Far Away," by Hetty Green." It does not reflect at all on the ditty to remark in passing that it has nothing to say about money, present or absent love, or Hetty Green, though it has its humorous angles. Some of Mr. Cullen's chatter, in prose and verse, is not entirely new, but nobody in the audience cares. It is so well modulated, and Mr. Cullen's eyes twinkle so brightly, and his cheerful countenance is so obviously a genuine expression and not an affectation, that there is only gently subsiding laughter when he exhausts his reel of melody and calls on his stock of reminiscences for overflowing measure of service. Among the good fellows of the vaudeville world Mr. Cullen can make himself heard without raising his voice.

Many will name Belle Adair, the other soloist on the bill, as first among the best things, but this would not be really just, for Miss Adair's beauty, one of her particularly charming attributes, is a piece of good fortune, not an acquirement. It is more than a gift of nature, however, to be swiftly graceful in pose and carriage, to make the witchery of glance and smile and frown effective over the footlights, and this the singing comedienne has accomplished and may be praised fairly for; that her face and figure are as especially suited to her songs as is her voice is a happy incidental accompaniment. The gods may give beauty, and the wise actress learns how to keep it, as well as how to use it. Miss Adair displays her taste in dress with several changes of costume, and all is in keeping. She is not yet a star of the first magnitude, but she does not pretend to be anything so dazzling.

Of the two duets, popular choice seems to fall on Isabelle D'Armond and George Moore, but Mr. Moore would not draw well as a soloist. It is his almost altogether pleasing companion who catches the eye and charms the ear. Miss D'Armond is petite and pink, with ingénue manners. She sings a little and dances a little and plays the piano a little, all very daintily. Were her good looks wanting the audience would be less enthusiastic about her. Mr. Moore is an agile dancer, and makes up in industry for his lack of magnetism.

There is another Moore in the other duet—George Austin Moore and Cordelia Haager—but he is more to the front. That is, he is really something of a comedian, with a realistic darkey dialect, and worth while as a singer of coon songs. Miss Haager assists in an unpretending way, but the pair really do not get all the applause they earn. They come too early on the programme.

It is a year or two, perhaps more, since

the Farrell-Taylor Company came first to the Orpheum with "That Minstrel Man," and they return without the loss of any minute detail in the act. It still is genuinely funny in the old-time minstrel style, if not what the present administration would call strictly refined. Frank Farrell-Taylor continues as the hustled minstrel man, come home to draw his dining-room supplies from Mandy, and Tom Carter is no less happy than before as the willing-to-oblige maid-of-all-work. That is all of the plot, but the two burnt-cork artists furnish substantial filling in the form of Ethiopian humor. And they are musical, too, with saxophone and dulcimer and piano and voice, and it all gets by. Tom Carter's song with Mr. Farrell-Taylor's saxophone obligato is the gem of their collection, and it is repeated on each appearance, by demand of the audience. Blanche Davenport supplies the element of feminine charm for the trio, and sings.

There are many kinds of athletic feats among the "dumb" acts of vaudeville, but there are few acrobats who can rival the Japanese exhibitors in their specialties. The Namba Japs appearing in this bill are youthful and slight, but they are prize gymnasts. All their feats are performed with an ease and sureness that may well be summed up as artistic. One of the company goes up a flight of stairs with his heels in the air and his hands outstretched, jumping from step to step with his head. That is no kind of work for a soft-shelled person to attempt.

Mutt, the dog, impersonated by Edwin Lamar, is the star of a sketch offered, according to the programme, by Master Gabriel and His Company. The support given Mutt inevitably recalls that old gibe at the "Uncle Tom" Company. Master Gabriel is a poor imitation of Mary Marble in knickerbockers.

Just how many men in an Orpheum audience have a sympathetic recognition of the realities copied in "A Night in a Turkish Bath" it would be hard to say, but the act goes fairly well. One can imagine that it would be funnier to read about than to see. The cooling-room of a bath-house is shown with patrons swathed in bath-ropes and towels, stretched out in chairs. Prominent in the action is a heavyweight, who escapes from the electric-bath cabinet after a prolonged incarceration induced by a tired clock. It develops that he has been brought in with two unknown companions, all fit candidates for the sobering processes of a Turkish bath. His two new acquaintances, accumulated during his hilarious enjoyment of the night, prove to be railroad brakemen, who are new to this sort of luxurious recreation. They have no trouble but considerable pleasure in assimilating all the thrills of the place. Other episodes, more or less humorous, are introduced, with one bit of serious weight, but the movement is slow in spite of the novelty of the surroundings and the action. Robert J. Webb, the gladsome rounder, sings "Sally in Our Alley" and "Silver Threads" in a notable contra-tenor, and amply atones for any lack of dramatic appeal in the sketch. Feminine interest in the offering undoubtedly arises from the idea that it affords a glimpse into a part of man's world that is ordinarily curtailed. It would seem to be anything but alluring.

Before, during, and after the stage offerings Professor Rosner's orchestra continues its ministrations, as it has done for eighteen years or more. Whatever may be said flippantly of other ensemble work at the Orpheum, the orchestral selections and their rendition always please.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

It was Mendelssohn who first put fairies into the orchestra, and that composer's incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is surely the happiest accompaniment to Shakespeare's play. But there is more than the revels of fairies in Mendelssohn's work (says the London Chronicle). There is the buzzing of a fly which one day in the summer of 1826 flew about Mendelssohn's head as he lay on the grass with a friend in the Schönhauser Garden, Berlin, planning the overture. As the fly buzzed by Mendelssohn said "Hush!" and listened intently for a time. Afterward, when the overture was finished, the composer pointed to the modulation of the 'cellos from B minor to F sharp minor in the middle section, and said, "There, that's the Schönhauser fly." That overture has become one of the world's musical classics, and Mendelssohn was a boy of eighteen when he wrote it.

"The Man from Home" has been played 1276 times in the four big Eastern cities, 552 times in New York alone. William Hodge, who created the name-part, has just completed his fourth season in the play. It will be run again next fall.

Mrs. Fiske will open an engagement of eight weeks at the Grand Opera House in Chicago early in October in Gertrude Atherton's play, "Julia France."

The Italian-Swiss Colony's ASTI SPECIAL, SEC, is a true champagne, produced according to the French method. It is naturally fermented in the bottle and not carbonated.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Return.

O, hedges white with laughing May,
O, meadows where we met;
This heart of mine must break today
Unless ye, too, forget.

Breathe not so sweet, breathe not so sweet;
But swiftly let me pass
Across the fields that felt her feet
In the old time that was.

A year ago, but one brief year—
O, happy flowering land—
We wandered here and whispered there,
And hand was warm in hand.

O, crisp white clouds beyond the hill!
O, lavrock in the skies!
Why do ye all remember still
Her bright, uplifted eyes?

Red heather on the windy moor,
Wild thyme beside the way,
White jasmine by the cottage door,
Harden your hearts today.

Smile not so kind, smile not so kind,
Thou happy, haunted place,
Or thou wilt strike these poor eyes blind
With her remembered face.

—Alfred Noyes, in London Mail.

Vale.

I am forever haunted by one dread,
That I may suddenly be swept away,
Nor have the leave to see you, and to say
Good-by; then this is what I would have said:

I have loved summer and the longest day;
The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,
The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.

I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,
Words that are windows to eternal things.

I have loved souls that to themselves are true,

Who can not stoop and know not how to fear,
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear;
I have loved these because I have loved you.

—From "Collected Poems" of Maurice Baring.

Maysong.

I am weary of winter; the cold days tarry
Though April is over with long delay,
And I would that desire and delight that marry
In song could carry me swiftly whither
They hore me, a boy, in my times of play;
But tomorrow at length I shall journey thither
Past homnie Saint Johnstoun that grows not
gray.

I was wont in spring to return to the high land,
To look for a little on sea and spray,
On the heather hills of the shire of Argyle
And the loch and the islands, the sparse green
spaces

'Twixt sheltering hill and bordering hay;
But flowers grow fairest in landward places
And I would be in the North today,

Where the land rolls up toward many a mountain
With dens and glens and glades by the way,
Where a thousand waters of fall and fountain
That find their account in the riches of reaping
Fill full the tides of the swift, sweet Tay,
Who hath in his gift, in his care, in his keeping,
The wondrous music and mirth of May.

—London Spectator.

The Maid.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-
shod;

The White Maid, and the white horse, and the
flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding
for fame;

The Maid who rides for France and the king who
rides for shame;

Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in Christ's
high name.

Dust to dust it is written! Wind-scattered are
lance and bow!
Dust, the Cross of St. George; dust, the banner
of snow!

The bones of the king are crumbled and rotted the
shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knights' valor; forgotten the
captains' skill:

Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed
hands raised to kill:

Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows
that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of
long ago . . .

Shadows, the poor French king and the might of
his English foe;

Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers
kneeling a-row;

But, aflame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid
with the banner of Snow!

—Theodore Roberts, in Scribner's Magazine.

Other Gilbert and Sullivan operas will fol-
low the "Pinafore" revival in New York.



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VANITY FAIR.

The Czar of Russia, having made peace with his subjects by hanging the unpeaceful ones, is now anxious to be reconciled with his family. The court seems lonely with no merry grand dukes around, nearly all of them being in exile, or in corners, or otherwise out of sight.

There is a general idea that the grand dukes are rather a bad lot. Perhaps they are. And yet even the most virtuous among us may make allowances for a grand duke. It is said, probably untrue, that when John Bunyan saw a thief on his way to jail he remarked, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan." Similarly we, looking at a grand duke on his way to exile for coveting his neighbor's wife, and getting her too, may say, "There, but for a lack of cash and good looks, go I." Just imagine what it must be to be a grand duke, married by order to a lady whose one qualification is a virtue that no one is likely to assail, and surrounded by other ladies to whom nature has been good and whose virtue is of the provocative kind, to put it mildly. How can we wonder that a grand duke should sometimes wander from the straight and narrow way or be found swimming in another frog's pond.

The trouble of all the grand dukes is, of the same kind. It is the old story of "man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree." But some of it is quite decent in its way, an offense against caste rather than against the decalogue. The Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch—dead now, rest his soul—married the sister of a policeman and the niece of a fireman; thought it well to be connected with the water supply may be, but as the grand duke was already consumptive the Czar refrained from killing him in any other way. Then there was the Grand Duke Michael, who seems really to have fallen from grace. He fell in love with a married woman and certainly he did get things mixed. The lady was Mme. Mamontoff, whose husband in a quite good-natured way divorced her as soon as he found that she was in demand. But the grand duke did not exactly want to marry the lady. That would be carrying the joke too far, so when he found that she was inconveniently free he persuaded a friendly cavalry officer to marry her, so that he might still enjoy her smiles without the inconveniences of a wife. But somehow the arrangement did not work, and so the lady was divorced once more, and this time the grand duke married her. That finished him with the Czar. Michael was ordered never to come near his brother again, and he replied, but not audibly, that he had no wish to do so, in fact that he would not touch him with a hayfork. Michael is at least man enough to be passionately immoral. The Czar is not man enough to rise even to the level of a temptation.

Then there is the Czar uncle, the Grand Duke Paul. He, too, ran away with another gentleman's wife, but he married her, as did Michael. Now Paul may come home at any minute if he will but abandon his wife—the Czar is a great stickler for morals—but Paul refuses. More power to him.

There are several others, and while it is true that they are not exactly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life, it seems that their chief crime is a refusal to abandon their wives. Some of them did not get their wives in quite the most creditable way, but at least they are acting like little gentlemen in refusing to turn them adrift at the order of the weird little creature who happens to be Czar in St. Petersburg and who needs only intelligence to pass for a reincarnation of Louis XI of France.

There is no reason why the views upon dress of a great prima donna should be more valuable than those of any other woman, but that illustrates one of the weaknesses of the age. It is the same weakness that causes us to elect a man as president or prime minister because he has proved himself a great soldier, which is about as intelligent as asking a man to operate on us for appendicitis because of an eloquent plea that he made in a law court. But that is the kind of people we are, and we don't seem to get any better either.

And so we all rush to hear what Mme. Tetrassini has to say in *Harper's Bazar* about dress. Mme. Tetrassini is a great singer. Therefore her opinions about dress must be worthy of all acceptance. She says the American woman has no distinctive costume, as have the women of England, France, Germany, and Austria, whose nationality is evident from their costume. What does the American woman do? asks the prima donna. "She borrows an Oriental turban and slips her feet into French-heeled slippers; she arrays herself in a Russian tunic, and wears it with a Dutch collar."

Now Mme. Tetrassini seems to be all wrong, according to the feeble understanding of the heightened male. When she speaks of the national costumes of the various European countries she means the costumes of the poor people, not of the rich. American, English, French, German, and Russian women of the class to whom Mme. Tetrassini is speaking all dress in practically the same way, and

are indistinguishable by their dress one from another. To find the distinctive national dresses we must go to the peasant and the poorer classes. Take these same people and enrich them, and they will drop their beautiful costumes like hot potatoes and prove their possession of wealth by dressing hideously. Dutch and Norwegian ladies do not ordinarily wear the distinctive head dresses of their country, but the poorer classes do. The French lady who comes from Brittany or Normandy does not wear the exquisite costume of her native province. Not a hit of it. She dresses in just the same way that we do, in fact she buys her dresses at the same stores. Mme. Tetrassini herself does not dress like an Italian peasant. She does not wear any sort of distinctive dress. It is only poor people who have any sense of the beautiful in costume. Even in America it is usually the shogirl who is the best dressed. If Mme. Tetrassini wishes to compare the dress of different countries she must compare the people of the same class.

It would, of course, be very charming if the various national costumes should become fashionable, and it is strange that they have not, except on the general theory that these costumes are usually beautiful, and fashionable women abhor the beautiful in dress.

Many women, says Mme. Tetrassini, have the Indian cast of features. She would not recommend in such cases the wearing of the full Indian costume, but why not use the Indian heading or trimming, "or the lovely simplicity of parted hair drawn low over the ears, or the warm red and brown colorings the Indian women so love"? Why not, indeed. But can you find any woman who will admit that she has Indian features? And how many women will you find who are attracted by a "lovely simplicity"?

The death of Herr Jaedicke deprives the German emperor of a great cook and the German empire of a great patriot. It is now some years since the emperor asked himself why he should be expected to eat in French and why his menus should not be in German. A good many suffering diners have asked themselves such questions as that, but then we are not all emperors, and the best that we can do is to be extra careful not to confuse the menu with the musical programme. Nothing is so humiliating as to ask the scornful waiter for a solo obligato under the impression that it is a kind of fish.

Herr Jaedicke fell in with the emperor's wishes and translated into German everything on the bill of fare, which he called the Speisekarte. But he could not translate mayonnaise. There is no translation. It is just mayonnaise, and that is all there is to it. But he Germanized it into "meionneise," and this did just as well.

The good example is spreading. French is to be abolished from the bill of fare at the forthcoming banquet to the King and Queen of England at Guildhall. All the items will be in English, and therefore all the diners will get what they want instead of leaving it to Providence. Nothing is so exasperating to the hungry man as to make a stah at the menu and find something that a healthy canary bird would turn up his nose at. It will be remembered that even in Dr. Johnson's day the restaurants had already fallen into this absurdity of French. Dr. Johnson knew no French and was proud of it. It was his private conviction that French was an affectation and that Frenchmen could act naturally and speak English if they chose. And so on one occasion he burst forth on the restaurant proprietor: "Sir, my brain is obfuscated after the perusal of this heterogeneous conglomeration of hasty English ill-spelt and a foreign tongue. I prithee bid thy knaves bring me a dish of hog's puddings, a slice or two of a well-roasted sirloin, and two apple dumplings."

Queen Mary is said to object to the anointing with oil which forms a part of the coronation ceremony, but she has been persuaded. The archbishop must pour the sacred oil from the ampulla into a spoon, and thence upon the crown of the queen's head. There is no getting away from it. It has been done since the days of King Egbert, when they were not so particular as they are now, and if it were omitted no one knows what might happen. An ampulla, by the way, is a jug, jar, or pot, but ampulla sounds very much better than its English equivalent.

To the American mind it will seem that the authorities are just a little harsh in this matter. A lady, let alone a queen, ought to have her own way in such a thing as this. We ourselves are accustomed to watch the harrier with some attention, and it is our invariable practice when he reaches back for the ampulla to say "Nothing on, please." He always protests, but we are firm. However anxious he may be to send us forth with the hirsute appearance of a bartender or a jockey we are equally anxious, even determined, to minimize the degradation that he will inflict. And so we forbid the ampulla. We have not tried the experiment, nor do we intend to, but we are satisfied that any lady of our acquaintance would resent it if we should pour a spoonful of oil out of an ampulla into a spoon, and thence on the crown of her head. Now there ought to be a compromise in this

matter. We may be told that it is no affair of ours, but it is. It is the affair of every man who sees beauty in distress. There is no need for the archbishop actually to pour the oil on to the queen's head if she objects to it. Let him pretend to do so. Let him go through the appropriate motions. Let the ampulla be plainly labeled as sacred oil so that the audience can see for themselves, and surely that will be enough. It may have been all very well for King Egbert, who lived a thousand years ago and probably never washed his head in his life. Muratic acid would have had no effect upon that mop. It is easy to carry these precedents too far. King Egbert may have had many little ways that are not ours. Yes, and Queen Elizabeth, too, if the truth were known, which it isn't and never will be. We don't propose to imitate these good people, at least not when any one is looking. And these lubrication ceremonies ought to go with the rest, especially when a lady objects to them. What is sacred oil, anyway?

Mr. Johann N. Stavlas contributes an interesting letter to the New York Sun on the drinking customs of the metropolis and the changes witnessed in the last few years. Here it is in full:

"A friend of mine is a bartender. I asked him if he would make me a list of drinks he dispensed in one day. The list fairly represents the drinking habits of New York, which includes Brooklyn and other boroughs also. When I am in Brooklyn or The Bronx I drink in just the same way as if I were in Printing House Square or Wall Street. I leave out the prices and just give the various styles of drink and quantities. His list was:

Beer, American	360	Ale, American	50
Beer, imported	25	Ale, imported	30
Whisky, bar	110	Ale and beer	50
Whisky, case	50	Stout or porter	1
Martini	50	Soda	20
Manhattans	30	Sarsaparilla	10
Sherry	3	Milk	40
Port	1	Ginger ale	15
Rock and rye	5	Brandy	2
Cordials	1	Milk punches	10
Rum	1	Sherry and egg	2
Vermouth	1	Gin	4

"This represents the fair average of drinks served daily by each bartender in ordinary business centres. Of course there are exceptions either way. In Staten Island and East New York more beer is drunk; in the Stock Exchange haunts more brandy; in the Cotton and Maritime Exchange cafés more whisky. The point I wish to make is that each generation modifies its drinking habits. In my grandfather's day rum was more used than anything else; toddies were fashionable and proper. Today who thinks of toddies? Highballs are more in vogue, especially in the summertime. When I was interested in the

South, sherry cobbler and mint juleps were quite *au fait*. Who bothers with them today? Only a few old-timers, old toppers, and antiques. With the heavy spirituous drinks one could not drink often. Now one can drink light drinks freely and no ill effects follow."

She—Is your friend Mr. Sellers a literary man? He—No. Merely a successful novelist. —Boston Transcript.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A doctor was called to the bedside of a fond mother's baby boy. He diagnosed the ailment as acute rheumatism and the mother responded quickly: "Acute rheumatism. I might have known it; everything he does or says is just as cute."

A series of revival services were being held in a Western city, and placards giving notice of the services were posted in conspicuous places. One day the following notice was posted: "Hell, Its Location and Absolute Certainty. Thomas Jones, haritone soloist, will sing 'Tell Mother I'll Be There.'"

There was a quarrel among the school board men once in an Essex town, and an official from London was sent down to settle it. The official gathered the board about him. He said he would hear the chairman first. "What, Mr. Chairman," he began, "was the cause of this quarrel?" "Well, you see, sir," said the chairman, "we had an argument over spellin', and I wrote to—" "You're a liar!" broke in another boardman, "you can't write!"

Booth Tarkington was talking in Indianapolis about the stage. "There were two actresses in an early play of mine," he said, "both very beautiful; but the leading actress was thin. She quarreled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying haughtily: 'Remember, please, that I am the star.' 'Yes, I know you're the star,' the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress's long, slim figure, 'but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor.'"

John Lane, the well-known publisher, said at a literary dinner in New York: "As an editor I find nobody so persistent as the amateur contributor. If the amateur were half as ingenious in writing his material as in trying to land it he would become a Dickens in no time. An amateur said the other day to an editor I know: 'Allow me to submit this bear story.' 'My readers don't care for bear stories,' said the editor. 'They want something spicy.' 'But this,' said the amateur, 'is a story about a cinnamon bear.'"

Sir Patrick Spens, London surgeon, praised at a dinner in New York the abundant and timely reading matter that American physicians have in their waiting-rooms. "The English physician offers his patients reading matter, but I am afraid it isn't always up to date." Sir Patrick smiled. "One of your

American millionaires consulted me in Harley Street last month. He was kept waiting about an hour. When he finally entered my inner office he looked very much hored. 'I see by your papers, doctor,' he said with a yawn, 'that it is rumored that two Dayton men, Orville and Wilbur Wright, can actually fly.'"

George Gould, at a dinner at Georgian-court, said of a suspected gold mine: "Gold mines are like human beings—they can't be judged by their appearance. You know what Frank R. Stockton used to say about judging by appearances: 'Don't trust a man because he carries a silk umbrella—he may have left a cotton one in its place.'"

A veteran praising General Leon A. Matile of Washington, said: "Matile was a quick judge of men. I remember just before the battle of Atlanta, a visitor presented his son to him. The son was a gawky, overgrown slouch of a lad, but the father, proudlike, said to Matile: 'Well, what do you think of my boy?' The boy, his eyes half-closed, leaned against a tent post, a straw in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. Matile looked at him shrewdly and replied: 'Well, sir, I think if your boy had another hand, he'd want another pocket.'"

A detachment of British soldiers was about to attack a band of rebel Indian triehsmen, who awaited them drawn up in battle order. A seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier, fresh from home, visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattered, and his knees tried hard to knock each other out. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was downright funk. "Callaghan," he whispered, "is it trimblin' ye are for yer own dirty skin?" "N-no, sergint," replied Callaghan, making a brave attempt to still his shaking limbs, "Oi'm trimblin' for the inimy. They don't know Callaghan's here."

It is the custom in Paris for the cook to do all the marketing. This adds considerably to the cook's income; for every dealer allows her five centimes—one cent—on every franc—or twenty cents—she spends. So French cooks insist on their marketing prerogative, and the mistress who denies it to them is deemed a very mean, small, niggardly sort of a person. A person of this sort, an elderly woman, was in the habit of doing her own marketing in a long duster. The duster hid her purchases. It prevented her, while usurping her cook's rights, from being detected in the act. As the woman, one hot morning, was walking homeward in her duster from the Rue Marche St. Honore, she stumbled in the Rue Hyacinthe, and a leg of mutton fell and

rolled across the sidewalk. A passing stranger picked up the leg of mutton and returned it with a how and smile. "Permit me, madam—your fan," he said.

McClusky was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked. One morning he announced that he had received a handsome offer from an English firm, and he had decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow-employees collected a purse of sovereigns and presented it to him as a thank offering. "Weel, weel," said McClusky, as he took the purse, "this heats a'. I niver thoct ye liket me sae weel. But noo that I see ye're a' sae sorry tae lose me, I think I'll nae gang awa, hut jist stop whaur I am."

To avoid any possible misunderstanding concerning the geographical location of this incident, it should be remarked that California orchardists use boxes for packing fruit. Two piles of apples lay upon the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small. "Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?" inquired the new assistant to his master as he prepared to fill a barrel. "Certainly not!" replied the farmer virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy, and one I've always held to. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom." The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit. "Is the barrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer. "Yes," answered the assistant. "Good!" said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and label it!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Ambidextrous Grad.

I've read my Latin, conned my Greek,
Translated many a classic lay;
The French and German tongues I speak,
The calculi I've put away.
Psychology to me is play.
Philology I have not missed,
But proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.

Euripides I love to seek
And other Grecian poets gray.
I love Iz Walton, gently meek,
And Froissart's stories of the fray.
I love to read of Gil Blas gay
And so on down the famous list,
But proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.

The wise owl whets his rendering beak.
Beware of Pitheus brought to bay.
Minerva's vengeance rose to wreak
While Jupiter on 'Lympus lay.
His thunderbolts she hurled to slay
Her enemies till Mors they kissed;
Yea, proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.

L'ENVOI.

So Prince, beware, before your day
Be plunged in murky, mournful mist,
For proudest am I when I say
I have a punch in either fist.
—New York Evening Sun.

The Interviewer.

The interviewer goes his way
With bold and lightsome heart;
He tells us what great people say
In words succinctly smart.
Yet when we hope to calm each doubt
With knowledge deep, the best
We get is something bright about
A statesman's fancy vest.

On politics the pugilist
Opinions will advance;
The baseball hero may insist
On talking of finance.
The prima donna makes a start,
But to the scribe alert
She talks, not of her wondrous art,
But of the harem skirt!

Oh, greetings to the clever chap
Who does his tireless best
To gain from men all o'er the map
The things that interest,
His subjects play an easy part.
The men who interview
Have all the questions learned by heart
And write the answers, too.
—Washington Star.

A Proverbial Tragedy.

The Rolling Stone and the Turning Worm
And the Cat that Looked at a King,
Set forth on the Road that Leads to Rome—
For Youth will have its fling,
The Goose will lay the Golden Eggs,
The Dog must have his Day,
And nobody locks the Stable Door
Till the Horse is stol'n away.

But the Rolling Stone, that was never known
To Look before the Leap,
Plunged down the hill to the Waters Still
That run so dark, so deep;
And the leaves were stirred by the Early Bird
Who sought his breakfast where
He marked the squirm of the Turning Worm—
And the Cat was Killed by Care!
—Arthur Guiterman, in Life.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Margaret Green Calhoun, and Mr. Paul Scott Foster, which will take place Wednesday evening, June 28, at the family residence in Euclid Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Letters from Portland announce the engagement of Mr. Kenneth Beebe and Miss Caroline Wilson.

Dr. James Ward Keeney and Mrs. Keeney have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mary Alvord Keeney, and Mr. Talbot Cyrus Walker, which will take place Tuesday evening, June 27, at 2618 Buchanan Street. Miss Helen Keeney will be her sister's maid of honor. Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Jeanne Gallois are to be bridesmaids. Mr. Stanley Jones will be Mr. Walker's best man, and Mr. Stanford Gwinn, Mr. Charles Keeney, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Frank Jones will act as ushers. Miss Edna Taylor and Miss Sophia Brownell, the small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell, will be flower girls. Owing to the fact that both the Keeney and Walker families are in mourning, the invitation list is limited to relatives and intimate friends.

Mrs. James A. Robinson, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Elena, to Mr. Brewster Cameron of Tucson, Arizona. The wedding will take place late in the summer in Redwood City.

The engagement of Miss Cornelia McKinnie and Mr. Edward B. Stanwood of Marysville was announced a few days ago at a reception which was given by Mrs. Barna McKinnie. Both Miss McKinnie and Mr. Stanwood are graduates of the University of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harrel of Bakersfield have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Bernice, and Mr. W. F. Chapman, son of the late Captain Chapman of Alameda. The wedding will take place this month at the Hotel Bellevue.

The engagement of Mrs. Mary Thompson Deady of this city and Dr. Harry O. Howitt of San Rafael has been announced. Mrs. Deady is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson of Santa Cruz and a cousin of Mrs. David Clark, Mrs. Arthur Holcomb, and Miss Roberta Thompson. Dr. Howitt is related by marriage to Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge of San Rafael. The wedding will take place within a few weeks.

The engagement has been announced in Honolulu of Miss Beatrice Campbell and Mr. George Beckley. Miss Campbell is a sister of Princess David Kawanakoa and is at present in London. The wedding will take place in July in this city.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Foley and Mr. Joseph F. Carrigan took place Monday evening in Chicago at Corpus Christi Church. Mr. William Carrigan acted as his brother's best man. Following the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Foley. Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan will spend their honeymoon in Canada, and will arrive here July 1 to reside permanently.

Miss Mary Keeney and her bridesmaids were entertained Tuesday at a luncheon given by Miss Louise Boyd at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Washington Street, in honor of Miss Keeney.

Miss Ona Rogers, who came up from Santa Barbara to visit Miss Marian Lally, was the guest of honor at a dinner last Friday night at the Hotel Granada, given by Mr. Arthur Dodsworth.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps entertained at a garden party last week at her home in San Carlos in honor of "The Salon," a club of talented women. A musical programme was presented to the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson gave a house party over the week-end at their new home on Monterey Bay. The affair included a dinner-dance Saturday and a barbecue Sunday evening. More than one hundred friends were guests.

Miss Dora Winn was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home in Ross in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

The officers stationed at Fort McDowell on Angel Island will entertain their friends at a hop which they will give at the post Saturday evening.

Mrs. Alden Potter, wife of Captain Potter, U. S. A., was the complimented guest at a tea which

was given Monday at the Palace Hotel by her sister, Mrs. Tracy Cummings. Mrs. Potter was also the guest of honor at a luncheon Wednesday, given by Mrs. Walter Greer at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., gave a dinner Thursday of last week at their residence in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Mary Keeney.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith has been entertained this week at several luncheons and bridge parties. Among those who have made Mrs. Hyde-Smith a guest of honor are Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Captain Louis S. Chapplear, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chapplear gave a supper party last Thursday evening at their home at the Presidio in honor of Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn, who have since gone East.

Miss Billie Burke was entertained last week at luncheons given at the Hotel St. Francis by Dr. and Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave an informal picnic in Burlingame in honor of Miss Lillian Goss, who is en route to her home in England. About forty guests enjoyed Mrs. Martin's hospitality.

Miss Billie Burke was the guest of honor at a luncheon which was given this week at the Hotel St. Francis by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland. Among the guests were Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Walter Hobart, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., entertained her mother, Mrs. Henry Alexander of New York, at a tea last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Harry Scott was host at a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis. Among his guests were Mrs. George N. Armsby, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes gave a luncheon this week at her home on Devisadero Street in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman. Mrs. Keyes's guests were Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Earl Brownell, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope entertained a number of friends at luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

A Choral Concert.

The big choral concert which is to precede the formal opening of the thirteenth annual International Sunday-School Convention, to take place at the Coliseum on Monday evening, bids fair to be a musical event of importance. Over a thousand voices and an orchestra of one hundred picked musicians will be heard in selections, including many of the compositions of Mendelssohn, Gounod, Mozart, Schubert, A. R. Gaul, and others. The musical directors of the affair are Robert Hushand and Wallace A. Sahin, and the rehearsals have been held ever since March. Louise Brehany, a soprano of great repute, will be a soloist; Miss Blanche Merrill, a violinist of note, will play the "Fantasia Apassionata" by Vieuxtemps, and St. Luke's Episcopal Church male quartet, composed of Charles F. Bullotti, tenor, Carl E. Anderson, baritone, Clarence Oliver, first bass, and Wilfred Glenn, second bass, will sing "O Lord of My Salvation," by Ford, and "Remember Now Thy Creator," by Bartlett. Some of the choral numbers will be Keller's American Hymn, "The Radiant Morn," by Woodward, Mendelssohn's "Be Not Afraid," from the oratorio of "Elijah"; "How Lovely are the Messengers," from the oratorio of "St. Paul," also by Mendelssohn; "Great and Marvelous," from the oratorio of the "Holy City," by Alfred R. Gaul; Mozart's "Gloria" from his Twelfth Mass; "By Babylon's Wave," by Gounod; and the "Hallelujah" from the oratorio of "The Messiah," by Handel. An orchestral number of interest will be the overture from "St. Patrick at Tara," conducted by the composer, Wallace A. Sahin, and two male choruses from Mr. Sahin's composition, "The March of the Kings" and "Veni Creator," will also be on the programme. W. Fletcher Hushand, organist of St. Luke's, will play the piano accompaniments and Mahel Jones and Lilia Fordeur will preside at the organ. There will be a seating capacity of over eight thousand at the Coliseum.

Mrs. Fiske will open her engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, July 3, and will continue for one week only in her newest New York success, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Theatre-goers will regret the necessity that makes her season here so short.

There will be no Sunday night performances during the Ethel Barrymore engagement at the Columbia Theatre. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Ensign Kirkwood H. Donovan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donovan (formerly Miss Dorothy Draper) are receiving congratulations on the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Davenport has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Eugene Payne, D. D. S., M. D., succeeds to the dental practice of his brother, Clyde Payne, D. D. S. Dr. Eugene Payne has returned to San Francisco after an absence of more than ten years in practice in New York City and respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former patients. California Optical Building, 146 Grant Avenue, corner Post Street. Telephone Kearny 66.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

James Matthew Barrie has written so much that is good and enjoyable that it is natural that theatre-goers should have a fondness for him. With "The Little Minister" he began to gain a following which he increased with "Quality Street," "Peter Pan," and "What Every Woman Knows." This following will be pleased to know that Ethel Barrymore, during her engagement at the Columbia Theatre beginning on Monday, will present a double bill of Barrie's plays, "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" and "The Twelve Pound Look." The actress was seen in this double bill during her long stay in New York, and its success could not have been more pronounced. Philadelphia and Boston later commended it and in Chicago it met with the most unqualified approval.

The hill will open with "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," and its lesson is beautifully expressed in the closing lines of the work. Time has given Miss Barrymore's portrayal of the mother a deeper and more significant tone and made it vastly more satisfying.

The feature of the hill, though coming last, is "The Twelve Pound Look," said to be the most powerful work that Barrie has written. Perfect in construction is this little play, which shows the futility of worldly success in securing happiness. A woman of high ideals and strong character, a man who thought of nothing but success and whose acquisition of it made him contemptible, and a woman who was cowed and her spirit crushed by the man are the characters in this drama. The pithy dialogue lays bare the history of their lives. Many a man who witnesses the play will follow the heroine's advice, "Watch your wife's eyes for the twelve-pound look." In the play Miss Barrymore has a rôle in which she is seen in a new light, and in which she proves herself an actress of real power. She is surrounded by a strong company, the leading man of which is Charles Dalton.

The Orpheum hill will be headed next week by Edward Abeles, who made a great hit last season in the one-act drama, "Self Defense." His contribution will consist of the comedy success "He Tried to Be Nice," and associated with him in the cast will be Charlotte Landers. It is a comedy of mistaken intentions with diverting lines. Raymond and Caverly will reappear after a lengthy absence. They are conceded to be the two funniest German comedians in vaudeville. This time their offering includes the skits "A Booming Town," "Swivel Service," and "Talk of Society." Albert Hole, the English hoy soprano, who made an American tour with Liza Lehmann and created a sensation with his beautiful voice, will be a feature of the new hill. The Belclair Brothers will appear in their feats of strength, which are executed with great speed and are tests of marvelous endurance. Next week will be the last of Belle Adair, James H. Cullen, the Farrell-Taylor Company, and Joseph Hart's production of "A Night in a Turkish Bath."

The final performance of the Billie Burke engagement at the Columbia Theatre takes place this Saturday night. "Mrs. Dot" has made a good impression on immense audiences.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Drum (formerly Miss Georgie Speiker) was gladdened by the advent of a son, born Sunday, June 11.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall (formerly Miss Anna Scott) has been brightened by the advent of a son, born on June 9.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Goodrich Stillman (formerly Miss Mildred Whitney) have returned from their wedding trip. After a brief visit with Mrs. Stillman's family, they will leave for New York, en route to Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mrs. William H. Southerland and her daughter will arrive shortly from Washington, D. C., to join Rear-Admiral Southerland, U. S. N., commander of the second division of the Pacific fleet, now in San Diego Bay. They will later go to Vallejo to reside.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian will arrive Monday from Europe. They will be accompanied by Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr.

Captain E. F. Dickens, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dickens have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., since their arrival from the Philippines.

Mrs. E. D. Tenny and her daughter, Miss Wilhelmina, of Honolulu, will spend July in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Esther Denny, and Mr. Loring Pickering are motoring through the southern part of the State.

Count Pierre Rogestvsky, the Russian consul, will spend the summer in Mill Valley.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges has returned from abroad and is in Santa Barbara, where she will remain during the season.

Mrs. Reis and her granddaughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, are expected home from Europe early in July.

Miss Margaret Shepard has returned from Vancouver Barracks, where she has been visiting Captain Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her daughter, Miss Jane, are at present in Paris, and plan to remain abroad for the next two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton (formerly Miss Maud Wilson) will go to Lake Tahoe in July.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader returned Monday from a week-end visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali at their home in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have returned from a visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their country home, Meadowlands, in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Peyton are in New York, accompanied by their son Bernard, who has finished his school term in Pennsylvania.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg and Mrs. Smedberg and their daughter, Miss Cora, left last Saturday for San Rafael, where they have leased a house for the summer. They were joined Monday by Mrs. George F. Ashton and Miss Bessie, who will be their guests until August.

Dr. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Garceau returned Monday from an over-Sunday visit in Menlo, where they were the guests of Mr. Ferdinand Reis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brandenstein and Mr. and Mrs. Lilienthal have rented for the summer the home in Ross of Dr. Kaspar Fischel.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark and their children are established in San Rafael, where they are occupying the home of Dr. S. W. Jones.

Mrs. McNutt-Porter, accompanied by her little daughter Marie Louise, will leave shortly for Aspen, Colorado, where she has leased a house near the home of her sister, Mrs. David L. Brown. Mrs. Porter will be joined by Miss Porter of New York, who will be her guest during the summer.

Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt was in town for a few days last week, but has returned to Sobra Vista, where her children will remain until July, when they will go to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Willard Drown has gone East to attend the reunion of his class at Yale. Mrs. Drown re-

turned Monday to town from Sobra Vista, Sonoma County, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. and Mrs. Drown and their children will spend the month of July in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Edward Maud is in Denver visiting her brother, Dr. C. H. Catherwood, who for several months has been seriously ill. Mr. Maud will leave shortly to join his wife, and will be accompanied by Mrs. Maud's son, Mr. Clinton La Montagne. They will go abroad for the summer.

Mrs. Alexander Lilley has arrived in New York, where she joined her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Lilley will return home the latter part of July.

Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn and Mrs. Ashburn are visiting relatives and friends in Ohio, where they will remain until September.

Captain Kilbourne, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kilbourne, who have been guests at Fort Scott since their arrival from the Philippines, have gone to Washington, D. C. They were accompanied on their Eastern trip by Mrs. R. P. Winslow.

Lieutenant Matthew Thomlinson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Thomlinson, who have been stationed at Fort Sam Houston during the past year, will soon leave for their recently assigned post in West Point.

Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from Portland, where he was called by the death of his uncle, General John Burke, U. S. A. (retired).

Miss Ruth Winslow arrived Sunday evening from New York, where she has been taking a finishing course at school on the Hudson. Miss Winslow will be formally presented to society next winter by her mother, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, who will move in October from the Somerset apartments to her residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Matson and Miss Lurline Matson, who have recently been traveling in Germany, are now in London, and expect to sail for America in July.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and her daughter, Miss Grace, are established in Coronado for the summer. Mr. Gibson will spend the week-ends with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne have gone to Belvedere to spend the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Cotton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Louis Borel, the Misses Lupita and Anita Borel, are settled in Coronado for the summer.

Mrs. Victor N. Metcalf, Jr., sailed last week for Manila, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Karmany, until the middle of August.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her son, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, spent a few days last week at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore are in Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip, who have decided to reside here permanently, are established for the summer at the Hotel Peninsula, and will probably occupy the Casey residence in Broadway during the winter. Mr. Harold Casey and Miss Margaret will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Winslip. Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and their daughter, Miss Gertrude, are occupying the Winslip home in Ross.

Mrs. John Franklin Babcock, who went East to visit her sister, Mrs. Douglas Sloane Coffin, in New York, will spend the summer traveling in Europe with Captain Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., and Mrs. Babcock.

Mrs. E. A. Van Bergen and her son, Mr. Nicholas Van Bergen, have gone to Mendocino County to spend a few weeks. They were accompanied by Mrs. Anna L. Bauer.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt left Monday for a trip to Alaska. During their absence Mrs. Hewitt's mother, Mrs. E. B. Clement, will be the guest of the Misses Collier at their country home in Lake County.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Minnie Price arrived Wednesday from Atlantic City, having been called home by the serious condition of Mr. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister have gone to Boston to be present at the graduation of Mr. Otis McAllister, who finishes his course of study at Harvard. Mr. and Mrs. McAllister and their family will spend three months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell left Thursday for England, where they have taken a house for several months at Binfield Park, near London.

Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., has sailed for Europe and will join Mrs. Magee in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Magee have been motoring in Europe for the past three months.

Major H. C. Benson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Benson will spend the summer in the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle and Mrs. MacMonagle, who have spent several months in Sicily and Italy, are now in Paris.

Miss Anna and Miss Emma Kenyon will spend the summer at the E. T. Allen ranch in Sonoma County. Mr. and Mrs. Allen have gone East, hoping a change of climate may benefit the health of Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar and her daughter, Miss Erna St. Goar, have returned from Japan.

Brigadier-General George B. Rodney, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rodney came up from their home in Hollywood to meet their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Walter H. Rodney, who was a passenger on the transport which arrived Sunday.

Miss Isabelle Beaver will arrive Sunday evening from the East, where she has finished her course of study at Vassar. Miss Beaver is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and will be formally presented to society next winter. Miss Beaver was accompanied by her brother Frederick, who has been attending school at Lawrenceville.

Miss Mary Keeney returned Monday from Burlingame, where she spent a few days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore with their daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Elizabeth, are established for the summer in their country home, Montesol, Mendocino County.

Mrs. Alden Porter, wife of Captain Porter, U. S. A., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Tracy Cummings.

Miss Amy Scoville of New York is the guest of Miss Miriam McNear.

Dr. and Mrs. William E. Hopkins have gone East for an indefinite stay and may extend their travels to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley are visiting

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells at their home in Burlington, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Frazer Douglas are enjoying an outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. David Bixler, who returned recently from the East, will leave shortly for Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Bixler spent several months in New York with her niece, Miss Helen Hyde, who has since gone abroad for an indefinite stay.

Miss Ernestine McNear, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., has gone to Santa Barbara to spend several weeks with friends. She will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering before her return home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, and Miss Lillie O'Connor have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond and their children are established in Ross for the summer.

Mrs. M. P. Jones has gone to Ross to spend the summer with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mrs. Sidney Ashe spent a few days in town, en route to Denver, where she will visit relatives for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman (formerly Miss Anita Maillard) have arrived in Stamford, Connecticut, where they are the guests of Mr. Bridgman's parents.

Rear-Admiral Thomas R. Stevens, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stevens have been visiting friends in Mare Island since their return from the Orient.

Dr. Lawrence Draper and Mrs. Draper have returned from a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, returned last Saturday to their home in Stockton.

Mrs. Albert Russell, who has been spending the past six months in Santa Barbara, is again established in her Belvedere home, and will entertain her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Atbertson, who has recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Jennie Hooker arrived Wednesday from New York, where they have been visiting since their return from Europe two weeks ago. They were accompanied on their trip west by Mr. Mountford Wilson, Jr., who has been attending school in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Douglas Fry has returned from a visit in Sba with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, and is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin.

Bishop Partridge and Mrs. Partridge arrived early in the week from the Orient to visit Mrs. Partridge's mother and sister, Mrs. John Simpson and Miss Amalia Simpson. At the conclusion of their brief stay they will go to Kansas City, which is to be their future home, but will return in September to attend the wedding of Miss Amalia Simpson and Mr. William Hough, at which event Bishop Partridge will officiate.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and her three children arrived in Boston Wednesday, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Pillsbury's parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, who have a country home at Buzzards Bay.

Miss Elva de Pue accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler and their daughters as far as Chicago, where she will spend the summer with relatives.

Mrs. Lovell White is settled for the summer in her home, The Arches, in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith has returned from Europe, where she has been traveling with her son Bayard for the past nine months, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, at her home in Jackson Street. Mrs. Hyde-Smith will leave in September for Honolulu, where she has leased a cottage near the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham. Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith will continue his travels abroad until October, when he will join his mother in Honolulu.

Mrs. Laura Weller Cropper will leave next month for the East, where she will spend six months with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montecagle, Mrs. Laura Roe, Miss Newell Drown, and Mr. Philip Westcott have returned from a week's automobile trip through Lake and Mendocino counties.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin and their children are at Castle Crag, where they have rented a cottage for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Edwin Thomlinson (formerly Miss Ethel Keeney) have recently returned to New York from a trip to Florida.

Mrs. E. B. McClanahan and her daughter, Miss Justine, have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave is in Europe, where he has been since April. Upon his return from his travels he will be joined in New York by his sister, Miss Patricia Cosgrave.

Mrs. James K. Moffitt (formerly Miss Pauline Fore), who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis, is now convalescent and has been moved to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and their children are established at Castle Crag for the summer.

Mrs. Frank Denny has gone to Nevada to spend the next three months. She will be joined next week by her daughter, Miss Esther Denny.

Miss Leslie Van Ness, will spend the summer at Wildwood, the Van Ness country home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, who have been abroad for the past year, will continue their travels indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones have gone to Europe to remain during the summer. Mrs. Potter, who was seriously ill in Santa Barbara, has been greatly benefited by the trip.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader will soon return to their quarters in the Presidio, where they will entertain their daughter, Mrs. Prentiss Bassett of Annapolis, who will be their guest for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Ryland of Denver are being entertained by their relatives, the Ryland and Bradley-Wallace families. They are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Dr. Arnold Genthe left Monday for New York. Dr. Genthe has dismantled his bungalow at Carmel-by-the-Sea, and has given up his home in this city with the expectation of remaining several years in New York.

Mrs. Peter Martin has rented the apartment in Paris of Mme. Talleyrand and has already estab-

lished her salon. Mr. Martin will go abroad shortly to be with his family.

Miss Amy Brewer will spend the summer with relatives in the East.

Judge Charles Weller, Mrs. Weller, and Miss Anna Weller are spending a few weeks in Shasta County.

Mrs. Mee, Miss Margaret, Mr. Hubert Mee, Miss Rose Kales of Oakland, and Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks have returned from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Miss Rhoda Pickering, and Miss Alice Herrin are expected home this month from an extended visit in the Orient.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick will be in town until the end of next week as the guests of Miss Minnie Bertram Houghton, who will then leave for the East to spend the summer with her brother-in-law and sister, Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley, at their home on the seashore.

Major Julius A. Penn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting Major William Ashburn, U. S. A., at the General Hospital, en route for duty with the Nebraska militia at Lincoln.

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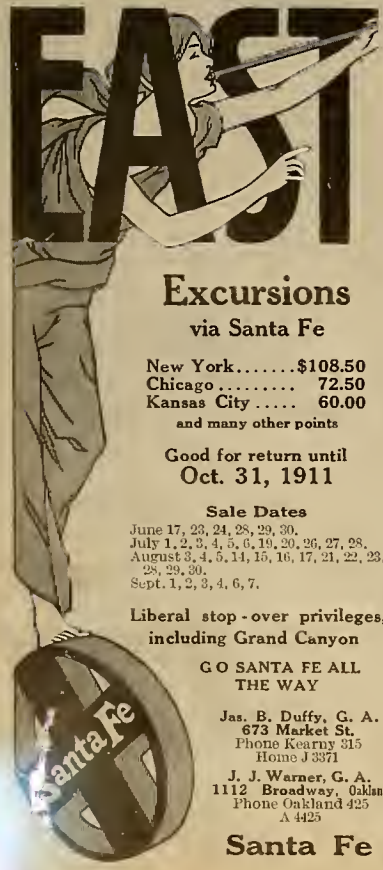
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"You say he has untold wealth?" "Hasn't filed a tax statement for years."—*Washington Herald.*

City Chap—Own this place clear? *Suburbanite*—There's a two-thousand-dollar automobile on it.—*Puck.*

Barber—Shall I go over the chin again, sir? *Victim*—No—you didn't say anything particularly interesting!—*Life.*

"How much milk does your cow give?" "Eight quarts a day." "How much of it do you sell?" "Ten quarts, miss."—*Life.*

Patience—And did her father follow them when they eloped? *Patrice*—Sure! He's living with them yet!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Property Man—Did your company have a long run in Squeedunk? *Comedian*—They chased us only two miles out.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Mr. Henpeck—Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence? *Mr. Scraper*—I reckon I am. *Mr. Henpeck*—Shake! You're a hero.—*Pathfinder.*

She—It seems to me as though we had met somewhere before. *He*—Impossible, frau-lein, else I should have fallen in love with you before!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Architect (showing plans)—This room will be your library. *Mr. Newrich*—My library? Oh, yes, of course. I must have a place to smoke.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

He—So young March and his father are carrying on the business? *She*—Yes. The old man runs the business while young March does the carrying on.—*New York Globe.*

His Wife—But don't you think joining the golf club is rather an extravagance? "Not if we economize in other ways. I thought we might give up our pew in church."—*Life.*

Mrs. Flynn—Phwat a charmin' choild! *Mrs. Kelly*—Tis Mrs. Casey's. Oi'm boidin' ut for her while she buys a hat. *Mrs. Flynn*—Phwat a homely little brute ut is!—*Puck.*

"What did your wife say when you got home the other night?" "Not a word. She just sat down at the piano and played. 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.'"—*New York Evening Mail.*

Teacher—Did you ever hear of the charge of the light brigade? *Boy*—That must have happened before dad was appointed to the force. What was they charged with.—*Chicago News.*

"It's a great mistake to borrow trouble." "Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "there seems to be a disposition to curtail the chance of your borrowing it. They always make you pay cash for an automobile."—*Washington Star.*

Agent—There is the motor-car you want. You never have to crawl under it to put it right. *Customer*—You don't? *Agent*—If the slightest things gets wrong with the mechanism the car instantly turns upside down.—*New York Call.*

"We may have difficulty in compelling those insurgents to surrender their arms," said the South American president. "Will they insist on continuing the fight?" "No; but most of them have pawned their rifles and lost the tickets."—*Washington Star.*

"Jinx lied to me yesterday in order to get off to go to the ball game. He said his wife's mother was dead." "I think you are mistaken. I heard what he said." "Then what was it?" "He said he would like to attend his mother-in-law's funeral."—*Houston Post.*

"Well, Hawkins, old man," said Witherbee, "has your wife decided where she will spend the summer?" "Yes," said Hawkins. "She's going abroad." "So? And how about you?" "Well, I don't know yet," sighed Hawkins. "I haven't decided whether to stay in town or go into bankruptcy."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Excited Author (rushing behind the scenes)—Why are you cutting out the second and third acts of my play? *Manager*—I am not cutting anything out; I'm merely varying the order of the acts. Several influential persons in the audience have asked me if it would not be possible to have the hero die in the next act.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Father," said the beautiful daughter of the American millionaire, "I wish you would explain to me the difference between a baron and a baronet." "I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if it's goin' to be more than \$500,000 you can just make up your mind that you'll have to take the one that comes cheapest."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Dickie, I'm awfully sorry you use tobacco. I don't like it, and mamma simply loathes it. Will you stop when we are married?" "Isn't that asking a lot, dearie?" asked Dick. "I wouldn't care for myself," answered the girl, "but you know it makes mamma deathly sick." "Well, then," he promised, cheerfully, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll never smoke when your mamma is with us." She threw her arms around him. "Darling," she murmured,

"that's so good of you! I was afraid you'd insist on smoking once in a while, after we were married!"—*New York Globe.*

"You will be treated just like one of the family." "Thin I guess I won't take off me t'ings; that's why I left me last place."—*Houston Post.*

"There are some times in my life when I have felt that fate is indeed ironical," said the man who was seldom troubled by his debts. "Do you refer to any special occasions?" inquired one of his oldest creditors. "One of them came last week, when I was in Chicago," said the cheerful debtor. "I had a money order for twenty-five dollars, and the only person who could identify me was a man to whom I owed thirty."—*Youth's Companion.*

"Ben," said his friend, waking up from a reverie in which he had been gazing abstractedly at the shiny expanse of Ben's skating-rink-for-flies, "is there nothing you could do for your baldness?" Ben, by the way, is only forty. "No, lad!" he replied with decision. "Fifteen years ago I was courting strong, and I tried lots o' things. But about that time t' Prince of Wales—Edward, you know—came to open t' new hospital, and I said to myself as soon as I saw him liftin' his hat to t' crowd, 'Ben, my lad, tha can give it up as a had job, and save thy brass. If ther was owt 'at 'ud cure a bald head they'd ha' cured his.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

A young lieutenant from a New York regiment surveyed the Texas scenery gloomily and reflected upon his great distance from the lights of Broadway. The smoke from a smelter and the swirling sand from the low-lying hills had spoiled the lieutenant's disposition. "Tell me," said an editor from El Paso, "isn't there some hidden purpose behind this mobilization?" "There is," replied the lieutenant, "we are going to force Mexico to take back Texas."

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Plea to the President.

Mr. Roosevelt denies that he has pledged himself to support the renomination of Mr. Taft, but it is clear enough that he is seeking the friendship of the President, and for reasons that have been obscure and uncertain. But the New York *Sun* comes to our aid. The explanation is ample enough when we apply it to our knowledge of Rooseveltian policies and characteristics. Mr. Roosevelt is anxious to be a delegate to the next national convention. Indeed it is hard for him to see how there can be a convention without him, or how the necessary business can be transacted without his coercive counsels. But he can hardly go as a delegate from his own State, and his recent experiences with the electorate of New York are hardly of the kind to fill him with a sense of sanguine anticipation. New York has already expressed its opinion of Mr. Roosevelt, and with unmistakable emphasis, so his only hope is to persuade Mr. Taft to put the matter as a personal favor to himself, and hence the friendly attitude to the

White House. It is to be doubted if even Mr. Taft could prevail on the stony heart of the metropolis, but at least the experiment is worth trying. It is the only hope. Says the *Sun*:

What Mr. Roosevelt is endeavoring to do is to derive a personal profit from the renomination of President Taft. For any other man who had once betrayed a friend such a course would be impossible, but in Mr. Roosevelt it will surprise no one.

If Mr. Taft were proving himself unpopular Mr. Roosevelt would be the first one to pull him down. But as he is not unpopular, Mr. Roosevelt will acclaim him. Not only will he acclaim him, but he will pose as the heavenly hand bestowing benefactions upon the nation, and this for the second time. But if we may judge from present appearances it would seem that the national convention will have to struggle along as best it may without the inspiration of Mr. Roosevelt's presence and that it will proceed to the renomination of Mr. Taft without Rooseveltian admonition.

The Police Situation.

Mr. Seymour took the only course open to him when he resigned his position as chief of police. He did his work faithfully and well from the time of his appointment. If any valid charge could have been brought against him it would have been brought, but that no such charge exists is shown clearly enough by the court proceedings. First came what may be called the Skelly indictment, which was so flimsy that it was withdrawn in view of possible court proceedings. Then Captain O'Day fathered the same charges, dressed them up in new language, and they were presented again. The court lightly dismissed them as trivial. Finally we have Mrs. Anna Postler, who under persuasion makes herself responsible for the same stew of nonsense. And now Mr. Seymour has had enough of this disgusting travesty and he leaves the field. It was obvious that the shameful procedure might go on forever, or so long as there was a dog waiting to be whistled from the administration kennels. Even if Mr. Seymour had money enough and patience enough to defend his rights successfully his hands would be tied by commissioners who feared him and by a police force debauched by the spectacle of an important office changed twice a day.

Into the ethics of the struggle between the administration and the courts there is no need to enter. It is one of those incidents that go far to justify the critics who say that American cities are not fit for self-government. No other civilized country could furnish such a spectacle of a mayor who tries to get the better of a court of law by trickery. Indeed, it might be said that in any other civilized country a mayor who failed to observe the spirit as well as the letter of a court order, or who presented a rehash of charges already declared to be inadequate, would find himself in jail. Those who framed the city charter intended that it should be interpreted by the courts. In this case the court has declared that a chief of police can not be removed except upon a sustained complaint of misbehavior, that the offenses charged against Mr. Seymour were invalid and insufficient for either his trial or his removal. Mr. McCarthy's reply is to the practical effect either that he must have his own way in defiance of the court or that he will render all police government impossible by trickery and jugglery. And yet we wonder at the prevailing contempt for law.

Mr. D. A. White, who is now chief of police, will not find his position a sinecure. He takes control of a body of men whose discipline has been weakened and who have been taught that tenderloin interests are the only ones to be considered. Already the assertion is being made that Mr. White is intended only as a stop-gap and that he will be ejected as soon as his successor can be found. We even hear conjectures as to who the successor will be. Mr. Dinan is mentioned in the connection, and it is easy to believe that Mr. McCarthy

is turning longing eyes in his direction. Mr. Dinan would naturally be his ideal, and a welcome connection with the dear, dead days not yet wholly beyond recall. Mr. White denies that he is a stop-gap, as of course he would do. He says that he will serve for his full term, and he is further credited with the avowed intention to keep the city "shut." Mr. White had better be careful and not allow himself to deviate into inconsistencies. It is not for the likes of him to say how long he will hold his office or whether the lid shall be on or off. Mr. McCarthy is understood to change his policies on alternate weeks, and we know what happens to officials who show a lack of agility in changing with him. The Skelleys, and the O'Days, and the Postlers are all within hail, and nothing is so easy as to formulate charges and to circumvent law courts. If Mr. White actually intends to keep a heavy hand on the tenderloin it will mean the strenuous life for Mr. White, but it will make no difference to the tenderloin. Mr. McCarthy will look after that.

The tenderloin itself understands the situation, and it is content to wait awhile. It understands that the change must not be too sudden and it has confidence in the mayor. A report from the Barbary Coast and other similar centres where "the great interests of this city" congregate says that a general air of satisfaction prevails. Iniquity is taking down its bars and cleaning out its dens so that the young men and maidens in whom Mr. McCarthy is so interested may go to perdition by the nearest route. The report quotes an overheard observation that "the new chief is apt to be a little leery about loosening up right away—the papers might make it hot for him if he was in too much of a hurry." But in the meantime "expectancy permeates the whole tenderloin atmosphere."

China and Mexico.

If it is true that China has demanded from Mexico a large indemnity for the lives of her murdered countrymen and that she will send a warship to enforce her claim, then the news is of considerable importance. It may be said to be even momentous. It is not many years ago since Japan suddenly announced her intention to become a great power, and there is no need to point out how she has realized that intention. The Japanese are a small nation and the Chinese are a great one. Moreover, the Chinese have a certain moral fibre that the Japanese have not. To get such an event in its full significance we have only to imagine what would have happened to a prophet who would have predicted forty years ago that we should live to see the day when a modern Chinese warship would demand reparation from an American republic.

There was never a better cause for such a demand. The Chinese at Torreon were brutally and horribly murdered. They were not only murdered, but they were fiendishly tortured. Respectable and inoffensive Chinese merchants were dragged alive at the heels of horses, they were wrenched in pieces, and barbarously tormented in ways too horrible to name. And there was no shadow of justification for it. Not even a difference of theological opinion was urged in its defense. It was simply a murderous saturnalia indulged in by Mexicans eager to celebrate their escape from the "tyranny" of which we hear so much, and conducting that celebration in ways congenial to them and natural to them. Presumably the Chinese had no friends. As victims they were both easy and safe. But for the intervention of the American and English consuls it is hard to say how far this bloody mania might not have spread.

Every one knows what has happened when the Chinese have turned upon white men and hideously retaliated upon them for the partition of their country and the arrogant violation of their national ideals. Their punishment has been sure and swift. European gunboats have appeared like vultures around a rise

and a further loss of territory, additional affronts to national ideals, have been the instant result. And now the tables are somewhat turned. It is Chinese who have been massacred by white men, and we do not need much imagination to suppose that China feels a certain grim satisfaction in thus ranging herself, so to speak, upon the side of civilization, and adopting the same policies toward others that she herself has so ruinously and so often experienced.

Beauty and the Beast.

Mr. Harold Begbie, writing from Bombay to the London *Daily Chronicle*, suggests, and even asserts, a direct correspondence between civilization and vulgarity. He is moved to this severe stricture by a consideration of the Hindu at close quarters. Why, he asks in effect, is the Hindu ignorant and refined and the European learned and vulgar? Is it a case of cause and effect, or may we solace ourselves with a theory of coincidence? He inclines to the cause and effect hypothesis, but let us see exactly what he says.

There are, of course, all kinds of Hindus. They range from the lowest levels of superstition and ignorance to high attainments of intelligence and culture. But in one respect they are all alike. "Never once," says Mr. Begbie, "have I detected the very smallest smirch of vulgarity either in manners or in dress." The Hindu may believe in thirty million gods, he may hold that the world is flat and that his soul's salvation is endangered by the shadow of a European, "but he will have charm of manner, and make a picture either in the unhandseled jungle or on the platform of a railway terminus."

But the Indian woman is the crown of her creation, as of course all women are everywhere. She may be unable to read or write. She may give food to idols and believe that her god or devil rides around the village at night on a plaster horse or a mud elephant, "but she will be modest and gracious in her manner and her dress will be as beautiful as the flowers of the field." No matter how savage and heathen, how ignorant and stupid these people may be, they "have a nobility in their manner and a loveliness in their raiment."

Mr. Begbie has only to look at his native land to be convinced that the mental attainments or even the theological excellences of civilization do not necessarily imply either good manners or beautiful dress. Indeed, he finds that civilization is rendered uncouth and hideous by their opposites. A man in England, he says, may know more than Newton and yet "have the courtesy of a sty; a woman may worship the one true God and wear a hat that darkens the rainbow." Vulgarity, it seems to Mr. Begbie, is the product of civilization, and not merely its occasional concomitant. Civilization is full of the hideous and the absurd, while refinement and delicacy are peculiarly the portion of those who live beyond the pale of intellectual culture.

It is a severe arraignment of civilization, and one to which we can not be wholly indifferent. Is it possible that for these many generations we have been following a false scent and that civilization is not the ideal goal that we have supposed it to be? Must we believe that nature is showing her sense of disapproval by depriving us of our sense of beauty as well as of our good manners? In other words, are we ugly and rude because we are civilized, or are we civilized because we are ugly and rude?

There can be no denial that we are ugly and rude. Perhaps our rudeness is due to a certain carelessness of convention while in pursuit of higher aims. At least we may make that flattering claim. But what about our ugliness? We do not wish to be ugly, at least not uglier than nature has ordained, and nature herself is slowly learning the plastic possibilities of the human form when in the hands of the expert. We still profess to love beauty, to search for it, to desire it. And now to our consternation we learn that the Hindu woman who can dress with ease on a dollar a year surpasses us easily, and that she supplements her charm of dress with a gracious dignity that not even a Parisian dressmaker can bestow upon us. In point of fact we have lost not only our beauty, but our sense of the beautiful.

We need not follow Mr. Begbie in his contention that our depravities of manner and dress are due to a lack of the religious intensity that characterizes the Hindu. There may be something in the vivid realization of a god who rides about on a mud elephant that conduces to ugliness of raiment, but we doubt it. We have some bird forms of faith of our own here in America, but

their adherents are not noted for daintiness of apparel. Quite the contrary. The elephant-riding deity or that other holy one who prefers a plaster horse have not yet arrived, but they may come at any moment, and the faithful will be ready for them with appropriate contributions in cash. But these gods will not bring beautiful raiment with them nor gracious manners. At least their kind have never done so in the past. If grotesque forms of piety could do anything to mitigate our asperities of behavior and appearance we should already be Chesterfieldian in conduct and outwardly as the flowers of the field. We feel that this is one of the occasions where piety can not help us. We have tried it.

So the matter must rest where it is. It may be possible to combine civilization with good manners, but beauty is beyond the reach of most of us. There is no use thinking of it. And it is too late in the day to renounce civilization.

Mr. Roosevelt and General Otis.

General Harrison Gray Otis is very well able to protect himself against an attack by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. He has ability, courage, and a just cause, a combination that he has found to be effective through his long career of struggle against class domination and industrial tyranny in Southern California. If the issue between himself and Mr. Roosevelt were a personal one the participation of the *Argonaut* might well be confined to a word of applause. But it is not a personal issue. It is a national issue. It is not even a conflict between industrial freedom and industrial tyranny. It has become a struggle against dynamite and murder.

The interference of Mr. Roosevelt was uninvited and intrusive. It might be thought that a man who had been chief magistrate of the United States would be deterred by a sense of propriety from violent incursion into a criminal cause actually pending before the courts. But Mr. Roosevelt knows no such restraint. The obligations of a judicial decency are not for him. It is his perpetual and providential mission to probe the hearts of men and to regulate alike the affairs of the nation and the conduct of the individual. It is likewise his mission to solicit the greatest applause of the greatest number. Small wonder that the trial at Los Angeles should prove irresistible to such a temperament, or that Mr. Roosevelt should force a noisy entry where wiser men would have remained silent.

Mr. Roosevelt's text is an article written by General Otis and a reply to that article by Mr. Gompers. It may be said that the original remarks of General Otis were called forth by an earlier comment by Mr. Roosevelt, so that the actual challenge was by Mr. Roosevelt and not by General Otis. In his first article and in the article that follows it Mr. Roosevelt shows once more that he never allows his verdicts to be embarrassed by a knowledge of the facts, and that where his ignorance is greatest so also is his vehemence and vituperation. Mr. Roosevelt is never quite so certain, quite so declamatory, quite so offensive as where he is wholly unequipped with information.

General Otis, it seems, has committed the unpardonable offense of assuming that the *Times* building was destroyed by dynamite, and of speaking as though this were an established fact. He should have waited with diffidence and with an open mind until the trial of the men accused of using the dynamite and of murdering innocent men. Is Mr. Roosevelt unaware that the use of dynamite upon the *Times* building is already an established fact and that the pending trial is not to determine the cause of the explosion, but rather of the identity of the men who produced it? Is he unaware of this or is he merely indifferent to it? When a coroner's jury finds that a murder has been committed the fact of that murder is henceforth to be considered as established. The object of a subsequent trial is to determine, not whether a murder has been committed, but who committed it. And a coroner's jury has come to precisely this conclusion in the case of the *Times* outrage. Unanimously and without hesitation a coroner's jury at Los Angeles has reported that the explosion was caused by dynamite; that twenty innocent people were murdered by dynamite; that the building could have been destroyed and that these men could have been killed in no other way. And yet General Otis is denounced by Mr. Roosevelt as an anarchist and as a public enemy because he ventures to quote the recorded judgment of a legal tribunal and to agree with the verdict of a responsible jury. Can an incendiary irresponsibility go further than this?

The coroner's jury did not stand alone in its opinion. It was sustained by a citizen's committee and by the grand jury. All three bodies were of one mind. All three bodies listened to expert testimony, to testimony of all kinds, to any and every evidence obtainable, and they came to the same conclusion. There were no dissenting opinions. There could be none. They said that the *Times* building was wrecked by crime and that the twenty men were murdered. And yet General Otis is visited by thunder and lightning from the Rooseveltian Sinai for saying what the grand jury, the coroner's jury, and the citizens' committee had said before him. Perhaps it is well for these bodies that Mr. Roosevelt has never heard of them or their conclusion. They could hardly have escaped the oburgations, the contumely, and the scoldings that are the penalty of a disagreement with Mr. Roosevelt or indeed of any action wherein he is neither arbiter nor dictator.

And so in his last article Mr. Roosevelt iterates and reiterates the surpassing folly of his first. He seems afraid that we shall overlook it, that we may minimize the colossal misinformation that distinguished it. He told General Otis what he should have done, what he should have said, how he should have comported himself. He now tells him again:

In my article I confined myself to stating what was the rightful path to follow if it proved that the building has been dynamited, and if any labor men were implicated in the crime; this is the only right way to look at the matter.

Here we have the true complacency of invincible ignorance. Mr. Roosevelt does not know the history of the case. He does not want to know it. He has neither the information nor the will to get it. The verdict of the juries has been published all over the country. The terms of those verdicts could have been found anywhere in ten minutes. But what have judicial verdicts to do with Mr. Roosevelt? When has law, or justice, or propriety, or decency ever stood between him and his ambition?

There is no reason to follow Mr. Roosevelt into his comparison between General Otis and Mr. Gompers: General Otis is an anarchist, a consistent enemy of every movement for social and economic betterment, of good citizenship, and of honest and decent government. It is unnecessary to toil after Mr. Roosevelt in his vituperative displays. We have only to remember his denunciatory records and to imagine their repetition in this case. We all know Mr. Roosevelt's methods of assault, and the old plan of vilification holds good. Mr. Gompers, on the other hand, is the pattern and the model for civic responsibility. Perhaps here and there he has allowed himself to be hurried by a generous enthusiasm into some minor indiscretions, into some little petulances of expression, into some vagaries of propaganda. But these are trivialities, imperceptible flaws in the diamond of good citizenship. And so when Mr. Gompers invites Mr. Roosevelt to read trade-union literature in order to discover trade-union sentiment, in order that he may worship at this fount of the good, the beautiful, and the true, Mr. Roosevelt, hat in hand, hurries to meet his new ally and to accept "an honorable invitation expressed in an honorable way, and I shall certainly take advantage of it."

In the labor-union literature Mr. Roosevelt will find that "we give no space to inflammatory teachings." Probably not, but what has that to do with the Los Angeles outrage? The one overwhelming fact is that the outrage occurred and that Mr. Gompers instantly assumed that he knew precisely who were innocent, and therefore, presumably, who were guilty. No one expects to find incitements to murder in labor-union literature. What we should like to find, but can not find, is incitements *not* to murder, *not* to bludgeon, *not* to torture, *not* to mutilate. What we should like to find is grave reproof for murderers, bludgeoners, and torturers. Is there one word of this, anywhere, at any time, under any circumstances? Is there a word of execration for the seventy dynamite outrages, all of them at steel construction works, "all of them following a ban by a labor union? Or will Mr. Roosevelt tell us that we have no right to point out such a coincidence in seventy cases or to assume a connection between the unvarying three factors of dynamite, steel, and strikes? Not, at least, until we have accounted for the cat.

It is all very humiliating and degrading, not so much from the personal as from the public point of view. As has been said, General Otis can take care of himself. He is used to hard blows and can reply with others even harder. He has already done so in this case. But what shall we say of an ex-President of the

United States, constitutionally unable to imagine himself as a private citizen and with an intolerable itch to guide, control, admonish, and excoriate, who throws himself thus recklessly into a quarrel of which he knows nothing, into all quarrels of which he knows nothing, and who thus embarrasses the conduct of public life and the administration of justice?

A Portuguese Election.

Some few of our newspapers who chronically labor under the delusion that a revolution is necessarily a reform have been urging the formal recognition of the Portuguese republic, and they will now be gratified by the recent diplomatic action to that end. The elections, we are told, are now over. In spite of the monarchist threats, both within and without the country, there is no electoral evidence of popular discontent with the republic. Supporters of the revolution have been returned all over the country, and practically without opposition. Not even riots showed the existence of an adverse faction. Evidently Portugal did a good day's work for herself when she expelled Manuel and established a democratic in place of a royalist form of government.

There is no doubt that Portugal abolished the monarchy, but whether she adopted a democracy is quite another matter. Certainly there is nothing even remotely suggestive of democracy in the elections that have just been held. Only by a misuse of the term can they be called elections at all. Current dispatches from Oporto explain the exact nature of the proceedings, and perhaps the easiest way to make them clear is by analogy. Let us suppose that America is under a socialist form of government; that other parties have been warned to take no part in public affairs under pain of mob violence; that all newspapers opposed to the administration have been destroyed by rioters or suppressed by the government as a penalty for resisting the rioters; that many of the judges have been transferred to the Philippines as a punishment for rendering judgments displeasing to the government; that no public meetings unfriendly to the government are allowed, and that the names of most of the opponents of the government have been struck from the register. There we have Portugal before the "elections" that are supposed to have set the coping-stone upon the revolutionary structure.

Not even the pretense of a free and democratic poll was observed. The authorities themselves prepared the lists of names and no opposition of any kind was allowed. Therefore there were no monarchists or conservative candidates, and naturally none were elected. The voter had the right to erase any name to which he objected, but if he added a name his vote would be canceled. As no one was allowed to be a candidate unless he was an out-and-out supporter of the revolution it is hardly surprising that only supporters of the revolution were returned. But we can scarcely be asked to admire the peaceful unanimity with which the people are supposed to have set the seal of their approval upon the events of the last few months. Anything more unrepugnant or more frankly tyrannical and oppressive it would be hard to find. King Manuel's government never did anything quite so bad as this.

There is, in fact, no republic in Portugal, and there never has been. There is nothing that even resembles a republic or that bears any likeness to popular government. A handful of political quack doctors and mountebanks have first created and then profited by a spasm of rage against royal extravagance and incapacity. They have seized the reins of government and made themselves dictators. Doubtless they had a certain amount of sincerity, and even of that sort of generous enthusiasm that comes as a revelation to excitable and shallow minds, but power has evidently corrupted them, as it corrupts all minds that are only clever and not large. So far they have done no more than inspire violence while keeping themselves just a little ahead of the mob in brutality and rapine. Their leadership has been a matter of instigation, acquiescence, and speed. Terror of the mob has been their weapon against their opponents, a weapon mercilessly and murderously wielded not only against their political enemies, but against every shade of journalism suspected of opposition, and against churchmen in their individual as well as in their corporate capacity. And now comes this farcical and childish election which is supposed to confirm them in their position, but which does no more than show how slight is their own confidence and how fragile their tenure of power. It seems too soon to con-

gratulate Portugal upon a revolution which bears all the marks, not of an advance, but of a relapse into barbarism, and especially at a time when there are so many signs of a reaction and of a violent protest against a tyranny that is no less a tyranny because it calls itself a republic.

Editorial Notes.

It is to be hoped that the new eight-hour law for women will be enforced rigorously. The proof of a law is in its application, and nothing displays the idiocy of the lawmaker quite so luridly as the sight of his handiwork in operation. Already several arrests have been made and hundreds of women have been discharged from comfortable and congenial employment because a labor-dragoned legislature has made such employment impossible to them. For example, a head waitress at an hotel who is well paid, who has her own sitting-room, and whose chief duty is to be on the spot and to be available for complaints or supervision, must cease every appearance of work at the end of six hours and fifty-two minutes if she works seven days a week, or at the end of eight hours if she has a six-day week. A waitress must lay down the dishes that she is about to hand to a customer if her time limit has expired, and she must not lengthen one day's work at the expense of the next. But that same woman may be required to work for sixteen hours a day in a cannery, where the labor is really hard, and the law has no protection for her. Hotel and restaurant managers have no option in the matter. They would like to keep the women, and the women would like to stay, but there is no help for it. They must go. Next time the legislature shows a disposition to come to heel at the crack of the union whip perhaps the women themselves will make some protest against pestilent "reform" laws that rob them of their means of livelihood and oust them from congenial occupation that they are well qualified to perform.

An Eastern critic of the new political patent medicines designed to compensate for lack of electoral intelligence points out an inconsistency between the various groups of reforms that are recommended to us. The initiative and the referendum, he says, are supposed to be necessary because our legislative representatives are not representative. The judiciary recall, on the other hand, is imperatively demanded because the judges nullify the laws that are passed by those same representatives who do not represent. There is therefore a clear case of "dog eat dog" about the position. The counter suggestion that the voters elect representatives who can be trusted to represent, and judges whose honesty can be relied upon implies some measure of popular common sense and is therefore, say the reformers, inadmissible. Governor Woodrow Wilson, by the way, defending the referendum and the initiative, says that these measures do not imply an abandonment of representative government. They certainly do not. Representative government has not yet been tried. It is still a long way down on the list.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Peace and War Armament.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, June 16, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: On March 16, 1911, there was prepared a statement, signed by Eickhoff, chairman of the German Committee for "Peace and Arbitration," which was also endorsed by fifty-one members of the German Reichstag and thirty-four members of the Prussian Diet, as well as by the Count of Schwerin-Löwitz, president of the Reichstag, and by the Prince Schenaich-Caroleth.

The statement (translated) reads as follows:

It is the opinion of the undersigned that because of the interests involved in the close international interdependence existing in the finance and commerce of the world, Germany holds its army and navy in readiness only as a means of protection against any attack, but not as a means for aggressive warfare (nicht aber um einen Angriffskrieg zu führen).

The purpose of this is said to be to form a new German-English basis of understanding.

In England it would not be difficult to get equally distinguished names on a similar document, and the recent utterances of Sir Edward Grey have a very distinct significance as a call to peace.

Why, then, all this talk of war between Germany and England? Who wants war in either nation? Not the king surely, nor his cousin the Kaiser. Nothing could more damage either than a struggle between the great nations they represent. They care for armament mainly as a visible sign of power and authority. Not the parliamentary leaders surely. They are pledged for peace. Not the people. The people nowhere want war. They know that at the end the bitter cost is for them to pay, and England is still paying \$140,000,000 per year interest on the "British gold" borrowed in the last century to compass the downfall of Napoleon. Not the money-lenders, the "unseen empire" which controls the management of nations through control of their bonded debt. They have nothing to gain and everything to lose by the destruction of credit—their credit in England and Germany. And

in our day, neither nation could gain anything whatever by victory, while at the end there would be no material choice between victory and defeat. The British would still own England. The Germans would still own Germany, whatever the events of war. Not an Englishman (contractors, armament builders, and ghouls excepted) would be the richer for the downfall of Germany. Every Englishman as well as every German would be the poorer for the destruction of international credit.

Nobody wants war, unless it be, quoting the words of a distinguished German diplomat, a few "irresponsible half-pay generals and admirals who want promotion for their relations, and also the unpardonable levity of the press which writes against better knowledge and only for sensation's sake."

But while nobody of weight wants war, there are many who thrive on preparations for it. The core of the armament craze lies in the assumption that Great Britain must have as many ships as the two most powerful of other nations. Since England has chosen to interpret this in terms of Dreadnoughts, Germany and all other nations who play the game must follow. And the next question is, by what right must England have so many ships?

There is no warrant for this claim save in the patriotic obstinacy of the British people. This obstinacy rests on two facts, the interest of the armament builders and the vanity of those who think that a nation should be judged by the show she can make on occasions of display. In the "superiority of sea power" lies the greatest danger of the British people. For so long as this superiority exists as an object to be maintained at all hazards, so long the armament builders and the masters of finance will thrive at the people's cost. The "two-power" rule is the creation, not of British patriotism, but of the armament syndicate.

But there are syndicates in Germany as well as in England. "King Krupp of Essen" acknowledges no superior. He knows no reason why the sea power of Germany should be less than that of England, so long as the German empire will borrow money to meet the expense. So the armament struggle goes on, and the people pay for it. But not the people of Germany and Great Britain alone. All the world is entangled in the rivalry. Other nations have their own armament syndicates, and wherever these exist war scares are recurrent. The greater the sea power and the land power of the nation, the more virulent are these scares. They do not arise spontaneously. They do not come out of the air. They are sent out purposely, and for the end of greater expenditures for armament. The politician who stands for "the old flag and an appropriation" is not yet extinct, nor is he confined to any one nation.

It is said on good authority that the firm of Krupp, the greatest of all the builders of engines of war, maintains his ambassadors in every court of Europe. It is the business of these "strong, silent men" to force or coax the rulers of the nations into patriotic rivalry in the matter of buying great guns and great warships on credit. Behind them, the still stronger and more silent men, the agents of the "unseen empire" of finance, are prepared to furnish the credit to loan the money needed on the terms of a moderate rate of interest and a heavy cash bonus in advance. One of our great railroad builders used to boast that no one could trail him "by the nickels he had dropped." But it is claimed that the initiated can trace Krupp's strong silent men across the continent of Europe by their tips and douceurs as well as by the political downfall of the public officials not open to their persuasions. Not long since, according to Francis McCullagh of London, the war minister of Serbia was forced by Germany to resign because he noted the personal interest of the German minister at Belgrade in the supplying of guns. M. Clemenceau intimates that, in Argentina, "French guns are beaten by the German because the emissaries of Krupp and his associates are more generous in their tips."

Mr. McCullagh in the New York Evening Post tells of meeting in Constantinople a military emissary selling arms to the Turks after a good business in St. Petersburg. At that moment, says he, "the young Turk officer was supposed to be so full of patriotism that he would cut your head off if you as much as hinted at bribery. But this astute military man from the North assured me that bribes were still accepted and still absolutely necessary. As a matter of fact, he bought up whole commissions of experts who were appointed to examine the weapons he submitted."

"That all this diabolical activity," says McCullagh, "makes for war is beyond all doubt. The good folks who sell Turkey a hundred million cartridges would not be averse to a Balkan scare or even to a Balkan war which would make Turkey want a hundred million tomorrow."

Mr. McCullagh further tells of the condition in England following the partial closing of the gun factories at Woolwich. After the Boer War the extra hands employed here had to be discharged. "What else was to be done? The government could not proceed to start another war just for the sake of keeping these men in employment, and it could not pay them for being idle. Nevertheless a roar of indignation went up from the imperialistic press." Even the labor leaders, or some of them, joined in this clamor against throwing so many good men out of employment merely because the government had nothing for them to do.

The chief business of government ought to be this—to establish justice among men and to do those things of common necessity which collective action rather than private enterprise can best accomplish.

A recent English writer, Harold F. Tracy, typical of his class, declares that the chief business of government is war, or as he calls it, the promotion of "God's Test of the Nations." He thus shifts responsibility from subservient rulers, vacillating parliaments, the armament trust, and the unseen empire of finance to the broad shoulder of the ultimate fates.

Thus history repeats herself, and will do so until men of courage or men of intelligence and patriotism arise, who can force history to mend her ways, and to allow the growth of man to replace the growth of debt and budgets.

But in the past, and the present, it is certainly true that the most costly business and the most absorbing business of government is war. Government by king or parliament or people has been largely a device by which the people pay for what they do not want, and largely for what they do not get. "War," said Bastiat, "is the ogre that devours as much when he is awake as when he is asleep."

The chief "national defense" which any nation has today is protection from its own war syndicates.

DAVID S. ...

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The recent indisposition of the Pope, coupled with the fact of his advanced age, has naturally caused the possibility of a conclave of cardinals in the near future to present itself to the minds of the faithful. There has been no canvassing nor anything that approaches an infringement of decorum. Still less is there any suspicion of intrigue, but some recognition of possibilities is inevitable and, indeed, desirable.

There are now forty-nine members of the Sacred College, and forty-five will probably be present at the next conclave. Three cardinals are practically incapacitated by their great age—Oreglia, who is eighty-three; Gruscha, who is ninety-one, and Capicelatro, who is eighty-eight. Sixty-two votes at the last conclave were cast for Cardinal Rampolla, who would unquestionably have been chosen but for the veto of Austria. Thirty cardinals who voted for Rampolla upon the last occasion are still alive, and it is expected that they will vote for him again. Many others are believed now to be his supporters, so that the result seems to be almost a foregone conclusion. And there will be no veto at the next conclave. One of the first acts of Pius X was an order forbidding all cardinals, under pain of excommunication, from conveying a veto or even allowing it to be known that a veto was desired. Unless the unexpected shall happen it would seem certain that Rampolla will be the next Pope.

Three hundred and fifty years ago about 3000 Russian Cosacks expatriated themselves for religious reasons and settled in Anatolia, Asia Minor. They were driven to this extreme course by their objection to the first census ever compiled in Russia. They believed that the writing of their names would attract the attention of Anti-Christ, ever watchful for such records, and that the loss of their souls would be the penalty. So they emigrated.

The colony is still in existence and absolutely unchanged. In the heart of Turkey they have preserved the ancient Russian language. They wear the Russian dress of three centuries ago, preserve the same manners, cultivate the same crops, and eat the same food. And their objection to the census is just as strong as ever. Anti-Christ is after them once more, this time in the shape of the Turkish government, which is bent upon writing down their names and so exposing their souls to the peril which was so narrowly escaped three centuries ago. And now these sufferers for the faith do not know where to go, nor what to do. In every direction there are officials bent upon the same sacrilegious act, and wherever they go Anti-Christ lies in wait for them.

The inconveniently candid mind of Mr. H. G. Wells never allows a popular movement to rush the outworks of his mind without compelling it to pause and give an account of itself. Under this procedure he refuses support or sympathy to the "back to the land" movement. He does not believe that the city is peculiarly the home of vice or that the chief habitation of virtue is in the country. Speaking of his own land, he says, "To my mind, the English townsman, even in the slums, is infinitely better spiritually, more courageous, more imaginative, and cleaner than his agricultural cousin." Probably most unprejudiced observers in America would be of the same opinion. Country life is conducive neither to intellectual freedom nor to intellectual vigor. These thrive not so much upon contact with "nature" as upon community with other minds, and with a wide range of other minds.

The compilers of a list of the hundred best books for Catholics ask if Shakespeare was a Catholic, and they reply cautiously that perhaps he was. But a correspondent asks if a Catholic would have made Juliet ask leave to go to evening mass, an error that could hardly have been made by a Catholic or even by one familiar with Catholic practice. In any case it seems an astounding error, for Shakespeare lived at a time when religion was far closer to the lives of the people than it is now and when religious observances were better known than they are now.

A certain feeling of discouragement follows a news item to the effect that compulsory military training has been begun in the Australian commonwealth. The new law requires the registration of all boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, and it was estimated that 85,000 cadets would be secured. No less than 120,000 have been registered and 100,000 of these have been accepted, the remainder being disqualified for medical reasons or because they lived too far from a training centre. It is hard to see what Australia expects to gain by thus deliberately setting her face backward, or by fostering an infant spirit of militarism at a time when civilization at large is trying to arouse itself from the nightmare of armaments.

The sale of the Egyptian mummy belonging to the late Lady Meux, and which is said to have brought disaster upon all its owners, has revived some stories of other mummies similarly ill-disposed toward the modern collector. Habitues of the British Museum will warn the visitor not to be too curious about the coffin lid numbered 22,542, which stands in the Egyptian department. It has the evil eye, if such a thing can be said of a coffin lid. All five of the original finders came to grief. The carrier who brought it to the museum died at once. So did the photographer who photographed it, and when a well-known writer pointed out the curious coincidences he died, too. Many other fatalities are supposed to be connected with this coffin lid, and the wary ones now give it a wide berth or diffidently look another way.

But here is a story that surpasses them all: The head of the Paris morgue is responsible for the statement—and it is vouched for by the late chief of the Paris police—that five times with his experience dead bodies brought to the morgue were found to be wearing a ring of Oriental make and bearing these words in Oriental characters: "May whosoever

wears this ring die a miserable death." Evidently this is a ring that should be generously given away.

The treasure hunter usually returns home rich in experience, but poor in this world's goods. Perhaps better luck awaits the divers now busily searching for the wreck of the *Florentia*, the great ship of the Spanish Armada that is known to have sunk in Tohermory Bay after the disastrous flight around the coast of England. The *Florentia* is well worth finding if it be true, as report says, that she had something like \$40,000,000 on board, not to speak of a resplendent gold crown intended for the head of the new king after the redoubtable Elizabeth had been disposed of. So far the divers have had a reasonable success. They found a bed of shells nearly five feet thick, the remains of marine animals that are supposed to have gathered to the feast of dead Spaniards. As soon as this shell bed had been pierced the workers were rewarded by what they hope is a foretaste of the triumphs to come. They found many Spanish coins well preserved, a medal of silver bearing an image of Christ, a sword, some pottery, and three stone cannon balls. There were curious people in ancient times who dived for a sight of the great ship before the ocean had swallowed her. One of them left a story to the effect that he had seen the gold crown among the wrecked timbers, but inasmuch as he left it where it was probably it was the eye of faith rather than of the flesh that he used.

A good story is being told of Sir William Gilbert's first introduction to Sir Arthur Sullivan. Gilbert had been working on "The Palace of Truth," and for one of the characters, that of a musical impostor, he had occasion to string together a farrago of nonsensical musical terms that he had collected from the encyclopedia. Gilbert, it may be said, knew nothing of music, in fact was unusually lacking in this respect. As soon as he was introduced to his future collaborator, and determining to try the effect upon him of his suddenly acquired musical knowledge, he said: "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Sullivan, because you will be able to settle a question which has just arisen between Mr. Cellier and myself. My question is whether when a musician who is master of many instruments has a musical theme to express it is as perfect upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury, in which there are, as we all know, no diatonic intervals whatever, as upon the more elaborate diapason with the familiar chords and the redundant note, which I need not remind you embrace all the single, double, and inverted chords."

Sullivan studied this portentous question for a minute and then asked to have it repeated. Gilbert obligingly complied. Then Sullivan said that it was a very nice point and that he would like to think it over for a while before giving a definite answer. Gilbert used to say that probably Sullivan was still thinking it over, as the definite answer was still lacking after twenty years.

The status of the European restaurant was strikingly illustrated in Berlin the other day when representatives of the German government and of the municipality were present at the opening of the new zoological garden resort. The hall itself is arranged for the accommodation of 10,000 diners, and the open-air terraces that surround it will seat 10,000 more. That 20,000 diners can find simultaneous accommodation is something more than a matter of architectural size. It speaks also of a certain national characteristic that does not exist in America and that we do not seem able to understand. New York, for example, is twice as large as Berlin. It has two zoological gardens and at least one magnificent park. But New York contains no place where even one hundred people can pass an evening of such quiet and sane pleasure as at the open-air restaurants that are a feature of every European town. The whole evening may spent at the new Berlin restaurant for a cost of a few cents. There one may take one's family, meet one's friends, or enjoy a continuous and an excellent musical performance. Such a possibility seems to give a peculiar emphasis to civilization.

Mr. Theodore Stanton, who is the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, seems to have made some progress with his scheme for the establishment of a daily international newspaper intended to promote "a good understanding between the nations of the world." The list of directors and of representatives is of an eminently respectable nature and includes well-known peace advocates, authors, and statesmen from the chief countries of the world. Perhaps it would be strengthened by the addition of one or two newspaper men, but then every one knows how to run a newspaper nowadays. The new daily journal will be issued in Paris, and it will be printed in French, although other languages will not be excluded. It will contain nothing of purely national interest and nothing sensational. A remarkable feature is that the board of directors will meet only once a year to "direct the policy of the paper." Evidently events are not expected to move very rapidly in the near future, but even then the new journal will have a helated appearance by the time it reaches the circumference of its circle. Its San Francisco subscribers, for example, might have been reading its earnest plea for an avoidance of the war between Russia and Japan twelve days after the destruction of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Chicago seems to have taken away from New York the financial glory of having the largest bank in the country. With the absorption of the Hibernian Bank the Continental and Commercial National of Chicago is able to claim resources aggregating \$265,000,000 and deposits of over \$223,000,000. This goes quite a way ahead of the National City of New York, which has deposits of about \$186,000,000 and has hitherto been the greatest banking institution in the United States. Six formerly independent banks have been extinguished to make Chicago's big concern.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Runnable Stag.

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
And apples began to be golden-skinned,
We harbored a stag in the Priory coomb,
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feathered his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, hay and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forwards" we heard the harhorer shout;
But 'twas only a hrocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antlered out
By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though heamed and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, hay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
"Tally ho! tally ho!" and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be: if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustomed to hear the hunt,
Accustomed to hear the hunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, hay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-hed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, hay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of hullocks he baffled the lore
Of harhorer, huntsmen, hounds and all,
Of harhorer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jeweled hed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again.
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen,
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the huoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jeweled hed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag. —John Davidson.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth, below the reach of miners, but experts aver that there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions ore deposits become too lean to repay working below 3000 feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first thousand, and poorer yet in the third thousand than in the second.

Fruit trees are planted by the roadside in parts of Germany, but not, as might be supposed, for the appeasement of appetites of passers-by. The trees are watched closely, and at the end of the season the fruit is sold. The amount stolen is very small. The warning is succinct, but not too blunt, being merely the words, "A good man injures no tree," posted on a board at intervals along the road.

Incised wounds of the heart are no longer beyond the reach of surgical science. It seems almost a cry back to mediævalism to recall the time, hardly more than twenty years ago, when the suggestion of heart surgery would have been regarded as chimerical.

SUMMER SHOWS IN NEW YORK.

Why the Nazimova Theatre Changed Its Name—"Three Weeks" as a Play.

We still have a few left-over plays now running in New York; plays that held their own through the cold weather, and are drawing audiences despite warm weather and thunderstorms that come up just at about theatre time. These plays are not running in the theatres where they began their careers, but they are still to be seen in Broadway theatres. Not that the theatres that they are in are actually on Broadway, but they are in the theatre district, and their seats are sold at Broadway prices. As a matter of fact most of the so-called Broadway theatres are on Seventh Avenue and the Fortieth streets east or west of Broadway, but they are classed as Broadway theatres, which means \$2 for an orchestra seat.

The plays that have held over from the winter successes are "As a Man Thinks," "Everywoman," "Excuse Me," and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." "Everywoman" has been transferred to the Lyric Theatre from the Herald Square, and "As a Man Thinks" to the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre, originally the Nazimova Theatre. Since the Russian actress has gone over to Mr. Frohman her first managers, the Shuberts, who built the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre for her and gave it her name, have naturally dropped the Nazimova and now call it the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre. Speaking of Nazimova and the Shuberts, those managers have had her services for five years, then their contract with her ended. They were very good to her, for they took her when she didn't know a word of English, and they paid her expenses while she was learning, and they made a contract with her that had a rising percentage clause in it, so that she must have done very well with them financially. They took all the risks, and the risks were great, and now that they have sown another manager will reap, but such are the fortunes of war, or of management. I don't know what Mr. Frohman is going to do with Nazimova; I have seen no announcements on the subject. I am particularly interested in the career of this actress, not only because I admire her great talent, but because I was instrumental in making an English-speaking actress of her. Not that I taught her English; if I had I should have taught her differently. I asked her once who taught her to speak English, and she replied that it must have been God, as it was certainly not the person engaged for that purpose. I introduced Nazimova and the Shuberts, and their first meeting was in my apartment. I will not say that Nazimova would never have been an English-speaking actress if it had not been for me, for that would not be true; she had made up her mind that she would study English and act in that language, but she hadn't the means or the opportunity to accomplish this object until Mr. Lee Shubert appeared upon the scene.

As I have said, I don't know what Mr. Frohman is going to do with Nazimova, but I hope that he will select her plays and not leave their selection to her. It may seem strange, but a manager knows much better what an actor can do than the actor himself, or herself. Where an actor successfully picks out a play that pleases the public it is more by good fortune than by good judgment. He always has something at the back of his head, an idea that he wants to carry out, but it is usually vague, and when he gets what he thinks he wants it is not what the public wants. Where you have an actor-manager, as in the case of George Alexander and other English actor-managers, it is different. They have the commercial as well as the artistic sense, and while one must not be altogether commercial, one must not be altogether artistic. There is a happy mean, and it is not an unintelligent public that recognizes this.

It is at this time of year that plays and musical companies come to town, and apparently thrive, which were unable to get a hearing until the regular shows closed down for the dog days. We have had for some time an Italian opera company singing in the Bowery, and singing so well that people from higher uptown have flocked to hear it, but now this company has come to Daly's Theatre and is giving the old favorites as well as modern Italian operas, and, I am happy to say, is doing a good business. At the Irving Place Theatre, where German companies have usually held sway, there is a company singing the lighter Italian operas. They have given "The Merry Widow" in Italian, and even lighter music, and they also are doing a good business at low prices. Across the way, at the Academy of Music, a stock company has been playing "Romeo and Juliet" at prices not going over 30 cents, and here again popularity attends the performance. Shakespeare's tragedy is played as a melodrama of the deepest dye. The posters on the billboards outside the Academy would make "Under the Gaslight" or "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" appear like Ibsen drama in comparison. No wonder that Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street crowd into the old Academy to see these lurid scenes, and yet it was not so long ago that Sothorn and Marlowe were playing "Romeo and Juliet" on those once classic boards, not to the same audiences I admit, but to equally enthusiastic ones.

The most sensational dramatic entertainment to be seen in New York at this writing is "Three Weeks," a dramatization of Mrs. Glyn's novel, which is being given at the Grand Opera House by the Corse Payton Stock Company at prices ranging from ten to thirty

cents. For some reason or other "Three Weeks" has never before been seen on the stage in New York. I believe that Mrs. Glyn wrote it originally for Mr. James K. Hackett, who played it on the road. It has been seen in different parts of the country, but it remained to Mr. Corse Payton to give its metropolitan production. Mrs. Glyn, who claims the authorship of the play as well as of the book, has added an introductory act showing the boudoir of the queen in her palace at Sardolia. There she has a terrible scene with the king, who strikes her with his fists and turns her out of the house, telling her plainly, frankly, and brutally that she need not return without bringing an heir to the throne. In the novel Mrs. Glyn left the situation more or less to the reader's imagination, but no imagination is necessary in the play. The second act opens in Lucerne, where Paul sees the queen taking her famous dinner, a dinner which she ate slowly, deliberately, and beautifully, while he feasted his eyes upon her. It does not take the charmer long to pick up an acquaintance with Paul, not even as long as it does in the book, which was short enough time in all conscience. The third act shows us the palace in Venice, and much is made of the tiger-skin in this scene. Finally the queen is persuaded to return to her husband and give up Paul, whom she fears will be murdered if seen too much in the company of the tiger-skin. The play is not bad, as bad plays go, and I wonder that Mr. Hackett did not bring it to New York. New York is just as well off without it, particularly as it seems to have a strong attraction for young people. Most of the audiences at the matinées are composed of young girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, who weep and sigh over the vicissitudes of the queen and her "beautiful boy" as they chew gum or munch chocolates according to the dictates of their youthful appetites.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1911.

About forty Chautauqua assemblies in the United States are affiliated with the parent body, located at Chautauqua Lake Park, New York, but there are many other gatherings called Chautauquas, held under various auspices, which have no connection whatever with the first organization bearing that name. In fact the word "Chautauqua" has come to mean any sort of a gathering held out of doors in which instruction of any kind is given by means of lectures. There are Jewish Chautauquas, Catholic Chautauquas, and Sunday-school Chautauquas. In some towns the Sunday-school Chautauqua is little more than an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic of several days' duration. At others the programmes are so broad in their scope as to give to the Chautauqua the questionable name of "Sunday-school vaudeville." In South Carolina a number of women interested in needlework held an "Embroidery Chautauqua" for a week last summer, which was attended by several hundred women from various parts of the State. There are about four hundred and fifty branches of the Chautauqua institution scattered over the United States. These are usually designated as the C. L. S. C., signifying Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and not "Come, Love, Sit Closer," as a facetious farmer once declared.

A lighthouse without a keeper which means much for navigation is a volcano on the island of San Salvador. This volcanic lighthouse is about eight miles inland from the port of Acajutla. It is a veritable pillar of cloud by day and the flash of its light by night has been valuable to mariners for years. It can be seen far out at sea and a burst of flame has gone upward every seven minutes without the variation of a second for many years. A lighthouse fee is collected of all vessels that put in at the harbor nearest the volcano and no skipper objects.

An Italian doctor finds that the excess of diversion in the lives of New York women is bound to bring upon them the miseries of neurasthenia. This reputable disease has, according to the doctor, different ways of affecting different races. The Latins become limp with exhaustion, the pure Saxons are dull and torpid, and the American is merely overstimulated, and tries to go faster and faster.

Among the most picturesque personalities in England for the coronation is the Maharajah of Patiala, the principal Sikh chief of Northern India. He has been gorgeously arrayed in flowered silk of bright hue. Members of his distinguished-looking suite also attract much notice. With the Maharajah came Major Mistry, a Parsee cricketer, who brought with him his own team.

The University of Chicago possesses the Oxyrhynchus fragment of the Gospel of Mark, found ten years ago, which dates back to the fifth century. It has also the first Greek New Testament given to the world, issued by Erasmus in 1516; also the first one printed, the Complutensian Polyglot, which came from a Spanish press in 1514, but was suppressed until 1521.

At Brussels a central library, consisting at the outset of 10,000 volumes, is to be created, and any inhabitant of any part of Belgium who owns a postoffice savings bank book will be entitled to borrow from it and receive by mail any book for a fortnight.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Henry Seymour, who has just been unseated as member of the House of Commons, the judges having heard testimony which tended to show that he had been guilty of lavishly treating his constituents, has represented Central Hull since 1885. He was mayor of Kensington, 1901-2, and is head of the great banking establishment of Henry S. King & Co., of London, Bombay, and Calcutta.

Señorita Maria Francisco, who is about to enter the office of a lawyer in Manila, is the first young woman in the Philippine Islands to graduate from a law school (according to the Manila Times). She recently passed a brilliant examination. When she was eighteen she was graduated from the Liceo de Manila as a bachelor of arts, and began immediately the study of law. She is only twenty-two years of age. Her sister, Filomena, is a licensed chemist and manager of a drug store.

General Bernardo Reyes, considered by many as the most likely candidate for the presidency of Mexico, was formerly Mexican secretary of war, resigning in December, 1902, because of differences with President Diaz. He has also been governor of the State of Nuevo Leon, of which Monterey is the capital. General Reyes is about fifty-seven years old. He was educated at a military school, and as a boy ran away to fight the French when they invaded Mexico. During his long stay abroad he studied army problems.

Sir Guilford Lindsey Molesworth, late consulting engineer to the government of India, who recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday, has a career covering sixty years, and his "Molesworth's Pocket-Book of Engineering Formulæ," having gone through many editions, is still a standard work of the highest authority. As long ago as the Indian Mutiny Sir Guilford was superintendent of the buildings and machinery at Woolwich arsenal. He holds numerous medals and has filled many of the highest government engineering posts. His home is in Kent.

Captain Charles A. Gove, who will have the honor of commanding the largest warship, the U. S. S. *Delaware*, during the coronation review, is a native of New Hampshire. He entered the Naval Academy in 1871. Graduating, he was assigned to the old *Pensacola*. In the Spanish war he was assigned to the *Topeka*. After serving three terms of duty at Annapolis, and later as commandant of midshipmen, he was assigned to the *Delaware*. He gained much credit by taking his ship to sea two days after reaching Boston from Chile, thus completing his steaming trials.

Robert S. Sharp, chief inspector of the Postoffice Department, who took office on May 4, resigned a better paying position in Tennessee to take up the work which he has wanted to do all his life. He is happiest when working on a big mails fraud case. Mr. Sharp began public life at the age of eighteen, when he was chairman of his ward at Chattanooga. President McKinley appointed him postmaster of Chattanooga in 1897, and in that position he instituted many reforms. Later he went into the manufacturing business and then served as collector of internal revenue.

Hua Chuen Mei, who has just been graduated from Columbia, is the first Chinese student of the university to be elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and is the second Chinese in the United States who has received the honor. Mei was born in San Francisco, July 14, 1888, but spent most of his boyhood in China. His father is a merchant of San Francisco. Eight years ago Mei went to New York and prepared for Columbia, entering in the fall of 1908. He intends to return to the university for a law course, and eventually will go to Hongkong, to practice his profession.

Clarence W. Baldwin, since 1882 in complete command of the vast interests known as the "John Jacob Astor Estate," valued at \$175,000,000, is but little known even in New York, yet his influence is felt throughout the entire business world. He lives quietly at Orange, New Jersey, his birthplace, where he graduated from the high school at the age of sixteen. Then he entered the office of a life insurance company. Later he became a bank clerk in New York, being advanced to the position of chief bookkeeper. Other and bigger positions followed, and he was recommended to John Jacob Astor. He cares little for society, does not write, and never wants to see himself in print. Golf is his chief form of recreation, but he has no hobbies.

Congressman Charles Stephen Millington, recently appointed assistant treasurer of the United States at New York, has been a banker practically all his life, which thoroughly qualifies him for the position. He is responsible head of the principal sub-treasury office in the entire treasury system of the United States, and is liable to be called upon to assist distressed banks in times of financial disturbances. The New York sub-treasury was established in Wall Street in 1846, following the collapse of the United States bank. The others are located in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Mr. Millington's salary is \$8000 a year. He was born in the town of Norway, Herkimer County, New York, fifty-six years ago. At the age of seventeen years he entered the employ of the Hungerford National Bank at Adams, New York. Other banking positions followed. He was elected to the Sixty-First Congress two years ago, retiring from office last March.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

For One of Three.

Beyond the blue of the distant mountains the western sky still glowed a rich, flaming orange, in which blazed one solitary star; the air was fragrant with many perfumes; lemon blossom and new-mown alfalfa, sagebrush and eucalyptus; a meadow-lark sang a sleepy good-night from the chaparral, a fool-owl screeched forlornly; and a man walked along the dusty trail that led down the side of the hill. He was in no hurry, every few yards he stopped, his hands deep in his pockets, his head bent, and gazed earnestly at the ranch-houses and orchards and fields of yellow stubble spread out beneath him.

At the crest of a slight rise he halted once again and seated himself deliberately on a flat-topped boulder veined with quartz. He folded his arms, crossed one leg over the other, and, though his throat was dry and parched and the tobacco without flavor, puffed quietly at his pipe. To all outward appearance, his attitude betokened a restfulness of mind in keeping with the great stillness that lay upon the valley. And yet by the waning light of day his brown face showed careworn and tired, sullen and discontented in expression; from time to time the muscles at the corners of his mouth twitched and his lips parted, revealing the teeth firmly gritted in the stem of his pipe.

Quickly the orange faded from the sky, the short summer dusk gave place to night and a myriad stars shone forth like diamonds, set in fantastic patterns, dazzling and twinkling. The man on the boulder took off his soft, wide-brimmed hat, wiped the sweat from his forehead and folded his arms as before. With the going down of the sun a fresh breeze had sprung up, bringing to his nostrils the salt of the sea, and stirring the branches of the tall blue gums and cedars on the hillside above the trail. He lifted his head and stared at the star-lit heavens, picking out the greater constellations, one by one. Then, drawn by a magnetism he could not resist, his eyes wandered back to the valley and there rested on a tiny square of yellow in the midst of blackness: a lamp behind a window blind.

The man dropped his hands to his lap and muttered impatiently, chafing at the inaction. His brain was on fire, a turmoil of passion; in his ears was a dull booming; only by an effort of will-power could he keep still. And as he watched the lighted window, clenching and unclenching his fists, gnawing at his pipe, the glory of the heavens paled, the stars lost their brilliancy and receded into space, the Milky Way vanished, and the flat stretches of the valley, ridges and hollows, orchards and homesteads, the foothills and the mountains opposite, were flooded with the light of the rising moon.

The man yawned and looked at his watch. Another half-hour . . . and she would be by his side. Once again he settled down to wait, whiling away the time with dreams as vivid as the reality.

It pleased his fancy to picture her appearing suddenly around the corner, hurrying toward him along the trail, almost running in her eagerness. When he clasped her in his arms she would give a little laugh and cling to him timidly, raising her face to his and gazing at him with loving eyes. Love! Of course she loved him. The man smiled in scorn at his own unreason. She had told him so with her own lips: in a voice as soothing as the murmur of the water in the orchard-flumes, as soft as the cooing of doves.

What a blind fool he had been! The one woman in all the wide world, yet he had lived near her in that small valley for weeks and weeks before he had dreamt of her existence. And now—miracle of miracles—they were going to run away together.

He had begged her over and over again, pointing out the folly of resistance, beseeching her by every means in his power, using all the well-tried arguments. She had refused at first, firmly yet without anger, very gently and sorrowfully. But one evening when he had given up all hope, when in despair he had almost determined to leave her to her fate, she had consented.

By what enchantment it came about he knew not. That it had happened was quite sufficient. They had stood among the orange trees at the far end of the orchard in the blue twilight, he pleading, she listening, her head turned away, her fingers plucking at the petals of a rose. Before he realized the wonder she had said yes, whispered rather than said, and as he kissed her, had burst into tears and sobbed as though her heart would break. He had not understood the tears; but women in his experience were all of them incomprehensible, the good ones and the bad alike.

They were going to run away together: again he repeated the words under his breath, scarce able to believe even now when all was settled. He felt no remorse. Why should he? They were doing nothing wrong. She was unhappy at home and she hated her husband: that was all there was to it. To human endurance there is a limit, flesh and blood can only stand a certain strain. No one could blame her. Was her life to be ruined for the sake of a husband like that? A man no better than a common ranch-hand, ineffectual, without ambition, mean-spirited, lacking in every quality that makes for success. He, too, hated him: for his clumsy jests, his stupidity, his drawling speech, his efforts to please. Above all he hated him because he was her husband.

The man seated on the boulder frowned impetuously at the memories that crowded and jostled through his mind. Though his mind was fully occupied with what

he saw therein, his eyes still rested on the valley and he marked without interest that the light no longer shone in the window of the ranch-house.

Because of her he had to be friendly with the husband: as dreary a farce as ever man had had to play. Though he hated him, yet night after night had he visited their home and laughed at his stories, suffering the tortures of the damned just to be near her, just to steal an occasional glance at her clear profile in the lamplight as she sat on the other side of the kitchen and sewed, or read, or sang to herself in a low voice. What hours! Heaven and hell at one and the same time. Heaven to be near her! Hell to have to listen to him!

But that was forgotten and done with. Her husband would get over it all right; his sort always did. She was his now to love forever and ever, till the end of all things and afterwards. He could give her the place she deserved: nothing could be too good for her, her slightest wish should be obeyed; fine clothes, money, jewels, every luxury in season or out should she have for the asking. And to think of her in a small four-roomed ranch-house among the hills, far away from civilization and all that civilization stood for, working from sunrise to late at night, slaving for a husband no better than an idiot, striving to make both ends meet, with no pleasures, no change, her life a long, unending round of toil!

A man had no right to treat any woman in that way; at any rate no woman such as she. People might say hard things of him. Let them! What did he care! His shoulders were broad enough. Damn them all for a set of meddling busybodies! Besides—and he smiled grimly—he would have taken her far and far from the valley by the time the news spread. He could never return, of course; but there was no necessity for him to return. The mine was floated and its shares were already being quoted at impossible prices, and investors—poor deluded fools!—clamoring to buy. He would sell out before the inevitable slump: for there would be a slump later on. And if people said that he had broken up a home: let them! Let them say what they liked until the lies choked them. Such a home deserved to be broken up.

He tried to consider the whole affair from the husband's point of view, what his feelings would be when he found out, what he would say or do. He might possibly follow at once. But no, that was ridiculous, impossible. The man had no pluck, not an ounce, no initiative. Why, he would sit around for a week, twirling his thumbs, wondering what was the matter, before he realized that she had left him and that he was cooking his own meals, as he had done before his marriage.

Again the man on the boulder smiled at his fancies, and then, roused by a slight noise in the stillness, came to himself, shivering. He knocked the cold ashes out of his pipe and looked at his watch. Ten minutes late. It was, he felt, inconsiderate of her when so much depended on time: the horses waiting, the long drive over the hills, the train to be caught.

He yawned, raising his arms and hollowing his back, and in the middle of his yawn his ears caught the sound of footsteps in the soft dust. He lowered his arms and waited, his hands pressing on the boulder, his body bending forward, ready to spring up the instant he should see her. And then around the corner out of the shadows of the high bank, screened with chaparral and prickly pear and cactus, a man came slowly into the moonlight.

Disappointed and ill-used, he thrust his pipe back into his mouth, and gazed once more down into the valley at the small ranch-house, gray and ghostly, amid the dark masses of fruit trees. He hoped that the newcomer would be no one he knew, and swore savagely.

Shuffling and uncertain the footsteps drew nearer, then stopped. The man on the boulder turned his head at last and, although no coward, leant back trembling and his teeth bit through the stem of his pipe. Before him stood the husband, whom he hated; a tall, bearded man, ungainly and ill-made, his face a ghastly white in the moonlight.

What right had he to be there, the damned fool? What was he doing, anyway? How had he found out? Had he found out? He tried to speak, but choked helplessly, his tongue unable to utter a word. His hand strayed toward his pocket, but came away again, empty. A sudden disgust overwhelmed him that this weakling was his rival.

"Mr. Powell," said the tall man, plucking at his beard. "Mr. Powell."

"Well!"

"Mr. Powell." His voice was as the croak of a raven. "Mr. Powell . . . I can't . . . I can't . . ." There was suffering in every line of his body, in the poise of his head, in his stooping shoulders, in the huge hands hanging limply.

The younger man nodded; a storm of wrath creased his forehead, his lips muttered curses, yet he still smiled. "What are you doing this way, Dave? Out for a stroll, hey?"

"How? I dunno, Mr. Powell; I dunno. A fine night it is, sure enough. I aint doin' nothin' very much." He hesitated a moment, as though trying to repeat a lesson learned by heart. "Mr. Powell," he continued hoarsely, "when you look back after some big change in your life, sorrow, sickness . . . friends leavin' you . . . an' git to see all the things you done wrong . . . all the harsh words you done say . . . you'd give a heap to have one more chance to do better. God knows they didn't seem to amount to very much at

the time . . . but . . . afterwards . . . I'd give my soul to have everything over ag'in." He swayed slightly from the knees. "But if we did have everything over ag'in, Mr. Powell, I guess we'd act the same ways. We wouldn't know what we'd done before, would we? An' then it wouldn't help any. Bein' careless, forgettin', leavin' things undone . . . an' never a harsh word in return, Mr. Powell, all these three years. Allers ready to help, allers willin', allers lovin' an' true. . . . An' her eyes, Mr. Powell . . . I seen them just full of happiness when I come near! An' her lips that couldn't say what weren't true if she'd ha' tried! An' me . . . just an ornery feller like me . . . no good, allers in debt, allers away off in my payments, never able to give her any little present, allers afraid she'd despise me, never able to tell her how I loved her! I knew she done got lonesome here, it weren't the sort o' home I looked fer, Mr. Powell, when she married me, but . . . but she . . . why she'd have cut off her right hand sooner than she'd complain. An' the house as clean an' neat, everything fixed just so you couldn't tell how poor we was! Yit many's the time I done come in outen the ranch an' set down to breakfast without so much as sayin' good-mornin'. God fergive me! Just 'cause things wasn't runnin' my way an' I was feelin' mean. But, Mr. Powell, I allers were sorry when I seen her settin' opposite me, so mournful an' kind-hearted, knowin' she wanted to help me. I allers were sorry, but I weren't never man enough to say it, never."

The man on the boulder cleared his throat. In the far distance, a coyote howled mournfully and he shuddered.

"God help me, Mr. Powell. An' me left! She gone an' me left!"

The man on the boulder gave a strangled cry. "How's that? Gone!"

"I feel like life wasn't wuth livin'. Everything's different. All this yere is the same, yet different. An' never no more can it be the same. Down thar in the house thar's the tables, an' the chairs, an' the water in the kettle, an' the sewin' whar she done lay it aside last night, thar's the bread ready mixed fer the oven . . . the best an' straightest wife a man ever had; the best an' . . ."

"Damn you!" interrupted the man on the boulder. "Damn you! talk sense. What are you drivin' at, anyway?"

The tall, ungainly man rubbed his knuckles across his eyes. "Haint you heard, Mr. Powell? Haint you? She's . . . she's . . ." He broke into hard, dry sobs that turned the listener's blood cold.

"Get on, for God's sake!"

"This mornin', Mr. Powell . . . she died." He turned and slouched away, leaving the other man seated on the boulder, staring at the little ranch-house in the valley.

W. TOWNEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1911.

Frogtown, Kentucky, has the distinction of having been the birthplace of a man who was President of the United States for the space of a single day. This was David R. Atchison, for whom the town of Atchison, in Kansas, was named. March 4, 1849, fell upon a Sunday. General Taylor was due to be inaugurated President on that day, but because it was Sunday he refused to be inaugurated till the next day, neither did he take the oath of office till the ceremony of inauguration occurred March 5 in front of the Capitol. Hence Senator Atchison of Missouri, who was at that time president pro tem of the Senate, by this peculiar combination of circumstances became President of the United States *de jure* from the hour of noon on March 4 till the hour of inauguration on the day following. Atchison lived many years after his retirement from the Senate and was careful to have this incident incorporated in his biography. He died in 1866.

Shingles are being displaced by slate and iron roofs, wooden packing cases by ones made of fibre, paper, and other materials, wooden sash by iron and steel, and building lumber by concrete, brick, steel, and stone. Statistics are given to show the millions of dollars spent by the men pushing the "substitutes," and by their advertising creating a tremendous prejudice against the use of lumber. It has been suggested that the lumbermen spend in advertising one cent for every thousand feet of lumber cut. It is pointed out that this would be little enough proportionately, yet would give a good sum, as 44,000,000 feet was cut in 1909, of an average value in excess of \$10 a thousand. Curious, isn't it, that natural products are going out of use because artificial products have supplanted them and gained the field by advertising?

A Betsy Ross flag, with thirteen stars in a circle, was raised June 14, Flag Day, on a pole erected on the identical spot where the stars and stripes first waved over the Continental army, on the heights of Middlebrook, at Bound Brook, New Jersey, after its official adoption by Congress on June 14, 1777. Washington had his headquarters at this place during June, '77, as well as the two following winters.

Wearing a long hatpin is forbidden by an ordinance at Baden, in the canton of Argovie, Switzerland. Any woman wearing a dangerous hatpin will be arrested by the gendarmes and will be fined not less than \$2.50.

ETON'S "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

The Annual Festival of England's Famous School.

"Glorious Fourth" were liberally dispensed by George III. He gave one to America and another to Eton. The latter donation was intentional; the farmer king happened to be born on the 4th of June, and his partiality for the historic school which stands by the waves of the Thames under the shadow of Windsor Castle prompted him to dedicate his birthday as the annual high festival of Eton boys. Last year "the Glorious Fourth" was obliterated from the calendar in pious tribute to the memory of Edward VII; this year, as the date fell on a Sunday, it was pushed forward a day to coincide with the coronation birthday of George V.

Given such unbroken glory of sunshine and warmth as favored the proceedings of Saturday, there is no function of the English year so picturesquely national as speech-day at Eton. The setting of the festival is of unrivaled charm. So thought the gadabout Pepsy when he surveyed the scene from Windsor Castle: "But, Lord!" he ejaculated to his diary, "the prospect that is in the balcony in the queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure." Gray was of the same opinion, with the difference that he praised the vision whether seen from Windsor or from his beloved Stoke Poges in the vicinity of William Penn's manor house.

Pepsy was so indolent that he "took coach" from Windsor to Eton; an inexcusable indulgence when it is remembered that the royal borough is but a few minutes' walk to the mellow red and gray walls of the famous school. Most of Saturday's visitors, even though mothers and sisters daintily attired in flimsy summer array were in the majority, elected the wiser course of walking over the Thames bridge and through the quaint and narrow streets to the chief scene of the day's festivities. For proud but somewhat embarrassed escorts there were relays of Eton boys, brothers and sons, resplendent in their shining pot-hats, their broad white collars, their truncated jackets, their scrupulously turned-up trousers. Restricted by tradition to those essentials of an Eton wardrobe, the youthful hosts laid both hands on such liberty as was allowed them and decked themselves in variegated fancy waistcoats and gorgeous socks.

In the day's crowded programme pride of place was given to the speech-making. As is so often the case with scholastic expressions, the term is a misnomer. The "speeches" are really recitations. In their range and variety they were symbolical of Etonian culture. A Kipling poem came first on the list, Tennyson followed, to be succeeded by Shakespeare, and Dante, and Poe, and Aristophanes, and Sheridan, and Virgil, and Racine, and Plato, and Heine. The reciters made a picturesque group on the platform of the School Hall, attired, according to immemorial custom, in quaint evening dress with black knee-breeches and stockings, and their delivery and action worthily won the enthusiastic plaudits of the large and distinguished audience.

Meanwhile, on the spacious Playing Fields ringed about by stately elms in full summer foliage, other Etonians were demonstrating the value of physical fitness. This was the scene of the great cricket-match, where bowlers bowled and batsmen batted and fieldsmen fielded to the strains of the Irish Guards band and the incentive of approving shouts and hand-claps. From the reciters in the hall will arise, no doubt, the poets and historians and critics of the future; another Gray or Shelley, perchance, or a Hallam or a Porson or a Fielding; but from the ranks of the cricketers, *pace* Wellington's famous dictum that the battlefields of England are won on the playing-fields of Eton, must be expected the admirals and generals of future years.

But the most striking scene of the day is the Procession of Boats on the "silver-winding" Thames, typical of Britannia's domain on the waves. This is reserved for the climax of the day's proceedings, heralded by that brief service in the chapel which is the occasion's tribute to religion and the impressive "Absence" ceremonial in the school-yard. The latter term is another misnomer, for the Etonian who would gain the privilege of "Absence" must be present to answer to his name. A gowned master calls the roll from the chapel-steps, and as each name is pronounced the owner doffs his silk hat for the day and becomes free of school discipline. It is an animated scene to witness, for the crews of the boats have donned their short blue coats and white or dark blue trousers, to say nothing of their flesh-colored socks, their garlanded hats, and flowing ties. With the response to the last name the masters abdicate their powers; the school becomes a democracy; the captain of the boats is greater than the provost because he owes his position to the popular vote.

And so the scene is transferred to the "hoary Thames." Nine boats in all form the procession, the van being led by the ten-oared Monarch of the captain. On either bank of the river, but especially on the shore facing the castle, the holiday-keepers are massed in dense lines; the stream itself is alive with crowded steamers and rowboats. But a clear course is kept for the procession as it moves slowly along the placid river, the waves of which are now beginning to glisten in the declining sun. The rowers keep faultless and rhythmic time, the oars beating the water like long, slender feathers, and coxswain and oarsmen rising and falling with the precision of a machine. When the boats pass

out of sight on the first stretch to round a distant island, the crews are still wearing their gala garb; when they come into the vision again they have cast their jackets aside and are gripping their oars more vigorously in shirt-sleeves. But the coxswains still hold between their knees great bouquets of flaming flowers and the color-scheme is strengthened by innumerable white and green and blue flags.

But the festival of color on the river's bosom is not the only picture to take the eye. High over the animated scene towers the sturdy keep of Windsor Castle, the gray and time-stained walls of British royalty's ancient palace. It is not for stones and mortar to portray emotion; the embattled walls look down impassively on the surging tide of youthful life on river and land; but no royal dweller within those walls could be other than deeply moved by the spectacle. In such scenes as these have participated in bygone generations youths of kindred aspect who in their manhood years were to serve their king and land in the councils of the state, or make the nation's songs, or pen her history on glowing pages, or frame her laws, or spare not their blood in battle's deadly strife.

Thus the golden day wore to its close. Darkness, such darkness as the young moon and the lingering glory of a June sun permitted, sank softly down over river and meadow and winding streets. Against that tempered background there shone out now and then brief flashes of vivid colored lights, or the cascading sparks and contorted flames of fireworks. The favored boats' crews sought their supper of roast duck and champagne, their less fortunate schoolmates raided the "tuck" shops of Windsor and Eton for one more orgy of jam-tarts and strawberries and cream; and then, "Lockup."

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, June 6, 1911.

Some years ago a Scotch laird found on succeeding to his estates that the house contained two portraits of a distinguished member of the family who had flourished during the reign of George III, one by Reynolds and the other by Raeburn. He knew nothing of pictures, and he decided that two portraits of the same individual need not be kept. The Reynolds was retained, while the Raeburn was presented to a public gallery. The worthy man was struck with consternation some time afterward when he found that his gift had been valued at 5000 guineas, and probably the picture would now fetch double that sum.

Mme. Curie, the famous French scientist, who has won so many laurels, is not eager to have woman assistants, and at present employs men, with one exception. That is a Norwegian girl who is regarded by many scientists as giving promise of duplicating the attainments of Mme. Curie. The girl passed her examinations with the highest honors and began to specialize in radio-activity, with the result that she won a traveling scholarship. Mme. Curie heard of her skill and her talent. She was glad to see the girl, and after talking to her for an hour begged her to become her assistant.

Indian students from the Carlisle School are in great demand in the East as mechanics and farmers. There are now 266 boys and 213 girls away from the school, at work. They are scattered throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, New York, and Maryland. Most of the requests for students come from persons who have had the students in previous years, or from those who have heard of the satisfaction they have given elsewhere.

To determine whether the phenomena of life could be made to disappear and be restored, remarkable experiments have been carried out by Professor Paul Pictet of Geneva, with startling results. In one case he froze live goldfish in water to 20 degrees Centigrade below zero, and three months later gradually melted the ice and brought the fish back to life.

The new Pilgrim monument on Cape Cod is 252 feet in height and ranks next to the Washington national monument as the loftiest structure of solid masonry on this continent. For all its location on the sand dunes at one of the most exposed points on the Atlantic coast, it shows no vibration in the strongest gales that sweep over the extremity of Cape Cod.

It has taken sixty years to explore completely the great Benue River, the principal tributary of the Niger. According to the bulletin of the American Geographical Society, the last unknown stretch of the river has been surveyed by Captain Strumpel, in charge of German interests at Adamaua, Kamerun.

It has been established by statistics compiled at the slaughter-houses that the Parisians really have a diminishing taste for beef and an increasing appetite for horseflesh.

Beavers have become so numerous and destructive in some parts of the Canadian northwest that the settlers have appealed to the government to exterminate them.

For extremely near-sighted persons spectacles have been invented in Germany in which the lenses are replaced by short telescopes.

FIRST OF CONGRESSIONAL HUMORISTS.

J. Proctor Knott, Whose Passing Recalls the Famous Burlesque Panegyric on Duluth.

James Proctor Knott, former governor of Kentucky, orator, lawyer, and congressman, who died at his home in Lebanon last Sunday morning at the age of eighty-two, closed a long and honorable public career, which began during the stirring times of the Civil War.

He was a native of Washington (now Marion) County, Kentucky. His education was obtained at home, where by hard study he fitted himself for the law.

During his congressional service he was recognized as one of the ablest speakers, deepest thinkers, and most capable members of the House. His power of oratory served him well, and in one speech, which will never be forgotten, he immortalized the city of Duluth. For several years prior to his death Governor Knott had been enfeebled and was practically blind.

The highest tribute ever paid him was from the pen of Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, who in his book, "Something of Men I Have Known," speaks of him as "the greatest story-teller of the age," in recounting a delightful evening spent with Governor Knott and the late President Cleveland.

Admitted to the bar in 1851, young Knott removed from Kentucky to Memphis, Missouri, where he began the practice of law at once, remaining there until 1862. Soon after arriving in Missouri, he was elected attorney-general of the State. In 1862 he returned to Kentucky, making Lebanon his home, and for six terms served as a representative in Congress. His State determining that it required a man of his marked attainments for its chief executive, elected him governor in 1883. He served until 1887, and "with clear head, and clean hands, he faithfully discharged every public trust." Quoting Mr. Stevenson:

"Mr. Knott entered Congress just at the close of the great Civil War. It was a period of excitement throughout the entire country, and of intense foreboding to the section he represented. In the debates of that stormy period he bore no mean part. He was counted a foeman worthy the steel of the ablest who entered the lists. A thorough student from the beginning of all that pertained to Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the Federal Constitution, he was equipped as few men have been for forensic contests that have left their impress upon history. The evidence of his ability as a lawyer is to be found in the satisfactory manner in which for three Congresses he discharged the duties of the trying position of chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. The ablest lawyers of both political parties constituted this great committee, and its chairman, if possessing only mediocre talents or attainments, would have been sadly out of place.

"But with his heavy armor laid aside, the genius of Knott was made manifest among more pleasing lines. Few speeches ever delivered in Congress have been more generally read, or so thoroughly imbedded into current literature, as one which he delivered soon after his first admission to the House. Duluth awoke one morning after its delivery to find itself famous. As 'the zenith city of the unsalted seas,' it has become known and read of all men. As such it will probably continue to be known for ages to come. The speech hopelessly defeated a bill making a land grant to a railroad, of which Duluth was to be a terminus. His mirthful prediction, however, as to its marvelous future, has been fulfilled. How true it is that 'jesters do oft prove prophets!' Bearing in mind that the great city of today then had no place upon the map, the words quoted from the speech will be appreciated."

Duluth, Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a brook, stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panted for the water brooks. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befel the benighted nations of the ancient world was their having passed away without a knowledge of the existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poetry, was in fact but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. As that name first fell upon my ear, a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me such, as I imagine burst upon the enraptured visions of the wandering Peri through the opening gates of Paradise.

That Governor Knott was deeply endowed with humor in its best sense, no one who knew him could doubt. In relating incidents that convulsed his listeners he gave no sign; his own features remained as solemn as if he were attending the obsequies of his dearest friend.

While governor of Kentucky he sent to the Hon. Stoddart Johnston a certificate, officially signed and bearing the impress of the great seal of the State, duly commissioning him as "Mister," a distinctive and honorable title that no Kentuckian had ever previously borne. This recalls the witty remark of Max O'Rell: "The only thing that Mr. Ingersoll seems to hold in common with his countrymen is his title of colonel."

"It was worth while to have known Proctor Knott," concludes Mr. Stevenson in his volume of reminiscences, "to have been his contemporary in public life, the sharer of his confidence, the guest at his hearthstone. In the highest sense of the expression, he was a gentleman of the old school. To him there was rare meaning in the words, 'Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust!'"

OVER THE BORDER.

Mr. William Winter Gives Us Some of His Impressions of the Land of Walter Scott.

Mr. William Winter would have us regard his fine volume, "Over the Border," as the natural sequel and companion of his earlier works, "Shakespeare's England" and "Gray Days and Gold." In those earlier books he tried to interweave a thread of Shakespearean interest, considering, as he does, that the study of Shakespeare is the study of life. In this, his latest work, which describes beautiful scenery and memorable places that are over the border between England and Scotland, he tries similarly to maintain an association as intimate as possible with Sir Walter Scott, whose works, he says, contain all Scotland and whose personality pervades every portion of his native land. Certainly Mr. Winter's book will be an unusual delight, both to those who already know Scotland and to those who have yet to make its acquaintance. He has the gift to no ordinary extent of a quiet and intense enthusiasm, and that he is a master of description and of expression is as well known as his name.

Mr. Winter went first of all to Edinburgh, and he tells us that Edinburgh must be seen and comprehended as an exponent of the colossal individuality of the nation. The city impresses the mind with the splendid intellect, the individual force, and the romantic charm of the Scottish character. We may assume that Mr. Winter's first visit was to the home of Walter Scott, No. 39 Castle Street, for this was the Mecca of his pilgrimage. He stood in the room in which Scott began to write "Waverley":

The room that was Scott's study is a small one, on the first floor, at the back, and is lighted by one large window, opening eastward, through which you look upon the rear walls of sombre, gray buildings, and upon a small slope of green lawn, in which is the unmarked grave of one of Sir Walter's dogs. "The misery of keeping a dog," he once wrote, "is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years and then died, what would become of me?" My attention was called to a peculiar fastening on the window of the study—invented and placed there by Scott—so arranged that the sash can be kept safely locked when raised a few inches from the sill. On the south side of the room is the fireplace, facing which he would sit as he wrote, and into which, at evening, he has often gazed, hearing meanwhile the moan of the winter wind, and conjuring up, in the blazing brands, those figures of brave knights and gentle ladies that were to live forever in the amber of his magical art.

Next to the study was Scott's dining-room, now used as a business office, but remaining practically as it was when Scott used it, while on the wall were two autograph letters, one in the handwriting of Scott, the other in that of Burns:

I was brought very near to him that day, for in the study was placed in my hands the original manuscript of his "Journal," and I saw, in his handwriting, the last words that ever fell from his pen. Toward the end the writing manifests only too well the growing infirmity of the broken Minstrel—the forecast of the hallowed deathbed at Abbotsford and the venerable and glorious tomb at Dryburgh. These are his last words: "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning"—and so the "Journal" abruptly ends. I can in no way express the emotion with which I looked upon those feebly scrawled syllables—the last effort of the nerveless hand that once had been strong enough to thrill the heart of all the world.

The author's eulogy of Scott, although brief, deserves to rank with anything of the kind that has preceded it. Not often have the great writer's virtues been so justly summarized or his genius more aptly appreciated. Scott, says Mr. Winter, was genuine. He suffered no torment from vague aspirations, he permitted no morbid repining, he displayed no egotism:

Neither amid the experimental vicissitudes of his youth, nor amid the labors, achievements, and splendid honors of his manhood, did he ever place the imagination above the conscience, or brilliant writing above virtuous living, or art and fame above morality and religion. "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the day," he said, toward the close of his life; "and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which, on my deathbed, I should wish blotted." When at last he lay upon that deathbed the same thought animated and sustained him. "My dear," he said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, "be a good man, be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." The mind which thus habitually dwelt upon goodness as the proper object of human ambition and the chief merit of human life was not likely to vaunt itself on its labors or to indulge any save a modest and chastened pride in its achievements.

In old cities, says the author, there is no keeping away from sepulchres. George Buchanan and Allan Ramsay rest in the churchyard, and also Robertson, the historian, and Henry Mackenzie. And what is Holyrood Palace but a sepulchre with its every stone redolent of Mary of Scotland:

The pilgrim could muse for many an hour over the little Venetian mirror—a small oval glass, of which the rim is furnished with crescents, twenty-two of them on each side—that hangs in the bedroom of Mary Stuart, in Holyrood Palace. What faces and what scenes it must have reflected! How often her own beautiful countenance and person—the dazzling eyes, the snowy brow, the red-gold hair, the alabaster bosom—may have blazed in its crystal depths, now tarnished and dim, like the record of her own calamitous, wretched days! Did those lovely eyes look into that mirror, and was their glance frightened and tremulous, or fixed and terrible, on that dismal February night, so many years ago, when the fatal explosion in the Kirk o' Field resounded with an echo that has never died away? Who can tell? That glass saw the gaunt, livid face of Ruthven, when he led his comrades of murder into the royal chamber, and it beheld Rizzio, screaming in mortal terror, as he was torn from the skirts of his mistress and savagely slain almost before her eyes. Perhaps, also, when that hideous episode was over and done with, it saw Queen Mary and her despicable husband the next time they met, and were alone together, in that ghastly room. "It shall be your doom to some of you," the queen had said, while the face of Rizzio was doing. Surely, having so injured a

woman—and such a woman—any man with eyes to see might have divined his fate, in the perfect calm of her heavenly face and the smooth tones of her gentle voice, at such a moment. "At the fireside tragedies are acted," and tragic enough must have been the scene of their meeting, apart from human gaze, in the chamber of crime and death. No other relic of Mary Stuart stirs the imagination as that mirror does—unless, perhaps, it be the little ebony crucifix, once owned and revered by Sir Walter, and now piously treasured at Abbotsford, which she held when she went to her death, in the hall of Fotheringay Castle.

Not inaptly Mr. Winter describes St. Andrews as the Canterbury of Scotland. It is indissolubly associated with the "zealots who fought and the martyrs who perished" in the strenuous days when liberty of faith and conscience was a thing to be fought for and, all too often, to be denied to others:

In the dark and dreadful pit called the Bottle Dungeon, still extant and malignly perfect, in the northwest sea-tower of its castle, George Wishart was held a captive, until burned, for heresy, in front of the castle gates, while Cardinal Beaton and his companions of the church looked on, merciless, at a martyr's death. The old guide, who now lowers his lighted candle into that foul abyss and prattles of its horrors, might make a tamer theme grotesque, but this is wholly tragic, and not even droll volubility can dissipate its gloom. Into that grisly and loathsome cavern Kirkcaldy of Grange, Norman Leslie and his fierce confederates cast the body of Beaton, and lapped it with salt, after they had murdered him in his bedroom of the castle, and dangled his corpse from the battlements. The windows of the cardinal's rooms in the great front tower still look upon the town. From that castle, when taken by the French, John Knox was carried away into captivity in the galleys. Not much remains of the grim old structure now, but, perched as it was upon a precipitous crag, jutting into the sea, with a broad, deep moat around its landward sides, it must have been a citadel of prodigious fortitude: it is formidable even in its ruin.

In the Town Church of St. Andrews stands the tomb of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, murdered for his base and cowardly desertion of the Presbyterian cause. But there is no body in the tomb, which was rifled in 1725 and the remains either buried elsewhere or scattered:

A pleasant drive of about three miles westward from St. Andrews brought me to Magus Moor, the scene of the archbishop's murder. The road winds through fertile lands and past the long walls of a park-like estate, and presently, near to the little village of Strathkinness, it ascends a hill and penetrates a thick wood. More than two centuries have passed since the fatal May morning when the doomed prelate, whose sin was ambition and whose offense was an alleged breach of faith, was there dragged from his carriage and barbarously killed, before his daughter's eyes. The country-side was a bleak moorland then, but over it then, as now, the wind blew softly and birds were on the wing. The grove that now covers that hillside, though dense and wild, is comparatively young. The scene of the murder is deep in its heart, and the visitor must leave his carriage and make his way on foot. A long, winding path, thickly strewn with needles of the fir, leads to the spot, and on it, closely embowered so as to be almost hidden by foliage, stands a grim pyramid of gray stones, on the front of which is an oblong tablet, whereon, in a few Latin words, is written the miserable story of crime and grief: "Hunc prope locum Jacobus Sharp, Archiepiscopus, Sancti Andree, a sevis inimicis adstante filia sua et deprecatrice trucidatus est. A. D. MDCLXXIX." Nine assassins fell upon the old man—he was in his sixty-first year—and cruelly and horribly slew him. He had gone to the Court of King Charles the Second, a Presbyterian, commissioned to represent his church; he had returned an Episcopalian and Primate of all Scotland, and for that he was doomed to die. Thus was accomplished, despite the frantic supplications of a daughter for her aged father's life, one of the foulest murders in all the long annals of crime, and one more of the many dark and hideous deeds that earnest men have done for the cause of religion and in the name of Him who was the Prince of Peace.

Dunfermline Abbey is found worthy of a chapter to itself. In the fretwork at the top of the church tower appear the words "King Robert the Bruce," and in a chapel near the north porch are two stone coffins, one open and one closed and sealed—the latter containing the bones of two sons of King Malcolm, one of whom, with his father, was slain at the battle of Alnwick:

The new part of the abbey is built immediately over the ruin of the old one, so that the ancient nave affords an avenue to the modern chancel, yet even in that modern structure the spell of antiquity asserts its power—for immediately under the pulpit is the tomb of King Robert the Bruce, and beneath the pews toward the north end of the transept rest stone coffins containing the bones of eleven of the earlier monarchs of Scotland. King Malcolm and Queen Margaret were buried side by side, near the altar of the former church, but their tomb, now a ruin, though carefully covered and enclosed, is directly east of the present building and outside of it. The bones of Queen Margaret no longer rest in that sepulchre, having been long ago conveyed away and buried in Spain. Bruce died at Cardross in 1329, and was buried in front of the altar in Dunfermline Abbey. In 1818 his coffin, of oak and lead, was discovered and opened, his skeleton was found entire, and an examination of it revealed the fact that the ribs had been severed with a saw, so that his heart could be removed—that brave, pious heart, which he had willed should be placed in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, but which, after many vicissitudes, was buried in Melrose Abbey. The bones of Bruce, it is said, are preserved with pitch.

The journey from Edinburgh to Inverness enabled an inspection of the Pass and battlefield of Killiecrankie. There is a memorial stone where Claverhouse fell, "perhaps, after Montrose, the greatest soldier that Scotland has known." When Claverhouse fell the scene was one of wildness and gloom. Now it is alive with farms and hayfields and all the evidences of prosperous industry:

It is the land of "Macbeth" through which I have been speeding—"How far is't called to Forbes?"—and at many a place upon those desolate, rock-strewn moors of peat and heather the Shakespeare-lover has seen the "blasted heath," the storm-clouds hanging low, fantastic masses of mist drifting over the wet earth, Macbeth and Banquo with their marching forces, and the dim shapes of the three Weird Sisters gliding upon the haunted air. It was toward Forbes that the victors were marching, on that day of destiny when the deadly purpose in the heart of Macbeth took form and voice in the evil angels who thenceforward were to lead him to his doom. Toward Forbes now. The sun, beneath dark clouds in the west, is sending down shafts of light upon a fertile valley,

the harvest in sheaves, the yellow fields of oats, the cattle in pasture and the sheep in fold, while the cold wind, sweeping over a woodland of birch and fir, is sweeter than honey. Forbes next—a cleanly stone town with a cone-capped tower in the middle of it; a place that is ample in population, active in enterprise, and abundantly possessed of the rewards of industry and thrift.

The battlefield of Culloden naturally proved a powerful attraction, and the scene made a deep impression on the author's mind. It is not, he says, in his power to paint its solemnity or to express the sublimity of its spirit:

The first intimation that you receive of the battlefield is a gray rock at the roadside, directing attention to a couple of stone cottages in the adjacent field—inscribed with the words, "King's stables: station of the English cavalry, after the battle of Culloden." The immediate approach to the centre of the field is made through a grove of pine-trees, with which Duncan Forbes, Laird of Culloden—generously considerate of a cause to which his ancestor, Lord President Forbes, was inveterately hostile—has caused it to be surrounded. You reach it almost before you are aware of its presence, and your heart must be hard indeed if you can look upon it without emotion. No spot that ever I have seen so melts the soul with a sense of desolation. I had been told that there is but little at Culloden, and in the sense of mere prose that may be true. There is a large, oval, grassy plain, thickly strewn with small stones. On one side of it there is a tall, round cairn. On the other side there is an irregular line of low, rough stones (they were placed there in 1881 by Duncan Forbes), to mark the sepulchres of the clans that died in this place—brave men, vainly sacrificed for a dubious cause and a weak leader. That is all. But to the eyes of the spirit that lonely moorland—once populous with heroes, now filled with their mouldering bones—is forever hallowed by glorious remembrance of the passionate devotion and adamant fidelity of men who were willing to perish for what they loved.

The Cairn of Culloden marks the burial place of the Scotch, and a simple inscription informs the visitor that "the graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans":

In a meadow east of the Cairn, called "The Field of the English," are buried the soldiers of Cumberland who perished in that terrible fight. Still further east, and at a point that commands a comprehensive, magnificent view of the moor, the valley, and the southern hills beyond it, stands a large, almost flat, rock marking the position of the Duke of Cumberland on the day of the battle, and now inscribed with his execrated name. Upon that rock you can climb, and as you stand there and gaze over the green, heather-spangled waste—seeing no motion anywhere save of a wandering sheep or a drifting cloud, and hearing no sound except the occasional cawing of a distant rook—your imagination will conjure up the scene of that tremendous onset and awful carnage in which the last hope of the Stuart was broken and the star of his destiny went down forever. Here floated the royal standard of England and here were ranged her serried cohorts and her shining guns. There, on the hill-slopes, flashed the banners of the Highland clans. Everywhere this placid moor—now brown and purple in the slumberous autumn light—was brilliant with the scarlet and the tartan and with the burnished steel of naked weapons gleaming under the April sky. Drums rolled and trumpets blared and the boom of cannon mingled in horrid discord with the wild screech of bagpipes and the fierce Highland yell; and so the intrepid followers of Royal Charlie rushed onward to their death.

At Inverness I met a bookseller, who said he had known a very old inhabitant who had pointed out, upon Drumossie Moor, the exact burial-place of Keppoch, the gigantic chief of the Macdonalds, who fell while vainly urging his discontented followers into action. That spot the veteran remembered, because, when a boy, it had been shown to him by his father, a survivor of Culloden fight; and persons digging there found the bones of a very large man.

The Pass of Glencoe gives occasion for another vivid piece of writing:

It is one effect of solemn emotion that it causes you to observe trifles with acute perception, and I think no person of a sensitive temperament could approach that little village of Glencoe without such feelings of awe as would impress the scene upon his memory forever. The place of the massacre lies near the entrance to the glen, and it is marked by a simple granite shaft. Scarce anything remains of the shielings of the McLan tribe of the clan Macdonald—the wretched victims of that hideous crime—but you are told of the spot where the house of the chieftain stood, and you see the ruins of a few huts that once were the homes of his unfortunate tribe. Time, that heals all wounds and tries to hide all scars, has gently covered every vestige of the inhuman butchery with verdure and bloom, and that scene of horror is now a peaceful hamlet, in which you can hear the sound of the church-bell and the laughter of children at play. All the same, there is a shadow on the place that nothing can remove—a sense of unspeakable terror and dread.

We have a pleasing picture of primitive life in Iona with its village of a single street. The only causes of death in Iona are old age and accident, and old age here is no mere figure of speech:

The settled part of Iona is a slope upon its eastern shore, not distant from the northern extremity, a region somewhat protected, by the hills, from those westerly and southerly winds that are the scourge of the island. There are only a few roads, but the pedestrian can readily make his way almost anywhere, without fear of trespass. The inhabitants are generally religious and are orderly, courteous, and gentle. No physician dwells in the place and no resident of it is ever sick. Death may come by drowning or by other accident, but, as a rule, the people live until they are worn out, and so expire, naturally, from extreme age. The Gaelic language, although it is dying away in the Highlands, is still spoken in Iona. The minister, preaching on alternate Sundays at Iona and at Bunessan, in Mull, speaks in English first, and then repeats his discourse in Gaelic, or he reverses that order, and for both sermons he has an audience. It was my good fortune to hear his discourses in company with about fifty other persons, seated on wooden benches in a whitewashed room, and I have not heard a preacher more devout, earnest, sincere, and simple.

Mr. Winter has given us a delightful book, and one that can be read with equal pleasure by the experienced traveler and by those who have the delights of a Scotch town still ahead of them. His book is not avowedly a guide-book, but it would be hard to find a better one or one so full of a cultured appreciation.

OVER THE BORDER. By William Winter. With twenty-four illustrations. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$3.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Love and Marriage.

It is needless to say that whatever is written by Ellen Key has a serious purport, that her contentions have a hearty conviction behind them, and that they are advanced with a logical and forceful precision that is compatible with both moderation and restraint. We need have no quarrel with her because she attacks institutions that we have grown to regard as sacred and vital to our progressive communal life. It is well for us that we should thus be forced to defend them without appeal to the weapons of prejudice or superstition. If they can not be so defended then they are already doomed.

The author does not plead for free love, but for freedom of love, its release from the restraints of existing law, and still more from the religious and ethical sanctions that are artificial. She asks us if we are certain that monogamy is indeed a law of the higher culture and that it is actually a cause, instead of a concomitant, of our civilization. She questions our right to identify the human institution of marriage with the ethical laws of nature, or to assert that a ceremony can moralize a function which, without that ceremony, is immoral. What, she asks, has a ceremony to do with the moral law? And finally she asks us to reconsider the conventional thought that chastity is any and every kind of sex relationship that follows a human ceremony, and that unchastity is any and every kind of such relationship that precedes that ceremony or that dispenses with it.

Into the "new marriage law" advocated by the author there is no need to enter at length. Reform must consist largely in the repeal of old laws rather than in the enactment of new ones. Marriage must be a personal relationship which the law is chary of touching. Divorce must be granted freely and at the request of either party. Maternity must be regarded as a service to the State and domestic labor must be placed on a footing with all other labor. Property rights after marriage must be the same as they were before, and children must be wards of the State wherever such wardship is necessary.

It would all be very startling if we had not heard it before from Plato and from his more or less avowed disciples ever since. It may even be that the marital irregularities of the day are now so numerous as almost to regularize themselves by the force of numbers, and this in the general direction indicated by the author. In practice, if not in theory, we have nearly reached the point where the ceremony of marriage is regarded as a sociological convenience, a social contract useful only for the regulation of subsequent problems and to be discarded on a whim. Whether the present tendency will persist in the evolution of our ideas remains to be seen. But something is gained by recognition of facts, by a rending of the veil of hypocrisy, and so far at least the author helps us substantially.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By Ellen Key. Translated from the Swedish by Arthur G. Chater. With a critical and biographical introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Panther's Cub.

Agnes and Egerton Castle have given us some fine novels and some that are not so fine. "Panther's Cub" is among the latter. Some of its characters are detestable, few of them are even likeable, and the character of the heroine is left in a nebulous condition until the end, suggesting that the authors themselves were of uncertain intention. The artistic verities are somewhat preserved by the ultimate reformation of Lord Desmond, the cold and clammy aristocrat who first tries to ruin Fifi, and then, melted by her innocence, marries her. We distrust such reformations.

Fifi is the "panther's cub," her mother, the "panther," being Mme. la Marmora, the illustrious prima donna who has been discovered under more than dubious circumstances by the impresario Baron de Robecq, trained for the opera, and is now awaiting introduction to a London audience. The prima donna is a cross between a volcano and a wild beast, hence her sobriquet of panther. First immuring her daughter in a succession of boarding-schools, she feels at last a spasm of love for her, and then hates her furiously when she finds that she is now old enough to be a rival for the love of Lord Desmond. The one fine character in the story is the old German musician Meyer, who alone is able to exercise some sort of restraint over the terrible La Marmora, and whose relationship to her and to her daughter is not explained until the final chapter. The story contains some memorable features, but it is marred by a lack of compactness and by the worn-out fiction that a middle-aged aristocratic roué can be turned from his evil paths by a young girl whom he tried to ruin only the day before.

PANTHER'S CUB. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Old Dance Master.

Mr. Paterson makes a delightful presentation of all the old stage properties, brought once more into the light and polished until they look like new. There is the beautiful

illegitimate daughter of a lord, and we find her as the adopted daughter of a London cab driver. There is a German baron reduced by adverse fate to the mastership of a dancing academy, and there is the English baronet who is a little insane on the subject of human equality, but who is immeasurably shocked when his son proposes to put his theories into practice by marrying the aforesaid adopted daughter of the cab driver, whose illustrious origin is still wrapped in obscurity. The story is told with a full old-fashioned flavor and with a wealth and accuracy of London dialect and characterization that fits admirably with the plot and with its well-worked features. It is to be welcomed as a clever, humorous, and romantically satisfying piece of work.

THE OLD DANCE MASTER. By William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift). Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25.

Master Musicians.

Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden reminds us, although tactfully, how little the world of music owes to the Anglo-Saxon race. He calls Henry Purcell the "one really great name in English music before the days of Handel and Bach," and even his compositions are seldom performed. Indeed he makes an effort to show that Handel was a sort of Englishman, that he became naturalized in England and produced nearly all his great works there. But from this we can take small comfort. Handel was born at Halle in Germany. He was a musician long before he came to England, and with Handel eliminated there is no one left except Purcell, and we look askance at Purcell and question his right to sit with the great immortals.

Mr. Hadden distributes his 254 pages among Handel, Bach, the Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Wagner. Then we have a "cluster from the operatic branch," consisting of Gluck, Weber, Meyerbeer, Gounod and Bizet, Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, and Verdi. Lastly come the "stars among the planets," Clementi, Pleyel, Dussek, Cramer, Hummel, Czerny, Moscheles, Czeruhini, Spohr, Berlioz, Brahms, Grieg, and Tchaikowsky. The author explains that he has attempted no criticism and that he has avoided technicalities. He has written about the men rather than about their music, for the amateur rather than for the professional, for the young rather than for the adult. This work has a distinct biographical value, while the fifteen portrait illustrations are gems.

MASTER MUSICIANS. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. San Francisco and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75.

The Arrow-Maker.

Mary Austin's three-act drama was staged at the New Theatre and is therefore familiar to the dramatically inclined public. None the less we are grateful for an explanatory preface which relates it broadly to the woman's question and so makes it as much at home in civilization as in Indian savagery, in New York as on the Painted Desert. An Indian setting is particularly favorable to the idea because the lack of privacy in the Indian life prevents the growth of obscuring convention. Chisera, the Medicine Woman, is the genius who obtains her powers from the gods, and the tribe demand the use of these powers on their behalf because of the "unreasoned conviction that a great gift belongs, not to the possessor of it, but to society at large." Ethically considered, the unreasoned conviction seems to be in the right of it, and so the tribe use the Chisera to their own advantage. Then comes her own love affair, her desertion by the arrow-maker as soon as she has served his ambitious ends, and her final self-dedication to the service of the tribe, who will use her but who will never love her. But if the Chisera is a type of the woman of today we may note with some amusement that she uses her magical powers remorselessly for the advancement of her lover. This is magnificent, but is it war?

The play is intended to draw attention to "the enormous and stupid waste of the gifts of women" and to the ridiculous and stupid obsession "that a gift for mothering must not be exercised except in the event of a particular man who, under certain restrictions, is able to afford the opportunity."

THE ARROW-MAKER. A drama in three acts. By Mary Austin. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.

Learning.

Mr. John Jay Chapman's essays, even if not strikingly illuminative, make us feel the presence of a sincere and vigorous mind, a mind that is full of good wishes and of a desire for truth. But real pearls are by no means rare. Seeking to account for a certain low order of American education, he finds the foes of education to be business and "uninspired science." By uninspired science he means the precise and bounded knowledge which is not a specialization from a great background of general culture. Our science, he says, knows how to feed the silkworm, but it does not know that the soul of man must be fed on the Bible and the Greek classics. European science is tempered and qualified by the old learning, by the culture that is taken for granted, and that must be the groundwork for specialized achievement. We can not afford, he says, to surrender any of the knowl-

edge that the world has ever gained. If we do we relapse. There is no such thing as a new start. We must build on the stones already laid. The science that is thus inspired is mellow, persuasive. Uninspired, it is brutal, tyrannical, dogmatic.

With similar perception Mr. Chapman explains the "realism" of the stage. It is due to the deadness of wit of those who are the victims of commerce and science. They have never been taught to imagine. There are twelve essays in the volume, all of them meditative, earnest, and temperate.

LEARNING AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25.

Italian Opera.

Mr. Henderson's volume is not one to be overlooked by lovers of opera who are interested in the history of its development from the lyric drama. Opera, says Mr. Henderson, "is a child of the Roman Catholic Church" and of its ceremonies, and of this we have an initial two chapters of demonstration.

The greater portion of the volume is devoted to a study of Poliziano's "Orfeo," and here the author adds substantially to our knowledge by a careful piece of historical analysis. The legend of Orpheus was the inspiration not only of Poliziano, but of the beginners of Italian opera, Peri, Caccini, and later of Monteverdi. "Orfeo" was not an opera, but Mr. Henderson tries to show that it contained many of the essentials of the opera and is therefore entitled to pioneer place.

SOME FORERUNNERS OF ITALIAN OPERA. By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

Brief Reviews.

The American Book Company, New York, has published an "Historical Reader for Schools," by Horace L. Brittain and James G. Harris, compiled from leading American orators for use in upper grammar grades and high schools. Price, 75 cents.

From J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London, comes a little volume of stories from the Indian Epic of the Ramayana, with two stories from the Mahabharata. The title is "The Divine Archer," and in addition to this, the title story, there are "The Five Princes" and "What Love Can Do." Price, 60 cents.

"The Scoundrel of Militarism," by Asenath Carver Coolidge, is a rather weak little story written in protest against the military spirit which is being fostered by the Fourth of July celebrations, boy scouts, military pageants, and the like. It is published by the author at Worcester, Massachusetts. Price, 25 cents.

Another little volume on "new thought" lines is "Thinking for Results," by Christian D. Larson (Progress Company; Chicago). The book is small, but it is of the tabloid variety. For example, only twelve lines is needed to outline a mode of thought by which "disease would be practically banished from off the face of the earth."

Readers of magazine verse are familiar with the name of Robert Valentine Heckscher and will welcome a volume of verse just published by Sherman, French & Co. under the title "Through Dust to Light" (\$1). Mr. Heckscher defines his motive as the "illustration of law" or the "interpretation of natural phenomena in terms of life." It is a large and a worthy aim and Mr. Heckscher pursues his quest with a pleasing sincerity.

"The Crucible of Dreams," by Constantine Marrast Perkins (Neale Publishing Company; \$1.25), is a volume of poetic reveries supposed to be induced by a howl of beaten brass once presented to the author by a Buddhist priest with solemn injunctions to preserve its sanctity. The author has some poetic ability, as well as a gift of mystical expression that gives suggestiveness to his verse. The book is handsomely prepared with marginal decorations.

Roger Sprague is the author of an interesting little volume descriptive of his somewhat extensive journey through China after a two years' residence in that country. It is entitled "From Western China to the Golden Gate: The Experiences of an American University Graduate in the Orient." The book is rendered still more attractive by thirty illustrations from photographs by the author. The publishers are the Lederer, Street & Zeus Company, Berkeley.

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America in the Making.

We have here a course of lectures delivered by Dr. Lyman Abbott to the students of Yale University, lectures that are intended to be practical rather than scientific, and religious rather than secular. But the author's conception of religion from the national point of view is a broad one. He quotes with approval Aristotle's conception of the object of a State. It is "to promote the virtue of its citizens." Religion, from Dr. Abbott's standpoint, is "to be inspired in all our life by virtue, to act in all our conduct nobly."

The author is therefore consistent in raising no clamor for legislation. New laws are not the panacea that he recommended to his hearers, although it need hardly be said that the parts of the social machine must be adjusted harmoniously and equitably. He sketches the difficulties through which the nation has passed, the unique factors in its development, the problems that have been created by those factors, but his dominant note is usually the personal one. Just laws can not be made by those who in their lives are unjust, nor can there be an equitable government by those whose personal conduct is undisciplined. Natural ideals must be based upon private ideals, and progress must depend upon the earnestness of the individual citizen in the regulation of his own life.

Dr. Abbott's plea for an extension of the Federal power must be left to speak for itself. No extended argument was possible within the limits of a comprehensive lecture, and perhaps the plea, at least in its present form, might wisely have been omitted. But there will be no disposition to quarrel with the author's general contention that the most pressing danger is not "the man on horseback, but the mob," whether it be of the rich or of the poor, the mob which by its very nature is lawless and which is the most cruel and the most despotic force in civilization.

AMERICA IN THE MAKING. By Lyman Abbott. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$1.15.

Christian Apologists.

Dr. Carslaw's little volume, which appears in the Temple series of Bible handbooks, is a clear and scholarly presentation of the early Christian apologists, of the charges brought against the primitive churches and of their defense by contemporary writers. Unfortunately it is marred by a certain ecclesiastical intolerance that weakens its case. That the early Christians should be accused of immorality is due to the fact that "their heathen neighbors doubtless judged them in accordance with their own impure imaginations and habits." That is as bad as it can be. The author must be aware that all the heathen writers put together never denounced the immorality prevailing in the early church with one-half the vigor of St. Paul himself, who thus confirms the assertion of Tacitus that the early Christians were "hated because of their crimes." Dr. Carslaw writes, of course, with marked ability, but always as though from a brief.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN APOLOGISTS. By the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, D. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

And now the superserviceable amateur proofreaders are having an orgy over the new Encyclopedia Britannica. They have found a number of misprints, but are somewhat embarrassed by the discovery that they are mainly confined to the sheets put in type and printed in America.

At auction the magazine *Human Life*, with its subscription list and office equipment, recently sold for \$2500. The publication had been in the hands of a receiver.

Brian Hooker's libretto of the new opera "Mona" will be published at once by Dodd, Mead & Co. "Mona," words by Mr. Hooker, and music by Horatio W. Parker, recently won the ten-thousand-dollar prize offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and it will be presented early next season. Mr. Hooker's plot concerns the days of Roman occupation of Great Britain, and his lines are said to be finely harmonious with his theme.

William Dean Howells has written a new farce, "Parting Friends," which has just been brought out by Harper & Brothers. It is the first work of the kind that Mr. Howells has done for some time.

Edith Wharton will have a two-part story, dealing with changes in the attitude of New York society towards marriage and divorce, in the July and August numbers of the *Century Magazine*.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton came back last week from Europe "just to get a place to do some work." It is all too busy on the other side, she said to her publisher, the Macmillan Company, for a person to get any ideas on paper, and she was returning to San Francisco in order to find sufficient peace for toil. "Europe is all right," she added, "as a playground," but I have definitely given up the idea of trying to accomplish anything there. Therefore, every time I go abroad I come

back more of an American." She said that after her next novel, which will be somewhat international in character after the style of "Tower of Ivory," she will deal with purely American themes, probably Western.

Fall hooks are already noted among publishers' announcements. The T. Y. Crowell Company will issue in September four novels by American writers: "A Watcher of the Skies," by Gustave F. Mertins; "Rainier of the Last Frontier," by John Marvin Dean; "Monna Lisa," by Guglielmo Scala; and "On the Iron at Big Cloud," by Frank L. Packard.

Two new volumes, just issued—"Wessex Tales" and "A Group of Noble Dames"—complete the thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy's works which for the past eighteen months has been in process of issue from the house of Harper & Brothers.

Henry S. Harrison, author of that recent much-discussed novel, "Queed," was at one time a newspaper poet, and has to his credit over one thousand published pieces of verse. For over three years he wrote a daily rhyme for the *Times-Dispatch* of Richmond, Virginia, six days in the week. The verses were of every conceivable length, sort, and form.

Lilian Whiting has revised and brought down to date her well-known book on Boston literary and social life entitled "Boston Days" and the new edition of the handsomely illustrated volume has just been published by Little, Brown & Co. All the famous names associated with Boston pass in review in this work.

New Books Received.

OLD INDIAN TRAILS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By Mary T. S. Schaffer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

By the author of "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rockies," etc. With 100 illustrations and a map.

WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE AND THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Issued in the Heroes of the Nations series.

THE NELSONS OF BURNHAM THORPE: A Record of a Norfolk Family Compiled from Unpublished Letters and Notebooks, 1787-1842. By M. Eyre Matcham. New York: John Lane Company; \$5.

A contribution to Nelson literature drawn from the journals and correspondence of the Rev. Edmund Nelson and his youngest daughter, the father and sister of Lord Nelson.

NORTH AMERICA. By James Franklin Chamberlain, Ed. B., S. B., and Arthur Henry Chamberlain, B. S., A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; 55 cents.

Issued in the Continents and Their People series.

INFLUENCES OF GEOGRAPHIC ENVIRONMENT ON THE BASIS OF RATZEL'S SYSTEM OF ANTHROPOGEOGRAPHY. By Ellen Churchill Semple. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The author explains that the present book, as originally planned over seven years ago, was to be a simplified paraphrase or restatement of the principles embodied in Friedrich Ratzel's "Anthropo-Geographie." But finding that Ratzel's work had to be tested and verified, that it would be necessary to go over the whole field in the

light of later scholarship, the original intention has been modified into its present substantial form.

HISTORY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT. By Lewis H. Haney, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

"A critical account of the origin and development of the economic theories of the leading thinkers in the leading nations."

WAR DEPARTMENT ANNUAL REPORTS. In four volumes. Washington: Government Printing Office.

THOUGHTS FOR FLIRTS. By Mary Dale. New York: Hermann Lechner; 75 cents.

With illustrations by Isabella Morton.

SONGS. By Cy Warman. Boston: Rand Avery Company; \$1.

Eugene Field and Cy Warman were both "discovered" by Charles A. Dana. The publishers say "we are now putting these poems to the test."

CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Edited by St. Clair Baddeley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75.

A guide-book, with illustrations.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35.

A novel with the Prince of Orange for its hero. William marries Princess Mary of England to detach Charles II from France, and the brilliant, voluptuous court of the Merry Monarch forms a foil to the austere simplicity of the Dutch scenes.

THE STABILITY OF TRUTH. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25.

A discussion of reality as related to thought and action. The substance of the third series of the John Calvin McNair lectures delivered before the University of North Carolina, January 7, 1910.

THE SCOUNRELOF OF MILITARISM. By Asenath Carver Coolidge. Published by the author at Worcester, Massachusetts; 25 cents.

A plea for a sane Fourth.

THE MOUNTAIN THAT WAS "GOD." By John H. Williams. Tacoma: J. H. Williams; 75 cents.

"A unique and beautiful book about America's greatest mountain."

THE BUSINESS OF CONGRESS. By Samuel W. McCall. New York: The Columbia University Press; \$1.50.

A course of eight lectures at Columbia University.

MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

A study in the nature and development of man's spiritual consciousness.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF BIRCH-BARK ISLAND. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

A story for boys.

THE SECRET BOOK. By George Wemyss. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.20.

A novel by a new author.

THINKING FOR RESULTS. By Christian D. Larson. Chicago: The Progress Company.

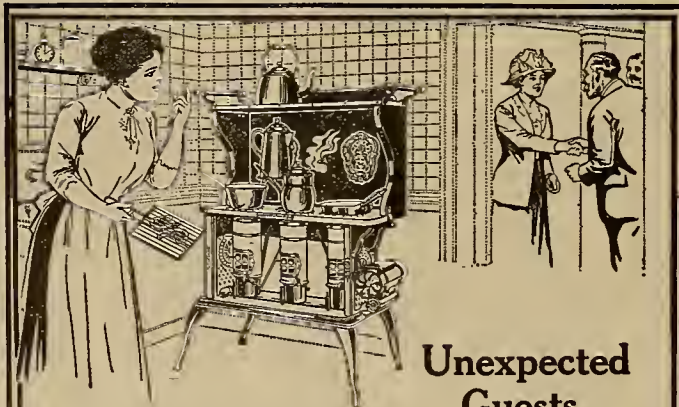
An exhortation to mental and moral culture.

WHITE MOTLEY. By Max Pemberton. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.30.

An aeroplane story by a successful English novelist.

IN HER OWN RIGHT. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," "Beatrice of Clare," and other well-known fiction.



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Since the injustice of the proposed "no-seat, no-fare" ordinance to the thousands who daily use street-cars has been fairly shown, by calling public attention to it through the press, such a mighty protest has been started against it that the unjust, impossible, and unlawful measure seems very likely to meet with the final disapproval of the hoard of supervisors itself, where the proposed ordinance originated.

The cry of "no seat, no fare," as it first came out, sounded well to many who had never stopped to think what effect the entire measure would have if it once became a city law. Writers of inflammatory utterances seized it and waved it gleefully before the people, distorting conditions and taking very good care to present only one side of the question, and that biased in the extreme.

The great injustice and unfairness of the proposed ordinance was shown in this provision: "No person desiring transportation shall be kept waiting for a car longer than ten consecutive minutes, except in case of accident resulting in the suspension of traffic."

Failure on the part of the street-car company to comply with this impossible measure was punishable by a term in jail and a fine. This was made arbitrary. No provision in the ordinance provided for one of the many causes of delay over which the operating company has absolutely no control, such as fires, Labor Day parades, public gatherings such as the Tetraxini appearance last winter, and others which could be named. Any of these would be sufficient to stop cars from running in certain sections of the city for more than ten consecutive minutes, and yet, while the company would be endeavoring to run its cars on schedule time, it would be unable to do so, laying itself liable to jail and fine.

No street-car company in the world has ever been able to provide a seat for every passenger at all times, and in all probability none will ever be able to do so. If this unwarranted ordinance were to go into effect, however, it would endeavor to perform that impossibility. So if a passenger, during the rush hours of the day, were forced to wait until a car came along which contained a vacant seat, he or she would be compelled to wait, very often, much longer than ten minutes. Such long waits in wind and rain during the winter season would cause distress and sickness in the ranks of the army of employees, business and professional men. Under conditions now existing they are carried to their destinations promptly, though some are compelled to stand. It is human nature to "get there" as quickly as possible, and any ordinance which would prevent busy Americans from hoarding a street-car unless it contained vacant seats would instantly lead to rioting, injury, and arrests.

The public has been aroused to the justice of the ordinance, and, with the usual American sense of fair play, has begun a mighty protest against the proposed infringement of its rights. It sees in the contemplated ordinance no iota of relief, but does see in it a plan fraught with menace to its peace and comfort.

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BARRIE AND BARRYMORE.

What fun Barrie must have with his audiences! It is easy to imagine the gentle satirist hidden in the shadowed corner of a proscenium box, remarking with quiet amusement the effect of one of his whimsical comedies on the crowd that has paid to see it. He would wear an expression quite different from the one that appears when he sits at his desk and writes of Tommy and Grizel, and the young couple in "The Little White Bird." He knows the playhouse public very well. He can estimate to a nicety how far it is safe to go in his display of its weaknesses, its foibles, its prejudices. And he delights to move a little faster than the pace of its comprehension, to mystify it a little and to leave it mystified.

He is as whimsical as Gilbert, and does not hesitate to use some of the same inversions, but never with a serious face. Gilbert had no sympathy with the figures in his plots; Barrie loves every one that he creates. He is the sentimentalist always, but he is wisely distrustful of sentimentalism on the stage, and glosses it with humor and satire.

Whether true or not, it is believed by many that Barrie had in mind, one after another, two American actresses when he wrote some of his plays. It may be accepted with some reservations. There would seem to be a higher appreciation in the thought that he desired to trust the beauty and the delicacy of his work only to players of rare intelligence and insight, and of distinctive personal charm, than in the belief that he consciously fashioned a character to fit a personality. Surely a player must be limited in capability who requires a medium of expression cut to measure. One of the discomforting reflections from Shakespeare's plays is the fact that no actress gave him the inspiration for his Juliet, his Perdita, his Desdemona. But some woman inspired them. It is the woman and not the actress that moves in the vision of the poet and the dramatist.

There is nothing of the fairy tale in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," but there is a great deal of the ultra romantic. The play is not new to San Francisco. It was presented here three years ago, and well described by another pen in these columns as "an unclassifiable but thoroughly delightful complication of seriousness and absurdity"; "a most piquant blend of tragedy and farce." It is a real story of real people, told with great cleverness. Perhaps it grew from that situation in the second act, where the romantic schoolgirl goes to the house of a bachelor under the delusion that he will save her mother and check a dangerous love affair in approved melodramatic style. That there is really no love affair, and that the bachelor is of the sort that could not possibly inspire a romance or carry on an intrigue, are characteristic Barrie whimsicalities, but they form and color the events of that one day of action with his never-failing humor and sentiment.

Both the boy and the girl are silly children, and only a mother's heart could excuse and overcome their perversities without deep hurt. Only the best of mothers could find such misdirection and affectation in her children on meeting after a separation of ten years and then comprehend and forgive instantly, and with tender regard clear away every present difficulty and delay the shock of real understanding.

Such a mother Barrie loves to present. Such a mother Ethel Barrymore plays, not only with knowledge and sympathy, but with convincing art. She has been fully capable of doing this for years, and with almost the same grace and depth of resource. Her technique was remarkable in her earliest years. Her name and her beauty were her most serious handicaps.

It is with that it has come to be the fashion with theatre reporters to take Miss Barrymore seriously. They might have begun more promptly. There are not so many American actresses of high and patient endeavor, of superior equipment, that the front rank is crowded. Miss Barrymore possesses that charm most rarely preserved in stage life, womanliness. It was hers while she was yet a girl, when life to her was almost as untried as it is to the daughter in this play. It is an aristocratic possession, a harmony of nature never to be acquired. There is but one actress on the English-speaking stage who is most frequently described as embodying this quality, and she is now in the autumn of her career. That is not too wild a hope, to look

forward to Miss Barrymore's acceptance as her American successor.

Two years have gone by since Miss Barrymore was seen here in "Lady Frederick," and "Captain Jinks," and "Carrots." The time has not been without its lessons for her, and she has profited by them. She seems more mature, for she is more mature. She is not so slender now, so girlish. But her voice, her eyes, her swift transformation of thought to action, her wonderful variety of expression without show of affectation, are still the same. There is more unconscious ease of control, a more apparent certainty of power. Her speech is still a delight, crisp and clear, never muffled or false even in emotional stress.

In Barrie's plays Miss Barrymore evidently finds the intellectual appeal that gratifies her taste, though it may not be said that she has hesitated to try any part that her manager has chosen for her. In Pincro's "Mid-Channel" she assumed a character that is not kin to any other in her experience, and she succeeded, not only in offering a firmly outlined and consistent delineation, but in convincing casual critics that she could form her own models and give them vitality. All the evidence for her pleased acceptance of Barrie roles is not found in the presentation of two plays by this author in a single evening. That arrangement may be Mr. Frohman's work.

However, thanks for the "double bill." To those who require it, it furnishes an opportunity for easy comparison. They can now judge of Miss Barrymore's indebtedness to "make-up" for the illusions she produces. They can determine at one sitting her degree of versatility.

Following "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" comes "The Twelve Pound Look," another Barrie play with a Britannic sealed title. The programme writer paraphrases it into "The \$60 Look," all in the kindness of his heart, fearing that it may be misunderstood. It never struck him that the first-mentioned play needed an explanation of its title to his readers even more certainly.

Miss Barrymore was a personification of mother love in the first play, and no less a devoted wife. In the second, a dramatic sketch of one act, she was a disciple of revolt, a wife who has run away from her husband because she could no longer endure his overhearing, vulgar pomposity, his "fat talk of success, his fat dinners, his fat friends," and has found independence and content as a typist with her own typewriter, which cost her twelve pounds.

Mr. Barrie has pictured the connubial mis-mating with his usual ingenious care. The husband has secured another wife, and the curtain rises on the unhappy pair. Impending knighthood with its gratifying honors weighs down the husband, and he is practicing the glide and genuflections with which he will approach the throne for the touch of the royal sword. His lady, in her court costume, is spectator and harassed critic. A typist calls to write his letters of acceptance, and both are surprised to find that chance has brought together again the deserting wife and the deserted husband. They are left together, and vainly the fat-witted soon-to-be Sir Harry tries to discover why the woman left his princely home for an eighteen-shilling-a-week income, earned by painstaking labor. Vainly, in fact, though the woman informs him frankly, and with humorous certainty of his inability to comprehend.

She tells him how she worked in secret, while still his wife, to earn twelve pounds, and how when she had that amount she bought her typewriter and went away to be free. He is incredulous, and insists that there must have been a man. "No," she says, "one sufficed." And then she warns him to beware the "twelve-pound look" in the eyes of the wife whom he believes to be contented with her fate. She goes out again, to his relief; but when his wife comes in and asks how expensive such a machine may be, the edge of reality cuts through his assumed indifference.

Very simply and familiarly produced are all the effects of this scene between the man who can see nothing but money-making success as an object in life and the woman who wants and obtains human sympathy and friendliness, yet only actors of accomplishment could make them impressive. There are few more vivid contrasts in the drama, contrasts so vital yet so wanting in pretense. Miss Barrymore is a figure no less womanly, no less dignified, but with another sort of hunger for the real things of life. It is, perhaps, not so strongly moving a presentment as her Alice, but it has a deeper individual significance.

There was a large and fashionable audience at the Columbia Theatre, Monday evening, the opening night of Miss Barrymore's engagement, and it enjoyed audibly the humor of both plays. But the broadest mark of appreciation was given to the serious and pathetic passages, when there was not a murmur of idle chatter in the auditorium, not a whisper to break the close and silent attention of a throng little inclined to such observance. The beautiful farewell of Alice to her youth, the turning to her sober fireside future, at the close of the first play, could not have had a more attentive hearing.

A company of special excellence surrounds Miss Barrymore. The leading man, Charles Dalton, has been seen here before, and he strengthens the favorable opinion he had earned. His Colonel Gray is a bluff and hearty English officer, home from India after long service, but with a dammed up accumulation of parental pride ready to overflow at the touch of a child's hand. The finer touches of the part are in his silent reinforcement of his wife's efforts to gain the trust of her daughter, of his quick self-effacement when the moving lines of the mother's part are being spoken.

In the afterpiece he presents a strongly contrasted character, and his face changes with his expression and voice. He is now a middle-class Englishman, obsessed by the money-making and wealth-exhibiting spirit, and the figure is real without a moment's loss of pose. There is humor in its make-up and its attitudes, but it is the humor of the unconsciously ridiculous. Mr. Dalton is not merely a character actor, he is one to whom no masculine figure in the modern drama could present unconquerable difficulties.

The sub-title to "Alice" is "A Page from a Daughter's Diary," and the daughter, Amy, in the play is impersonated by Louise Drew. It would be odd indeed if the daughter of John Drew, choosing the stage for her profession, should fail to display aptitude and promise. Miss Drew does not fail. Much of the strength of the entangling situations comes from her thorough understanding and precocious ease, and there is no trace of the novice in her work. It is a happy fortune which gives her so auspicious an introduction.

Angular, self-conscious, and slow of wit is Stephen Rollo, the bachelor who comes so near being made a Lothario without his knowledge or consent, by the romantic daughter of his old friends, but he is withal a kind-hearted gentleman. Frank Goldsmith clothes, looks, and speaks the part with an address that is unobtrusive but positive and finished. His lines make few bids for applause, but his presence is in every scene a most satisfactory accomplishment.

Helen Freeman as Leonora Dunbar is a sympathetic friend and able second to the romantic Amy. Thomas Kelly is a handsome, manly young Cosmo Grey in appearance, but he is the only member of the company who speaks with lack of precision. Alice Beresford has a taking little scene as the slavey in Rollo's chambers, and makes the most of it.

Mrs. Sam Sothorn as Lady Sims, in "The Twelve Pound Look," skillfully enlists the sympathy of the audience. She wears the diamonds and silks of her servitude with pathetic disinterest, and meekly replies to the demands of her lord and master while she breathes an inaudible prayer for relief. There is left little room for doubt that she would be willing to try any door of escape.

Mr. Frohman has sent his brightest star to us with an unimpeachable environment, even including the handsome if not elaborate settings of the three scenes shown in the two plays. The engagement is a dramatic event that may well evoke gratitude and praise.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Mist.

I fall—I fold
The hill, the world,
In closely clinging, cool embraces;
I bathe the lifted flower-faces,
I spread the lawn with fairy laces
And show all Nature filmy-styled.

I foam—I float,
A wreath-like boat
Among the mere-side's long, lush-grasses;
In torn and fringed-fluttering masses,
I glide adown the birchen passes—
A gray old Lear in tattered coat.

I wind—I breathe
A lattice—breathe
Between its bars—presage the morning—
Stir Beauty with a fine, faint warning—
Leave pearls, her mignonette adorning—
Then steal down vines to the bed beneath.

I creep—I crawl
By liehened wall,
And through a mournful iron grating,
To where the Dead lie still waiting;
As one that is blind, each graven slating
I trace for the name where my tears shall fall.
—From "By the Sea," by Anne Cleveland Cheney.

Hawthorn.

I know a dingle in a hawthorn wood
Filled with the fragrance of the perfect May;
Here the squat thorns for centuries have stood,
And Spring heaps blossoms on them, new and gay.

And in that moment of the shining day
Which sees the glamour of the rising sun
Slant the pale yellow of his early ray
On dew-drenched fallows, all the fine threads spun

By long-legged spinners in these twisted trees,
Float their gray gossamer, upon the breeze.
Here leaps the limber-footed listening hare,
And here the cuckoo, the small song-birds' care,
Calls from the willows in the water-leas,
Remote, elusive, a thin tongue of air.
—Pamela Glenconner, in London Spectator.

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W. S. Gilbert Reminiscences.

When the late W. S. Gilbert wrote "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," he sent it to *Punch*, but the editor returned it as being too blood-thirsty, for it will be remembered that "the elderly naval man" had practically eaten all of the *Nancy's* crew except himself. Whereupon Gilbert sent the ballad to *Fun*, which accepted it with delight. Gilbert never forgave the insult he considered he had received from the editor of *Punch*, and consistently refused to contribute to its pages up to the time of his death.

Questions have often been asked as to the real cause of the difference between Gilbert and Sullivan at one time, and many erroneous statements have been made on the subject. The truth is very simple and commonplace. Gilbert objected to the proposal of Mr. D'Oyly Carte to include the sum of £1500 for refurnishing the front of the Savoy Theatre in the preliminary expenses of "The Gondoliers." Sullivan did not support him in the way he thought he should, and for a time a coolness between them resulted. It was, however, always a matter of the greatest satisfaction to Gilbert that he and Sullivan were the best of friends again before the latter died.

Lillian Russell made her first appearance in vaudeville in six years recently at the Colonial Theatre, New York, and was heard in some of her songs.

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VANITY FAIR.

Some curiosity was expressed in this column last week as to the composition of the "sacred oil" to be used at the coronation. Why is it sacred? And how does it become sacred? Does the sanctity attach only to that particular batch, so to speak, or may we look upon sacred oil as a commodity and as such to be obtained in the usual way? And if so, what is the duty upon sacred oil under the Payne tariff?

These questions must remain unanswered, but at least we now know how the oil is made, or how it used to be made. Canon Maclean has written a book about coronations, and he tells us about the oil. It seems that previous to the year 1685 a miraculous oil was given to Thomas of Canterbury, and this was much in favor. They were a simple and a credulous people in those days. It was only necessary for a saint to say that he had had a vision in which the secret of the elixir of life, or an anointing oil of special efficacy, or a new spark plug, or something of that sort had been vouchsafed to him and every one rushed off at once to trade with him. They never asked any questions about it. They did not want to know where the vision had occurred, or what the saint had for supper, or whether his lemonade was absolutely pure. There was no society for psychical research, no scientific investigation, nothing of the sort. A vision was just as commonplace as a pain under the pinafore and to be accepted without comment. And so when Thomas of Canterbury said that heaven had given him a recipe for a new oil of course the new oil was accepted as a fact. Just imagine what we should say nowadays to such a claim. Suppose Mr. Cannon should announce a vision from heaven, or Mr. Elihu Root or Mr. Carnegie. Well, it just won't bear thinking about.

But after 1685 there was a change. Evidently the sacred oil had not worked well in the case of Charles I, who was unfortunate enough to lose the head upon which the sacred oil had been poured. The sanctity had worn off, maybe, so a change was made. In 1685 the king's apothecary received \$1000 for a small bottle of oil "exceeding rich and fragrant." What a price! And it was nothing but simple olive oil, and probably Dr. Wiley would have found traces of cotton seed in it even then. That apothecary lived before his time.

But we have the recipe for still another oil guaranteed to be of matchless efficacy for coronations. It was an oil of orange flowers and of jasmine blended with Spanish oil of "been," distilled oil of roses, distilled oil of cinnamon, extract of white flowers of benzoin, ambergris, musk, and civet. These must be mixed in a porphyry jar, then placed in a porcelain vase over warm ashes and spirit of roses added. The recipe does not say how it should be applied, whether with a rag and rubbed in, or three times a day after meals. And how about the sanctity? There you are, you see. The most important ingredient is omitted.

The Boston Herald wants to know who will look after the proprieties when the women are engaged in politics? Or will they be looked after at all, and if not, into what states of degeneracy may we not descend? The Boston Herald has asked this kind of question before, and we wish it wouldn't.

The majority of men would sink into savagery but for their wives. Let a man remain without supervision for a week and the chances are that he will be putting on his collar after breakfast instead of before, and as for shaving it will be a perpetual *mañana*. And can women regulate the affairs of the solar system as well as of their husbands? Mighty and profound as their minds are, can they find room for both?

Is it not with a sense of foreboding that every right-thinking man presents himself before his wife after he supposes that he has made himself ready for some social occasion. Her eye of cold appraisal rests upon him and he knows, and she knows, that he has not changed his socks. Think of the company that a man would keep, of the wretches that he would invite to his house, but for that intangible line that his wife has drawn between the elect and the people that nothing shall persuade her to meet or to know. Very few men have any real idea either of what they should wear or of what they should do upon special occasions. As the Herald reminiscences says, many a horrified wife has snatched in the nick of time from a careless husband's head the new and natty straw hat in which he had fatuously supposed he might attend the next-door neighbor's funeral. How often has a man turned meekly away in defenseless shame before the reproachful inquiry, "And do you mean to go in that waistcoat?" And now the admonishing eye is to be removed, and we shall be as sheep without a shepherd?

There is one form of meanness to which women seem particularly prone. Men also may sometimes be guilty of it, but there are no cases upon record. The iniquity referred to is the sending of a social invitation to professional singers, musicians, or actors, in

order to use their services gratuitously for the entertainment of other guests. There is an analogous form of imposition sometimes resorted to by women's literary and press clubs who invite professionals to perform at their meetings under the pretense that such favors to the "press" will advantage them in their careers. Women's press clubs usually attract all sorts of women except newspaper women, who are usually too busy as well as too dignified for such absurdities. Of the two pests, the social entertainer is by far the worst. To invite a professional on a social basis and then to ask him or her to perform is the act of a savage. A professional may offer to perform upon such an occasion, but that is quite another matter.

It seems that some Parisian hostesses are rather prone to this sort of iniquity, and the artists are getting tired of it. A few weeks ago Mme. Berthe Bady was invited to a social gathering and was asked by the hostess to recite. She consented, and then, in order that there might be no mistake about the matter, the hostess said, "How kind it is of you to work for us in this friendly manner." The emphasis on the word "friendly" was so marked as to show clearly enough that the service was to be gratuitous. After the recitation was over Mme. Bady took a silver card tray from a footman, and, imitating the musicians in the café chantants, she made the tour of the drawing-room and collected whatever contributions were available, and they were substantial ones. Then she handed the tray to her hostess and left the house.

Who are the people who initiate gifts and testimonials to celebrities, and why do they do it? Presumably it is a weird form of snobishness, an itching to be prominent, one of the many ways of using one's fellow-mortals for one's own advancement. Take, for example, the movement now started in New York by an Episcopal clergyman whose name shall not be further advertised in this column. It seems that this clergyman, whose time must surely hang heavily on his hand, has received a letter from some one in England to the effect that all Englishmen living in New York who are named George shall be invited to contribute toward a coronation gift to the king. The New York clergyman, who is one of the favored Georges, and who presumably is an Englishman, therefore takes up the matter with a vim and issues his clarion call to all the other English Georges to step up to the desk and contribute. Naturally they will do so when they understand that a list of the contributors, but not of the contributions, will be handed to the king.

What intolerable snobbery! What milk-and-water sentiment! It used to be a tradition among well-bred people that to give valuable presents to those who are rich was a vulgarity, and that testimonials to the wealthy should be of the simplest description and of the nature of tokens of good-will. To present the king with an address would be excusable, although silly, but to present something of value, something that has to be purchased with contributions, is more than silly. And why restrict it to those called Georges? Why should not the Toms, and the Henrys, and the Dicks contribute? Why should not their names also be presented to the king? Why leave them out in the cold of apparent disloyalty? It is not within the power of all the Georges in New York to give the king anything of such intrinsic value that he would desire to own it. Probably every one of the Maharajahs of India will give the king a present a thousand times more valuable. Why, then, let value enter into the thing at all? And the king will dispose of the present from the New York Georges in precisely the same way that he will dispose of the gifts of the Maharajahs and the other magnates of the world. To inspect them will be just one more troublesome, tiring duty added to all the other duties of formalism. And he will never think of any one of them again nor desire to see them. Jewels, unless they have some special natural interest or are in some way unique, are no more to him than colored beads, and as for the list of contributors, can we not imagine the king weeping tears of sentimental joy over these names of nobodies in dear far-away New York as soon as he can once get a moment of solitude away from the cares of state. That is just how he would spend his leisure, isn't it?

The object of those who promote this sort of thing is simple enough. They are the only ones who will get noticed in connection with it. The busybody in England may get a knighthood, and it is quite possible that the Episcopal George in New York will get a nice hand-written letter from a secretary expressing the king's pleasure at so "loyal and dutiful an action." It will be one of a thousand such letters to be written as matters of form. But the other Georges who put up the money will remain in that natural obscurity to which it has pleased a merciful Providence to relegate them.

Royal stock would go soaring if all kings were as good-natured as the King of Denmark, who has just been on a visit to Paris. A crowd of professional and amateur pho-

tographers, newspaper men and so on, were waiting for him outside his hotel on the morning after his arrival. Unluckily for them, the king left the hotel on foot and so was unrecognized. But after a few paces he hesitated, stopped, and then came back. "I suppose you are waiting for me," he said. "I am the King of Denmark. Where do you want me to stand?" And he posed for several minutes to the delighted camera men and probably earned for them the commendation of their newspaper employers, who would have been slow to accept any excuse for a failure. The King was actuated by a good heart, and probably he never reflected that his act was also "good business." But it was. If we were kings just now, we would be doing that sort of thing all the time.

New York is unique at least in one respect, inasmuch as she is the only city in the world that imposes a time limit to the wearing of the straw hat. She not only imposes it, but she enforces it by extending a sort of tacit license to the baby hoodlums and the infant thugs to work their sweet will upon offenders. In no other city on the face of the globe is such a convention to be found or one that is so enforced by affront and assault. An American dressed in muslin will receive more courtesy in the streets of Paris than he will receive in the streets of New York if he ventured to wear a straw hat with reference only to the heat and not to the almanac.

This is illustrated by a letter in the New York Sun. A couple of weeks ago an Englishman who was suffering greatly from the heat, and perhaps unaware of the hoodlum prohibition, put on his straw hat and marched down Broadway. The letter says:

As he moved along he became the observed of all observers. Men would turn around and smile in a half-amused, half-scared sort of way, and small boys would cry out: "Shoot the hat!" But the Englishman continued on his stolid way, apparently quite unconscious of the attention he was attracting.

At length a man stopped him with open eyes, as if struck to admiration. "Well," he exclaimed, "there goes one brave man!" Then, seized as it were with a spirit of emulation, he made a bee line for the nearest hat store and presently emerged wearing a resplendent straw of the latest mode. It became him so well and was so suggestive of coolness and comfort that the braver spirits who observed it could not resist the temptation of having one like it; and so it came to pass that the Englishman as he marched calmly along left a trail of straw hats behind him.

Good stories of W. S. Gilbert are naturally in order just at present. At one of his rehearsals some actress objected to produce a stocking. Gilbert looked at her for a moment in astonishment. "It is a curious thing," he

observed, "that some people seem to consider it indecent to show a stocking on the stage unless it has a leg inside of it."

The Russians have not contented themselves with copying a foreign art in their dancing, they have perfected it. Great musicians and artists saw its possibilities, and they set to work to do for the ballet what others have done for the opera. Tschaikowsky wrote the music for several ballets, each of which requires an entire evening for its performance, and of late years great painters have designed the scenery and dresses for new works. The result is that the Russian public regards the ballet not as an excuse for showing a number of pretty girls on the stage, but as a serious form of art, which may even lend itself to the presentation of poignant tragedy.

She—You deceived me when I married you.
He—I did more than that. I deceived myself.
—Boston Transcript.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

David Belasco was condemning two melodramas that had had an unmerited success among the less cultivated portion of the public. "The first," said Mr. Belasco, in his epigrammatic way, "was all blood and thunder, and the other was all thud and blunder."

A reckless golf player had just hit one of the ladies. "Why didn't you warn her you were going to shoot?" somebody asked. "I did," he protested. "I cried Fore two or three times." "Fore nothing!" the other man exclaimed. "To attract a woman's attention you should have yelled three ninety-eight."

A St. Louis traveling man, making his first trip through North Dakota, woke up one morning to find the ground white with snow. "For heaven's sake," he asked the hotel clerk disgustedly, "when do you have summer out in this country?" "I don't know," replied the clerk. "I have only been here eleven months."

Olaf Larson, working in a warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horrified, the other employees rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish. "Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tal 'em Ay had to come down for nails anyway."

The great baseball player's wife had never seen a game, but he finally persuaded her to view one in which he was to play. He was doing his best, of course. One strike had been called on him and, as usual in baseball anecdotes, two men were out and the bases were full. Our hero was gathering his strength for the swat he was going to give the ball. And the ball came. He knew it was his as the ball started, and with a mighty crack he lifted it into space. Dropping his bat, he sped for first, and ere the roar of applause burst out, a slight woman in the grandstand rose and called: "Will, come back here and put that bat where it belongs!"

This is a story of the Harvard "Gold Coast." Some students who had either a real or imaginary grievance against a taxicab chauffeur boarded his cab and rode all evening and part of the morning, winding up in front of the halls. They excused themselves to raise money enough to pay the bill and never came back. The next day the taxicab company was called up and the manager asked: "Did you have some Harvard students use a cab all night?" "Yes." "Did they evade the bill?" "Yes." "Did the chauffeur wait for four hours for them to come out and pay him?" "Yes." "And you were never paid?" "No." "Well," concluded the voice, "isn't that too bad," and the receiver was hung up.

The portly policeman put out a pompous hand. The effect was instantaneous. The streaming traffic ceased to stream, and the pedestrians poured confidently across the road. It was very pleasant, thought the policeman, who was new to his job. With one single little finger he could hold up an entire street, and he smiled with conscious pride as he realized his greatness. But suddenly he became aware of a gaze fixed curiously upon him. The gazer was the driver of a mere four-wheeler, a shabby, ragged fellow, who had no right to stare at anything but his own ill-kempt reflection. The bobby stood his scrutiny for a while. Then he frowned, and asked sharply: "Now, then, what are you staring at?" The cabby shook his head as he replied: "Well, to tell you the truth, guv'nor, I was jest tryin' to give it a name!"

During the American invasion of Porto Rico, in the course of the war with Spain, General Tasker H. Bliss, with his troops, was stationed near a village held by an overwhelming force of Spaniards. Orders were to keep his "eye peeled" and, if he heard anything suspicious, to fall back about eight miles. Instead of this, his men turned in one day and captured the village, chasing the Spaniards out. The next day the commander of the American forces came along to find Bliss sitting in front of the home of the chief man of the village. The commander asked him why he had attacked the Spanish force, when he knew that he was outnumbered. "Couldn't help it," said General Bliss. "You see, my men have been hungry for some days, and the wind blew toward them from the village, and some squaw was frying onions over there. And so—"

The new minister wrote a note appointing Henry Horn to make a soothing address to a band of insurgent workmen in the parish, but Henry's wife appeared and objected. "It's out of the question," she said. "Henry can't talk to anybody." "But he's just the man who can do it," said the pastor. "I chose him for his tact." "Tact?" said she. "Yes, tact. The church papers show that last year eight men in the parish who were engaged in haz-

ardous occupations suffered a fatal accident, and in each case Henry Horn was appointed to inform the family of their loss. If he had not been a tactful man he would not have been chosen." "Oh," said she, "it wasn't on account of his tact; it was his stuttering. It took Henry so long to tell it that the folks found out there was something the matter before he got to the point, and were saved the shock of hearing it suddint."

The wit of the Duc de Morny, who was believed to be half-brother to Napoleon III, and his chief assistant in the coup d'état of 1851, was only equaled by his political sagacity. According to his most recent biographer, Frédéric Loliée, he seems to have been an opportunist of the perfect dye. "It is said," a lady remarked to him at a time of political excitement, "it is said that a clean sweep is to be made of the Chamber of Deputies. What will you do, Monsieur de Morny?" "Madame," said the maker of the Second Empire, "if the broom is to be used, I shall try to place myself on the side of the handle."

The druggist approached the Celestial gate. St. Peter opened the portal for him and bade him enter and join the heavenly choir. "Not so fast," admonished the compounder of pills. "Before I go in there I want to ask a few questions. Have you any city directories in Paradise?" "No," replied St. Peter. "Any remedies for growing hair on bald heads and door knobs?" "We don't know what they are." "Do you sell stamps?" "We don't use them here." "And last, but not least, have you any telephones?" "We have not." "Then I'll go in, for I guess this is Heaven all right, all right."

Captain Hardress Lloyd, the English polo player, was talking about international marriages. "Really, you know," he said, "it isn't true that all the titled husbands of American girls are scoundrels. I sometimes think that you Americans, especially those of you that hail from Chicago, are too hard on our poor marquises and earls. A Chicagoan, I understand, was being shown through a New York picture gallery by his nephew. He paused before a striking portrait. 'That, Uncle Cochon,' the nephew explained, 'is a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte—the man the Duke of Wellington got the best of.' The uncle frowned and said angrily: 'Durn them foreign noblemen—how much did he lend him?'"

Jones had passed a weary night. He was English and traveling abroad. The strange hotel bed, the passing trains, the midnight cats, and morning cocks had all contributed to his restlessness, and it was not until 7:30 o'clock that he fell into his first really comfortable doze. Bang! Bang! He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the "boots" rapping at his door. "Well, what is it?" he grumbled. "A telegram, sir," replied the boots, in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?" "Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones, crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy." "I can't do that, sir," replied the boots, anxiously. "It's on a tray!"

Andrew Carnegie says in his latest essay, on "Dr. Golf": "I notice a recent estimate of the money already expended in greens and clubhouses in the United States is fifteen million dollars. The charm of golf, who can analyze and decide in what it really consists? We are under the sky, worshippers of the 'God of the Open Air.' Every breath seems to drive away weakness and disease. A cousin of mine made his first trial one morning on Skibo links, and, as is often the case when taking it all easily and not trying hard, he succeeded wonderfully. He could hardly wait for the morning game. We started and he footled everything, and at last I heard exclamations, and called out to him: 'What "nation," Morrison?' He replied apologetically: 'I know, I know, I felt it, but I didn't think I said it.' We have a celebrated professor who was lost from sight for a time. His caddie at last came in sight, and being asked, 'Where's the professor?' called out, 'He's down among the whins, talkin' to hisself.' A deacon was reported as having resigned from his office in the kirk. Being asked why he did so by his minister, he explained that he had either to resign or quit playing golf, and he knew he couldn't do that."

A one-ring circus was torn down in Georgia. The main top was blown down, the menagerie tent was destroyed, all the cages were upset and the animals escaped. The management huddled about a stove in a cross-roads store and peered pessimistically into a dismal future. The chances were they would never get the animals back. The chances were better that some one would be injured by the savage and ferocious beasts, which were exhibited at one price of admission. By and by a negro approached. "Did you all lose a GI-raffe?" he asked. Type fails to convey the peculiar darkey tenor. "We lost everything," said the manager shortly. "But

we'll pay you if you get the giraffe back." "It oughter to be worf two dollah to git dat GI-raffe back," said the darkey. "Pear lak he a powahful bad-tempehed GI-raffe. If Ah hadn' wallopped him wif a club, dat GI-raffe would done bit me." "GI-raffes don't bite, you fool," said the manager, head in hand. "GI-raffes kick. But you bring him back and we'll give you two dollahs." "Dis GI-raffe bites," insisted the colored man. In a few moments he reappeared, leading by a rope around his neck Nero, The Most Ferocious Man-Eating Lion in Captivity. "W'oa," said he, jerking at the rope. Nero stopped obediently in the rain. "Gimme mah two dollahs, w'ite man," said he. "Heah's youah GI-raffe. An' he do bite."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Balls.
This world is but a ball
To all.
High-foot—, basket—or base—,
To chase.
Billiard—, or golf—, codfish—, or puff—,
Masked—, saltatory; smooth or rough.
Foul—, fair or slow, or high or low,
Hot grounder, or just plain old snow—
It is a ball,
That's all.—Chicago Journal.

A Hopeful Case.
"I can't take your case," said the lawyer.
"You are doubtless an innocent man;
But, on evidence quite circumstantial,
If they try to convict you, they can."
The prisoner replied, "You're mistaken;
I'm guilty as guilty can be."
And the lawyer grew suddenly hopeful.
"I think I can clear you," said he.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Another Species.
"Your brow is like a lily, dear!"
"Ah, no," she said. "You're silly!
Imagine, now, a maiden's brow
As perfect as a lily!"
But still I swore that it was true;
And still the girl protested,
And shook her fair head sagely, where
Upon my arm it rested.

A trifling thing for argument,
And yet, the altercation
Furnished us two the evening through
A theme for conversation.

"You'll find that you are wrong," said she;
And, when I had departed,
Her words proved right. That very night
Poor I was broken-hearted!

For, where her brow had rested on
My shoulder for an hour,
Brings proof in sight, that "lily's"
Another kind of flour!—Milwaukee News.

Quite Different.
Oh, he preached it from the housetops, and he
whispered it by stealth;
He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful
curse of wealth.
He shouted for the poor man, and he "ran" the
rich man down;
And also every King and Queen who dared to
wear a crown.
He halloaed for rebellion, and he said he'd head
a band
To exterminate the millionaires, to sweep them
from the land.
He yelled against monopolies, took shots at every
trust,
And he swore he'd be an anarchist, to grind them
in the dust.
He stormed, he fumed, and ranted, till he made
the rich man wince;
But—an uncle lent him money, and he hasn't
shouted since.
—Tit-Bits.

The Betrothal—Afterwards.
Bring down the old cigar box, not for a Cuba
rare,
But since, to remember Maggie, I keep all her
letters there.

Letters that say she loved me, postscripts that
never fail
To limit my joy in smoking, and ask me if I
inhale.

Then came the ultimatum; she's to have no smoke
in her frocks;
So I wrote her a sweet dismissal, and ordered
another box.

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a
Smoke,"
I wrote, and the Fates were laughing at thought
of their little joke.

For I had been Priest of Partagas a matter of
seven year,
And now I am out of the priesthood, and only a
simple peer.

'Twas scarcely a short month after, the doctors
bade me to cease,
And Maggie has wed another, and I am the Duke
of Geese.

So take up the old cigar box, and put it back
on the shelf,
For women have changed their manners, and
Maggie now smokes herself.

—Harold E. Porter, in Life.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. John Evelyn Page and Mrs. Page of Santa Barbara have announced the engagement of their niece, Miss Lolita Burling, and Ensign Henry Chalfant Gearing, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Lawrence*. Miss Burling is a granddaughter of Mrs. L. H. Burling, with whom she has been residing in Santa Barbara for the past five years. Ensign Gearing is the son of Captain H. C. Gearing, U. S. N., stationed at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. The wedding will take place late in the summer in Santa Barbara.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Mae Moffat of Los Angeles and Mr. Elliott Hathaway Pierce of Berkeley was announced last week at Los Angeles. Miss Moffat is the daughter of Mrs. Edward Roloff of Vancouver, British Columbia. Mr. Pierce is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Pierce of Berkeley, and a graduate of the University of California, class of '08. The wedding will take place in the near future.

The wedding of Midshipman Thomas Starr King, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Randolph King, and Miss Anna Gordon Winchester took place Wednesday, June 14, at the home in Wilmington, Delaware, of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Winchester. The only attendants were Miss Elizabeth Winchester, sister of the bride, and Mr. William Norris King of San Mateo, who went East to be present at his brother's wedding. Midshipman King was graduated with honors from the Naval Academy at Annapolis a few days before his marriage.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Melone and Mr. Caspar Brown took place Saturday, June 17, at the home of the bride, Oak Knoll, Napa County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Wiley. The bride is a daughter of the late Drury Melone and Mrs. Melone and a granddaughter of Mr. Woodward, founder of the famous Woodward Gardens of early San Francisco. Mr. Brown is an Eastern man, whose family resides in Worcester, Massachusetts, which will be the future home of the young couple.

The wedding of Miss Armenia Carter and Mr. William McLaine took place Wednesday at St. James' Church in Fresno. The bride was attended by Miss Anna Meux of Fresno, and Dr. Tracy Russell of this city was best man. Mr. McLaine is a son of Mrs. Laughlin McLaine and a nephew of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and Mrs. Othello Scribner. Mr. and Mrs. McLaine will reside in Wasco, where Mr. McLaine has business interests.

The wedding of Professor Alfred Burbank brother of Mr. Luther Burbank, the horticulturist, and Mrs. Martha Knapp, widow of the late Eugene Knapp, was solemnized Thursday, June 15, in Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Burbank are spending their honeymoon in Lake County.

The wedding of Miss Keeney and Mr. Walker will take place Tuesday evening at the home on Buchanan Street of the bride's parents, Dr. James Ward Keeney and Mrs. Keeney. Miss Helen Keeney will be her sister's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids chosen are Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marian Zeile, and Miss Jeanne Gallois. Mr. Walker will be attended by Mr. Stanley Jones, who will act as best man. The ushers will be Mr. Charles Keeney, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Stanford Gwinn, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

The wedding of Miss Marian Lally and Mr. Louis Durkee will take place Wednesday, June 28, at the home in Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thornton Lally.

The wedding of Miss Natalie Hunt and Mr. Herbert Baker will take place Wednesday evening, August 9, at St. Luke's Church. The ceremony will be followed by a small reception at the home in Pacific Avenue of the bride's mother, Mrs. Randall Hunt.

Miss Amalia Simpson was the complimented guest at a theatre party given Monday evening by Miss Florence Cluff. At the supper, which followed the play, Miss Cluff announced her engagement to Mr. Edwin J. Janss of Los Angeles. Miss Cluff is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, her sisters being Mrs. John

C. Wilson, Mrs. John Breuner, and Mrs. George Downey.

Miss Mary Keeney was the guest of honor at a dinner given last Friday evening by Mrs. Robert Oxnard at her residence in Broadway. Among Mrs. Oxnard's guests were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Ruth Winslow, Miss Jeanne Gallois, Mr. Talbot Cyrus Walker, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Stanford Gwinn, Mr. Gordon Tevis, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Stanley Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, and Mr. Charles Keeney.

Miss Jeanne Gallois entertained Miss Keeney at a theatre and supper party Monday evening. Mr. Talbot Cyrus Walker was host Tuesday evening at a stag dinner which he gave at the Pacific Union Club for twenty of his friends.

Miss Florence Hopkins was hostess Wednesday evening at a theatre party in honor of Miss Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott made Miss Keeney the guest of honor at a box party which they gave Thursday evening at the Columbia Theatre.

Miss Keeney was the complimented guest at a dinner-dance given Friday evening at the Burlingame Club by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mrs. Louis Findlay Montealegre was hostess June 14 at Camp Meeker, where she took a party of friends in a special train to witness the dedication of Lydia House, which Mrs. Montealegre has built in memory of her mother, the late Mrs. Lydia Cutler Paige. The building was a gift to St. Dorothy's Rest Society of Camp Meeker, and was dedicated by Bishop Louis C. Sanford of the Episcopal diocese of San Joaquin.

Miss Marie Louise Black, daughter of Mr. Charles N. Black, was hostess at a luncheon recently at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Dorothy Draper, who will spend the summer automobiling through California with her parents, ex-Governor Eben Draper and Mrs. Draper of Massachusetts.

Miss Amalia Simpson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Miss Ruth Sadler at her home in Alameda.

Mrs. Walter Greer was hostess at a luncheon at her home in honor of Miss Marian Lally.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Ryland of Denver were the complimented guests at a dinner given a few days ago by the Misses Morrison at their home in San Jose.

Mrs. T. B. Steele, wife of Captain Steele, U. S. A., entertained the Presidio Card Club at her home at the post. Bridge was followed by an informal tea.

Miss Doris Wilshire was hostess at a house party last week at her home in Mill Valley.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home in San Mateo in honor of Miss Mary Keeney.

A reception and hop were given Wednesday evening at the Presidio Club by the officers at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of the officers who have returned from duty on the Mexican border.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess at a dinner last week in honor of Miss Amalia Simpson.

Mrs. Sidney Ashe gave a luncheon last Saturday at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. H. O. Harrison was host at a stag party at the Family Club farm in honor of Mr. Ellis Parrish, who recently returned from a trip to the Orient.

Oscar Hammerstein was talking about music to a reporter. "The music of Strauss and the music of Puccini are alike agreeable to me," he said. "Only narrow-minded people devote themselves to music of one school. I have no sympathy with an argument I once heard between an Italian conductor and a German conductor at a Caruso night. 'To think,' said the German, 'that people are silly enough to pay \$7 a seat to hear sugary music like this, when for \$2 a seat they can hear real robust German opera music!' 'Yes,' sneered the Italian conductor, 'and I suppose some people wonder why a New Yorker will pay \$8 for a terrapin, canvashack, and champagne at Delmonico's when he can get a frankfurter and a schooner of beer in the other corner saloon for a dime.'"

Queen Mary's crown is according to her own design, with an elegant lacelike tracery wholly in diamonds, the Kohinoor being set in the centre. The crown weighs nineteen ounces, the queen having insisted that it should not exceed the weight of an ordinary hat. It will be used only at the coronation. After that ceremony the gems will be dismounted and used in separate articles of jewelry. The king will wear his father's crown.

Hereafter Canada will say how United States publishers shall secure Canadian copyright. Mere registration in London will not give them rights in Canada. When United States publishers or authors want a Canadian copyright, they must go to Ottawa for it and conform to the Canadian laws and regulations. In future the United States will have only such rights there as are accorded in the United States to Canadians.

The most recent aristocratic acquisition to the business world of London is Lady Angela Forbes, who has just set up a flower shop in Portman Square. She calls it "My Shop," and this natty name appears over the door, and even in the telephone directory.

Candy for the Fourth.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Ethel Barrymore and her strong supporting company are most attractive in their appeal to the theatre-going public, and their engagement at the Columbia Theatre has already proved a most successful one. The star and the plays are written of at length on another page. The second and last week of Miss Barrymore's season here begins next Monday evening. Matinee performances are given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Next week's bill at the Orpheum brings some new and sterling attractions. First in the list are Homer P. Mason and Marguerite Keeler, late prominent in "A Stubborn Cinderella," who will present a dramatic episode by Porter Emerson Browne, entitled "In and Out." A company of four supports Mr. Mason and Miss Keeler. Next in importance will be a scenic review of "London by Day and Night," a novel and timely presentation of scenes that surround the centre of greatest interest this week. Some remarkable electric light effects will impart realism to the three great panoramic views. This novelty is presented by Mr. Roushy, who is brother of E. M. Rosner, director of the Orpheum orchestra. The two brothers appeared together in the opening programme of the old Orpheum Theatre in 1887, with the Hungarian Orchestra. They parted soon afterward and will meet next Sunday for the first time in twenty-four years. Melville Ellis, the famous authority on stage costuming, engaged with the Shuberts, is enjoying a vacation from his regular duties in a flying trip over the Orpheum Circuit as an entertainer, and will offer a number of new songs recently obtained in Europe. Lydell and Butterworth will offer a comedy singing and dancing act that has won high praise elsewhere. Next week will be the last of Raymond and Caverly, Albert Hole, the English hoy soprano, the Bellclair Brothers, and also of Edward Aheles and Charlotte Landers in the comedy, "He Tried to Be Nice."

Mrs. Fiske comes to the Columbia Theatre Monday night, July 3, and will appear in the new comedy, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," which was given by her ten weeks in New York and might have been continued indefinitely had not all arrangements been made for her Western tour. Her engagement here is for one week only.

Berlin correspondents of Eastern papers insist that there is an intense jealousy of American singers there. Nordica was handicapped and criticized severely when she appeared in "Tristan and Isolde," May 29, and the previous night Alice Nielsen, appearing as Mimi in "La Bohème," received even more severe treatment. The antipathy to Americans is due in large measure to the extent to which they are employed in the Royal Opera House, where they are presumed to be exceptionally favored by the Kaiser.

During the first quarter of the present year millinery exports from Paris to the United States fell off by more than \$400,000.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sally Maynard will return next week from the East, where they have been spending the last two months.

Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin and her daughter, Miss Genevieve, who are traveling in the Orient, are expected to return home early in July.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs, Miss Emily, and Mr. Chapin Tubbs are established in Palo Alto, where they have taken a house for the summer.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst has returned from a visit of several weeks in the East and is again at her home in Pleasanton. Mrs. Hearst will have with her during the summer the three children of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, who are traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick left a few days ago for a week's outing in the Yosemite Valley.

General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., who has been in command of the brigade camp at San Diego for the last three months, has returned to San Francisco, accompanied by his adjutant-general, Captain Ferguson, U. S. A., and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, U. S. A. General and Mrs. Bliss and their daughter, Miss Eleanor, will leave shortly for their post in Washington, where they will remain a year or more.

Mrs. George S. Nixon, wife of Senator Nixon of Nevada, is making a brief visit in San Francisco and is a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg, accompanied by Miss Spunkers, left a few days ago for Paraiso Hot Springs, where she will spend several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. George B. Somers are established at the Hooper home at Woodside, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Amblar Curran and Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas have returned from a few days' visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Earl Cummings and her two children have gone for an extended visit with Mrs. Cummings's mother, Mrs. Isaac Rivas, at her home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Jr. (formerly Miss Louise Hoffacker), who have resided in Alameda since their marriage, will build a home in Broadway, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Adams Blackmer (formerly Miss Enid Cunningham) and their little daughter will leave in July for Saratoga, where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Blackmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Loring Cunningham.

Miss Gertrude Davis has gone to Los Angeles, where she will remain several weeks.

Mr. Hugh Ferguson, son of Major Henry T. Ferguson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ferguson, have gone to Los Angeles for a visit.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from Portland, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy).

Mrs. George N. Armsby is visiting relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King have been visiting Mr. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris, who have been spending several weeks in Mill Valley, have returned to town.

Miss Cressy Stone, the fiancée of Mr. G. A. Thompson of Los Angeles, is spending the month of June at Catalina Island.

Miss Enid Gregg has returned from Oroville, where she visited friends during the water festival on the Feather River.

Miss Ethel Shorb has recently been the guest of Miss Maye Colburn at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Irene Sabin is contemplating spending the winter with her brother-in-law and sister, Captain Alfred Bjornstead, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bjornstead,

who will leave Fort Leavenworth to reside in Washington, where Captain Bjornstead has received an appointment as aide to General Tasker Bliss, U. S. A. Miss Sabin is at present with her mother, Mrs. John I. Sabin, at their home near Mountain View.

Mrs. Sallée and her two daughters, Mrs. Vere Ellinwood and Miss Mildred Sallée, will spend the summer at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Herr have gone to New York for a month's visit.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst will leave shortly for Santa Barbara, where she will visit Miss Marguerite Doe.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees (formerly Miss Jennie Lee) are at Coronado, where they will reside for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have taken a cottage at Castle Crag, where they are established for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have arrived from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler have returned to their residence in California Street, after several weeks spent at their country home in San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft are established near Shasta for the summer.

Mr. William Duncan, brother of Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., has gone East to visit his relatives in Detroit. He will spend a few days in Cleveland to attend the wedding of Miss Margaret Calhoun and Mr. Paul Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard will spend the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman N. Whiteside are at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose. They will remain a week longer and will then spend the remainder of the summer at San Mateo.

Miss Maud O'Connor has returned from a week's visit with Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at her home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Porter and their son Hugh have returned from New York. Mr. Hugh Porter has been attending an Eastern school and will spend his vacation in California.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Moffitt have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt at their home in Broadway.

Miss Floride Hunt has returned from Fort Bragg, where she has been visiting Miss Emily Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hewlett, after spending several days at the Palace Hotel, have returned to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary, will be among the Eastern visitors to California this summer. Mrs. Alexander and her daughters are at present in London, where Miss Janetta was recently presented at court.

Mrs. William Kohl, who returned a week ago from Atlantic City, is established in her home in Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames will spend a part of the season at Montecito as the guests of Mrs. Edgar Preston.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have recently been visiting relatives in Mendocino County.

Miss Laura Bates has been spending a few days in town as the guest of Mrs. George H. Lent.

Miss Henriette Blanding has returned from Vassar College. She was accompanied by Mrs. Mosely, who will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Blanding during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali (formerly Miss Linda Cadwalader) were the week-end guests of Mrs. J. G. Kittle at her home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood are at Castle Crag, where they will remain until the middle of July. Later in the season Mrs. Sherwood will spend several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. R. Laine has returned to her home in Broadway, which was occupied by Senator Felton during the last winter. Mrs. Laine resided in Berkeley while her daughter attended school.

Mrs. Campbell Shorb, accompanied by Miss Ethel Shorb and Miss Marie Rose Dean, will leave shortly for Portland, en route to the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell left last week for the East and Europe. They will spend the summer in England, where they have rented a country place.

Mrs. E. D. Bullard and Miss Marie Bullard are spending the month of June in Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fuller have returned to St. Helena, where they will spend the summer at St. Gothard's Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann will leave this week for Aptos, where they will open their country home. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., will return from the East in July.

Miss Minnie Houghton will leave Sunday for the East, where she will spend the summer with her brother-in-law and sister, Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley, at their country home in Connecticut.

Mrs. Dana Reed Weller has been in town for a few days, having come up from Los Angeles to meet her husband upon his return from the Orient.

Miss Helen Johnson was the guest last week of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and Miss Linda Bryan at their country home at Castle Crag.

Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne have come up from their home in Mountain View to spend several days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin are at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo, where they will remain during the summer.

Miss Auguste Foute was the week-end guest of Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman at their home in Burlingame.

Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols and Miss Margaret Nichols were the guests in London of Archbishop Davidson of Canterbury, who was one of the officiating ecclesiastics at the anointing of the king. Among the San Francisco contingent in London during coronation week were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Ethel Crocker, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Janetta Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mr. Alfred Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Misses Genevieve and Hazel King, Mr. and Mrs.

Andrew Welch, Jr., Mr. W. F. Herrin, Mr. Frank Michael, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, and Mr. and Mrs. Alden Anderson.

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg and Miss Louise Kellogg, who have been traveling abroad for the past two years, returned to San Francisco last week.

Mrs. Jane Cunningham and her daughters, Misses Sara, Mary, and Elizabeth, are spending a month in Rhode Island, where it is hoped the change of climate will benefit Miss Sara, who is recuperating from appendicitis.

Bishop Moreland and Mrs. Moreland of Sacramento will occupy the home in Broadway of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore during the months of August and September.

Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott and Mr. Robin Hayne won the trophies presented to the winners of the golf tournament which was played last Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler and their daughters, Misses Lilius, Olive, Jean, and Elizabeth, have sailed for Europe. Miss Lilius Wheeler graduated a week ago from Vassar College.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Easton at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton will spend the summer at the Lincoln country home in St. Helena.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie left Wednesday for her home in the East, after a few days' visit in this city. Mrs. Brodie was accompanied West by Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, who arrived a few weeks ago from Europe, where she has been traveling since February. Mr. John Cushing has gone East to attend the Calhoun-Foster wedding.

Mrs. Prentiss Bassett (formerly Miss Henrietta von Schrader) has arrived from Massachusetts and is visiting her parents, Colonel von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader, at their home at the Presidio.

Mr. Willis Davis is expected home next week from Exeter, and will spend his vacation with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. Parker Whitney, and Mrs. F. W. Tallant left Wednesday for a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick is established for the summer in her country home in Pleasanton, and will be joined shortly by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Miss Louisiana and Miss Martha, are en route to Cleveland, Ohio, where they will attend the wedding of Miss Margaret Green Calhoun and Mr. Paul Scott Foster, which will take place next Wednesday. The Misses Foster will be among Miss Calhoun's attendants.

Mrs. Samuel Bryant and Mrs. Arthur Luck with their children are spending the summer at Provincetown, Rhode Island. Lieutenant Bryant, U. S. N., is with his ship in Eastern waters.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes are spending a few weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Marcus, who have been traveling in the Orient, are motoring through Switzerland.

Dr. Morton Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons are expected home from Europe the first week in July. They will stop en route in Chicago to be present at the wedding of Miss Helen Stubbs, who is a sister of Mrs. Gibbons.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren and their family have returned from Lagunitas, where they spent a few days in their lagoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens have closed their home in Piedmont and have gone East to spend the summer at their place at Sag Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn have gone East to spend a few weeks. They are at present in Baltimore.

Miss Ethel Shorb has gone to Southern California to remain until the end of August with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding have spent a few days at Del Monte and expect to return later in the season for a long visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry William Perkins from Baltimore are now at 35 rue de Chailot, in Paris, the guests of their cousins, Dr. H. B. de Marville and Miss Cora de Marville.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Campbell of Santa Barbara have been at Del Monte a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mallory Dutton closed their Berlin apartment the first week in June and are enjoying the coronation and opera season in London. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton are to spend July and August in Switzerland, and return to Berlin again for the winter season.

The Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Aked of San Francisco spent several days at Del Monte last week.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs were Mrs. Frank F. Fredericks, Dr. and Mrs. S. J. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Kierulff, Mrs. M. N. Lawton, Mr. John Lawton, Miss Lovelle Jackson, Mrs. R. H. Feige, Mr. R. C. Feige, Miss Florence C. Feige, Mrs. George B. Sears, Mrs. Joseph H. Priel, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Breeden and son, Mr. David Selby, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McFarland, Mr. C. L. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibble, and Mr. Allen J. Kittle.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wynkoop, Mrs. J. L. McKinnon, Miss Aileen McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Higbee, Miss Higbee, Lieutenant and Mrs. Bruce B. Butler, Captain N. E. Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Marchutz, Mrs. Edward Miller, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hathaway, Mrs. James Campbell, Mrs. H. S. Tittle, Ensign and Mrs. George Joerns, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Sand, Mr. and Mrs. M. Walenstein, Mrs. L. Lobrec, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lobrec, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Martindale, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Toby, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball, and Miss Jessie Easton.

"Mabel," begged a little Milton boy, "wonder gimme a bite o' your candy?" "Nope—itb all gone, Donald," lisps the little girl, sweetly. "But you can kith me while my mouth ith thickey, if you want to. I won't lick it."—*Boston Transcript*.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Henrietta—Mildred is a decided blonde. *Madge*—You don't say! When did she decide?—*Chicago Daily News*.

Customer (in wallpaper store)—No, I don't think I'll have that one; Fido doesn't seem to care much for it.—*Punch*.

"A fool and his money are soon parted."
"Yes, but you never call him a fool till the money is gone."—*Toledo Blade*.

Mrs. Jabbe—Jones practically lives in his automobile. *Mr. Jabbe*—Has to—he sold his home to buy it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

If you want to make a living, you have to work for it, while if you want to get rich, you must go about it in some other way.—*Life*.

"She says she would let her husband go hungry before she would cook a meal for him." "That is what I call true love."—*Houston Post*.

"They say she's an enthusiastic motorist."
"She is. She's acquainted with four gentlemen who own six-cylinder cars."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"You look worried, dear. What's the matter?" "My husband is ill." "Too bad! Is his condition critical?" "Worse—it's abusive."—*Toledo Blade*.

She—I dreamed last night you hought me a new hat. *He*—Well, that's the first dream of a hat you ever had that didn't cost me money.—*The Club-Fellow*.

Skinflint—I have no money, but I will give you a little advice. *Beggar*—Well, if yer aint got no money yer advice can't be very valuable.—*Christian Advocate*.

"I think this indictment must be defective," declared the judge. "Why?" inquired the assistant district attorney. "Seems to make sense."—*Washington Herald*.

Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him. *Mrs. Wedd*—Why mention Turkey especially?—*Boston Transcript*.

New York Husband—But, my love, it would cost us \$5000 a year to keep a machine. *New York Wife*—I know, John, but think of the money we'd save in carfare!—*Life*.

Waters—He has suffered more than most men. *Whitford*—In what way? *Waters*—Four of his daughters sing and an only son plays the cornet.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Ever undergo any hardships on your cruises, shipwreck or anything like that?" "Never was shipwrecked, but we went out once without a corkscrew aboard."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"He must be rich. He owns an automobile." "That proves nothing. You ought to hear him squeal every time the price of gasoline goes up another cent."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Owner—How did you come to puncture the tire? *Chauffeur*—Ran over a milk hottle. *Owner*—Didn't you see it in time? *Chauffeur*—No—the kid had it under his coat.—*Town Topics*.

"You can't see the leading lady now; she is busy in the dressing-room." "Is she changing her costume for the next act?" "No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—*Cornell Widow*.

Gibbs—I wasn't going to take any vacation this summer, but the boss insisted. *Dibbs*—You don't say! How long a vacation do you get? *Gibbs*—As long as it takes me to find another job.—*Boston Transcript*.

French Professor—Ah, yes, mademoiselle, you speak French without ze least accent. *Miss Breezy*—It is very kind of you to say so, but do I really? *French Professor*—Oh, yes. Zat ees, without ze least French accent.—*Tit-Bits*.

Bacon—See all the medals he's wearing. *Egbert*—Yes; do you suppose he shot as many men as that in the war? *Bacon*—Of course not. He missed that many. The Humane Society gave him those medals!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Miss Howell—You remember that gentleman you introduced me to at the reception last night? *Miss Knox*—Yes. *Miss Howell*—After hearing me sing he said he would give anything if he had my voice. *Miss Knox*—Well, I don't doubt it. He is an auctioneer.—*Chicago News*.

"But look here, Snip," said Slowpay, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers. What's the matter with you?" "Why, Mr. Slowpay," replied the man of clothes, "I was going to suggest that in case you ever had anything to put into them you send it on to us to keep for you."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Weary Voice from Doorway—My dear sir, I have absolutely no objection to you coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, nor to you standing on the doorstep for three hours saying good-night. But in consideration for the rest of the household

who wish to get to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the hell push?—*London Opinion*.

"An Atlanta judge has ruled that a man must kiss his wife twice each day." "What crime had the woman committed?"—*Houston Post*.

Fussy Lady Patient—I was suffering so much, doctor, that I wanted to die. *Doctor*—You did right to call me in, dear lady.—*London Opinion*.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge. "This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."—*Washington Herald*.

"Women patronize the drama extensively, but they must be assured of a happy ending." "I guess that's why they don't care much for baseball."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"I thought you were going to take a day off and enjoy a trip into the country." "Had to give it up," replied the man with a cheerful disposition. "But we did the next best thing. We got some hard-boiled eggs and some canned goods, and ate them out in the back yard."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Gaddy—There are some distinctions in life which are very puzzling to me. *Professor Pandit*—Like what, for instance? *Mrs. Gaddy*—When you write everything had and mean in a man's life in a book for everybody to read, it is biography, but when you just tell the same things to a few people on a front porch, it's gossip.—*Baltimore American*.

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